



My Poems

Bulumko Zamxaka

C
O
N
T
E
N
T

| | |
|------------|----|
| Freedom | 1 |
| Shelter | 3 |
| Love | 5 |
| Goodbye | 7 |
| Depression | 9 |
| Friends | 11 |
| Betrayal | 13 |
| Dreams | 15 |
| Mother | 16 |

My Poems

Published by UJ Press under the Hoopoe Press imprint
 University of Johannesburg Library
 Auckland Park Kingsway Campus
 PO Box 524
 Auckland Park 2006
<https://ujpress.uj.ac.za/>
 Compilation © Bulumko Zamxaka 2024
 Edited by Drs. Mthuthuzeli Zamxaka and Vathiswa Papu-Zamxaka
 Published Edition © Bulumko Zamxaka 2024
 First published 2024
<https://doi.org/10.36615/9781776489404>
 978-1-7764893-9-8 (Paperback)
 978-1-7764894-0-4 (PDF)
 978-1-7764894-1-1 (EPUB)
 978-1-7764894-2-8 (XML)
 Language Editor: Yumna Moosa
 Design: Hester Roets, UJ Graphic Design Studio
 Images: Unsplash.com / Pexels.com
 Typeset in 14/48pt TheMix ExtraLight



F R E E D O M

We are tired of being under a chain
 Weeping in the rain
 We have been granted freedom
 Something that is seldom
 Take it, grab it, snatch it if you have to
 It's time to stand up, take your chains and let them brew
 The time to stand up is now
 It's time to say to this jail that's pressing you like a rail ciao
 Let us not run back to that cage
 Let us not escape by fear but rage
 This must come to an end, let us take our freedom with no hesitation
 And less devastation
 No time for postponing
 The future is approaching
 Now is the time, I say again, with all caps NOW IS THE TIME



SHELTER

Shelter, shelter above my head
My shelter protects my head
My shelter was made by the blood that is red
My shelter was made with sweat
To protect me from the rain that is wet
My shelter is not my house but my home
My heart knows the path even if it takes me to Rome
My shelter is a safe space
Somewhere I can lay my face
A place with no fear
A place where my heart, mind and soul is near
My shelter is clean
With somewhere that my shoulder can lean
My shelter has Jesus, my Lord
It may even have a Ford
I am grateful for my shelter for it protects my head
For it is a place I can be fed
My shelter is what I thank
Even if it was a tank



- Love
- Love is many things
- It goes way back to the ancient queens and kings
- Love is beautiful
- It is but, most suitable
- In the Bible, it is said that love is patient, love is kind
- It can be blind
- We should love our neighbours like we love ourselves
- Pictures of your loved ones on your shelf
- Now that is where the love is
- Love is difficult, different
- Love is not ignorant
- Love is interesting
- I could talk about it for hours but for now, I can say
- Love must not be earned but given at peace
- Love is something that must be prayed upon
- Make your own path to love, it's your way
- Love to be loved.
- I love you all

LOVE



— Goodbyes are sad
— It could be disguised as you being mad
— But you have to learn to let go
— Goodbyes are not betrayal, never
— They are definitely not forever
— Rejoice in the time spent
— They may have another place to pay rent
— You are saying goodbye
— But another place is saying welcome
— Goodbyes are hard
— But they should not be discarded
— They are necessary
— Whether the goodbye is at the cemetery
— Or another circumstance
— As I end, goodbyes are sad
— But don't let your heart be mad

GOODBYE

DEPRESSION — Depression
— I am chained to this floor
— Can you – just hear me roar
— I feel reality has gripped me to its claw
— Never forgetting my every flaw
— Depression, they say it's easy, just be happy
— They say they don't have time so make it snappy
— It starts with sadness
— That progresses to maddens
— Your screaming doesn't help
— You can barely hear my yelp
— The worst part is my fake smile
— Keeping it on from person to person like passing a grocery store isle
— I feel like I am being sucked into this black hole
— My heart has been burdened with this mole
— My stress has filled my cup
— I do not see my luck
— My eyes have been deprived of my spark
— All that's left is a dull mark
— You say come out of your room
— But why do I feel safer than when I was in your womb
— They say I have depleted the world of my face
— They say I have too much personal space
— My depression has won the race
— Why should – I be as uncomfortable as wearing lace
— I've been crying and crying, I am now sore
— Please listen to my roar

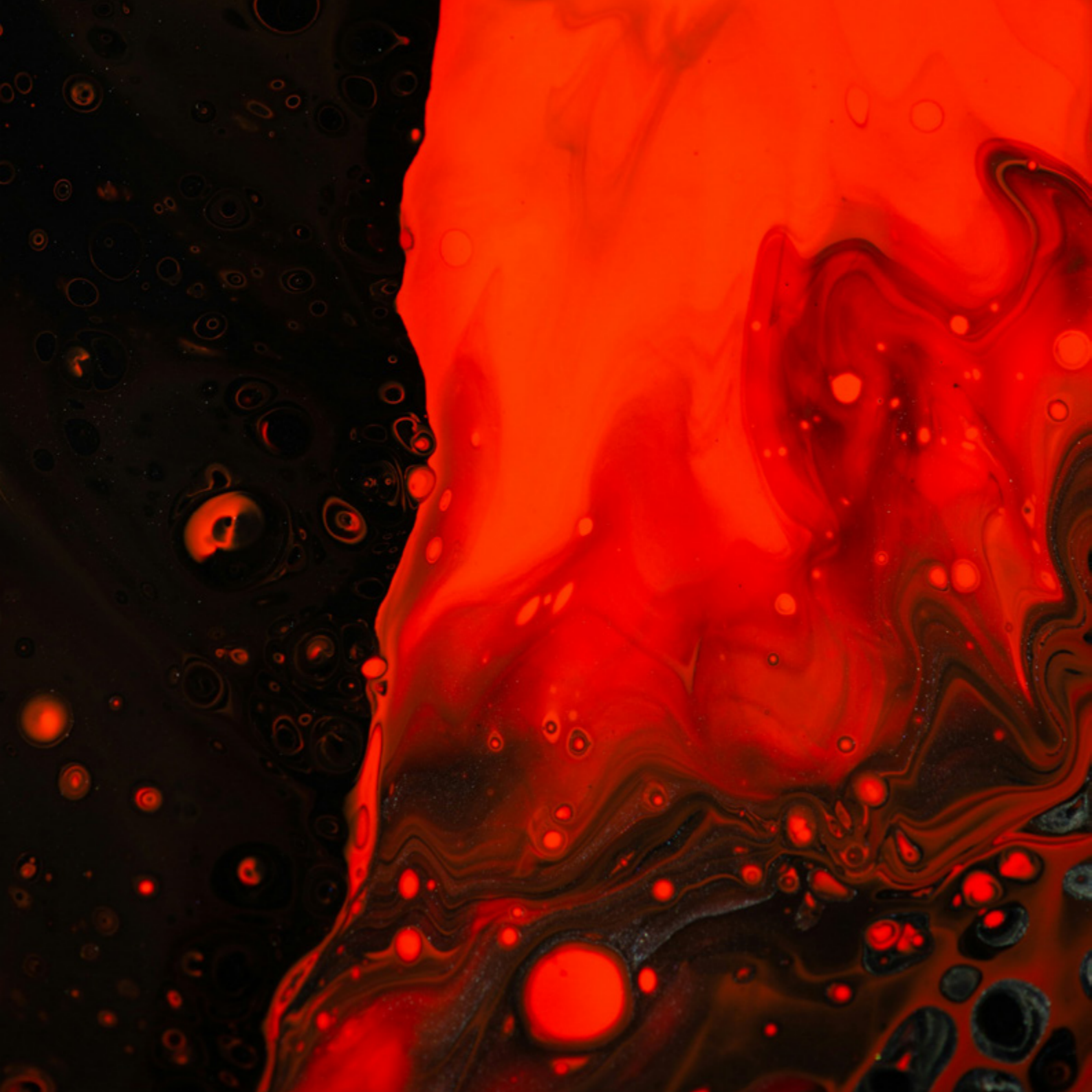




- Their love for you is wide
- A friend is always loyal
- Not like a snake in the soil
- A friend is not a magician, that disappears in a bad time
- Then appears on your back like a mountain to climb
- A friend is kind
- When it comes to appearance, they become blind
- My advice to you is find a good friend
- So they can be there till the end

FRIENDS

- Love you Kungawo, Kgomotso, and Sollielle



— Bleeding betrayal
— It was bright
— when eyes are closed its white
— Serene, no sins in-between,
— No need to even begin to find a cure
— Now my heart bleeds the colour of wine
— It's fine, I'm fine
— But in true reality, my mask has taken a voice
— A voice once mine, a choice that never was
— Where do I draw the line
— My heart shattered in pieces
— And left like a pile of faeces
— To think all this because of a betrayal
— My anger turns into sadness when I see you and me together in that portrayal
— Should I forgive, realization kicks in, you are the reason its black when my eyes are shut
— You are the reason disgust comes from my gut
— And my heart bleeds like wine pouring on what was once my pure white mind
— No remorse in sight that I can find
— To think you are the one I trusted
— Now I am the one left disgusted

BETRAYAL

- Dreams
- Dreams are usually controlled by fear
- But we need to take that idea and spike it with a spear
- With hard work, dreams can come true
- My dream is coming true with my crew
- God and my family
- Who are filled in my gallery
- Mama Winnie Mandela once said they tried to bury me but didn't realize I was a seed
- They tried to pull me out like a reed
- But today my dreams will bloom
- And not be locked up in a room
- The future relies on our dreams
- It's time to share our dreams like streams and glow like beams
- I leave you with these words, my Kings and Queens
- Don't give up, spread your wings

D R E A M S

M O T H E R

- Mother
- You are the reason for my happiness
- Once you enter the room frowns are less
- Thank you for being my mother
- Not letting me feel hunger
- Your life is a gift
- You make our hearts lift
- Thank you for all the kisses, love and support
- Thank you for always being a reliable resort
- We pray for many more years to come with blessing and prosperity
- Thank you for being my role model and celebrity
- We pray for your protection and for you to continue going in the right direction
- I love you and we love you
- Thank you for changing the world with your happiness and most importantly thank you for changing my world with happiness





Hoopoe Press

This book is about a few different interesting poems written to help children to become literate and improve their reading skills. In South Africa, 81% of children are unable to read and write. This causes unemployment which already destroys our future doctors, lawyers, scientists and even astronomers which is why I, Bulumko Zamxaka wrote this book to help stop illiteracy, unemployment and the possible destruction of our future.

I am Bulumko Zamxaka, the author of this book. I am 13 years old doing grade 7, I love reading and writing. I love going on walks with family and friends to get some fresh air and get off my devices. I live in Pretoria with my family. I would like thank my Mom, Dr Vathiswa Papu-Zamxaka and my dad, Dr Mthuthuzeli Zamxaka and my beautiful sister Kungawo Zamxaka for constantly helping, encouraging and supporting me throughout the writing of this book. The Bible says in Romans 12:6, "We have different gifts, according to the grace given to each of us." I thank God for giving me the gift to write and for helping me unleash this gift.

