

# Seasons of One

a collection of Poems



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# SEASONS OF ONE

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

BY THEVINE COMMUNITY

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"Live in each season as it passes; breathe the air, drink the drink, taste the fruit, and resign yourself to the influences of each." - Henry David Thoreau

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## **FOREWORD**

theVine has gone through different seasons as a community in the last two years, but poetry found a place early on, and has been an important part of it's make-up.

The poems collected here come from members both new and old, and it's been great seeing the range of subject matter and styles from the contributions made. All poems appear in the order that they were submitted, and we've tried to keep changes to a minimum.

A Special thanks to NatureGirl who put an incredible amount of work into all aspects of the project that resulted in what you're reading now.

- George Z, May 15, 2013

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## The Storm Is Over

by Android

Tears fall like heavy rain as I drop, nursing the pain  
This feeling drives me insane  
Life as I know it will never be the same  
I lock myself in as the storm  
of thunder rolls off my head

I wipe away my tears, now I live in fear  
What if I am next? My life is out of context  
Standing at the door I see pure blood on the floor

Dark clouds fill the sky  
I see no heaven up high  
I ask myself is He really there?  
Does He even care?  
My tears, unhindered, fall

Suddenly a bright light appears  
'I am here, I care' He says  
Wipe away those tears, unto me cast your fears  
Burgeoning sun floods the sky bathing me in its warm light  
Breathes new beginnings into my life  
Birds sing my mom's tune accompanied by the trumpets harmonic tone

After the storm there shall be light  
After death there shall be life  
My spirit roamed through the valley of death  
My soul revives at the sign of rebirth  
My spring is here  
Mourning is past, time now to celebrate the special person with memories that  
last

## Seasonal Love

by Tak3urz

In the dawning of the day, sitting at the oceans bay  
watching the waves lapping against the banks at the edge of the sandy beach  
Our last date  
Inhaling the freshness of the salty breeze, feeling so good on our skin  
We sat on the wooden bench looking up at the far horizon, watching the sun  
rising,  
Our intentions lost their mystery as we shared our last chemistry filled passion

Since last summer I've been thinking a lot about you  
Feels like a thousand years in hell  
Blinking away the tears, absently watching the branches swaying,  
Dry leaves falling when the wind blows and whistles through the trees  
I wonder how long more I'll be missing you

I remember the day we fell in love  
To me you were a dove  
In you I had hope. I found peace  
In your kiss I was forever lost  
Happy when you held me to your tender breast, I felt your heart thundering  
against my chest  
I just knew that was a blessing I could never forget

Patiently I wait for you on this spring day  
My heart will overflow with joy if we meet again, I'd be carrying your favourite  
flower - a daffodil  
You'll brighten up my soul as you walk across the pier toward me  
How I'm longing for those warm arms around me, protecting me  
Even winter colds will never surround me  
My love for you will never fade - til we meet again

## Boys To Men

by Soul essence

It's that time of year again, when young boys leave home in their quest to become men

Is it still tradition or now merely fashion?

Off to the woods they go, no turning back

Mothers so afraid their babies won't come back

They're taught the ways of men but how can a boy become a man?

No teenager can

Soon the festivities begin, the little men look so handsome

Wrapped in traditional blankets, imbola staining their faces

Those knopkerries make them so fierce

'These are your children, my brothers' the elder says to the villagers

'Treat them with respect and so will they'

And soon the shedding of blood began

We taught them how to slaughter cows and sheep but now its men and women

they put to sleep

Is this the way of modern man?

It's that time of year again when we have to teach our children to walk and talk like men - if they can

\* imbola - red soil

\* knopkerries - fighting sticks

## Seasons of Love

by DJ Ntsira

We used to enjoy the summer special times  
Every flower was full of smiles  
We used to take walks in the parks together  
Just us. Seemed like it would last forever  
Walking in that fresh smelling air  
Walking along the sea shore, feeling the sea breeze we experienced paradise on earth together  
We promised each other we would be together forever

I still see the reflection of your smiling face  
Imagining your beautiful, expressive smile, holding hands while you were closer  
You made me realise I am not a loser  
But times change  
You taught me. I was a slow learner  
Summer is before winter but I refused to believe the reasons for the different seasons  
We believed what didn't kill us made us stronger  
We made promises to stay together forever  
Time passed, we were bound by God for a reason

We both knew that times could get harder but that we would be able to control it with our will-power  
Since you left I view the world with a different perspective  
There is a good reason for winter but this time it can't pass over  
My voicebox is so dry, I can't even say a word so I write this instead  
I would like my heart back so please come back my love, you're the ONE

## Atchoo Love!

by Idioteque

Ah Ah Atchoo!  
Spring is here, my cilia are agitated  
Sinus is aching  
Blurry eyes, looking like a dronkie

My love, pass me toilet paper  
The one with the labrador  
I sneezed so hard  
Snot running like a slug, down the door

She tells me to blow  
I get down on my knees; unzip pants  
Not that!  
From your nose!

From wet shoes to pollen blues  
My love is there  
Even if I act like a stupid bear  
So let us draw our hearts in mucus  
Spring is on its way

All I have to say;  
Thank you pharmacy



## After All Is Said And Done

by Soulpoetry

After all is said & done, all I can do is reminisce;  
I chose you amongst the rest,  
I do, I do, I do  
The season of joy & happiness!  
Couldn't keep our hands off each other, your heart was my place of refuge,  
Kissed till our lips couldn't take no more,  
Hanky panky... How we loved it.  
Our "No you hang up" game is also gone,  
Forever was ours but she took it from us, from me.  
I do, I do wait... Now you don't?

After all is said & done,  
I'm the only one hurting,  
what we had is falling apart yet you go on like it's worth nothing to you.  
Lonely nights at home,  
fights till dawn,  
Our backs against each other when we sleep,  
She gets to hold you, kiss you...  
She gets your love & I don't  
After all is said & done  
Questions are all I have,  
Will this cold rainy season pass?  
The silence between us is a condemnation,  
Have I failed as a woman?  
Why her, is she better?  
Should I have fought harder for our love?  
All these don't matter 'coz you're leaving me either way.

After all is said & done,  
I'll pick myself up & pray that  
The next time love finds me it will be forever,  
No matter how much seasons change that person's love for me will remain true,  
Now I don't, you don't we don't, is all that's left of us.

After all is said & done,  
Memories are what remain,  
I'm going to smile & let you go in style,  
Even if it kills me...

## I Knew It

by Mr B Roos

This was now the third year without rain  
The cries of all the people pierced God's heart  
Their prayers were like those that were said in vain  
God listened to each one of them but to listen was hard...  
God saw blood surrounding these regions  
Increasing much by each season...

Three years without rain was God's three years of punishment to the people  
Both bad and good - they received no rain from above  
Both young and old lived their lives reckless and rough  
Everyday there were people who fell down on their knees  
Every second there were those who fell like strong great trees - cut down  
No friendly faces seen in both the heathens and the saints - only frowns...

Yet I KNEW IT

Buddha, Allah, Almighty God  
Every person cried out to his own God  
Trees, cows, stars,  
Every person presented the problem to his Lord  
Sangomas, sorcerers  
All called out to the dead for aid but no voice was heard  
Prophets prophesied  
Pastors preached  
But no rain was given to the soil  
Man had no more strength to toil  
All things were left to waste and spoil...

All known Gods were prayed unto  
The Almighty didn't see it as time for mercy  
They had to suffer yet a little while  
The Great God awaited the perfect time

Still I KNEW IT

Yes... I knew  
All this while I knew  
That man's sin is but too great to be overlooked  
It smelled from far off as food overcooked  
It even shamed its owners  
The devil himself pleaded to God for rain  
For he had thirsted long and his throat was in pain  
Cows died and Giraffes perished into thin air  
Lions and leopards had lost their speed  
And man couldn't stand on his feet

YES I KNEW IT

God heard one righteous man praying earnestly  
His tears falling down as he reminded God of his faithfulness  
God looked at him and grew happy

As one tear fell from the eye of God, heaven also wept and its tears fell on the earth

It was raining again in the third year as man repented...

YES I KNEW IT! IT RAINED BECAUSE OF ONE MAN'S FAITHFULNESS

I KNEW IT!!!

## Winter

by Gypsy

I sit in the dark alley deep in the city  
my home is a cardboard box  
surrounded by dirt and dead rats  
im just a little girl  
abandoned in this dark cold world  
my kitchen is in the rubbish bins  
where i search for food to satisfy my never ending hunger

i have a rash all over my body  
my lips are forever white and rough  
the heels of my feet have deep sore cracks  
i wear cold dirty rags

i know no love  
know no warmth  
i am an orphan  
kicked out by a mean aunt  
i am nothing  
i have nothing  
i am the living dead  
ants crawl all over my body  
i wonder what i am doing in this cruel world

seasons come and go  
the heat of summer  
bakes me and leaves me sweating  
the wind of autumn blows my senses away and makes me swear  
the brightness of spring  
makes me feel so sad and bare

but the worst of all is winter  
the harsh cold beats me up so bad  
i shiver and wander around seeking for warmth  
i cry tears that become ice  
my skin becomes so dry and sore  
it feels as if i am at war  
fighting to survive and beat the cold

i watch as people go by  
wearing warm clothes  
going to work  
and going home to a warm bed and delicious hot food

i wish someone can take my hand and lead me to a warm home  
if only i can get a blanket  
hot soup  
warm clothes  
a roof over my head  
and some love

if only you can hear my pleas this winter

if only you can look my way and not look away but come closer  
and ask me if i am fine  
and what i am doing in the cold streets all alone  
if only you can help me and save me from this freezing hell i am in

i wish next time you pass me  
you could smile at me and help me.

If only i can be rescued from being a streetkid  
i could have a bright future and live a happy life

but until a miracle occurs  
i will still be at the dark alley  
hungry,cold, sad and lonely  
dying slowly in pain

have mercy  
save me  
save us all

## Summer: Where I Want To Remain

by Gqalla

Out in the field, viewing the bushes,  
the forests yield  
Blinking at the beauty of the blue butterfly  
Bees buzzing to a droning cry  
Follow the floating fireflies  
Lizards and some other unknown reptiles  
Flowers spraying beautiful scents to my nose  
The songs of birds soothe my ears  
Breezes at a closeby spring bring me cheer, freshening the air in the striking  
sunshine

The cool of running water, so fine  
Like garden soil soaked with rain  
This is summer, the season in which I wanna remain  
Beautiful summer days!  
Long, warm rays of colour filled sunrise  
Summer, you're an endless surprise!

## When Autumn Ends Wake Me Up

by Tyrahh

Pure rain of summer dropping onto my skin, crossing onto my ever wet lips  
Why would summer go away, when all I can do is stand like a sunflower in a  
forest of sweet breeze  
Listening to the sound of bees

When autumn ends, wake me up  
I want to listen to the birds singing for summer  
I want to watch the sunrise in the morning  
Take a walk along the beach  
I want to swim like a dolphin

Let me breath the scent of the Lotus as I walk in the valley  
My feet won't need any shoes as they drown in that cold water  
Let my skin be free  
When nature meets nature you won't believe its me you see

When autumn ends wake me up  
I want to sit under the sun and feel the rush on my skin  
I want to stand in the rain and feel the drops on my skin, like it's the first time  
I want to swim with the sharks like they will never eat me when hunger strikes  
when autumn ends don't forget to wake me up  
When my skin starts relaxing from the cold, the wind won't be there to blow me  
away

In my winter sleep I have designed a summer dress to wear when we walk in the  
ocean, listening to the sound of the waves roaring like lions  
I sink my hand into that warm sand.  
When autumn ends please wake me up!  
I want to leave my footprints on the sand for summer to remember me, with a  
prayer that no season blow it away

When autumn ends, remember to wake me up

## New Beginnings

by McGregor

I sang the songs of liberation with optimism and hope for better days  
I danced for the rain to pour and soften up the hard ground I walk on.  
Remember?

Remember the first tears I cried to prove to the world that men also do get hurt?  
Remember the prayer I prayed for my soul to be fertile enough so that the seed  
of life may fall on it and bear the fruits that feed the nation?  
Yes, I did it all to break away from the chains that bind me  
I did it all for a fresh start  
I did it for new beginnings  
I did it for me!

Now, days are getting short and nights are getting longer  
The winter season is here and freezes my comfort zone  
I try to deny it but change is here  
I try to shut my eyes and ignore the truth but the echoes of the voices in my  
head are too loud for me to ignore  
Finally I see the light, I have to fight!  
I cannot take it anymore!  
New season, new beginning  
New dreams or just revive the old ones  
The cold regroups my thoughts, solidifying them  
The walls are crumbling  
I guess, like a bird, I have to fly and find my own way

I raise my hand to the warm summer sun, saying farewell to it and its sorrows  
Welcoming and embracing winter as my present, that carries my tomorrows  
I shall make the best with what I have for this is my new beginning



## The Fourth Season

by Psyfo

One, two, three  
Its winter! The fourth season  
Time to keep warm in the eye of any forthcoming storm

A great time in the year to put thoughts into action  
And we try by all means to be safe, careful and protected yet its only ourselves  
we think of

Three months ago it was hot  
Joy over-ruled, love conquered  
People shared - clothes, food and more  
Caring for those in need - but not anymore

I don't mean to be rude or anything but let the truth be told

People tend to be led by greed  
You think of how you're going to buy an expensive pair of boots as your reward  
The boy on the street thinks about how he will get dry cardboard

You never thought of an umbrella until it rained  
But there is always the person who will think paper will afford protection  
You head for the microwave to warm your food while under the bridge people  
reach for the nearest dustbin

I don't mean to seem perfect but where is our humanity?  
People help those who can help them in return  
Instead, please help those who need it, just because you can

## Days Gone By

by D-trigger

Days gone down, months gone down  
The sun rises for summer has come  
It shines like there's hope for a destitute orphan  
Beautiful rays waving goodbye to winter  
Some celebrating its departure, its been a lot of fun

On the other side a hungry man moans - nothing has changed  
Its another new season but his life remains the same  
Up and down the street he hustles but gets nothing to alter the expression on his face

There's no money and no food to dirty the plate  
Flowers and tree branches dance, relishing the touch of summer rain  
The man kneels down to pray, begging God to protect his shack from the thunder and the rain

He prays each day but in return comes a curse  
It impoverishes the little smile of his fabricated happiness  
Instead of blossoming along with the flowers, his pathetic life just gets worse

He lives in a free country but feels restrained like a potted plant  
Why did his life have to be so hard?  
It rains every day but his life is a complete drought

Years gone down, seasons pass and the man is still high  
Nominating drugs as a solution to a better lifestyle  
Hoping to be rid of his questions that would receive no answers  
Hoping it would upgrade the quality of his pathetic life

Another season coming  
The man kneels down crying  
He doesn't know what's yet to come  
He just knows he won't give up trying

## Four Generations, One Lifetime

by woonie

It is Summer 1946 as the memories of war slowly fade along with the horrors  
Ambitious, loyal and hopeful are the children we proudly name the Baby  
Boomers

Change arrives with Autumn 1965 as our Generation X face absent working  
parents  
Well-educated and individualistic, they value relationships and build self  
reliance

Winter 1980 ushers in the Millennials also known as Generation Y  
Confident and optimistic, they embrace change with their eyes to the sky

Then comes Spring 1995, our digital natives are born named Generation Z  
How their mastery over social networks will improve our lives, we've yet to see

Why does it matter if you belong to Baby Boomers, Generation X, Y or Z  
Do not believe it when anyone says the apple never falls far from the tree  
But spend effort discovering your core values and know who you really are  
And from your true self and loved ones may you never stray far.

## Autumn

by Spongebob

He comes like a drunken master  
In his presence little rocks sway away  
Back and forth they go astray  
He blows a little kiss that has a controlling influence  
That tilts little rocks like soccer balls  
And re-arranges carefully built walls

His presence dries up leaves, brutally bruising lush flowers  
His breath stings, a bee injecting poison into Mother Nature

He is a sore for eyesight  
Injecting dust, causing enormous pain, leaving her with dry, empty tears - that's  
her plight

His arrival is unpredictable  
His presence so strong, no one can evict him. He'll go when he is done

She tries to overpower him with heat - the sun  
Tries to make him settle down - with rain  
Tries to block his powers but he breaks through  
He sucks dry everything and everyone, like a sponge

The community swirls uncontrollably, unbalanced  
He is like a ghost, making horrific sounds at night  
Banging on doors, causing children to shut their eyes in fear  
The evil serpentine man was near

Only time can remove this man  
When he becomes weak as melted ice  
And the community will celebrate a new season,  
For now they see their rainbow  
Gone are the days of sorrow

## Blue and Red Summer

by Nature

She sat lost in thought  
Her own little reverie  
Absently twirling the delicate red rose, occasionally stroking the deep, velvety petals  
Inhaling the sweet fragrance wafting up to her nose  
Harking back to the past  
To youthful memories - childhood joys  
She watched him at the water's edge, chatting with the little boy

The boy's curiosity piqued, a million answers to questions, he sought  
The man idly answered a few, his eyes on the horizon where blue meets blue  
Two completely different glorious hues and every so often he turned to look,  
feasting his eyes on the simple, exquisite picture of her silhouetted on the rock  
Wishing he could turn back the clock and their argument erase but as to how, he  
was still in a daze

From her perch atop the cliff, she had a majestic view  
Sheer cliffs dropping down into the sea  
And away in the distance, vivid splashes of red  
Fields of poppies amid the green! What an awesome scene!  
Savouring the cooling breeze kissing her sun warmed skin  
Peace slowly engulfed her, it always this way begins

His attention caught by gulls swooping and diving over azure skies, the endless  
expanse of blue water too  
The little boy stood transfixed, forgetting the chatter  
His gaze intent on the birds to-do

Calming reflections easing the mind  
Leaving hurtful words behind

Breathtakingly beautiful sunset aglow  
Rosy hues and licks of orange flame illuminating the sky with indescribable  
magnificence  
Delighting the senses with ecstatic flashes  
Gods natural painting, powerful, luminescent!  
Stirring the senses  
Stimulating  
Unwittingly, unknowingly inflamed

His gaze fixed upon her now, she raises her hand in a little wave  
He swoops the boy up on his shoulders and purposefully makes his way up to  
her - straight into arms that care  
The looks of love, the warm embrace,  
Left no doubt on either face  
Of hurt and pain there was no trace

Rosy hues and startling blues into a purple haze fuse  
Symbolic, spiritual colour too  
Like love - not just lust but deeply spiritual too  
Encircling this family, drenching them in its afterglow

No need for words to flow

Hearts and souls forever dance to their own silent song

An endless blue and red summer romance

Hearts and souls belong

## From A Distance

by Uncle Parm

I can feel it, it's here, it's near,  
My vision shows emotions so clear,  
birds singing for a new era, as microscopic as a nucleus in reality but so close  
from a distance!  
My joys are in slow motion but my sadness fast forwards,  
from a distance I'm a coward, but in reality i'm just a man too far from his  
destination  
But need no consolation for my weirdest emotions

Cold winters are just a commercial to my lonely body that jitters to glitter my  
joys hidden in blisters,  
from a distance she smiles and I spread my wings while she's out of reach,  
in reality she's as true as the word the pastors preach,  
and deep down in my heart even winter is a season that comes unprepared

Spring comes with Her sting,  
Carrying winters offspring!  
I'm still lonely as autumn mates with summer but still,  
From a distance her presence I can feel  
So much that I believe every season has a reason  
And every reason has a season

I am here alone wondering whether  
I should curse or bless the weather,  
As the distance goes away much further i feel i'd rather  
Wait for the season to be over and be my own child, mother and father  
And I am as confused as a common mxit addict user  
Trying to figure out whether Springfisher is a human or a computer,

I dedicate this poem even to the blind man because it is photosensitive,  
And through out the four seasons may it hold you captive,  
May it close the distance between a ordinary person and the so called disabled,

For all the circumstances of every season,  
Are not in search of a woman or love,  
But the acceptance of the whole community as that from the man above,

From a distance we are isolating each other  
If the pretentious love we all hold within us can be as real as our selfishness  
In reality we will be as joyful as children in Disneyland,  
And from a distance just let this poem end  
And share all you've learnt with a friend!

## As I Hold Her In My Arms

by Sweetheart

It is almost the season of summer  
the first day of september  
i swear i love this season more than winter  
it's been three days since i gave birth to my bundle of joy  
in my arms is where she always lies.

As i watch the beauty of the ocean  
still amazed that God created all this on his own  
the beautiful birds with eye catching colours celebrating by singing  
i then get overwhelmed with a great feeling  
this day was when i became his wife  
that was when i began to have a beautiful life.

As i hold her in my arms  
she stares at me with her beautiful eyes.  
her dad and i still trying to find a beautiful name that could match with her  
beauty  
he was writing names on a piece of paper  
i told him that he must not panic  
did i mention that we were having a picnic?

While observing the beauty of nature  
i start thinking about the future  
well i can't leave her out of the picture  
i find myself gazing at this beautiful flower  
it is yellow in colour

Overwhelmed with joy  
i found a solution to end this calamity  
that is because i have found a name  
believe me it doesn't sound lame  
primrose is the name that matches her  
for it means a beautiful flower  
that only blooms in summer.



## Hidden Feelings

by Sneyh

I am tired of this  
All the fake smiles  
Pretending to be happy  
When all I really am is dying  
I go through everyday with immeasurable pain  
Worse than the violent lightning of summer  
Or the cold of winter  
I'm dying slowly like the trees in autumn  
It's eating at me  
I have a very short while to live

Then I smile to hide my tears  
When I'm really tearing up inside  
Agonising pain being my everyday supper  
Going to bed several days in a row crippled with fear  
Going to school and striving for success  
The very success that seems to slip through my fingers  
The very same success that runs away from me

I bleed heavily inside  
While I wear a bright smile outside  
Meet me on the street  
I greet you with a warm smile  
Inside I'm as cold as the winter snow

I am not up for this anymore  
I am done lying  
I am not a weakling for admitting my weakness  
I'm stronger now  
But it's all a little too late  
I've tried to hide behind my smiles  
Cheering everybody up while losing my cheer  
Being the air beneath other people's wings  
When I'm not flying

Lifting others up  
When I'm struggling under mountains

I'm tired  
Really I am ...

## Love Is A Season

by Darryl

Love is like winter,  
Blissfully cold,  
Freezing and wet,  
In bed I fold,

Love is like summer,  
Warm and caring,  
My heart is like fire,  
Never despairing,

Love is like autumn,  
It falls like a leaf,  
Gets scooped up by change,  
From under a tree,

Love is like spring,  
Blossomed with joy,  
I can't wait to be with you,  
My life's heart pounding too.

Love... is a season...

## Have You Noticed

by Freedom

Have You Noticed We Don't Have Favourite Seasons  
Because In Summer We Complain  
In Winter People Still Complain  
Spring & Autumn Still Complaining

But I Have A Favourite Season  
The Season I Fell In Love With You  
From A Mile Away Just Looking At You  
My Heart Started Beating Fast Telling Me You're The One

It Was Summer, December  
Like Santa Claus Knew What I Wanted For Christmas  
From That Second I Froze Looking  
At You Couldn't Believe I Found A  
Princess Out Of The Blue

As I Walked Near You I Greeted  
And Said Hello Princess Can I Be Your Prince  
I Imagined You As My Perfect Being  
I Didn't Blink, I Stared At You In The Eyes  
Side By Side Hand In Hand With A Summer Sky As Our Guide.

Our Hearts Were Beating Our Exhalation Starts To Create Rhymes  
And My Soul Felt Peace With You By My Side.  
Summer Was Our Romantic Season From The Four Seasons  
The Passion And Warm Love Surrounded Us With The Fervent Spirit Of  
Summer Love.

Summer Was The Perfect Season To Be In love  
I Moved In Your Heart Found A Warm Soft Place To Settle.  
I Told Her Soft Words Of Love That Could Melt The Toughest Heart.

My Lonely Days Were Over As The Sun Shines Longer  
She Replied With A Kiss On My Lips.  
Held The Umbrella And We Walked Off Hand In Hand Side By Side As Partners  
In Love!

## Spring Love

by Chapter

Just look outside  
Everywhere around the world,  
Insanity has gone away,  
Colour brightens each new day

Beautiful nature  
Just turn around and see a smiling face, a beautiful creation  
The greatest reproduction is in a woman's stomach  
Watch the joyful tears rolling down her cheeks  
The Creator is happy to see his creations flourish around the world

Photosynthesis is taking place in all vegetation  
Beautiful nature around creation  
The coming rains herald a celebration of love  
The drought, nature's enemy, has been killed

Everywhere there is love, people can smell it  
Everywhere there is love, animals can live it  
There's visions and plans above this love  
There's beautiful views  
There's peace

The sky so blue, the grass so green  
Colourful flowers of every hue in between

Its spring baby and I love you  
Let's forget the past and start afresh  
Spring winds blowing, let's be blessed  
Let's add colour and beauty into our lives  
Let's start a new future  
In Spring Love, I know He is smiling on us from above

## Winter's Edge

by Metatron

The cold has got me sitting on my bed in the dark, alone.  
I'm seeking comfort from the winter's edge.  
The pure darkness is my superman, an evil deed that comfortably rests in my hands.

I step closer to the ledge of the winters edge.  
The cold frost bite, a dream from the motherland.  
A sacrifice of my soul is what i did, on the place in which I stand.  
A cry of freedom from the hands, a despicable me portrayed by the man.  
A cold bodied journey thats taken through the black night, to a location where corpses gather dust mites....

A moist sea breeze envelopes me at the winter's edge.  
A dark Remnant of the burnt down wonderland.  
A grim expression is all that human hearts have.  
An unforgiving nation, filled with a conformity Rash.  
While underneath i struggle to keep my Ground as my soul catches a crude unGodly whiplash.

Once upon a time, a timeless force called winter was in No-mans land,  
it spread across the border, picking everybody with its cold hands,  
A summer breeze was never strong enough to handle what was at hand.  
The sharp blade of the winter's edge made it into one of natures well known  
Blood baths.

In the dark valley Armies of Blue bodied infants stand in line to implement the plan.  
A shadowy leader emerges to place the cold Blood upon mother earth's Sand.  
An enigmatic force made of the Winter's Edge!

## I Want A Man This Season

by Tranque

I feel my bed getting inhuman,  
Sucking in my body, like a vampire,  
Palpating my inner parts.  
The blanket becoming my pal, pain playing darts in my heart.  
The freezing empire ruling over my blood flow.  
Intervening destruction to my torso.  
Shiver constructing in my body.

Wind still roaring with anger outside,  
Besides drinking this coffee alone, I'm chewing a toffee.  
Wishing of the sweetness of his lips to kiss.  
The warmness of his touch to rescue me.  
Passion from his heart to combust me,  
Blow up this chillness, and break this numbness.  
Maybe the inside will feel sensation again,  
Maybe I wouldn't feel this cold front solely.

I need a guy to jump to during the stormy days.  
To dry me when I'm forming with rain,,,,,,,,,  
To unfreeze my brain.  
No! I need a man to collect wood and make some fire,  
So I won't catch a cold and no need to take Woods..  
I don't need TIGER WOODS ,  
I want some one not good looking,  
As long as he stays for the winter I won't mind.  
No woman will crave for him,  
So he will also stay.  
I need a walking blanket with eyes,,,,,,,,,to feel and to touch even when I'm in the couch.

I don't want him skinny and dried out.  
I need him fat and pumped up.  
I want a belly to bump and lie to.  
Flabby arms to coat my body during snow.  
Not even a coat will be in my shopping list this winter!  
While others are covered in snow, I will be covered in flesh.  
I promise I won't whine.  
Although he will be enslaved.  
I will try to DIG him as a grave.

As trees lose their leaves and leave their mates.  
My Man should come in a plate.  
I pray before it's too late,  
To get a Man this winter.  
Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, the key to my bedroom is still intact.  
I need warmth with no strings attached,,,,,,BECAUSE I JUST CAN'T STAY  
SINGLE THIS SEASON!!!

## Dark Summer Nights

by Mr Alpha

It's 10pm on a Wednesday night  
Summer has just kicked in  
I can feel the sun at this time  
of night burning through my skin  
Open the window seeking the  
thinnest air.  
It was dark  
it was summer  
it was 10pm at night.

I lie there in bed hoping and  
wishing that I will not  
break a sweat  
the window is open  
But, still there is no air.

I stick my head out the window  
grasp through the night  
see a clear view  
like I'm looking at picture  
A picture that only portrays  
The sun  
The dark  
Night ...

Dark Summer Nights  
I still remember them  
like yesterday  
And my birthday.

The electricity went out  
This completes my night  
And I called it the  
DARK SUMMER NIGHT

## The Burning Twilight of Summer

by King Tebza

Flowers bending down  
as if someone has given  
a crown.  
The day colliding  
with the night,  
the beauty of mother nature.

The stars rising from the  
dead,  
glittering up there  
where no one can  
reach.  
The ocean whispering  
to the moon.  
I sat there alone to  
share my thoughts with no one.

The sand so warm,  
the sky so peaceful.  
Two things i like  
about summer.

The light breeze,  
the scent of the ocean.  
Memories come flowing  
like a wave.

Swallows flying sky high,  
i wish i could also fly.

Insects chirping so  
loud.  
Up there in the sky-  
not even a single  
cloud.  
The burning twilight  
of summer,  
i used to think it could  
only be seen by a  
farmer.

Remarkably, passing a  
shooting star,  
all souls can see it  
even when they are  
far.

The burning twilight  
of summer,  
it fills the world with  
eternal glamour.



The burning twilight  
of summer,  
the reason why one  
believes in karma.

The burning twilight  
of summer  
it adorns the world's  
grammar.

The burning twilight  
of summer,  
makes me feel like  
i'm watching drama.

One's soul can be  
lifted up and the  
world can be filled  
with joy  
just by watching  
the burning twilight  
of summer.

## Season of Generators

by Perfecto

Grrr brrrm brrm...

That is the sound of a machine i grew up to hate, problem is I don't love it either.  
It has always been part of my young life.

"GENERATOR" is the name of the machine... and it's season has just began.

If you felt my flow... you probably guessed on "Grrr" and did not even need to  
proceed to the second "Brrrm"

To kñow that me was trying to imitate the sound of the generator.

I live in shack number 1547, where things are not that göod.

where strèets are dusty

shacks rusty

girls lusty

an old man asking a dog "are you crazy?" because it made him run... robbing him  
of his drunkenness. You have to love this place.

But I dont want to be here, it has been tōo long a time since the season of the  
generators began.

I cry

to try

And shut out the deafening noise.

I wake up everyday in the middle of the night because, the neighbours, from side  
to side have their generators in motion...

You guessed right my fellow native...

The generators are used as a source of electricity,

because we live in a place which does not even appear on a map of the city.

We talked to the officials twice

but they never said anything nice.

So I lie there, in the dark and I can't light the candle because the dogs will begin  
to bark...

one by one

two by two

Till the whole neighbourhood's dogs begin to bark.

Still lying there ... trying to add one to one, but i get eleven as the answer!

and i cannot figure out which "one" is supposed to be the first one, in order for  
me to get eleven.

While in that dèep cognition, i

recognise that I myself and me is drifting to my own secret world.

The secret world where i am King Shaka!

"BAYEDE!!" that is how i get addressed. There is no season of generators in my  
land!!

Here is the açcount of my sweet nightmare...

season

of

g

e  
n  
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r  
s

Please try to understand as the rest of my dream has been covered by the dust in my brain.

I wake up bright and early the next morning, mom is by my bedside with...

PORRIDGE!! oh not again !

My thoughts are disturbed by the grrr brrrm brrrm in the background.

I am no longer King Shaka.

I am back at shack number 1547, and the SEASON OF THE GENERATORS is far from coming to an end !!

## Not As It Seemed

by Dry Tears

Nature succeeding in delirium, confusing the unexpected situation  
Wrapping the blissful incoming days  
Degrade my hope, diffuse my exploding sizzling ways  
Like mitosis I'm going afresh to the first phase

Where I see joy and I'm relieved  
When I thought summer was near, nature unfairly changed gear, increasing the  
growth of my fear  
I'm in the act of shedding a sad tear  
Once again I will need a blanket from a peer

Why winter in spring?  
Why is winter again in charge?  
I thought we are through  
I believed we finished winter as a season  
I burned all my pains and promised myself a better life  
I softly rubbed my bruises away  
I also pushed the coldness away

I strongly believed it was a dead end  
I can't repeat this unpleasant routine  
I am too weak for this, cold is raw  
I am too soft for this war  
I thank God I survived it before  
Nature, go back to your senses  
Remain normal and exquisite

I want to experience spring fully  
I want those elated moments  
I want to watch the beauty of nature as the summer approaches  
I want my life to be protected by spring light  
Be eternal, cherish my delight

## Do You Know the Colour Of Summer Cries

by Chatter

Glittering stars in the sky, where I draw the picture of hearts to please you  
Whispers of trickling crickets aloud in our ears  
We forget that we once leaked silent tears  
Giving endless silent lessons of lament  
From your hearts recoil, the corner dust swirls  
The charm that wraps my humming song, dripping penitence

Gathering fruit from blossoming trees  
Clear blue skies patched with whiteness, such bliss  
I tell the green grass my calling  
Memorable moments breeze through my mind  
Gazing at clouds that seem to fly, racing to lightning flame  
Pouring our thoughts to simmering earth

The mist and fog our eyes spattered  
Rolling with a calm and tender touch, twilight scatters  
Bringing her artist's brush to life

I did not ask to be born to see this beauty or my ending, flooding in this  
trumpeting storm  
My heart in this breeze like curtains sway  
The volume reaching the highest decibels, bending far back to fill the deepest  
scars  
Offering pause, my needs to repair  
Smaller than my dreams I have become, forced to witness my eclipse by the  
charity of another  
Weeping at the birth  
Do you know the colour of summer cries?

## Seasons

by McSexy

Fell for you in summer  
You came too fast, speeding like a hammer  
I couldn't resist you cos baby you're such a charmer  
You and I together forever  
We're like a hot knife trying to slice through butter

Autumn last year, we had a fight  
I just wanted to make things right  
You said I should take a hike  
I said you should take the next flight  
Remember that tree with our initials? I knew that was perfectly right  
I lost trust the way it lost leaves but damn my heart forgives

Winter, yeah I learned a lot  
At that moment in time in your eyes I got caught  
Cos we'd stay up all night and stared in each other's eyes, mmm! You were  
caught in my thoughts  
We held onto each other like nuts and bolts, hearts in sync, jolts

Wait til spring gets here  
You have no idea what love I can share  
Be fair, let me go down until I get right there  
What you'll see love, damn that's fairly rare  
We'll do it all again next year

## No Reason For Seasons

by Weed

Like an ignorant seed I came here, naïve  
As seedling I learned that life is about wrestling  
It's sizzling when rain is drizzling  
Heavy raindrops were reflected in my eyes  
I had no reason to cry or live  
Fertilisers were nowhere to groom me  
An orphan in winter

Wind blew me but I stood still  
I cried like a baby  
Alternately I felt old  
The ferocity that spring foretold  
I encountered that when summer overlapped  
I expected light, not that vicious heat  
Now I witness photosynthesis  
For food I thank my older sister

When my fellows celebrated the new season, I observed nothing from the 'me'  
person  
Each day I searched for reasons for the seasons  
Instead I found motives for suicide  
Every rainstorm fell unto my head  
The storm beating in my eardrums

Autumn, pains remained the same  
Obesity took place in the depths of my pain  
So now the seasons are the reasons for my life's bruises?  
Understand when I see no reasons  
This seasonal eternal depression  
Twists my love expressions  
I end up hurting the loved ones for my pains

## Cold Emotions

by Cataclysm

As féar walkéd upon my ventriclés,i could feel thé cold winds of winter stabbing my héart.

I sat down barefootéd,with my hair dry as thosé Asian villagés.

I was flipping pagés, letting my mind sleep on thosé imagés.

I wondéréd how could u leavé me liké this, in this cold season.

Mother i can't breath out my opinions, my home has turned to be my prison.

I watched your coffin sinking down carrying a bag full of our blissful mémoriés.

Bit by bit my heart crumbléd, téars swunged from my eyé.

I looked up to the sky, asking God is Love is a lié?

Trees lost théir childrén, hence they'll revive next summèr.

But what about you mother? Will you ever comé back and kiss my forehead every night when its bedtimé?

Mother in this world, I'm having a bad timé.

It's cold without you, every second I'm crying.

Life should be a gift that can lift, but to me, it's a perennial cursé.

The book you once bought, is a bowl where i pour my tears with odes and séstés.

I still sensé your presence and remember your perfume.



## Season of Our Love

by Mysticpoet

Flowers significantly blossom the scent is intoxicating,  
Soon spring is followed by the clear blue skies and the roaring of the ocean  
Of the summer season and it fades away  
Autumn commences and retreat  
Winter comes and knock on our doors

And I am lucky to have you  
As you are the only person who brings summer when it has faded away  
You are the only one who brings warmth in my life  
The only one who silences the raging storms and the twisting of tornadoes in my  
heart

Your touch soothes the pain caused by fever  
As I look deep into your eyes, I can see the night stars holding hands dancing to  
the summer night breeze  
Till I close my eyes and our souls dance to the melody of the cricket  
Seasons may change but our love will never wither  
I will love you till the snow melts to the earth as our bodies

## Season My Life

by Xoli3

A few years ago before I met you  
my days were cold and my skies were never blue  
I was unhappy in all relationships and life in general, hell my motto was "same  
ish different day"  
and all goals, ambitions seemed to have faded

But you came to me and seasoned it  
adorned me and automatically my life was lit  
taught me happiness and helped me turn over a new leaf  
I wish i had done it sooner cause its much better underneath

Your love is the reason I feel as fragrant as heather  
the reasons I've got blue skies and beautiful weather  
you seasoned my life  
and with you I rarely have strife

You are the guy that finally proved that not all men are the same  
you're sweet, funny, loving and you definately aren't vain  
my life is so much better, you seasoned my life  
now I'll do the same by becoming your wife

## I Know These Changes

by Dr lolz

In my life I have been thrown away like a passing breeze  
Through the thick winter cold I have been hated, hated for who I am?  
In the winter cold my heart bleeds with longing  
Longing for what seems unattainable  
I've dreamed of belonging  
Like when buds open in spring where flowers blossom  
Like a child who listens to a bed time story  
Why am I hated like this?

When summer comes I know I am safe from winter cold  
These seasonal changes have been my bully and my best friend at the same time  
I am confused by these seasonal changes

Confused, depressed, I long for winter  
It has taught me to be tough, to have an iron fist  
My family died during a cold winter storm  
God knows why he took them  
I know now that pain one feels can never be understood  
It could have both positive and negative impacts on both of us  
Winter is tough but seasons change  
When winter becomes one, it will be like North Korea threatening the South

## A Caring Heart - A Woman For All Seasons

by Tshepo

It's autumn awaiting winter...

Blazing clouds followed by a routed foliage  
taken by twisting winds and shining through dusty streets  
welcoming ...  
Her bright fluorescent words that struck my eyes like a morning sunrise  
breaking the sonorous morning silence  
tracking the coldness that wafts on my feet  
erupting vibrations with dazzling heat  
burning dark shadows  
setting in a rapid motion  
reflecting an ocean deep flowing in contortion  
like a wave cascading in different shapes pouring in my soul  
muttered from lips that curve a radiant smile burning every cold particle that  
incarcerates the sky  
she is glowing like a star from the inside  
welcoming the rebirth of spring

It's spring awaiting summer ...

A darting breeze accompanied by her every breath, glitters in her kindness i  
suddenly feel alive  
Her smell trails a scent of deep rejuvenating fragrance and pastel colour  
awakening a volatile resurrection of my heart  
blowing a delightful crisp breeze blossoming a luminous smile on her face i can't  
help but freeze  
Encapsulating me in a tender and juicy blush  
while she captures all the delight  
breaking muddy soils, flourishing my vigorously thriving heart

She is a woman of all seasons  
the bright kind like a colourful butterfly  
smart, encouraging, like all her words are conceived from God's heart into her  
mind  
she is a symbol of love shaped by her peaceful and amicable heart

A CARING HEART!

## Holiday at the Beach

by Toyboy

Remember how we used to walk barefoot  
On the sand, hand in hand  
With our shoes in our hands?  
How you used to rock back and forth meditating on the scalding sun,  
Sitting stationary on a beach chair  
Letting the cold breeze blow your hair, while sneaking up on me like a crab

I remember it was in a tranquil sunny summer when I first saw her  
On a bench close to the harbour,  
shining like a knight's armour  
when she waved her hand at me,  
with dubiousness I cautiously sauntered towards her  
with a dainty smile on my face  
and she yelled at me to increase my pace,

She stood up and advanced towards me  
with a jubilant smile, with a lean exotic body  
she kept swaying her curves from left to right,  
bringing light to me like dawn after a long night.  
After a terrifying journey we met, and sat on the sand.

Her parched lips were enticing and with great delight  
I united my upper lip with her lower lip, slowly touching her hip,  
We heard a loud siren beginning the 6 o'clock shift  
and with terror she stood up and sprinted towards the lighthouse.

And that was the last time I ever saw her ...

## Living Seasons

by GeorgeZee

The first season of life, we learn how to crawl  
to chew and to talk, to walk and to fall  
As we grow in height as well as in knowledge  
It's exciting to be on this incredible voyage  
Our personalities form, our characters develop  
And for the time being at least, our parents we worship

To school we all go, some kicking and screaming  
But we'll soon be used to it, and happily dreaming  
Of the girls in our class (or boys in some cases)  
And the first kiss we'll have, albeit awkward with braces  
Some friends we'll make and keep forever  
Whilst of others we meet, the less said the better

Work starts, friends drift apart, new friends are made  
For our fledgling career, the groundwork is laid  
Youth, we are told, is wasted on the young  
We'll say the same thing in times to come  
For now we'll take one day at a time  
Don't stress, relax, it'll all turn out fine

We may find love, we may even marry  
Have kids of our own, causing both joy and worry  
Here I am now, in the middle of life's summer season  
Who knows what is next, the future's unwritten  
Whatever it is, I'll give it my best,  
While enjoying the journey and life's bittersweet quest.

## Seasoned Objectivity

by Ummagumma

On an early morning, six years prior to today  
Eight kilograms of meat, left outside a gate  
Wrapped in a moth-eaten blanket  
and seasoned by the hands of a butcher,  
ravenous for more flesh than humanity should have to give.

Seasoned by the inexperience and neglect of a Mrs Butcher  
Left to marinate for seven days  
in cotton, bones  
and a pâté of all that is trapped  
within eight kilograms of meat.

If screams are equal to nine, decay equals ten  
The meat plucked from it's tonic of filth  
and delivered to the gate of those expected to cherish and enjoy it.

Seasoned by bus rides and red-tainted noise  
Alcohol, and the firm grip of a loud stranger.  
Eight kilograms of meat, flavoured with enough torment  
to please the vultures behind the gates.

Innocent  
Malleable  
Placed into a cauldron and  
spattered with the holy water  
of new clothing, pink fairies,  
oranges and colouring books.

Seasoned with English -  
a proud improvement on your origins.  
Spiced with the smiles  
from the beaks of narcissist vultures  
- staring at a life-sized mirror,  
which only portrays their own splendour.

Further seasoned to a weight of eleven kilograms  
Meat to please the dignified colony  
and adorn the parental savages with celebrity laurels  
that boast of their fostered material - love  
for a child-shaped piece of meat.

With self-indulgence in excess,  
the mirrors expand.  
And the vultures are swallowed  
by the yawn of their golden reflection.  
Losing sight of the fourteen kilograms of meat.

Now seasoned with the taunts of attached siblings and grandparents,  
and the shame of age, the colour of your skin,  
the nervous smell emitted as the water begins to boil.  
Uncomfortably warmed

by angry stares, and the command to simmer in silence  
under the closed lid of your pot.

Sixteen kilograms, in a yellow classroom  
Seasoned by failure and confusion  
The rise of heat, cooking you to an 'it',  
not a 'she'.

The salt of your supposed stupidity,  
the murky haze of the black pepper  
of the memories that prevent you from seeing the sums on the board,  
or the words in a book.

An extra two kilograms  
from the armour of resilience,  
and the seasoning of a motivation  
driven by a need for love that isn't bought.

Eighteen kilograms of meat  
Roasted by rejection  
and discarded back to the Butcher's door  
as being unsavoury  
and overcooked.

An eighteen-kilogram echo of Sybil  
Seasoned by round bitter pills  
and at peace in a drugged sleep.  
Six years, with sight marred  
By the reflection  
of harsh lights on the Butcher's knife  
of flames against empty bottles  
of sun against mirrors.  
Blind spots  
in the shattered mirror of your being.

On an early morning, six days from now  
Lean against it, with me  
And in the gentle vapour  
of our breaths against broken glass,  
I will write 'I love you.'

And I will cover you  
with the feeling that you are not an 'it'  
A mere dead chunk of meat.  
But a nineteen-kilogram little girl,  
seasoned with a smile  
that reflects a rainbow.



## Season of Death

by Zeus

Down they all fall,  
It started with a little brawl,  
Gun fights' smoke filling the air,  
Lost souls, none of them care,  
Blood flooding the streets,  
Dead bodies, all we see is tombs,  
No conscience they were brought up barbaric,  
They want to prove greatness but the ship is going nowhere like the Titanic,  
Season of death,  
Death the sentence that awaits us all on this earth,

Death hovers around every living life,  
In the season where death is so rife,  
I call on the Messiah would it ever be enough,  
Dropping down on the hands of an unseen virus,  
Dropping down on them all, it has no warriors,  
A merciless killer creating a world of orphans,  
Prayer, wealth, poverty, tears are the words it doesn't understand,

Will we lose till eternity,  
How many kids are born with no family,  
No love, no mother and no father figure,  
At the hands of merciless men who do not care about pulling the trigger,  
At the hands of cold disease killing our people every time,  
At the hands of crime,  
This is the season of death,  
Through this season to poetry i give birth.

## End

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