

## The Noise From The Vacuum

A collection of poems by Gaegake Motlhanka

### Thirsty

I can't open my mouth,  
My tongue is stuck to my mouth,  
And oh! my throat is literally closed,  
The air can get in my nose,  
But it can't reach my lungs,  
I feel as if I am inside an oven

My head is starting to spin like a Ferris wheel,  
I am starting to see things, things that don't exist,  
The dizziness is starting to get in,  
And suddenly I find myself on the ground,  
How did I get here? I mused alone  
Slowly but surely I am starting to lose sight,  
As I staggered to the nearest house,  
My legs feel like lead, I can't lift them,

Finally I managed to arrive at someone 'house,  
I tried to speak, but no words come out,  
All I can do is motion a cup,  
Finally I got some water; it feels like a rain just started,  
Or being kissed by an angel after returning from,  
I cant stop myself from drinking, its like am going to burst  
Finally I stop, and I feel like myself again...wait I was hallucinating....

## YLTD (You Live To Die)

What's the purpose of life?

Why am here?

You think you have the answers,

But all your answers are wrong.

You can have a lot of money, but death will part you with it,

Don't wait too long to follow your dreams,

Because by the time you do, your time may have arrived,

You celebrate your birthday like its important,

They only thing you are celebrating is how close death is...

All the drugs you want to try, do try them,

Because you are going to die anyway,

That girl who is saving herself, know that death

Is the cousin to sleep, Do it while the reaper is still far

Eventually every living being comes to an end,

From the tiny snail, to the giant whale, all will pass,

So you wonder why you live, you live to die,

You think you are in this world for some spiritual journey,

But you are here to die, that's my answer....

The writer of these lines is GaegakeMotlhanka

## Hip Hop

Last night I fell in love with this strange girl,  
She is not like other girls, honestly she is complex,  
In family they call her the black sheep,  
She does what's not in the system, she creates her own rules,  
And she represents an entirely new movement,  
I dare say she is a voice for the voiceless,

The stories she tells had me fascinated from word go,  
How she delivers them, makes me to come back for more,  
Other people call her an abomination, but she is unique,  
They hate her stories, because they are about reality,  
The clothes she wears had everyone rushing to the stores,  
They call her materialistic because of the gold in her mouth

But I don't care about what they say,  
Because she is there every time I need her,  
Whether I am depressed or feeling jolly, she always lifts me,  
Every time I want advice, I look to her,  
But beware that she doesn't consume her life,  
But I am willing to lose myself to her,  
The other thing about her, she has a strange name, HIP HOP....

## She Loves Me Not

She said I should give her a few more days,  
Like I fool I agreed, today was the day,  
She was going to give me her answer,  
Whether to continue this cycle of useless relationships,  
Or whether to break a juvenile boy's heart,  
There she goes, like a white swan walking on water,  
She radiates confidence, and me?  
I look like an owl in mid-day, out of place,  
I could feel myself sweating, like I just chased a mad cow,

She greets me and I am too awestruck to respond,  
I mumbled some incoherent nonsense, I can't do it,  
Her words hit me in the face like a 12,5kg bag of sugar,  
I am too crippled to talk or do anything,  
My teenage heart is broken; I thought my life was ruined,

Everyone suddenly becomes my enemy,  
When people laugh it's like they are mocking me,  
The whole world feels like a 3-hour math lesson, miserable  
I feel like I had just been told it's my last day on earth,  
What a shitty feeling!

By Gaegake Motlhanka

## A Day at the Bus Rank

I wake at 6am sharp brushed my teeth,  
Drank one bottle of beer, and took a piss  
I stroll out of my one room shack,  
Looking around me, I saw primary school students,  
Talking loudly, playing silly games,  
They don't yet know the challenges of life,

Five minutes later I arrived at the bus rank,  
My combi has not yet arrived,  
There is a long queue for my combi,  
It's like they are waiting for free beer,  
Their eyes eager, yet their conversations impersonal,  
One combi arrives, and like goats to a water bowl,  
They rush to it, curses are flung around, and feuds are born,

The street vendors are starting to arrive,  
They come dragging their stalls, like a butcher does to a lamb,  
Someone behind me tries to strike a conversation,  
I take out my phone and switched on music,

On the main road, cars rush by, without a care,  
Hitchhikers are furiously waving their hands at them,  
The rank is getting crowded, the dust is unbearable,  
Just as I was about to give up, my combi arrives,  
I got in and looked at the remaining ones,  
With a faint smile, I have won...

By Gaegake Motlhanka

## My Grandmother

Last night my grandmother came home drunk,  
Walking around wilding and singing a strange song,  
She found me watching TV, looking at strangely,  
She said who are you? Just like she went to her room,

I hear a loud knock around 5am,  
Gaegake go and milk the goats, she said,  
I pretended to be asleep, but she won't go away,  
OK I coming I said angrily, she had interrupted my dream about a hot girl,

I put on my clothes and went to the cooking area,  
Good morning I greeted her, she looked at me,  
What took you so long was her response,  
I didn't waste any time, I went to kraal,  
Milked few goats, and went back  
I waited for her to finish drinking her tea,  
Before I could pour myself a cup,

She has grey hair almost cream white,  
Her face had many growths, like a potato garden,  
Her face showed struggle, but when she spoke,  
She showed no contempt at the work, and offended those sensitive,  
You live to die, was her motto, that's my grandmother...

By Gaegake Motlanka

## The 5 Pula Change

I am standing by my shabby one room apartment,  
Trying to hustle off 5 pula from my neighbours,  
Get a job Shuffle,they tell me,I look at them,what a waste of time,I thought,  
I walk sideways without realising it,who can I rob,I wondered,  
I dig into my tattered pockets,hoping to find a coin,  
I find nothing only an old used toilet paper,  
What a shame,I am so broke I don't even have 5 The be

## Late Night up in My Room

Its after midnight,yet sleep is still far,my thoughts keep racing,  
I try to close my eyes,but the eeriness of darkness scares me,  
What is that noise?My ears are playing tricks on me,  
I try to listen to some soul,but music only keeps me awake further,  
I imagine myself a superhero,I am crusing the streets,  
Beating drunks,prostitutes and other bums,I am a hero,  
The people love me,yet somehow I still cant shut my eyes

Now I am an angel of death,stalking some unfortunate soul,  
Waiting until they less suspect it,then I take them away,  
I cant stop my mind from thinking,I stand up,do a few push ups,  
I break some sweat,then drink some water,to calm my nerves,  
The tv is boring,I go outside maybe I will catch a few witches,  
The night is deadly silent,its almost like death,I can hear my thoughts,  
I hating listening to my thoughts,I go back inside my room,

Its the witching hour,still my brain does 'nt want to shutdown,  
I wonder what other people are dreaming about,those bastards,  
I envy them,suddenly I get a brilliant idea,I turn up my radio,  
If I can't sleep then no one else could sleep,I mused out loudly,  
I walk back outside,hoping to hear someone wake up,  
I hear someone curse,one coughs,the other switches on their lights,  
Now I am happy,i am not alone,welco me to the brotherhood....



## **When The Landlord comes....**

I am sitting near the window,I see her get in the yard,

Quickly I lower the curtains,and silently look my room and take out the key,

Have you seen Shuffle?I hear her ask other tenants,No we have'nt they reply cautiously,

Suddenly I hear a knock on my door,I don't make a move,

Are you there Motlhanka?I hear her enquire as she continues to pound on my door,

I hold my breath and keep silent,Finally she gives up,

I could her telling other tenants to pass on the message,that dreadful message,rent is overdue

## What to Eat?

Its lunchtime and my stomach couldn't stop growling like a Kalahari lion,  
I open the fridge, but only emptiness stares back at me, I drink some water,  
But the hunger only gets worse I try to ignore it, but doesn't help,  
Feed me! feed me! I could hear my stomach speaking to me,  
Keep quite you swine I threatened my stomach but it's only the beginning,  
I knock on my neighbor's door, can you lend me 5 pula I said weakly,  
I am broke she replies I walk back pathetically to my room,

You useless bastard feed me my stomach keeps bugging me,  
You lazy bones feed me, lazy bones! Lazy bones! Lazy bones feed me, my stomach keeps humming,  
I can't stand it anymore I drink more water and rummaged through the plates,  
I find a two day old maize meal, its bad and rooting, but I couldn't care less,  
I devoured it like hyena eating leftover carcass; the rooting smell of the maize fills my mouth,  
I drink some water to rid myself of the smell and taste of the bad meal,  
Its doesn't help now I am hungry than ever, and my stomach keeps growling,  
Finally I get some sleep, but still has nightmares about food

## When the reaper comes

From far away he is silently watching her, he licked his lips and smile menacingly  
She walks towards the house with no care in the, suddenly he sprang unto her,  
Weakly she tries to fight him off but he is too strong, but she keeps fighting,  
He throws he against the door, rips off her clothes, takes away her jewelry,  
As strong as she can she aimed a kick at his crotch, it catches him off guard,  
He steps back, giving her time to run, time to rescue herself, crying for help as she runs,

No one hears her cries, and he easily catches up with her, he is fully of anger,  
This time he is more brutal, like a wrecking ball, he crushed her face with his fist,  
She falls down, tries to plead for mercy, but he is beyond angry and can't listen,  
He lands one brutal kick against her ribs, and lands one more fist on mouth,  
Blood gushes from her mouth, like water in Victoria Falls, she cowers as comes close,  
Suddenly someone beats him from behind and he falls back, she struggles to her feet and takes off,

When she thought she has outran him, she stops to catch her breath, he is nowhere in sight,  
She takes a breath of relief, and walks casually to the nearest house,  
Then she heard it, loud pounds of someone running, can it be? She wondered and looked back,  
Just as she turned her back, he was unto her, this time he was more vicious than last time,  
He tackled her down, and gave one punch to her lungs; the pain shot throw her entire body, faster than a wildfire,  
She gave one attempt of struggle; just she tightly choked her, her body twitched a little and finally no more,  
He stands up, looks at her body, gave a sick smile and goes to look for another victim...

## Drinking Contest

Paw prints of a leopard  
Squelched thick on her tongue,  
and her lungs are smoky peaks,  
liver an old bear grown silver--

From her hand she spills  
The spirit-sea wild past her teeth  
wherein cliff stones catch  
shore's fist upon their face

(but don't spit) and down  
the potion tumbles to her core,  
forest fed on the bottle's milk she rains--  
and as the tavern's shouts eclipse her ears,

she's earned her nature's praise.

## Rivers Edge

Aqua sky floats up above  
Willow lazies in the sun  
Many greens to pave my way  
By the rivers edge

Blanket spread and pillow laid  
Iced tea and sandwiches  
Some time to wile away  
On the rivers edge

The current flows crystal clear  
Water sparkles in the sun  
Pebbles lay on river bed  
Near the rivers edge

The sounds flowing in my head  
A peaceful kind of chaos  
The forest, birds and insects  
Of the rivers edge

Dive into the waters deep  
Letting the current take me  
An eddy is my escape  
to the rivers edge

Homeward bound up the trail  
Sun setting on dark water  
Contented sigh life refreshed  
At the rivers edge

## Selfless future

the river  
the river  
you spoke of the river  
yet the thunderlight drove it out

neither was there a nest of gentle ants,  
that scattered before the scream

the grey clouds  
how furious, bursting  
from the pallid sky

in war there might have been a speckled oval egg  
yet she was cloaked in fog  
on precipice

the white crests deafen the piccolo orchestra  
that surfed the dry split twig

and under wave emphesema  
glutters a monotone green

through the floating neon fish

## Midnight

Like a violinist lost in the whisperings of the trees,  
Like the cloaked phantoms that no one sees,  
Like a rich chocolate, and a dark red wine,  
In a wooded glen, where only the moon will shine.

The ticking and bonging of the clock,  
The muffled footsteps of a stranger on a walk,  
The burnt stumps of candles of wax,  
And the white stag that leaves no tracks.

The silky brush of cold air,  
The music fading to somewhere.  
Midnight, midnight, toll the bells,  
As is calm, and all the wells.

## Vultures

With bellies hollow as jars  
they pulled her skirts  
back like foreskin, plucked the words  
blinks, shards, toothmarks  
all inventoried in their meatless  
24-rib caskets.



## The Naked Face

The quivering of the chin,  
the thrusting forward or sideways of the jaws,  
the twitching of the cheek and corners of the mouth,  
the pursing of the lips,  
the biting of the tongue,  
the crinkling of the nose,  
the squinting and rolling of the eyes,  
the fluttering and blinking of the eyelids,  
the raising of the eyebrows,  
and the furrowing of the forehead.

These involuntary momentary expressions on the naked face,  
some of them even displayed by babies,  
may help you understand what is left unsaid.

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