May 2012 statistics

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Manyala: Love As It Shouldn't Be

Manyala is a Sesotho word for nonsense and the July 2012 issue of our newsletter is dedicated to all matters nonsensical about love. It’s a very subjective view as no one can dictate with authority what love should or shouldn’t be like, but it’s all sarcastic as much as it is tackles challenging issues facing us on a daily basis.

Our newsletters are making a return since we last issued one in May 2012. Our website has been experiencing difficulty due to high volumes of traffic, our growth had become our biggest challenge. We need to get a dedicated server to ensure the website is up and running at all times, a growing concern we are still devising a sustainable solution for. We do however promise we will have newsletters on the 5th of every month as was always the case.

It is our aim to reach a worldwide audience and, as previous and current stats show, we are making progress. Over and above being a platform for upcoming writers, we have ambitions of being a credible alternative to mainstream recycled messages in as far as genuine opinion making is concerned.

Manyala is a compilation of all things love can be without in Poetry, Blog and Story. Do pass this file to your reader and writer friends and encourage them to subscribe to our free monthly newsletters.

We are an online platform that showcases unpublished writers; essentially, we are Writer’s Stage, Reader’s Heaven and Publisher’s Hunting Ground. All articles published in this newsletter were taken from our website that features eight new articles a day, seven days a week. You’re more than welcome to join our community and contribute your works of writing or engage in discussions by commenting on each article. Click Here to Register your Profile.

By virtue of having an opinion, however vain or profound it may be perceived, you deserve to be heard. Here’s a platform; Puck Politics, Spew Bile and Denounce Convention!

This is the ninth newsletter, we have had the Untitled One, Beauty is Me, Soul Ties, Denounce Convention and Mafube, Tshianeo, Imbikodo and Chivhanu. If you liked what you read here and would like to receive previous issues, send an e-mail to info@ilikewhatiwite.co.za. Read and forward to more reader and writer friends.
Finally I get to meet the best friend who we seem to converse about almost on the daily basis, every time there is some intellectual conversation his name is bound to pop up... It would be some "...actually Mpho and I had this conversation before, he believes that..." I was looking forward to meeting and getting to know this great mind, but he was here on holiday and it was a party so I settled for the common "hello it's a great pleasure to finally meet you.....I've heard so much". Good I hope I mean this was the great Mpho and I hope he had heard how I confidently stood against many of his beliefs and delivered my engagements with great conviction. This was not the time though... I'm sure he was looking for some festive fling, and being friends with my popular boo boo...he was guaranteed a string of flings.

See my boyfriend is the well know charmer types, he flirts unaware sometimes when I'm around, but I never really mind because I know for sure that he loves me and it all ends right there with the flirts. Ladies love him, he's fun, spontaneous and loves seeing people happy in his company. Many throw themselves at him.....some well aware of his commitment to me. I never take note of such because he never gives me reason to worry or feel threatened by any of it. When we started dating he was more interested in getting me to bed than getting to bed my mind, but he soon realized just how strong I am in myself. That accompanied with the fact that I gave him the biggest hell when we first met were reasons enough to not let him just toss me aside but get to know me well how I operated from the inside.

We spent most our days chatting our hearts away, he was actually quite beautiful in-
my boo’s place to begin with. We hug goodbye and I go to bed with one big big smile. My boo calls and explains how tied up he had been....no worries I exclaim with a big smile still captured by the great time I had with the great Mpho.

Boo and I go on several dates and see each other many times, each time I come to his place I have great hopes of bumping into Mpho. No sign of him at all until boo tells me to organise him a date for the new year’s eve party at their place. I make sure to organise him my prettiest friend, she’s quite the excitement and can hold conversations well....I figure she’ll be enough to keep him occupied.

They hit it off thank God, he is the perfect gentleman rightfully so as I expected.

Clock strikes 12, hugs and kisses fly around before boo and I retire to another of our soul reaching conversations.

Before I know it he’s left for home, not even a goodbye he’s just gone and boo says everything was in a rush. Immediately I call him...only because my friend had been going on about how amazing he was. He picks up the phone and immediately I go "I think she likes you" readily he retorts "many people like me" how cheeky I think....but I’m more taken and flushed by the voice, I’ve missed you I say to myself...but I resort to "I can vouch for that" with a slight laughter.

I give it to him for just up and going...how insensitive not even a goodbye...he quickly jumps in with "or a let’s just kiss and say goodbye" with a flimsy laughter. I laugh it off "not that kind of goodbye". "What kind is that" he asks rather rushed...."The see you no more" I say sounding rather down. "Now that you have my number, you have no reason not to keep in touch" I warn the Al Pacino way.

Ohw and did we keep in touch, with calls sms's and all sorts of telecommunications. Boo was well aware of all this of cause...but he trusts me and never expressed any mistrust in any way. In the beginning we used my friend as an excuse to chat away, but it got to a point where we just spoke without reason but only because we enjoyed each others company.

That’s when it hit me.....I miss him half the time I’m awake, he laughs at all my crazy stupid jokes, I get those butterflies in the tummy everytime I hear his voice, I get all jittery the minute boo mentions his name, I anticipate his next visit, did I mention that I miss him all the time. Ohw Lord I dread having to say this, but I fell inlove with my boo’s best friend.
He was not a stranger. I knew him quite well, but we hardly ever said much to each other. He was a really good friend of Michael, Christine’s brother, and so I had run into him several times at the Bernard house. I would feel my heartbeat accelerate every time we passed each other as Christine talked non-stop about one or other of her schemes. She did not talk much to him, either. She was too busy being in love with Hans, the guy her parents absolutely abhorred.

I guess that while I was lost in my fantasies, she was lost in her rebellion. So when I started my new job at the administration office at North Beach Hotel, Christine and I both set off on our strange journeys into discovery.

Hans, named as such by his ‘germanised’ Uncle, was raised both in Mombasa and in his adoptive parents’ Munich home. The arrangement made it possible for him to visit with his Giriama relatives. This worked quite well for his birth relatives because it meant that the financial ‘support’ continued. As a matter of fact, now with Hans’ in his adulthood, having completed a fancy education abroad, and receiving the gift of investment in the North Beach Hotel as well as a few other tourist establishments from his adoptive parents, Hans was now more than ever before in a good position to grease his Uncle’s lifestyle. The grandparents had died while Hans was still in his teens.

I knew this because my old soccer gang was quite familiar with Hans’ bling wearing, gold teeth flashing uncle. Kombe Kai had become something of a beach mafia king. And he was not quite satisfied with his nephew’s financial support. Just for the chance to play beach soccer at the Mtwana cove, we had to pay 50 bob everytime. He extorted these levies from everyone, even the fishermen who tried to bring in a meal home via the cove. Avoiding the cove was really no good, because he had other ways of getting paid, the vigilante ‘community police’ who had to be paid, by landlords, shopkeepers, or just workers coming home from late night shifts at the hotel. And if you did not pay up, the Kenya Police would show up with mysteriously acquired evidence of your misdemeanours. Everyone knows that ‘handling’ cops is much more taxing than paying Kombe Kai.
Anyway, so Hans was Christine’s choice of a lover.

My choice was just as weird and complicated as Christine’s. Michael’s best friend was also a third generation European settler. Cooper Blaine’s grandparents came to Africa from Scotland as Anglican Church missionaries and stayed in Creekside. His family had invested heavily in the coastal tourist industry, and he specifically, in the air travel branch of the industry.

After I begun work at the administration offices at the Hotel, I started meeting Cooper away from Christine’s family’s colour-conscious watch. He had some kind of deals with Anil Shah which meant that quite often he would come into the office for one thing or the other. I was surprised when he stopped to chat with me the first time, but I soon got used to it even relaxed enough to engage in playful flirting. Not much later I agreed to meet with him outside of the office environment.

Now you have to try and understand where I was coming from. I had spent my entire teen years feeling like I was less than best. My mother’s relatives had a lot to do with that. But I must admit that a lot more had to do with my own fancy desires. I hated being poor, and perhaps in a way I associated my being poor with my race and colour. I am not sure that I was a gold digger as such, but if I was I sure had plenty of role models around me.

Not my mother though. My mother always believed in working honestly for everything she got. I did look up to her, in my own way. But I guess I let my pride and fantasies carry me away from my mother’s high ethics. I wanted to be a fancy princess and for the moment, Cooper was my way of getting there on fast track.

Did I fall in love with him? Yes. I idealised him. I couldn’t be honest at the time and admit that his money had a lot to do with it. He was older, 10 years older than my 21. He was ‘cultured’, a whole lot more sophisticated than I was. And I loved what his money could buy.

The first time I met him outside of work, he sent a car to pick me up and deliver me to the Bistro on Dolphin Road. It was mid-afternoon on a Sunday. I had just gotten off from work and did not have any classes. I should have hurried to the Sunday Afternoon Church service like I had promised my mother, but I got into the sleek BMW and sat on the left back seat. Dolphin Road was major upper scale. Strangely, the affluence of high class villas and the Los Angeles style boardwalk shops and cafes by the water was bordered by the slum and poverty of the Shanzu village. I preferred to focus on the red top and makuti villas shining white against the jade blue of the ocean.

When I got off the big car, he was sitting at a table at the corner of the little cafe, talking into his fancy phone. He looked up as I walked in, and waved at me, the corners of his eyes crinkling as he smiled at me. My very own Mills&Boon man; tall, dark haired, bronze skinned, sapphire blue eyed... And there at the Bistro, next to the curio and art gallery, there my affair with heartache begun.

See more of the The Creekside Princess at The Princess Project (K)
On the 5th June of 2005, we invited Dr. Frank Chikane to come and address us, a Christian group of students at Wits. At the time, Chikane was the Director-General (DG) in the Office of the Presidency. We had a huge fascination with the DG not only because he was a struggle stalwart of note, but also because he headed the highest office in the land and at the same time being a staunch Christian leader. How he was able to juggle the two was enigmatic and a huge inspiration to us.

That evening when he arrived at the venue, as the president of the organization which had invited him, I and a few other leaders welcomed him at the foyer of the venue and exchanged pleasantries with him and his family. He casually remarked that he was very exhausted because he had spent the day (Sunday) at Warmbaths/Warmbad (now called Bela Bela) and that the Friday night had been spent with President Mbeki discussing important issues.

As a curious and imaginative student I couldn’t help but think that this “late night discussion” had a lot, if not everything, to do with the judgement handed down by Judge Hilary Squires the previous day, which basically implicated the then Deputy President, Jacob Zuma, as having had a corrupt relationship with Schabir Schaik. The whole country was curious as to what President Mbeki was going to do in the light of this judgement. And so were we that night, as we stood with the DG. I mean this was a man who, by virtue of his position, was probably privy to the thoughts and plans of the president, a man many considered an enigma. But we resisted the temptation of asking him what he or the president thought of Judge Squires’ judgement.

It is now history, that almost ten days later, President Mbeki “released Deputy President Zuma of his duties” in that monumental speech made in the joint seating of parliament on the 14th June 2005. Many will agree that it is this action of the president that ultimately resulted in his own sacking, in September of 2008, 3 years after he had fired deputy president Zuma.

Some people with more imaginative minds than I have still argue that it was Karma at its best, which led to the “recall” of President Mbeki from his position as president of the republic because like he had used a court judgment to remove Zuma from his position, the ANC in turn also used another court judgment, to remove Mbeki from his position.

In his latest book, “8 Days in September – The removal of Thabo Mbeki”, Chikane recounts the 8 eight days after the handing down of this ruling to the day when Mbeki made that grim and sombre public announcement on television that he would be stepping down as the president of South Africa after being recalled by his political party, the ANC.

“Eight days in September” looks at a variety of issues that happened in those 8 days, including among many things, the behaviour of the
ANC cadres who tried by all means to frustrate the president. There are juicy details about how the ANC National Executive Committee (NEC) made all sorts of unreasonable demands of the president, just to see him ejected from the Union Buildings and even from his official residences. Chikane is at pains to explain how unjustified the NEC acted in that weekend of the 19th September, which ultimately saw Mbeki resign.

When reading the book, you get the sense that the ANC flouted or at the very least, was willing to undermine the constitution of the republic in their endeavour to have the president removed from his position, something Chikane laments, justifiably so. The ANC or at least a clique of its members, in Chikane’s eyes, had degenerated to levels that were worrisome.

To this end and in trying to paint a picture of the seriousness of the actions of the NEC, he attempts, quite successfully, to show how those at the helm of the party blurred the line between the party and the state. Chikane argues that the ANC acted in its own interests and not that of the country. Although it was the party who had sent Mbeki as its candidate to the presidency, constitutionally speaking it was parliament that had elected Mbeki as president and not the ANC, and by that virtue, parliament is the body bearing the constitutional right to remove the president. This worried Chikane to great lengths that, had Mbeki decided to adopt an adversarial stance to the demands of the ANC NEC, we could have witnessed a coup. He praises Mbeki for having had the heart and humility to simply accede to the demands of his party.

There is no question that Chikane would have wanted Mbeki to finish his term as president of the country. The removal of Thabo Mbeki, according to Chikane, was not related to his governance of the country (which he thought Mbeki excelled on), but rather due to internal party politics. But Rev Chikane fails or shies away from addressing some of the issues many believe led to Mbeki’s recall. He skirts around the issues of the accusations of using state machinery to fight party political battles.

It is quite unfortunate that the book purports to focus on the 8 days as experienced by the reverend in September, and thus ignoring a storm that had been brewing for a number of years. In all fairness, the reverend does acknowledge that when charges were laid against Jacob Zuma’s former financial adviser, Schabir Schaik, we entered very stormy waters. But I think Chikane’s lack of involved analysis on Mbeki’s role in this debacle is worrisome. He paints Mbeki as having had a very passive role in the matter, which is most probably true. But in the minds of the majority of South Africans, president Mbeki is perceived to have meddled with Zuma’s affairs. In fact, Nicholson said this in that crucial ruling. This ruling by Nicholson was obviously set aside by the Supreme Court of Appeal. However, the book missed an opportunity to give a detailed account of what happened behind closed doors. So the book “said a lot without saying much”, as some have alleged.

In concluding his account of his “experience in government” over the eight days and to a certain extent, the thirteen and a half years he spent working with Mbeki, Rev Chikane then tries to address what he thinks would be Mbeki’s legacy, and this is where I think he disappoints. Rev Chikane has often argued in interviews relating to the book that this project is about the infamous eight days during which a canvass was made to remove President Mbeki, and he often uses the title to run away from questions relating to questionable aspects of Mbeki’s governance.

Surprisingly, he did attempt to deal with the legacy of the former president, particularly in the last chapter. Mark me down as disappointed in how this is done. There is hardly anyone who questions the intelligence of president Mbeki, his political acumen and the vigour with which he addressed complex African problems. Even Mbeki’s “former” detractor, Julius Malema, will attest to these attributes of the former president. Yet you find the book pouncing and dwelling heavily on these aspects as being the key indicators of Mbeki’s legacy in government and avoiding “dark shadows” of Mbeki’s governance and leadership of both party and state.

Coincidentally, the only drawbacks of Mbeki’s legacy, according to Chikane, relate to the very elements which made him a great president. Chikane calls them “weaknesses”. These are Mbeki’s intelligence and his dealing with Western powers regarding how they used African states and dictated terms of engagements to them, something Mbeki fought vigorously against. This
weakness is evident in Mbeki’s dealing with pharmaceutical companies relating to the HIV/AIDS debate.

The other “weakness” of Mbeki’s is his illusionary “belief” in the existence of the “real” cadre of the ANC to help restore the dignity and some semblance of order in the party. This was unfortunately, merely a projection of his own upbringing as a child of the ANC. Chikane says that this belief in the “real” cadre of the ANC made Mbeki believe that this cadre would “prevail” in Polokwane. As we all know, that cadre did not prevail in that elective conference. A different one did. Chikane says very little about why Mbeki sought a third term as president of the ANC, something which was frowned upon by many and something which needs to be addressed by anyone who attempts to deal with Mbeki’s legacy.

A favourable picture of Mbeki is painted about why many discarded him as aloof. Chikane fails to critically analyze why this made many in his ranks, and indeed the South African public, feel he was out of touch with them. The AIDS debate and how Mbeki handled it, is tilted towards giving a positive spin on how Mbeki used this to justifiably and appropriately engage the West and teach them how not to engage Africa in a “coloniser-colony” manner. The inefficiencies of the Growth, Employment and Redistribution (GEAR) policy are also inadequately acknowledged. Perhaps the former DG did not think much of these things as being central to the legacy of Mbeki, particularly on how the public perceived the former president.

Towards the end of the book, Chikane revisits the manner in which the ANC handled the whole removal of Mbeki. Somehow, Chikane manages to infuse his conclusion with a nostalgic yearning for departed liberation stalwarts of the continent. He laments how these were unceremoniously removed from their respective offices. He also aligns and compares these to the removal of Thabo Mbeki, and in my opinion, paints a bleak future on the outlook of the country. He uses the anxiety expressed by other African heads of state on the removal of Mbeki as an indicator that the continent was now concerned that democratic beacon of hope that South Africa had been for over a decade, was now on shaky ground.

As much as one may disagree with Chikane and his perceived motives in writing the book, you cannot ignore the reality of the nature of our politics today. The trajectory we have taken is indeed worrisome. Not only is this limited to the party, but is also spilling over to how government business is conducted — a very worrisome phenomenon. But again, Chikane does not engage on how Mbeki could have contributed to disaster that we see in the ANC today. However, the reality which Chikane tries to warn us of still stares us in the eye - we live in a very young and fragile democracy.

I must highlight how frustrating it was at many instances in the book when you wished Chikane would mention names. For reasons of legality and national security, Chikane could not do this, and this is at the expense of the legacy of his former principal. But he reminds us that time will tell, and eventually judge Mbeki favourably in the eyes of South Africa and the world.

Many have alluded to the fact that Chikane was very brave to write this book, and indeed he was. This is unchartered territory, particularly in the politically charged climate we find ourselves in. Rumour has it that his initial publisher got cold feet in the last minute. No surprises there.

Ultimately, Moruti Chikane does a sterling job in resuscitating the legacy of Mbeki in the public discourse. I will not dispute the fact that this book was necessary, to tell the story from the “other side”. Up until its release, we had to rely on the media, often using unnamed “sources”, for the goings on of government and the ANC. This is a biased book, and its intentions, although probably denied by the author are quite stark: Mbeki was an ANC man, and a committed and visionary leader devoted to the African cause, and it was time the world remembered this. And to that end, I unapologetically agree with the book.

But I just wished more was said about what made him fall, thus giving the whole exercise more legitimacy.
The Fire We Had

To: You

Distance wouldn't extinguish the fire that fuelled the beauty that is our love. For months, and for hours on end our spirits made love over the phone and e-mails. You were half a world away, but my heart felt no gap in between yours and mine. We once were one; our hearts danced in synchrony like a well choreographed ballet. Our spirits flocked together like birds of a feather and intellectually we rivalled Einstein.

We met when my heart wasn't expecting another, but you complimented me like no other. Higher you elevated my spirits and I'm glad you became my lover. Like all others, we had our ups and downs, but unlike the Titanic our ship was built to sail through the fiercest of tempests. Kind, Caring and Respectful; you valued my worth as a woman and I appreciate your honour as a man. I built my future around you, the dreams we had and fears we shared are testimony to our promise to always be there for one another.

Upon hearing of your return, the inner chambers of my being made positive vibrations that brightened my mornings, even my Mondays were joy-filled!! Your physical presence was to soon perfect my life and future never looked that bright. Nothing else mattered, but the fact that I would once again be in your arms and our hearts would beat together as our souls formed an unbreakable chain of love.

Events that transpired on the day of your arrival are literally man-made hell for me. All that I am and all I own, I would willingly surrender to you. My word is bond and I take pride in keeping all my promises. Ghosts in my past don't want to make way for our happiness, but where love lives fear flees. Let's not back off, but face challenges head-on with knowledge that there's no more climbing once the mountain has been conquered. Please accept my unreserved apology for lying to you. I will not make excuses for my actions and I ask for your forgiveness without any justification for my conduct.

Let the past not threaten you; fear not what doesn't harm the soul, for our love is built on rock-solid foundation. Stay with me! If there's a flaw you find in me, don't turn your back on me; let me know of it and if at all possible I promise to fix it. For you what I need!

From Me

designerscripts@gmail.com

078 383 3396

Get a Personalised Poem to Express your appreciation for your loved one.
Manyala: Love As It Shouldn’t Be

Che Guevara
Reader: Writings on Politics and Revolution
Rato

Reviewer: Lerato Mogoatlhe
Book: Che Guevara Reader: Writings on Politics and Revolution
Author: Ernesto Che Guevara
Publisher: African Perspective

Before he was a commercial cliché, Ernesto Guevara was a medical doctor who quickly switched alliances to focus on one goal: the revolutionary liberation of the America and the rest of the oppressed world.

Born and raised in Argentina, the story of Che as one of the most iconic figures in history starts on December 2 in 1956 when Che, Fidel Castro and 80 other combatants sail into Las Coloradas in Cuba to start a revolutionary war against the regime of Fulgencio Bautista.

The story ends on October 9 in 1967 April when Che is captured and murdered in Bolivia.

This book, presented as essays, diary entries, speeches and private letter, is the story of what happens between the birth and death of a truly great man.

Every word in this book is written by Che, who reveals himself to be a passionate man of conviction. “We are realists, we dream the impossible,” he once said.

The collection is mainly set around the Cuban revolution with focus on life after the revolution and how the Cuban government aligned itself with the oppressed of the world, including Africa.

It has four parts: the Cuban Revolutionary War; The Cuba Years; International Solidarity and Letters.

There is no separating the man from his revolutionary ideologies, even as a friend he sends “revolutionary greetings”. Reading Che from his mind and personal experiences, we understand that the revolution was his destiny as he chose it. He made the choice early on the war, which he joined as a medical officer.

“Perhaps this was the first time I was faced with the dilemma of choosing between by devotion to medicine and my duty as a revolutionary soldier. There, at my feet, were a
The ideologies of Ernesto Guevara will always be relevant; more so as much of the world remains in the state he died fighting to change.

The most pivotal sentence in this book is the letter he wrote to Fidel Castro when he resigned from all his positions in Cuba and relinquished his citizenship. It reads, “in a revolution one wins or dies (if it’s a real one).

Che Guevara Reader is thought provoking, inspirational and a whiplash of truth in a world where continued injustice is shrugged off or acted on as tweets and volumes of news commentary with scant action.

And action is what ultimately set Che apart from billions.

The book is as historic as it is personal with anecdotes that give personalities to the names and faces of the Cuban revolution.

Through Che, we read the revolution as they lived it. We see the merely mortal in the historic figures. For example, willing and ready as they were to pay with their own blood, they were all gutted after they “murdered” their puppy. Its barking would have made it easy for the enemy to decipher their whereabouts. “Felix patted its head and the dog looked at him. Felix returned the glance, and then he and I exchanged guilty a guilty look.”

To his “Dear” children Hildita, Aleidita, Camilo, Celia and Ernesto he wrote “if you ever have to read this letter, it will be because I am no longer with you…your father has been a man who acted on his beliefs and has certainly been loyal to his convictions. Grow up as good revolutionaries…remember that the revolution is what is important, and each one of us, alone, is worth nothing. Above all, always be capable of feeling deeply any injustice committed against anyone, anywhere in the world. This is the most beautiful quality of in a revolutionary.” He ends the letter with “a great big kiss and a big from Papa.”

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Reason I write this post is because I just read a post on a blog titled "Reasons I would marry a white girl", I couldn't read the whole post as I just couldn't deal with the ignorance of my black brother on this.

***for the purposes of this blog we will call him Patrick

It was disgusting to say the least.

He went on to write about how white women are more educated and richer than black women.

White women will show affection at anytime and any place.

And his kids would be more intelligent if their mother was white.

This white woman will persuade him to study further and he can work harder so that he can be rich.

Have you thrown up in your mouth yet? Where the hell does such ignorance stem from?

How many of our successful black sisters are out there doing it on their own, being single mothers. Some of the most educated black women I've come across are single parents because you as an ignorant black brother who aspires to marry a white girl, went and knocked up the black girl and decided to run away from the responsibility or you decided she has too many stretch marks and too much cellulite you couldn't handle that because you want a white girl that wears hot pants to the mall and not the black woman who is curvaceous because she is going to wear cargo shorts...

As a young woman who grew up in the suburbs and I've been privileged enough to date both in the black and the white race, let me share some unknown facts with you.

I started dating white guys because of black guys like Patrick.

From an early age black guys judged me for having more white friends. My 'white accent' that just would stand out like a sore thumb amongst his black friends at a braai. (I mean he wouldn't risk being embarrassed by a black girl that sounds white). Black guys judged me for wearing clothing brands that were labelled as 'white brands'. So yes, I've been wearing the same shorts the white girl wears. What black girl would decide to be a piscatorial? Who survives without meat? Those are things only white people do right, Patrick?!

I take good care of myself. I spin four times a week, but I don't have Arnold Schwarzenegger thighs. I would like to apologize for not having legs that go on forever.
That is just life.

So please, go ahead and marry the white girl, with such ignorance, I just know you won’t last 3 months. I give you 12 weeks because you’ll be infatuated and still excited about the relationship. What’s to happen when the infatuation wears off?

And Patrick, the only thing guaranteed about your kids with this white girl, is they’re going to be biracial. They too like everyone else will need to study their behinds off to make it in the world.

**Note: I learnt to no longer apologize for who I am and how I was brought up. If I’m too white for you, you truly gonna just have to be strong.

*** this is written from my experience and that of my black friends who have dated in the white race and we shared our experiences.

P.S. I’m still getting married to a white guy. Just a bit older and not so needy
I can ramble as far out as I can, Baby Diablosi one knows there is a lot that can be said on the subject, for it is a subject. Men shall continue to seek the pleasures of the outside...Physically or emotionally. The sooner we pursue relationships that are true to us and our partners the better. Remember when you in it for convenience you will be an inconvenience one day, for surely one will fall in love without the burden of being convenient.

Women don't sit there twiddling your nails and preaching the gospel of chastity, I see you. We see you and see ourselves in the mirror also... you are infidels of the worst kind for you seldom get caught. Sad especially in the black culture where the inheritance of "Umkhonto" is big, revered and sacred......How many non-sons preside over other people's kraals..... Ha!!!!! I dare you say otherwise.....Exactly "SIT DOWN"

Is that water guns coming after me, well my point is we all in paper houses stop water gun shooting other kids........ There is no bonus for living the lie!!!!!!!

I shall visit this Topic once again............... for I say a lot and nothing at all. Only the realists shall hasten and hear me.

By the way I'm an aspiring Side-Chick or Stable whichever comes first...............* Walks away ebetha umlozi *
No one wants to go through pain, physical or emotional and when you do, you don’t want to go through it again and chances are you will never be the same after the scars. It’s much easier to recover physically, it depends on where your scar is because you can always wear certain things to cover it up or you can accept and just live with it. The same could rarely be said about getting your heart broken. Whether you are or aren’t aware of it, it alters your personality, dents your confidence and diminishes your self-esteem.

I guess that explains my hiatus from relationships from the fear of history repeating itself. Anyway, I’ve just accepted that you cannot fear the past as it has already occurred and another reason is you should not make people pay for a past they had nothing to do with when all they want is to have a future with you, but your doubts might just push them away because you won’t open your heart. I guess it all comes down to how you perceive your experience, are you gonna still play victim long after you heal or are you gonna stand up and give the best of yourself till love rewards you? It may not come from the person you expect it from, but it is guaranteed if you believe in it.

When things don’t go as you had thought, moving on may seem difficult, but you owe it to yourself to heal so you can be happy because while you’re busy dwelling on the heartbreak, remember that the person you’re crying for is not feeling sorry for you, they are actually far away laughing with someone else. Love yourself enough to move on because your worth is not determined by anyone else, but by how you feel about yourself.
Manyala: Love As It Shouldn't Be

Metaphor for Marriage
Tselane Tambo

You know how it is when girl friends and guy friends get together and the battle of the genders begins; when they verbally spar and men inhabit Mars; women inhabit Venus, but its all good natured, only slightly barbed fun. Well I had one of those entertaining sessions recently. It was ignited by one of the guys making the bold statement that men embrace marriage because it places them in a position of dominance and supremacy. A man’s home is his castle, and man is King of the castle. Marriage, he said, is a means for men to live the “Absolute Monarch Complex” that is the cornerstone of the ego of every one of them. My Martian friend reckons that women should refuse to marry because by doing so they reduce themselves to a position of eternal inferiority and servitude, in fact, selfhood.

This statement was, as you can imagine, met with exclamations of “Hau, intoni!” and “Haibo!”, “Nooit!” and “Jislaaik!”, “@*#$!” and worse. He didn’t have the good grace to be intimidated by the protest. Unabashed, he nodded his head, sipped his whisky and said “You may not like it but it’s true”. The other guys silently nodded. We women were perplexed. Are they living in the same country as we? Are they living on the same planet? So bewildered were we women by this statement and acquiescence that we were willing to consider, and even suggested, the possibility that they are living in a Second Life virtual universe of their own collaborative creating.

When we had recovered from our shocked outrage we Venusians summarily dismissed the Absolute Monarchy Complex. Is a woman’s home not her castle? Is she not Queen of the castle? She is certainly is the one who makes the castle a home. And those women who are ‘home executives’, are their men, far from being kings, not the equivalent of the worker bee?

As for inferiority, we sputtered with indignation. Perhaps, we surmised, out there on the planet Mars, they missed out on the news that there have been developments since the sixteenth century. Perhaps they don’t know suffragettes, and the feminists. Perhaps these inhabitants of Mars were deafened by Lethal Weapon on surround sound the day the news hit that our last Deputy President is was woman; the President of Liberia is a woman and the President of the USA could, possibly, have been a woman went out across international mass media. If this is the case then we cannot blame the Martians for being unaware that our foremothers slaughtered the female eunuch?

Almost every Venusian who was present manages a demanding career; endured pregnancy and the giving of birth; returned to her career shortly after the trauma of giving birth, maintains the household, nurtures the thing to which she gave birth, and suckles a man from Mars. The Martian, as Monarch, renders himself somewhat superfluous, and we have seen throughout history what happens to the superfluous Monarch.

What could we Venusians say to these men from Mars who make imprudent assumptions interpreting the sacred institution of marriage in ways that they deem convenient for themselves? Should we have been heavy and accused them of using the metaphor of monarchy to defend the fact that they turn their backs on their responsibility to be present and accountable in their marriages? No, not fun! Should we have held up for scrutiny the circumstances surrounding their di-
vores? Ouch, too cruel! Could we have suggested that their ‘returned soldier’ status might be attributable to the fact that their thinking is so infinitely out kilter with the reality on Venus, and indeed, on Earth?

We ended by proposing that our Martian friends seriously consider the possibility that the position of dominance and supremacy in marriage is, in fact, held by the woman. After the traditions of the Great Queens of Africa; Nefertiti and Cleopatra, Queens of Kemet; or Yaa Asantewa of the Ashanti; Nandi, Queen of Zululand; and Makeda, Queen of Sheba. Perhaps marriage, we advised, is in truth a means for women to live the “Warrior Queen Complex” that is the cornerstone of the ego of every one of them. Perhaps men should refuse to marry because by doing so they reduce themselves to a position of eternal inferiority as foot soldier, sperm donor, worker bee, and serf.

The level headed among us concluded that instead of seeking after absolutes of monarchy Martians and Venusians might both consider the idea of marriage as a democracy. Somewhere I read; “Democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention; have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property; and have in general been as short in their lives, as they have been violent in their deaths.” The cynical may agree that democracy is a better metaphor for marriage.
Ignoring Those Who Love You, Loving Those Who Ignore You

And still she was in search of love, she had one male friend and really no other, he knows her well as would sister and brother, if only she knew how his heart pined to even be seen as a possible lover. The skies were all grey and no traces of good, when her lifelong friend ensured she understood that if she looked a little closer and replay the years.. He nursed her broken heart and collected all tears.

But she failed to see a heart that's so true, and lost one chance on love, but here we go chance number two, an attempt results unknown. They hung around at her house and killed time with conversations only about love, but this day she knew love because she saw it.. His heart had spoken through his eyes. While thinking back she noticed that this look in his face is something not so foreign and that it stays unchanged when a call of change reigns.

The pain and heartbreak she begged to end, she found her soul-mate in her best friend. She saw the need for all past pain, through his love she'd never be the same. A heart full of hope at night he'd console, he knew that through her their half would come whole, today he would squeeze blood from a stone, without warning a kiss he then stole, he captured her heart and touched her soul.
Beauty is deadly, it is the most lethal of all weapons a being can ever come across.

Men are largely known to be explicitly overwhelmed by it regardless of who has it, it is rather an element that can’t be compiled nor composed. It is of nature inventory mode, those who possess it are born with it and some use it to their full advantage depending on what they want from whomever they want it from.

It could sometimes be a transport to success, it catalyses riches faster than any transit vehicle on a freeway trying to avoid a heist.

I’ve heard of men who died and sliced for it, I’ve seen men who fight for it to their last drop of their blood, who fight over it and loose faster than they even accumulated it.

It puts men in difficult and desperate situations, it places them in vulnerable circumstances, it motivates some it derail some.

It sets some on greater paths to victories but also sends some to their shallow vents given how it intrigues the masculine figures.

Beauty is volatile but not self-explanatory, it is ought to be analysed at times to be fully understood.

It sent most men to their early grave because of the lack of self-control over it, it has demoted most men to their unforeseen financial woes, it has left many with nothing to practically stand on.

It has drawn some to battles, jealousy and envy, it has created many conflicts and tiffs over the seasonal ventures, it still continues to figuratively demean those whose ignorance are legendary for they fail to find its true meaning and course.

A beauty on a woman is never an investment, if it is, it is a very temporary one and it eventually fades by the age and time hence those who possess it are very insecure about its perception and what it potentially carries!
Manyala: Love As It Shouldn’t Be

Gay, A Ramble
Tselane Tambo

There was a thing in the paper, Mahatma Gandhi, according to a recent biography, had a gay lover. There was mixed response to this news. Some people thought the revelation was disrespectful, but most of the people I spoke to responded in the same way they would if they heard some titillating gossip about the vicar having an affair.

So in the way that the mind finds illogical logic in connecting the dots of consciousness, this news of Mr Gandhi got me thinking.

Why did the author reveal this? I have never honestly understood how, in this 21st century, or even in the 20th the news that someone was gay is ‘news’, scandalous news. Why can people not just be who they are and why does society want to stick its nose into people’s privacy.

We don’t discuss the sexual preferences and proclivities of every straight person. We don’t discuss that Mr so and so likes to be tied up, and Mrs X likes giving head and etcetera. We do not. Straight people keep their sexual preferences to themselves, so why should gay people not be afforded the same privacy? Ok, so yes, there are those people who are defiant about their orientation and there are those who express themselves in the most colourful ways, and that’s fine. That’s part of our rich diversity as humans. However, some gay people just prefer to keep their sexual orientation to themselves, and they should, I think, be allowed to do so. I don’t see why, if they prefer privacy, they should not be afforded privacy.

The world is so full of stuffy prigs who haven’t the intelligence or imagination to see beyond their prosaic, vacant, obtuse, uninspired, parochial little lives. They want everyone in the world to be like them, but who the hell would want to be like them? They are boring and colourless and judgemental and hypocritical and bigoted. They are fear-filled ignorant haters. It must be hell to be a like them.

When I was in my late teens, early twenties there was a young man who I used to hang with. He was very beautiful and we had fun together. He used to take me to goth clubs and punk clubs and trendy gay clubs to arty movies and underground bars. He was responsible for a huge part of my Alternative-London social education. We were together so much that to anyone I guess it looked like we were dating. He wasn’t effete. He hadn’t declared. He didn’t need to. I knew he was gay.

One day he called me and told me to come over to his flat be-
cause he had something to discuss with me. He sat me down and told me that what he was about to say may upset me and he wanted me to prepare myself. Then he gave me a drink and told me to drink it because what he was about to say was quite devastating. I was really scared. I sat there for what seemed like ages waiting for this cataclysmic thing that he said may change my life. I imagined fatal disease, maybe AIDS or Cancer or, I didn’t even know. But, I was scared stiff.

It took him a long time to say the words. It was as though they stuck in his throat, or he was afraid to utter them. I picked up on his fear and mine doubled.

“What? For God’s sake, you’re scaring me”. I said

“It’s not easy to say”. He said.

I felt a kind of paralysing panic. I was all tension.

“I’m gay”.

I was momentarily confused. The words were like solid matter for a moment, and then they disintegrated.

“Is that it?” I said. He said “yes”. “I know that”, I said. And then my flood gates opened and I cried copious tears of relief and we hugged and I allowed myself to be a little mad at him for scaring me like that.

“That is not devastating” I said. But to him it was. He had had to tell his parents, who were, luckily modern enough and loving enough. But when he explained to me what I hadn’t understood it seemed so illogical. Why would he think I would disown him? Why should anyone disown him for being gay? Why should friends drop him? But apparently there were a few who had. He had saved telling me till last.

After that I was a regular face with him at Gay Pride marches and ‘Fabulous Nobodies’, which another gay friend hosted every year to welcome spring, where we got dressed up to look as fabulous as movie stars and partied the afternoon away in his garden. At Fabulous Nobodies there was much flamboyance.

I haven’t thought about that in a long while. Happy memories. So, for me, at least, the revelation about Mr Gandhi has had a positive outcome. I hope it may for others.

Follow me on Twitter @Tselane
I was taught how to cook, clean and iron. I was taught how to dress properly: not too revealing, the men will think you are easy; don’t cover up too much, you will look older than you are. I tried to learn how to bake. I’m not quite sure how interested I am in that. My mother tried to teach me how to be a “lady”. But I talk too much and I laugh out loud and slap my knee silly as I do it. I dress in jeans and sneakers most of the time and I eat take out more than I should. I was taught a lot of things. I’m not trying to tell you who I am. I am trying to show you something.

When you’re a black girl in South Africa, with a loving mother who wants nothing but the best for her children, you grow up learning how to do chores. More often than is necessary, you will hear statements such as: “Get up off your ass and cook/clean. You’re on the phone all hours of the day with that boy… I don’t know how you hope he will stick around if you can’t even cook for him”. Most girls are brought up with the notion of grooming themselves into the perfect wife. We are raised to please men. Never mind that you may be gay. Of course, that’s an issue for another day.

As you grow up, you meet boys; try to impress them with your smile and knowledge. You try not to know too much in case you intimidate them. Your folks try and keep you away from the boys so you can be in the house to learn how to be with them. It doesn’t make much sense. It is just how it is.

Now, a lot of women these days say, they don’t cook. They don’t like to or they are not interested or their mothers didn’t teach them, are their list of excuses. Women don’t want to iron clothes. If he is going to wear it and has a pair of hands like me, he might as well do it himself. Women can do and say what they want and when. It’s a beautiful thing. We dress how we want because we answer to ourselves. We are defiant. Choosing every day to forget what we have been taught. We have 2 minute microwave-food. We go after the men we want (at least I do) and don’t wait around to be pursued sometimes because honestly, we don’t have the time.

Men are wonderful, when they are. Protecting and providing for us, the fairer sex, if we choose to let them. They love us more than they can show and they help us make babies. We love our men. We respect them and we humble ourselves before them and when we choose to, we cook clean bake and iron their clothes for them. Like the proper girls we are, as we were taught. But in all of this, no one teaches you how to fuck your man right.

We spend our time hurting to look beautiful for our men, and for each other, because women do that. We want to be noticed and admired and loved, possibly forever by a man we will fight to keep. Why is it a struggle though? Why are we coached to keep a man? And yet the one thing that’s mostly common among them, the pussy, no one schools us on. All we get told is: wear a condom; don’t sleep around. Don’t get pregnant before he marries you. Yet, not one thing about, this is how you let him bend you over. This is how you moan to stroke his ego. This is the face you make to let him know he’s doing it right, even when he’s not. Because you are a woman, and women sacrifice themselves to keep a man. No one teaches us how to love them. How to nurture their feelings and make them feel needed and appreciate them and speak your mind without hurting the big ego. Well, maybe some of you are. I’m still learning.
I have to wonder then, if having sex is a built in thing. You know? Like how women have a knack for nagging... For asking questions whose answers are wrong either way: Were you thinking of me when you were busy fucking her? Surely it cannot be a built in thing. Why else would people move on from each other especially for bad or better sex, depending on which foot the shoe is on? Someone else is doing it right and someone is not. I’m sure you see the point; the need for education; why sex magazines sell and why there are sex therapists.

The truth is, a man cannot be kept. He shouldn’t. God built us with that little thing called FREE WILL. So, you can go to the best culinary school, and go to gym three times a week, run a business while still being able to pick up your kids from school on time and help them with homework, then turn around and do your best porn star moves... if he wants to leave, he will leave. And sometimes, you will even find that you need to leave him. And then that stupid gap where, THEY were not taught how to keep us, but how to handle us instead, starts to shine its light and he shrugs you off to go be kept by someone who hasn’t read this article.

Don’t bend over backwards to try and keep a man. You are more than enough. And some men like men anyway. What will you do? Grow a pair of balls? Do you ma. That’s my word.
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Q: Doc, my period for this month should have started yesterday but didn’t. Today I notice very light brownish blood, usually I have a pretty heavy flow. I wanna know could it be implantation bleeding..I did take a preg test this morning but it was -ve.

Thanks.
A: Give it a week and if you are still not bleeding as you normally do repeat the pregnancy test

Q: Hi Doc, I would like to know everything about MDR TB. ie treatment, infecting other ppl, how safe is close people? till when is the person infectious? (must wear a mask). I need every info available. Please Doctor.
A: Please send me an email so that I can send you material that you can read through

My email address is sindivanzyl@gmail.com

Q: Hello Doc. Just needed to ask, what are the chances of developing cancer (any form) when pos for hiv. I often hear of cancer being detected "too late". how late is too late, after 5 years, 10, 15? I’m 24 by the way.
A: Difficult question...
Send me an email sindivanzyl@gmail.com

Q: I’ve found out when I was pregnant that am hiv+. Then I was given AZT. Then after birth the baby was given nevirapin syrup. How many chances that my baby can be hiv+?
A: The risk of HIV transmission will depend on the feeding method chosen.

All babies that are breastfed and whose mothers are HIV positive are at risk of HIV infection. The risk is never zero.

All the efforts that we make with the PMTCT Prevention-of-Mother-to-Child Transmission programme are geared at ensuring that HIV-positive mothers can breastfeed with minimal risk of infecting their babies. This is why we give babies Nevirapine syrup and why we give mothers AZT or lifelong ART antiretroviral treatment.

A baby that tests negative at 6 weeks, and is breastfeeding could get infected with HIV at a later stage. This is why all breastfed babies are tested again 6 weeks after breastfeeding is stopped.

Babies that are formula feeding are at a very reduced risk of HIV infection because they are not exposed to the virus after birth. (They could however get infected if maybe they are breastfed without the caregiver’s knowledge or if they are sexually assaulted by an HIV-positive person)

Q: Hi Doc! Wat r da dangers if 1 ceases 2 take 1ns arv’s 4 a while n restarts on treatment again! Lost much weight n skin darkened..wl he/she b fine?
A: What exactly have you heard from others?

Q: Hi Doc I was just diagnosed as hiv positive but I keep hearing from others that I was not tested correctly my cd4 count on diagnosis was 533 the clinic doctor gave me a vitamin syryp and 500 mg of absorbic acid
A: What exactly have you heard from others?

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body - the CD4 cells. These cells are the most important members of the defence force - "the body's army against disease". The virus takes over the normal functioning of the CD4 cells and uses them to make thousands upon thousands of copies of itself. Once it is done, the CD4 cell bursts open to release these HIV copies and dies thereafter.

The HIV copies are what we call the viral load. So it follows that the sicker you get, the lower your CD4 count drops and the higher your viral load goes. The healthier you are, the higher your CD4 count and the lower your viral load is.

Once you start taking antiretrovirals - whether short-term (if you’re pregnant and your CD4 count is above 350) or long-term (all adults with CD4 less than 350 or with TB), we expect your CD4 count to rise and your viral load to decrease to lower than detectable levels.

If you stop taking treatment, your viral load goes up and your CD4 count drops...compromising the immune system and exposing you to opportunistic infections. Please encourage the person to make the decision not to ever stop taking treatment again. All the best!

Q: Hey Doc thanks for all the advice it really helps a lot. My CD4 count is 543 is it good? and what can I use or do to keep my CD4 count like this or higher? I’m also using centrum

A: Centrum is a multivitamin taken for general health purposes and not specifically to increase or maintain one’s CD4 count.

I cannot comment on your CD4 count without taking your physical condition into consideration.

The natural progression of HIV infection in the absence of ART antiretroviral treatment is that your CD4 count goes down and the viral load - HIV copies in your blood - goes up.

Read through this link from one of my favourite HIV/AIDS websites to gain more understanding of the relationship between CD4 cells and HIV

http://www.aidsmap.com/CD4-cell-counts/page/1044596/

Q: Hey dr I’m HIV pos not taking any ARV’s, as my CD4 count is very high. Can I still have a baby?

A: Yes you can still have a baby.

The best time to fall pregnant is when your CD4 count is high and your viral load is low. The other important thing is your partner. Has he tested? Is he on treatment?

The cheapest and easiest way to fall pregnant is by using the rhythm method. You will have protected sexual intercourse every day of the month except on the days when you are ovulating. On these days you would have unprotected sex. Once you have conceived it will be important for you to book early and make sure that you start taking prophylaxis to decrease the chances of HIV transmission to baby during pregnancy.

I suggest that you visit your doctor with your partner and ask about the rhythm method. If you want to see a fertility specialist (and you live in Gauteng) then I recommend Dr Jack Biko.

www.drjbiko.co.za.
Q: Hi Doc. I’m male and started hiv meds last September and I realise now my boobs(if I can call it that) are changing shape and are enlarging. Thought it was d4T that causes abnormality in shape and size. I’m on EFV, TDF & 3TC. Why is this happening?
A: Gynaecomastia - the enlargement of male breast tissue - is a rare side-effect of d4T and also of efavirenz. I say rare because it is a side-effect that we do not see very often. The condition usually resolves once the drug is switched.

My advice - go back to your clinic and tell your doctor/nurse clinician about the change in your breasts.

Q: Hey Doc. just wanted to urge people to go through the previous Q&A’s before asking their Q’s because some of their Q’s are already answered and this will save u the trouble of answering the same Q’s over & over.
A: Thanks

Q: Do u think it was correct for Lesego Motsepe to tell everyone she decided to stop arvs to approach things holistically? Don’t u think it was misleading and that other patients could think its ok to stop meds considering she’s a public figure?
A: I think that a disclaimer should have accompanied the announcement of her decision. Something along the lines of "this is the choice that I have made for my OWN life and I am not prescribing this for anyone else. Please contact your medical doctor or nurse clinician before taking such a decision."

Anyway what’s done is done. I believe that all patients on treatment that have accepted their HIV status will understand the importance of taking their treatment for life - or until a cure is found...whichever comes first.

Q: Hi Doc, you are the best thing that have ever happened to hiv affected people. We appreciate your good work. May God bless you
A: Thank you!

Q: Hey doc i just want to know if the skin rash due to nevirapine will cause skin problems in future or will it go away after ive stopped using nevirapine
A: ALL rashes due to antiretrovirals should be seen by a health care worker.

Please could you send me an urgent email sindivanzy@gmail.com

Thanks

Q: dear Dr, a relative just tested positive and CD4 count of 85 and has started ARVs above this shes a chronic diabetic what are her chances of fighting this virus with 2 chronic illnesses.
A: HIV is a chronic condition just like diabetes. I have many patients that are HIV-positive, on treatment and have other conditions such as high blood pressure, epilepsy, asthma and so on.

The most important thing with any chronic condition is for the medication to be taken correctly, and for monitoring blood tests to be done regularly.

Keep encouraging your relative and reassuring her!

Q: Hello Doc. I’m 24 and have been pos since I was 15 and responding extremely well to my meds. My concern though is that I suffer extreme pain in my chest particularly when its too cold. What could this be?
A: Chest pain could be anything. Please go to your nearest healthcare facility and get a proper check-up.

I am glad that you are doing well on treatment by the way! Keep it up!
A: The choice of formula for your baby depends on what you can afford and of course what baby tolerates. If baby enjoys S26 then use S26.

Q: Hi Doc, Very briefly what type of HIV and AIDS stories do you believe should appear in the media? What stories do the public need to read about HIV and AIDS? Thanx so much!

Candice

A: Right now we need more stories on HIV, pregnancy and infant feeding. At the moment I am fielding a lot of questions around the duration of exclusive breastfeeding and other issues.

ALL pregnant women - whether they are seen in private or in public need to be tested for HIV. The test is not forced upon the mother. She needs to be counselled and she needs to give consent.

We cannot provide PMTCT Prevention-of-Mother-to-Child Transmission interventions if the mother's status is unknown.

Some info for HIV-positive mothers that choose to breast feed:

- it has to be exclusive - breast milk only (and any medication from the doctor/nurse)
Manyala: Love As It Shouldn't Be

- it has to be for SIX months. If the mother knows that she cannot breastfeed for six months then she has to formula-feed.
- mother OR baby must be on antiretrovirals - this is VERY important.
- if the mother is not on lifelong ART antiretroviral treatment then baby gets NVP Nevirapine syrup for 6 weeks only.
- if the mother is NOT on lifelong ART, then baby gets NVP syrup for the duration of breastfeeding.
- the Department of Health no longer provides free formula for mothers that choose to formula feed - unless a doctor prescribes it for the mother.
- the only mothers that are still receiving free formula are the ones whose babies were born on or before 31 March 2012.
- these mothers will receive free formula for 6 months ending on 30 September 2012.
- secondary caregivers - gogos, aunties, mothers-in-law - need to be educated around the myths of early introduction of solids and the importance of exclusive breast or formula-feeding. Most of the mothers understand the importance of exclusive feeding but are not able to convince other family members.

This is what is keeping me awake at night Candice. Please email me if you have any other questions!

Q: Thanks Dr Sindi, i tald him abt my status as it was the 1st time we saw each other, to my suprise he had no problem abt it thats what he said, but we wil see.
A: That is awesome! I am happy for you!

Q: Hi doc, iam female hiv_ partner hiv +.cd4 488 .does that mean I'm a carrier? Done elisa also neg.confused don know what 2 do.
A: There is no such thing as an "HIV-carrier". One is either HIV-infected or not.
I know that this is stressful. In the post below this one I have addressed the reasons why one might find themselves in your situation.
Please do go for couples counselling and remember to repeat your HIV test after 12 weeks.
Email me sindivanzyl@gmail.com if you need a couples counselling service. We have such a service in Soweto.

Q: Hi doc, my brother has been diagnoed hiv+ the partner is neg. Done Elisa ,she is neg.how is that possible.
A: This is what we call sero-discordancy - sero "blood" discordancy "different".

Your brother and his partner have different HIV test results. Remember that one negative HIV test result does not make her HIV negative.

She will have to test again after 12 weeks - just in case she is in the window period.
There are a few factors when considering HIV transmission:
- gender: females are more likely to be infected after one unprotected sexual encounter with an infected person than males are. This is a physiological fact. Semen is deposited into the female's body. There is a wider area of mucous membranes - which the virus loves. Add the fact that it takes about 72 hours for the semen to work its way out...and you can see why women are more vulnerable to infection.

Men on the other hand "dip in and dip out". The sexual act from penetration to ejaculation lasts on average about 7 minutes. So you can see that males are not exposed to genital fluids for a long time.

In this case it is the female partner that is negative. It is not often that we see it like that. As I have said - she must repeat the test after 12 weeks.

- presence of sexually transmitted infections: HIV loves STIs and STIs love HIV. So if either partner has an STI with open ulcers, the risk of getting or transmitting the virus is higher. Regardless of gender.

- viral load of infected partner: the lower the number of HIV copies in the blood, the lower the chances are of one infecting the negative partner.
I hope that the above information helps.

Q: Hey DR im HIV+ im fomular feeding my 5weeks baby he seem to be constipated i give hm NAN pelagon is it safe to change him to infacare

A: Why do you think that he is constipated? Is he pas*ing little hard black balls as stool? Or are you worried because he makes grunting sounds and squirms as if he is straining to pas* stool? If he makes these sounds he has Grunting Baby Syndrome - a normal condition that irritates mummies more than the babies.

If it is the last reason then please do not worry. Your son is normal. If he is indeed pas*ing little black balls as stool then you need to check that you are mixing the formula well. It is always water first, and then the formula powder.

Changing formula will not make a difference if you are not mixing it correctly or if your baby has Grunting Baby Syndrome.

Hope that this helps

Q: hello doc. My maid has alot of pimples in the face and i think she is+. Wht can she use. They are not normal pimples, her face is swollen. Plz help, i wish i could help her. She says at the clinic they gave her some peels bt they are not going away.

A: It is difficult for me to make any comments because I have not examined her.

She needs to go back to the clinic if the condition is not improving.

Q: Hello Doc I jst find out that I'm HIV+ and my patner is Hiv- how does that happen?

A: This is what we call sero-discordancy - sero "blood" discordancy "different".

You and your partner have different HIV test results. Remember that one negative HIV test result does not make you HIV negative.

Your partner will have to test again after 12 weeks - just in case he is in the window period. The other thing is that couples must test together. A verbal report from your partner stating that he is negative will not do. So if you didn't test together, please do so.

There are a few factors when considering HIV transmission:

- gender: females are more likely to be infected after one unprotected se*ual encounter with an infected person than males are. This is a physiological fact. Semen is deposited into the female's body. There is a wider area of mucous membranes - which the virus loves. Add the fact that it takes about 72 hours for the semen to 'work its way out'...and you can see why women are more vulnerable to infection.

Men on the other hand "dip in and dip out". The se*ual act from penetration to ejaculation lasts on average about 7 minutes. So you can see that males are not exposed to genital fluids for a long time.

- presence of se*ually transmitted infections: HIV loves STIs and STIs love HIV. So if either partner has an STI with open ulcers, your risk of getting or transmitting the virus is higher. Regardless of gender.

- viral load of infected partner: the lower the number of HIV copies in the blood, the lower the chances are of one infecting the negative partner.

I hope that the above information helps, and I also hope that you'll be able to educate your partner too.

My definition of HIV is Hope is Victory and you can ask me anything HIV related anonymously on this link: www.Qooh.me/DoctorSindi

To read more of my articles visit my page www.ilwiw.com/hope-is-victory

Regards,

Dr. Sindisiwe van Zyl
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Anger, Maybe
Thandi TJ Jwaha

It’s dawned on me how fortunate I am to NOT be HIV positive...

How did I manage to stay clean?

How was I not infected?

A thought has occurred to me that the cause of YOUR death was due to an AIDS related illness.

You probably believed the “sleep with a virgin and you’ll be cured” myth.

My oh my, I never realized I dodged a bullet.

It angers me somewhat now,

I am even angrier at my naiveté.

I could have been different.

This might not have been my life.

I have never been a vindictive person,

But when I heard you were dead a part of me rejoiced.

FLIP!!!!!!

*feeling too much all of a sudden*

Words of a Broken Heart
Hadio

am but human and living in this world full of savages am destined to be caught up in this mess, and be one myself.

I am but only human and I see as much as I hear the pains, pleas, and cries of my sisters and brothers.

I am but only human, that way I am due to be subjected to such as do my brothers and sisters,

I am but only human and am not immune to being hurt, its unfortunate that it hits when least expected.

It has hit hard now, feels like I am not human and shouldn’t be exposed to such , but YES the lightning bolt has stricken on my fragile heart and like an egg when hit with a spoon, it feels as though my heart has been cracked open, bleeding drop for drop just to make sure it hurts and seems it won’t ever heal.

But yes I am human and it shall take time to heal, but heal it will.

I had hopes and dreams of forever just like any other girl, but not a fairytail girl because they always get it just as they had wished for it,

Because am only human, my hopes and dreams have come tumbling down on me.

I am still but only human, it may appear as though its the end of the road for me now, but it surely just isn’t.

New paths have been opened, I just need to turn my back on the closed one and see what lies ahead of me,

Make the best of a bad situation, and go "okay since this path has been closed, I got these options infront of me so let me just pick and choose one!"

I am but only human and this too shall pass..
He clenched her wrist tightly
She tried to get loose hitting him
Shouting
Cursing
He held both her arms tightly
“Don’t say that sh** to me.” He said calmly
“Forget you nigga! You aint sh**!” she shouted struggling to release herself.
Things were breaking
She was screaming and kicking everywhere

He held her even tighter
Moving his face aside avoiding getting slapped
“You’re hurting me you bastard! Let me go!”
She screamed
So he let her go...
She stopped fighting and looked at him
He looked at her and put his head down
She felt his pain going through her
She started crying
He looked up and she saw the pain in his eyes
She walked closer to him
Tried to hold him and he backed off

Her heart sank
Her chest was painful from the hurt
She tried again
He took both her hands, looked at her and said
“I cant love you when you’re this angry. Let the anger go and let me inside your heart so I can love you.”
She started sobbing uncontrollably
He held her close to him very tightly and she cried and cried
Then he whispered in her ears: “I know he forcibly took a piece of you but I’m not him. I will never hurt you that way.”

She looked up at him and felt his love showering over her, it felt warm and secure.
“I’m sorry.” She said.
And that day, she let him in. She let him love her the best way he knew how and it was the best way for her.
She let all the pain and anger go.

By: A rape victim.

Forward this mail to all your reader/writer/blogger/poet friends
What is Age to Love
Anele Clekta Rusi

Something’s are just too good to hide.
Ohh Mommy you make my heart skip a bit.
You are older than me but the respect you give makes me feel like a King. [Your King]
You are Richer than me but in your presence I feel like a millionaire [your Millionaire]
You are more educated than me but why do I feel like a professor when I’m with you?
Ohh mommy you make my heart skip a beat
Sometimes when I’m broke, down & out I tend to hide away & distance myself from you but
You always find a way to make me find my way up.

Ohh mommy how do you do it?
With everything you have why do you need me in your life?
You come to me when you are in pain, even at times I don’t even know what to say.
I’ve been hurt & disappointed by girls younger than me & you got the same from guys older than you.

So this is the collaboration of broken hearts – the beat is slowly healing the wounds.
In fear of being misunderstood we decided to keep it a secret but this fire burns stronger every time I see your smile.

Something’s are just too good to hide.
How can we expect the wounds to heal if we can’t walk outside in the sun, hold hands in the mall?
Well whether we keep it indoors behind those tall walls or take it outside to the criticizing eyes of the crowds
It does not matter for me as long as I have you by my side; age has nothing to do with how I feel.
Ohh mommy what is it that you do to me?
I went to school & got more papers than knowledge but I did not finish the chapter in love so

I don’t know much about that except for the feeling I get when I see your smile or when we watch the sunset behind those mountains.
Camps Bay is such a beautiful land & it feels good when you camp in my arms, now let this love rise.
I told my younger brother about you & I—he smiled, shook his head & said "ohh bhuti you need to settle down"
But I’m down to earth, humble as they come, happy as they fly & much in love with a Queen older than me.
Ohh mommy tell me how do you do it?
You’ve never made me feel inferior not even when we are surrounded by your MP & BEE friends – they know me as your man.
Somebody please pinch me in the ears- is this a dream or am I living a lie?
You always come to me for my advice & opinion even if you just want to change the color of your car.

By the way- I love the interior of that Q7, the smell & how easy it is to drive.
Why don’t why we climb the mountain now, yhea lets go up to lions head & watch it all from above.
Mommy sometimes words can’t describe the feeling inside.

Thank you for the good times, fun moments & all the love. For the 1st time in long time I’m not worried about a lady breaking
My heart- why would you? Our communication lines are open & wide - you are free to walk whenever you want to – I’ll still be happy for all the times you spent by my side. Truth is: I become stronger, wiser & more focus with you by my side, so why would I cry if this wall one day falls.

I hope not anytime soon though. Yes we both said just for FUN but I think FUN has just transformed to love.
May be one day you & I we’ll decide to step outside & let them say what they may – until then I’m happy with the way things are

The reason I’m single
I’m also single I hate even to mingle
I’m trying to hide these words with rhythm
Trying to hide the jingles of tears

What is your name mbulali wamaphupho ami?
(killer of my dreams)
You regret your actions?
Your actions became a permanent distraction
Is that all you can say
You sorry? You regret your actions?
Lesi slonda soze saphola futhi kunzima ukuxola

Njalo when I see a man coming towards me
I get terrified
Every night that day is played
over and over
You were sober you knew what you were doing
Manje usuwonele even my future husband
It’s going to take time before I open this book again
When I look at my daughter I see you and cry
How do I tell her she was never my intention?
What is her surname?
Is that why you want my forgiveness
you want to be part of her life?
Forget it I hope they cut your pen
centimetre by centimetre
'The only reason I read your letter The reason I’m in prison' was hoping you would put your name n surname
Conditional Love
Rethacious

He didn't even blink
He said those words with the greatest of ease
She had a chance to better herself
to grow as a person.

Isn't that what you want for those you love?
He wasn't even willing to try
He decided that he wouldn't handle the dis-
tance.
If she left, he was saying goodbye.

She said there in silence
wrapped in his comforting words and waited.
Waited for him to say
"I didn't mean it"

"I'm willing to try"
"My love for you will carry me through those
nights when you are away and I want to hold
you but I can't."

He didn't say a word.
Its over was all he was willing to say.
He stood up and went about his business
and it was that night that she learnt
the love she thought was true was conditional.

Defeated
Nancy Ngcokwane

I'm defeated
Emotions depleted
It's been, still it's a continuous struggle
Of bottled up commotions.

Unresolved Emotions
Anger that cannot be released.
Confusion that cannot be contained 'cause it’s
an unbreakable bulk.

I can't decide. If I do, I don’t stick to it.
You are not mine that’s clear.
Why do you do this?
Why do I allow it?

Laying my soul bare.
Can’t eat, can’t sleep, can’t cry…
It’s long overdue.

Why should I continuously argue?
I am not for you.
Logic tells me we are through.
Obstinacy tells me it's not true.
Defeated, this much is true.

Let us know how you find
our content

info@ilikewhatiwrit.co.za
Ex Partner, Forever Lover
Mok3l

We’ve been through a beautiful year
Is this what we have become?
My soul too weak to shed a tear
In a web of a pain I am spun

My smile produced of make-up
My frown disguised by the base
My heart will now remain shut
Till the day I see your beautiful face

I walk around with this false pride
Indeed this is hard to admit
I found a place where loneliness resides
And where wrists of love are slit

I’d give my last breath unto you
For it is my life you own
My hopes are the life that gets me through
Your absence melts my heart to stone

Forbidden Lust
Slashfire

Fortunate to get the like on this status
it’s thundering outside raining actually ruining this internet connection
Miss Dhlomo tells of about forbidden lust
why can’t i trust my instinct

It’s amusing how we always wonder
Wishing for more when we given
A small sneak preview that we fail to review
Rear view this rare view coming out from my point of view

I re fuse this broken thoughts
I refuse to allow fickle love to take over
This love that only exists
When I see your tempting thighs n cleavage

I never think about you when you unseen
This powerful desire is not allowed

It’s becoming visible that this
Forbidden desire
Has inspired this short poem
He Lied
Ntoshtoyin

He lied, everything was a lie
He lied, all he said was a lie
The passionate moments only true to me
The sunsets only beautiful to me
He lied to me...
When I said why, he said why not!
I said, "How could you"
He mocked and said, "How could I not"
He slyly looked at me nonchalantly
Boy I thank the Govt for demanding we have licences for these firearms,

God knows I'd have blown his brainless head
Oh Shoosh stop, I already sliced him to death
Yeah in my mind I slit his throat,
Pulled out his lying tongue
Stuffed his wayward phallus into his Jezebel mouth
You see I killed him a million times
He lied to me

Hate, What a weak emotion
Why Hate, I don’t hate
I jinx you to hell

I murder you in all kinds of ways
I create scenes that would make the Saw Movie people envious
He lied to me
The memory of his sweaty self on me makes me gag

I gag and swallow the bile it brings
Let the bile stay, it feeds my rage
I rage and kill him once again
He lied to me

The memory of his kisses on my beautiful mouth
Making me reach for the jungle knife to slit myself
I remember, I can still kill him in countless ways
Oh hell the memory of the lies,
I gorge his deceiving eyes out and feed them to the birds
Oh the lies he told....

I knee him where the balls used to be
For I fed them to the Hyenas, his cousins
Oh Baby Diablosi what species is this
The lies he told...
Heartbroken
Mandiwe Ndaliso

Heartbroken is what I am
Coz this doesn't feel real
That we have parted ways
That our love wasn't strong enough to be there always

Strong enough to withstand
All the pain and bad
This love seemed to dish out
But all is well now with my heart

I have finally figured out
What loving is all about
We have to go through the bad
To truly enjoy a love that is real and good

With all my loving heart
I hoped that you where that part
That will write the final script of my life
And yet your selfishness had to deprive

The greatest master piece
A portrait of utter peace
Yet explosive colliding
To give meaning

To what we thought was hopeless
Something that has now brought happiness
To a world that was created by you and I
But now all we have to do is watch it die

Love and Lust
Vicky

Each shall have a room, as they are distinct
As love is blind, lust has eyes wide open for its games

As love is day, lust is the night at the bar
As love speaks the truth, lust can just lay silent looking for the tasty froth
Love need not be beautiful but lust makes it a requisite

Love may abstain, but lust cannot
By its nature it thrives in banquets

Love is pure but lust goes to mud in all wild wrestling for what it desires
I can love you without lust
But you may not like it after all
I love and lust you

And in you
Love and lust shall
Hold hands, kiss tight, hiss all the night
Love and lust
The two becoming one
To both of us

So this union may last
This communion of souls
I’m angry because you pursued me relentlessly and told me you wanted this and that. I’m angry because I learned you did that with others while we were still together.

I’m angry because you lied when you told me you weren’t interested in other women but later I learned you were screwing around. I’m angry because I can’t tell you how angry I am. I’m angry that it makes me hurt when I see, hear or write your name – even when it isn’t you who’s being referred to.

I’m angry that you led me to believe you wanted a life with me. I’m angry that I can’t just come over your place when I feel like it. I’m angry that you would probably let me if I wanted and that I have to resist. I’m angry because I can’t talk to you.

I’m angry that you never tried. I’m angry I liked you so much in the beginning or was so excited that someone attractive and interesting wanted to spend time with me that I ignored warning signs.

I’m angry it took so long for me to find someone so easy to be around – and I’m afraid it may be even longer until I do again. I’m angry I fell in love with you.

I’m angry because I don’t have a crush on anyone right now. I’m angry because I haven’t been happy for months. I’m angry I can’t just make things right.

I’m angry when strangers in stores or on the street tell me to “smile.” ‘Cause every day I wear a mask to hide my pain. I’m angry that you are having fun and not suffering like I am. I’m angry that I’m jealous of whoever’s in your life now.

I’m angry that when I suggested that you take some time to be single, you emphatically said you didn’t want that and were happy with our relationship. I’m angry that I believed for so long that you loved me. I’m angry I haven’t moved on.

I’m angry that I feel like crying right now. I’m angry because I can never have a truly honest conversation with you. I’m angry because I have to avoid you.

I’m angry that it hurts when I see things you would like or be interested in – or when I hear someone else talk about them. I’m angry there are so many of those things.

I’m angry because others knew about your behaviour before I did. I’m angry I will never know how much meaning our relationship had for you. I’m angry because I will never know how you really felt about me. I’m angry because I still think of you.

I’m angry that I don’t really know you at all.
It's been said, "every man grows up to marry his mother". This statement has made me think about the type of girl I want and what qualities my mother has that I want my wife to have.

I would consider myself lucky if I met a girl as patient, loving, supportive, passionate and beautiful as my mother. This woman puts her family before herself, she would gladly lay her life on the line for us.

She has put up with family politics, abuse and a cheating husband but never considered leaving. She's the first to wake in the morning and the last to sit and relax at night.

Whenever there's a family gathering, she's the first person people call. She works more than all the other daughters in-law. She plays the mediator in every conflict that arises.

If my family was a planet, she would be Atlas carrying it on her shoulder. She is the glue that keeps us together, the sun that brightens up our lives.

Dear future wife, please learn to cook better than my mother.

Sincerely
A guy who loves his mother's dumpling

A Wife Like My Mother
Sibushi

Love Built on Deceit
Mok3l

emotional booby trap
Ready to be set of
I'm like a time bomb neat and rapped
And really I've had enough

I've taken a beating from my heart
Honestly I am in pain
I know I didn't play the part
But I screamed your name in vain

I'm like an illiterate learner in detention
I couldn't spell my name
Your eyes left my world in suspension
I lied and felt no shame

I saw your name across the sky
And suddenly looked away
I learnt you can truly deceive the eye
And not have a price to pay
“I Love You...” The 3-word intimate phrase seems to be losing its meaning as it has become very casual. It has become so loosely used that distinguishing its sincerity and less meaningful usage has become hard, especially for those who seek the real thing. What’s even more sad is that nowadays, it has become a password to trick someone into sex or to solicit favours and the other party will submit just to prove the feeling is mutual.

I guess now we know why a lot of people have insecurities and lack faith in true love. It’s because they’ve given their hearts before in a relationship they had faith in and even made efforts to make it work, but still failed. The most common mistake people make when going into a relationship is not clearly discussing their intentions for each other before dating. One might see a future with the other while the partner does not have intentions of being serious.

(Ladies, take notes)

You cannot make someone love you... It is something that starts with their own will. You can run around the world to prove how much you love them, but if the feeling isn’t mutual, they won’t even notice your absence or appreciate the sacrifices you make to keep them happy. So sometimes when we get hurt, we should also blame ourselves for trying to change how others feel about us. Love is mutual only through free will and no amount of sex, money or LOVE itself can make it mutual if the receiver has no intention to return it. As you might have heard, the things we work the hardest to achieve, are the ones we appreciate the most... So before making yourself accessible, let someone work at earning the chance to be with you because if you make it easy for them to get what they want, they won’t know or care about what you’re worth. Easy come, Easy go!
I know some ladies are oblivious to the fact that they are in love-lorn relationships, as long as they have a man, as long as he's there when she needs her, and also when she's in need. Some ladies cheat just for the fun of it, just because they can, some do it because they have a point to prove, some do it for beneficial purposes, but who are you really cheating here other than yourself?

I know it might happen that you fall in love with a blind eye, but as soon as you open them and start realizing the situation, what measures do you take? Do you take necessary ones or available ones? And available doesn't necessarily mean relevant ones.

I know it may seem easier said than done, but I promise you, this is no fairy-tale, but this is a life where choices are involved and made, emotional choices are normally the hardest ones to make, but they're vitally the most important to be made.

Do not get into a relationship just because you feel you've got nothing to lose, do not remain in one just because you've got nothing to lose either, because if you've got nothing to lose, you practically have nothing to give either.
As I woke up this morning, the first thing on my mind was that I’d rather stay in bed than carry around a heavy heart all through my day. So many mixed emotions followed by the thoughts of him, yes him. He’s the pretty boy that all the girls in college fight about and pull each other’s hair over. His well-built body fits so well in polo shirts and when he holds you tight, your heart races so fast that it feels like you’re about to lose your every breath. If you’ve dated a player then you definitely know what I’m talking about.

I’ve recently diagnosed myself with Bad-boy Syndrome. It’s been following me throughout my woman hood. It’s the type of relationships where you give more than you take and you are hardly offered much to feel as if you’ve been taking. This happens to the best of us and not even your beauty can save you. The sad part is when you’ve come to accept emotional abuse, most likely physical abuse and bad treatment such as being openly handled as second best, third best or whatever number you may be in this mans’ life.

You start convincing yourself that all men are bad boys and this in turn holds you back from liberating yourself from these bad relationships. The only thing that happens is that you keep on attracting more of the same kind. I, myself had even started building mottos to excuse myself from acting like a naïve individual. Motto’s like “It’s better the devil that you know than the one that you don’t” and things like “All men cheat” so I might as well stay. I’d imprison myself in these types of relationships and allow them to drag on for as long as a year and mostly two.

My dad cheated on my mother and so did my granddad on my grandmother. But that that doesn’t make it normal, that doesn’t say that I too have to allow myself to go through the same vicious cycle of being cheated on and ill-treated. Mahatma Ghandi once said “Be the change that you want to see in the world” but how can I be that change if I flow with the rest of the world. If I believe that being treated badly as a woman is normal then what do I have left to teach the children of this world? The mind is indeed a prison on its own and only we can set ourselves free.
I write this confession with my heart full aggression. I can hardly concentrate oh am I heading for depression?. Head pumping with answers to every question I got to be a man and lay down some explanation..

I told her how much I loved you and she said she will double the price...we have two kids now... Beatrice and surprise...I know I should have told you about the 1st but it was just a quench for my thirst. I also wanted to be called dad I mean it can't be that bad?

You and I were going through stuff... it was really tough... so I went to her for sex... I know she's my ex... and its no excuse but I was confused... she told me I deserved a good life... and that you were a bad wife... she pumped ideas in my head just get to bed... and I fell for her tricks... she had gripped like a sticks..

Told her about the confession and she started laughing..f*ck her she's bluffing... i can't believe she wants me to divorce you.is she trippin?.you and are known at home affairs with me and her it was just a 2year affair...please accept my apology as I ended things with her and want to build my marriage with you..

Loving husband..

it started of as friendship. And I still don't believe that it turned out to be a relationship. I love you boo. But she loves me too. We have another one on the way which will make it two...

B*tch told me she was taking prevention. All in her imagination. When she caught the 1st I gave her money for abortion. But she kept it as insurance and later said that she needed some assurance. That I am hers forever...oh baby don't tell me its over..?
If you explicitly find yourself in an undefined relationship and only to find yourself being extremely obsessed with a former lover that you broke up with a decade ago, then you’re in for a shocker, be it that she/he broke up with u or vice versa, the main incentive here is, you are apart, and you need to accept the fact you’ve parted ways, she/he’s no longer in your life for whatever reason that may have been, your destiny is not tied to the people who chose to walk away from you.

Please allow me to explain an undefined relationship, it is a relationship that doesn’t have commitment, whereby the other partner’s intention are sincere whilst the other is not, the other partner has expectations while the other doesn’t, the other partner’s mind-set is astray and contaminating with lots of complacent ethics whilst the other has genuine gestures. Like you seem to be contradicting each other in every aspect, be it psychologically, spiritually or perhaps emotionally.

Chances are, the relationship is more likely to more processional but not necessarily progressive, you end up just tolerating each other instead of embracing, being cagey instead of praising.

The relationship could never work because one isn’t put all their effort in it, they’re reserving some in case the former lover decides to come back then they’ll still have something to give. She/he always compares you to him/her in everything that u do, she/he goes out of his/her way to make you look like them, act like them, talk like them or even like them. Before you know it you’ve become a way different person compared to what you originally were all in the name of compromising before you’ve become a victim of a rebound relationship without being aware.

As we speak right now, there are some couple out there who don’t even have a genuine idea as to why they’re together, let alone how they ended together. They don’t know what they like about each other, what makes the other tick, “Ever get a feeling that u wish that someone could tell you how you’re feeling or that person do something to or for you without u saying a word?” Like you wish that they could just brush your hair/head and they would do just that just by looking at them, you take a moment look into each other’s eyes for a significant amount of time without saying a word and hence after you both feel like it is best conversation you’ve ever had. lol “I love making love to u because I love you” u say.
But you can never feel that way with someone you do nothing with but tolerate, you could never reach those high expectations of loving someone to the best of your ability because you simply chose to impose your ethics on someone you barely have feelings for. It might only be because you barely love them.

It might also be because you chose not to try, because you chose to have terms and conditions regarding how you should love them, because you’ve already and psychologically succumbed to the fact that you could never love another person as much as you’ve loved your former lover.

If you can make up with your former lover then “great” but not at your current lover’s expense! You do not know how hard and piercing it is to cut loose ends with someone whom you know has never done anything wrong to you, he/she has never wronged you in any way. Because should it not work out with the “X” then you would have done more damage to yourself than shooting yourself in the foot, because you will never be taken back.

Your motives should be sincere if you decide to be with another person, do not get into another relationship if you feel like you haven’t gotten over your “X”, do not try to test the waters in the middle of a relationship. Do not try to change your partner in any way whatsoever, especially if it has to do with the motives of likening them to your “X”. Do not compare your current lover with your “X” as the relationship will be headed straight to doom. Do not use another as a replacement or a substitute, love is not a game where one gets injured then you decide to use your reserves.

For whatever reason that led to you and your “X”’s break-up, try to fix things between you two, if you can’t, then learn to make amends with it, heal on it on your own, find closure with you trust, meditate over it if needs be until you completely understand and accept that what you had, you have no more.

As I said “Your destiny is not tied to the people who chose to walk away from you”
I am a woman dark skinned but full of light and colour inside. I know everything about being beaten down by my drunkard husband and I’ve felt my innocence being ripped away from me by my charming father, and oh how can I forget the sensation of being shaken down by my mother while tormenting me with sharp words of cruelty and seeing her frustration as she told me how ‘stupid’ I am. After everything I’m still a woman because I have woken up every day in summer and basked in the sun as I appreciated the warmth I never felt, I woke up again in winter and embraced the chilled breeze that sprung on my delicate skin, the wind blew through the wounds I had physically and emotionally and each time the wind blew through me I screamed in both agony and fulfillment.

I am a woman with that strong heart which was created to endure what many cannot. The heart that has loved my lover with deep compassion, dedication and strong contentment.

The heart that has forgiven this man I love more than it has forgiven the woman that blames herself for being submitted to the torment of the world. This heart has burdened itself with a commitment of sticking by this man even after he mistreats her, cheats and lacks appreciation but far worse this heart tolerates this man because I am a woman who has been made to believe that I will never find love.

I am a woman with joy despite the pain being felt, a woman with a laughter so soothing its contagious. I am a woman with a smile so sharp, it has often made another smile to. I told you that my warmth was contagious, for when I greet with a smile even the sad rise up. I am a woman who listens when others are being kicked, dragged and left for dead, I listen to the tales of both woman and men whose hearts can bear no more suffering, and indeed I listen and smile as though I know no pain of my own.

Today I took a break from listening to you because I needed to tell you how I cry at night because the man I love does not love me as much as I love him, I bite my nails because I’m nervous every time I wake up to that awful dream of my dad having his way with my innocent body, I spend most of my time trying to prove the woman who gave birth to me that I’m not ‘trash’ and how I shiver because I long for love.

Now you know what kind of a woman I am but please do not feel sadden by my story, do not throw pity at my door and do not smile that ‘I’m sorry smile’ when you pass me by because even though this is my story, my life I meant to say, remember that I am still that woman that has joy in her heart for waking up and basking in the sun and embracing the wind blow through my body. I am still that woman that is awaited by that wonderful man who is just on his way ‘stuck in traffic’, I am still that woman that has that contagious smile and has that forgiving heart.

I may have been that woman that has endured pain, that has carried the world on top of her shoulders but tomorrow I am going to be that woman that history remembers, I am going to be that woman that has that man who respects, cherishes and loves her so much. I am going to be that woman that won’t be haunted by the painful dreams and I’m going to be that woman who starts living for herself instead of proving to her mother that she is not stupid because truth is I never was stupid except for when I tried daily to prove I wasn’t.
It would be unfair of me to expect certain things from an individual that is unable to provide them.

Expecting a piece of dry ground to yield an ocean of water is just as good as expecting the sea to be dry land, it can’t happen.

Being hard on a 3 month old and expecting them to be able run outside and get you the mail is the same as wishing a 10 month old that has just discovered the art of walking/crawling to sit still, it will remain a dream.

Having an impression that a thorn will not prick you is the same mentality that you would have if you would want to believe that stroking a wild animal’s mane turns the animal into a cute and cuddly friend, wake up!

I prefer a father as opposed to a funder because the funder remembers the cost of my tuition fees while the father remembers the path I travel to get my qualification.

A father waits for you at the finish line, a funder will do an internet transfer so you can get a spot on the school bus to the race.

A funder couldn’t care less if you have changed your extra-curricular from swimming to wrestling...money is not a problem for him after all.

A father will look at the long-term impact that you’re varying sporting choice will have, stick to the one you love the most and master it, even if the coach seems to be too hard on you.

The funder doesn’t have time to listen to you, haven’t I spent enough money on you already? What does it matter whether I was there or not?

A father, not a funder, will care about my well-being enough to advise me on health and hygiene because he knows that even though I’m a beneficiary on his medical-aid I will still feel the pain.

I would rather not have a funder than have a man that spends more time worrying about the worldly matters and forgets to make time to find out what’s on my mind.

I prefer a father as opposed to a funder because I know to my father I’m not just another acquisition he’s waiting to see mature so he can finally reap the rewards.

I’m in no way in the market for someone who will always be absent in my attendance register while he makes sure there are sufficient funds in my student achiever account.

I prefer a father to a funder, I believe every child could use one...
As I write this- I’m fresh out of a break-up. It’s sad, I know, but you’d be glad to know that I left her. She was a cow (and I mean that in the worst way possible). It took forever though- leaving her that is. We had been breaking up for about a month before it was officially over. Lesbian break-ups are always long and messy. It’s absurd.

Sometimes I swear we do it deliberately. We create arguments, drag them out, fight, make up, get mad again, threaten to leave our partners, have sex, create another argument, do the silent treatment thing, then stop speaking- which one would automatically assume that means we’ve officially broken up til you get a text saying “I love you” after 5 weeks of no communication whatsoever. What a bloody absurd drag indeed!

So Baby (or ex-Baby now that it’s over) wasn’t cheating -well I hope she wasn’t- it was more an issue of she never had time for me. I’d set time for us to be together just to get stood up at the last minute. All the bloody time! I love her but I cannot stand being treated like a yoyo- so my way of retaliation: Drama. I created the most insane situations to get attention. I know I sound like a loon but what is a love-starved girl supposed to do? I couldn’t just sit there and wait for her. And I was definitely not going to cheat on her. So I had to do what I had to do. Being an actress worked to my advantage.

When I think of the stunts I pulled back then it dawns on me that many of my dyke sisters have pulled similar (if not worse) stunts. Maybe it’s a gay thing because I have never seen straight people act the way we do. We get engaged even though we have no intention of getting married. We threaten to kill ourselves so that our partners won’t leave us for cheating on them. We put our business out there so that people know exactly what’s going on in our lives but get mad when people give us advice. Fight on social networks. Break up in public. Create scandals and rumors about our exes. Like I said before- it’s ridiculous but real.

Just witnessed two of my friends fighting via Facebook. Sub-statusing each other and stupid stuff like that. What ever happened to “talking it out? Dealing with it in private? Do we not apply these rules to our lives? I secretly hope straighties are this crazy as well. It would really hurt my feelings if it was only the gays that were emotionally immature. That’d just add to all the other crap they believe about us.

From now on I vow to chill out, go into my “Zen Zone” and handle my relationship ups and downs in a matured manner. I’d like to think I have learnt from that painfully messy break up. I’ll say it was an “emotional lapse in judgment.” No more stunts from me! I promise!

With that being said- time to pull out my freakum dress and wow the crowds. I’m single and ready to mingle. No serious business.
Has Materialism Replaced Love? Rethacious

Topics in the taxi can be very interesting, so I found myself closing the book I was reading in the taxi to listen in on a conversation between 2 guys on love.

According to these guys, love as our parents knew it does not exist anymore. Ladies these days are only interested in financial and material gain from a guy and if you don’t have money, you will not be able to maintain a relationship with a lady. This was their argument.

I sat there in silence thinking whether I was a fool because I still believe in love. Am I wrong in saying, yes I want a man who can provide but that should not be his sole responsibility because I should also be able to bring an equal part to the plate.

The idea of rating a man’s manhood on whether he can pay for my nails and hair and shoes, is all but a bit selfish for me. Who was doing all those things before he came into the picture? Besides woman profess to be independent and have their own backing, shouldn’t they than be able to pay their own way on things that they want?

Maybe I am old fashioned but the trophy wife or girlfriend title does not sit well with me. I don’t want money splashed in my face, I want to play an active role in living the life I desire.

I want a man for who he is, not what he can provide. I want a man for his brains not his bank balance. I want a man because he respects me and loves me. I still believe in love that is not necessarily accompanied by millions but the kind that is genuine, warm and makes a flawed world seem perfect.
So this one time my neighbour tells me she has two tickets to go and see that Vodacom guy (as I usually refer to him), Trevor Gumbi/Gumbe. He has his debut stand-up comedy act at the lyric theatre in Gold Reef City, JHB, and everyone’s making a big who -ha about it. I figure, he has to be good, his one liners on that show on Mzansi Magic are insultingly funny (excuse the pun). It’s a nice setup bla bla bla and I’m all excited to be sitting a few sits from Proverb and all [yeah yeah I get star struck too] – I contain it well or whatever. Anyway as the show is about to start my bladder throws a tantrum and I figure it must be from the two ridiculous-ly over priced castle drafts I wolfed down a few minutes ago [yes, I’m like a Jew when it comes to money] – oh shit, can’t have pee interfering with my entertainment up in here. anyway so on my way from the toilets, I hear an annoying twang, some deep pretentious fake female accent that just irritates me from the get go, apparently complaining about how disorganized the whole show is, that there isn’t anyone to assist with the seating (remember I mentioned that I left when the show was about to start right?). I notice there’re 4 of them, I don’t stare enough to get a really good look, but the one particular lady seems louder and drunker than the rest of the entourage. Ok, I’ll let this one go.

After I squeeze my way through to my seat, neighbour continues with her orientation, “see that chic over there? That’s Uyanda Mbali, she is a notorious business woman, super rich!” [ LOL in retrospect neighbour likes using ‘super’]. “Oh okay,” I acknowledge. I don’t do Media, sometimes by choice and sometimes by circumstance, I didn’t know Witney Houston was dead, didn’t know Brown Dash was dead until I got to work the following morning of their deaths – heck the “Mandela is dead” debacle has had me on more than one occasion… because I don’t know jack around me. Anyway neighbour knows this and gladly introduces me to the today celebrities or to the latest news whenever the need be. She’s quite careful about who she introduces me to, because I verbally brawl her every time she tells me something I don’t need to know, like “dude, seriously, what’s gonna happen if I don’t know who Babalwa Mneno is?”

Two seats behind us, a slight commotion erupts – the 4 individuals from the foyer are making an entrance. “Oh gosh, Bonang wang tena watsiba..?” neighbour exclaims with a frown. I look back and see a lady with the sandy face, buried under what some understand as make up. “Is that Bonang?” I ask astonishingly. “Yeah, do you know Bonang?” neighbour inquires sarcastically – mainly because she thinks my ignorance is an act to seem cooler or whatever LOL. “Dude, you mean that chic from Live?” “Yeah that’s her,” “Riight” I exclaim and turn my focus to the stage, miffed.

I don’t like Bonang, I don’t not like her, a good word for that: indifferent. Don’t ask me any questions about her because I will tell you that I think she’s irritating. I have opinions about celebrities like everyone else but I don’t go all out to make them heard. We cannot divorce these people “like you and I” from the fact that their stardom factors into their personalities. They are public figures, we’re overwhelmed by their pictures and personal profiles wherever we go, and yes, some we like more than the others. The point is, isn’t it logical that if a person like Bonang, who might have irritated me in that little show down at the lyric theatre a couple of months ago, were to get assaulted that I would find the story amusingly tragic? *chuckles* Personally until about 30 minutes ago, I didn’t
Assaulting Women Should not be a guy thing
Lerato Finiza

Celebrities are human beings just like you and I. The only difference is they have jobs which require them to be in the public eye and that makes them the object of the media's attention in order to draw society's attention to their broadcasters or publications.

It is disturbing that people find it amusing and worth joking about when a woman is assaulted just because she is a celebrity, as if she is not a person with feelings, family and friends. It could happen to any other female, whether in the limelight or not and either way, it is wrong on all accounts.

I'm guessing some of the women laughing at Bonang's incident are finding a twisted sense of consolation in the fact that what happens regularly in their unknown lives is happening to a famous person, while some guys who do believe in physical violence find their actions justifiable when a famous man they look up to assaults his woman. You would think these guys don't have mothers, grandmothers, sisters and aunts or any females in their lives whom they expect to be treated with the highest respect and to be protected, yet they go and do it outside.

No one is above criticism or sympathy, but people criticize and ridicule where they should sympathize and cheer on when they should criticize. When a man hits a woman, it does not make him more of a man because women are not objects that we can just practice our fighting abilities on. Actually, what makes you more of a man is how much you value, protect and respect a woman because you are the one who is supposed to provide them with strength, safety and security.

As men, we have the ability to defend ourselves against each other, which is one of the reasons why we should not be picking on the defenceless and if we support such acts, it makes us less than human, not worthy of respect and it actually weakens the image of what a real man is. As men, let us treat our women the same way we would want to be treated if we were in their shoes. Let us be the reflection of men we would like our daughters to be with when they get into relationships.
**I Met Him Once**

Partiqla

He wasn’t what I had imagined  
Very far from what I had envisaged  
Almost went past him in a rush  
Clearly not anything close to what I’d fantasized  
Just as I was rushing by  
Thinking if I might hurry I just might…  
Might just see him  
Get a chance to speak to him  
Thought I’d get the chance  
To wear that nice dress  
Get to impress  
Maybe start a romance…  
I went past him  
He said ‘hi’ and I ignored him  
Looked aside and scorned him  
‘No need to waste my breath on him!’  
I walked on  
Got to put the dress on  
Went out and continued my walk  
‘He’s usually seen on these sidewalks’  
Walked two more blocks  
Turned and walked back home  
Ran straight up to my room  
Got there and tore the dress off  
Got on the bed and wept  
How could I have..!  
I had passed the perfect man  
Wish he could walk past me again…

**Mary Go Round**

Hlox The Poet

Mary goes round and round  
Sleeping around on each and every bed;  
Everybody wants to marry Mary for she is very pretty;  
When will Mary stop going round and round so we could have a merry-Christmas with her;  
See, Mary lost her virginity when she was only sixteen  
Coz she was very silly;  
At nineteen Mary met Jerry and they connected like peanut butter and jelly;  
Jerry promised to marry Mary  
And Mary said yes in a hurry,  
Not thinking about it thoroughly;  
Mary was now constantly at Jerry's house  
On top of each other like horny rabbits;  
Until one rainy day,  
when unexpectedly appeared Jerry's wife Penny;  
Holdin' a pistol that was a bit shinny;  
Mary got but naked and said "sorry'  
She didn't know that Jerry was married;  
But Jerry pulled the trigger anyway;  
And Mary fell on the floor;  
And it became silent like the cemetery;  
See, we never buried Mary coz she was imaginary.
I needed you so badly; but you were not there for me
I was feeling so lonely and hopeless
I wanted someone to tell me everything will be ALRIGHT
Someone to tell me she’s in love with me
I am the strongest man
And if I put my faith in God he will never disappoint me as man does
You never bother to ask how am I feeling
Why my day is so bitterness?
What went wrong and why there is sadness on my face
You looked at me and say everything is fine with me just because I am smiling
How wonderful you are by just looking at me think like that
I wanted you to help me to take the sadness away
Give me a hug and tell me you’ll always be there for me
To encourage and motivate me ...
You never asked me how is my day up to so far
If everything still going according to plan
You miss me when you see me
You love me when I am around you
Do I ever cross your mind?
Just because I came to see you;
You were also planning to come to me
You don’t even bother to sms me "Please Call Hey, Love";
How can I expect you to call me
You don’t even bother about me;
How can I expect you to love me
You never bother to ask me how I feel;
How can I expect you to remember my birthday;
my favourite colour
That day I needed you so badly
To tell you story of my life
To go through each and every page of my life with you
I wanted to tell you what’s troubling my soul
Making me to loose my mind
I was waiting for you; but the pains were so strong
I end up weeping myself with tears
Having a very long day
I wanted you to be there for me; to console me
But I end up hating myself; regretting to be me and why am still alive
I wanted you to understand my life
To tell you all my secrets
Maybe you would have known me better
Are you are always like these?
Or you just being heartless?
Do you ever care about me?
Or you only care about what I can give you?
Do you really love me?
When was it when you say you love me?
Why do I have to expect a kiss from you?
Because everything is now becoming normal
We both lost the first love...
I Was Afraid of Falling In Love
The Original Fake

As I try to bite it and hold it back from splattering what no man knows
What I hold so profound and possessing in the dark centre of my heart

Love came to me like a summer breeze
With its tickling brush against my foreign skin
Airlifting and arousing my dress
Naively, flirtatiously teasing to the spectator eye
Gazing with the hope of catching another glimpse

Love brought me sunshine,
A butterfly to tag along in unison, with the radiance
Of my flowery yellow smile

Fluttering me with a sense of lightness
Walking on cotton wool inspired clouds
Lifting me up with the warm rising air,
A parachute of thrilling emotions
Leaving me excited like effervescent bubbles in
An unlimited edition champagne bottle

Robbing the rainbow of its colours,
Painting me with each and every single one of them
Creating an imagery of collected Canvases, cruise trips, rich orange sunsets
And sun kissed rain...

Fumbling and falling then failing.
A spectrum of emotions,
Exposed to the light to display all my confined emotions

Rolling off a mountain’s peak like an avalanche, a larva
So fierce and hot that can only be inspired by love
Feelings boiling inside me like a massive, heavy black pot of some potion
Cooked up by the witch of sentiments

A catastrophic attack is what I end up with, a tornado
Of feelings; of wanting, masked by a multi-coloured Ray of sunshine; penetrating, letting my slippery tongue slip away
Making me speak in a language of Gods, wise men,
Literates and utterances of something foreign yet
All I am is an image of a perpetrator; I am that guy wearing the same Cologne as the man that raped you! Standing before you, I am the embodiment of that bastard that ripped your heart apart and left your soul empty. In me you see nothing but a clone of him that stole your innocence, undermined your dignity and cheapened your self-worth.

By virtue of being a man, I suffer the prejudice brought upon your judgement by reckless actions of those that hid behind genuine intentions I have for you. You won’t see me for who I am for to you none that wears pants is unique. Mobile heart breakers you are convinced we all are; I therefore get no opportunity to persuade your heart. The injustice of broken souls that broke yours to my detriment!

It's a losing battle I am fighting; doomed from the very start as you’ve already taken a position you’re not willing to get out of. As many before me never stayed in your life, you're convinced my mission is to cum and go as they did! Nothing more than what lies between your thighs you think I see you as, totally disregarding a soul yearning for affection and a loyal lover. About me you could never be more wrong.

If you won’t open up like you've never been rejected, how will you receive abundantly like you've never even had to ask? Upstream we've all had to swim, we all bear battle scars more entrenched emotionally than physically. Precise about what we desire we have no choice but to be, for it’s not just anything that we don’t wish for that we hope for, but our will has its specifics. My will and desire happens to be you!

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Summer Love Treasure

Stormy nights creep up on the censored heat of summer love
the violent breeze cools the flames of a season's lustful passions
the seasons compulsive heaving, induced panting and sweating comes to a cold bitter end
A blaze of fiery affairs begins to painfully cool down at the trickle of tears falling down from sunken faces
faces deprived of smiles by sleepless nights in the absence of their partners heads in adjacent pillows
left many a nights to tussle sheets alone as their darlings engage in erotic dances on the coals of a foreign woman's heated caves

The darlings dance ever so skilfully to the seductive tunes of a Latin salsa
intimate thrusts of elongated legs in the air
passionate strokes gliding intensely down a stolen lovers back

with no remorse and an infinite lack of compassion for the sunken faces waiting up continuously re-heating cold unattended dinners
covering up silky desserts as the clock strikes 3 am and the last red scented candle is blown
Oh the darlings continue to dance throughout the nights and soon even they become days

these stolen darlings are now away
two stepping home on random days
drunk on unfaithful concoctions of lust shared with their new 'fun' day and night meetings-working weekend breaks-and lunch hour emergencies filled with stolen moments of unexplainable quantities of forbidden fruit indulgence

The darlings engage in dangerous games as the summer months drift on by
catched up in dark corners playing childish games of hide from 'them' and in-between your pants I seek
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10...

"Honey, I have another deadline - I wont be coming home tonight. I love you" love has become an echo of words over the phone
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10...

"Ready or not baby here I cum"
aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Soon the summer days do drift by...
the excitement of the games has worn down
what use to be an adventurous session of cat and mouse
the roles have changed...the one who use to be chased goes on to pursue another race
Finally!
a deserving heart is broken.

Like limping dogs they head home - "Honey I'm home for lunch"
Sometimes it's easy to tap and go
Lines of asses wiggling, dripping like leaking taps,
Who bring candle lights, violins, forks and knives
To this table, bitch's about to lay?

Tap to go, doggy bag
Filled with doggy style stunts
Forge appetite, cross your legs tight
Tap em into a fright
Get seconds from others when she not around
Get your freak on, leave her legs going like a merry-go-round

Automated "I love youz"
No scores of I O Uz
What's the use?
We tap, we come, we go!

Make whore a tri-linguistic
Tongue workouts, yellow page those fingers
Let em do the talking
Mid morning steamy Intersexion scenes

We'll drink milk straight from the jar
Who bring wine glasses
When coloureds break dishes after eating?

A Lady bitched acts like a tramp!
Middle finger, smell that, recognize your scent?
Open wide let me stick it up
You know you wanna!
Cut the begging, neighbour's waiting!
Her cousin, friend, kinky older sister might
Sum us up into 3!

Sometimes just tap and let go
Who bring candle lights, violins, forks and knives
To this table, bitch's about to lay
Who still holds hands strolls parks
Count shooting stars, loves with toes
And holes in socks, feeds you caterpillars
That evolve into butterflies!

Now that your mind I did tap, let me go!
"Distance is a bitch; winter in full swing, yet my bed is as cold as a morgue"

"Distance is a bitch; we are right in the middle of winter, but my bed feels as big as FNB Stadium"

"Distance is a bitch; I'm lying here covered in a mink and electric blanket, yet I have a man half a world away"

"Distance is a bitch; I sleep with a heater on, but I have a woman with a body warm enough to set this bedroom on fire"

"Distance is a bitch; I've run out of ways to use my vibrator. It tickles me well and brings me to orgasm most times, but it cannot replace body heat"

"Distance is a bitch; I've run out of ways to hold my tool. I swear my right arm is growing more and stronger muscle every night"

"Distance is a bitch; I long to hear his voice every night, our hour-long conversations still leave me wanting him to wrap his strong arms around me"

"Distance is a bitch; I would kill to hear her say my name while looking me straight in the eye. I miss her broad smile and those silky soft lips that were designed strictly for kissing"

"Distance is a bitch; all I want to do is lay my head on his chest and listen to the beat of his heart"

"Distance is a bitch; all I want to do is lie down with her and do whatever is next"

"Distance is a bitch; I need my man!"

"Distance is a bitch; I want my woman!"

"Distance is a bitch; I phone him right this instant"

"Distance is a bitch; I pick up the phone and say 'hello' to my woman"
"Babes, I miss you!"
"I miss you too, my love!"
"What do you miss most about me?"
"Everything, my love, your smell, your touch, the look in your eyes when you gaze into mine..."
"...I miss how delicate your body feels in my hands. I miss your silky smooth cheeks."
"Babes, if I were there with you what would you do to me?"
"Whatever you want me to do to you, my love."
"Would you hold me and not let go?"
"I would do that and more. I would hold you so..."
close to me and listen to our hearts beat in unison. I would run my fingers around your ears, over your cheeks and down to your lips" "Stop it, I like it!" *giggles*
"If you were here with me, I would lock my lips with your and kiss you until you lose control. If you were here, I would lick your ears and bite your neck."
"Oh babes, distance is such a bitch!"
"It is, indeed. If you were here, my love, I would listen to your body and do as it tells me. I would dance to the beat of your heart and let my soul sing together with yours."
"You have no idea what your words are doing to me..."
"...but I know I would provide warmth for your body, stimulation for your mind and companionship for your soul, if you were here. We would be one and there would be no space between us"
"I want you, babes!"
"I need you, my love!"
"I want you now, babes!"
"I need you forever, my love!"
"I just melted!"
"Don't worry, my love, I will mould you into a new creature pure and spotless. I will make you what I always saw in you. A woman so beautiful I would be a fool not to have pursued. Now, that you've melted, I will mould you into that portrait of the beauty that glows from the depths of your soul to the shine of your skin. The beauty that radiates from the bottom of your sole to the top of your crown. Now that you have melted I wish more and more that you were here."
"Don't stop, babes, mould me with your words! What would you do to me if I were there?"
"My words are a toothless dog compared to the viciousness of my actions. If you were here I would tear you apart. I would cut you half and pierce you right through the middle"
"But that would be killing me."
"Fear not what kills the body but that which destroys the soul. In me entering you, I will be tying my soul to yours. When making love the two becomes one. You are me, we are you!"
"Sing on, Maxwell. Ride on, babes."
"With pressure!"
"I like it slow and gentle at first, then fast and hard, then slow and gentle again. Take cues from my body and the tempo of my breathing."
"We are connected, my love, I know just at what point to go faster and deeper and what point to withdraw and pause to drive you wild and make you want me more. I know just when to bang you against the headboard like Sharon Stone and Michael Douglas in Basic Instinct and when to go Kate Winslet and Leonardo Di Caprio in Titanic. I can fuse passion and sensuality to set the scene on fire."
"That you can do and you just did."
"Surrender your body and open your spirit. Let's make love and connect physically, mentally and spiritually. Don't hold back the sounds you make when I'm deep in you; they are a language of your soul. Bless me with the singing of your spirit."
"Hang on pretty please, babes, I hear a knock on the door."
"Hurry up and open, my love, let me cum in!"

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The Other Guy
Neo Letsoela

She thinks she might have killed it for them
That bond they shared

And as scary as it might seem or sound
There is nothing left to save

She keeps holding on thinking it would change
But she just can’t keep him off her mind

And although she knows her mind shouldn’t be there

She can’t help but smile as she does
She thought she had found the man of her dreams

She thought she was happy

But the minute she locked eyes with him
She didn’t know how to take it

She sat in her room and wondered
Why do things have to change?

She used to feel like the centre of his world
And now he hardly even notices her

He tells her now and again how he loves her
But she hardly even feels it

He goes back to being the sweet loving man he was

When things are not so good between them
She feels they’ve tried so much to make it work

Maybe they tried too much
She is suffocating yet she still feels a bit

She’s confused yet still so sure about her feelings for him

It’s no use blaming the other guy
This would have never happened

If her heart was kept where it should have been..
The Other Woman
Neo Letsoela

I am the one who consoles your man
I listen when you don't have time
I am his friend first and
His lover second
A lover who loves him unconditionally
I don't make him feel like he's less of a man
I know this good black man is doing
The best he can
In an unforgiving world
He laughs with me
Smiles with me
Shares with me
He runs my bath water
And licks the bubbles off my toes
He washes my body with gentle hands
Gentle hands from a gentleman
I make him feel wanted, needed and appreciated
He shows me a side of him
You never knew existed
Did you know he wanted to go to cooking school?
Who am I?
I AM THE OTHER WOMAN
You were always too busy for him
With your career
Too busy to get the brother a beer
Too busy for love
He was never next
Don't get it twisted
This isn't something that will pass
It's a lot deeper
We read books together
Cry together
Love forever
But that was then, this is now
You always come in when my world falls apart.
Your sincere words, your sweet smile,
Though I knew in my heart that it wouldn't last.
In my heart you'll be kept in a special place.
The memory of you will never be erased.
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Screaming, hitting, biting and scratching. You throw the most powerful words at my ears, which hurt nothing less than a thousand needles stuck into my eardrums. Every teardrop that escapes from your face and lands onto this cold floor successfully ricochets an unbearable pain straight into my heart.

Unfaithfully Faithful is what I am. I love you, I hate you! But baby I love you more. Dodging plates and catching pots, when will this dispute end? My lies feed you with a false hope, but leave you even hungrier for my attention... my affection. I’ve promised you stars, planets and even the moon, I went as far as telling you that I’d stay up till noon to watch you sleep. Your untamed rage, the way you wrinkle your nose and the way you fold your arms seem to have a soothing effect on my insecurities.

Perhaps I have become so accustomed to being insecure; perhaps past injuries have left a lifetime scar. Maybe I want you to cheat on me; perhaps that’s what I need... Do you think that is what I need? My kind of love is not very conventional, nor is it something you can get used to, I came with an array of emotions and they change spontaneously as cloud formations on a windy day. I have become some sort of intelligent clay under your hand; mould me to your kind of perfect.

But then baby you confuse me when you fall into my arms and not utter even the slightest word, you give of an alarming electric sigh. We start a non verbal dialog, which is fuelled by lust. Kissing, licking, sucking and touching, we’ve now arrived at a paradise called forgiveness as you lay your temple filled with worries upon my chest and slowly allow yourself to be hypnotized by my heartbeat. Do you hear that baby? The alarm my heart sets? Do you hear it baby? It beats for you.

Baby you make me feel like I am being unfaithful when I am in the presence of my lifelong female friends and the thing is... I love it. I find myself tripping over steps that I come across everyday for the past 17 years, I walk around intoxicated by your kisses.

Baby, I question all these things because my love for you is unconditional I’ve instilled into you a power over me. I am you and you are me. You know my deepest and darkest secrets, you know my rage but strangely enough you effortlessly turn me to butter with one look. There are no limits to my love for you I love you beautiful. I am Unfaithfully Faithful to you.
Societies need to be regulated since human beings don't have an innate quality not to act in a manner that's detrimental to others. Communities therefore have to set out rules and regulations of what is considered acceptable and unacceptable behaviour; these are enforced by authorities decided upon through whatever means of rule, tradition and culture that exist at the time and in the particular space. Abuse of power and oppression of subjects through use of law and rules is an unintended yet prevalent consequence of regulation of societies.

Second only to prostitution, law has a very strong case in claiming to be the oldest profession; people have been striving for justice since time in memorial, mainly finding themselves at loggerheads with authority in their pursuit of what they perceive as rightfully due to them. We've seen kingdoms rise and fall, revolutions conquer and equally thwarted; man is ever seeking freedom, but authority insists on control.

Western societies have succeeded in exporting their democratic ideologies all over the world mainly through globalisation and influential media; a phenomenon that has spread the fallacy that humans are at liberty to do and be whoever and whatever they please. Democracy is a smarter smokescreen for government control disguised as the best way to regulate societies than the collective ways of our cultures and traditions which are now projected as oppressive.

What form of governance is best is not my write path, I would like to address the ignorant statement that says Homosexuality is a Threat to Patriarchy; this as a demand from many feminists that demanded that I cover homosexual implications of my earlier article entitled The Universe is Patriarchal by Nature. It's my view that there exists an unhealthy relationship between gays and feminists; the latter is using the former's struggles to advance its selfish cause. Each time feminists are done hurling labels such as misogynist, chauvinistic pig and sexist they resort to calling those that differ in opinion homophobes. It's a smart move in that no one wants to associate with anyone remotely related to atrocities perpetrated against homosexuals by virtue of their sexual preference. Acts feminists attribute to patriarchy; as a very myopic view, though based on a minority of incidents that exhibit patriarchal tendencies.

The reality is that gays are rejected and persecuted by many, not just men oozing with testosterone and desperate to demonstrate their masculinity at the expense of those they consider less of men; organised religion is probably homosexuality's best enemy, followed by culture and some governments. The world is run by men; therefore feminists find it convenient to blame everything that's gone wrong on the oppression of women by men. I happen to know many successes that resulted from the practice now demonised as patriarchy, if you can't think of at least one yourself I understand why you would differ with my views; it's not my fault.

Aspects of homosexuality are a threat to masculinity but many gay/lesbian relationships enforce traditional gender roles. The fem/butch, top/bottom dynamics are patriarchal in origin. It's widely acceptable for a feminine-looking woman to date another feminine-looking woman, it's more common for a butch lesbian to date a feminine-looking woman (who may herself not necessarily be lesbian), but it's frowned upon even in homosexual circles for two butch women to date. The concern is how can two men date? The irony in that is that's what gay relationships are; two men dating, or isn't it?
Just at the back of patriarchy asking "How Can Two Men Date" homosexuality goes and asks the same thing. What is wrong with two men dating?

Since every journalist is using social media as a major source of their work, I thought I should join the revolution; #OOMF* that's gay once tweeted, "why is he seeking attention if he's a top?" That communicated to me that seeking attention is considered a privilege reserved for bottoms; not difficult to see why since bottoms are associated with all behaviour feminine.

Blame it on my limited personal reach, but butch lesbians around me would not hug me. I am allowed to hug their feminine girlfriends, some of whom are attracted to men as well, but hugging the butches is implied as feminine act. The irony in that is that I am a guy offering a hug to a woman and my actions are considered feminine and theirs masculine, I suppose. I am willing to hug a guy any day, and I do whenever I find a willing victim, but many "straight men" refuse point blank to hug me. Like feminists so quickly do, I can easily attribute that to the scourge of patriarchy, but what's butch lesbians' excuse? Why won't they hug men?

Gay relationships have well-defined roles modelled on traditional gender ones; whether it's gays themselves or on-lookers that labelled them tops, bottoms and flexible is immaterial because gays appear to have comfortably embraced these labels. As though being called gay is not bad enough of a label, why further divide the community into sub-categories? Maybe that's because being gay goes beyond just two men having sex. Of course, it does; a sexual act generally requires assumption of traditional opposing gender roles associated with patriarchy.

I don't know if Julius Caesar and Shaka Zulu were gay, but I do know that in their times it was pretty common for prominent men to sleep with other men to gain power. As to whether they enjoyed the whole domination act or they just did it because they benefitted from the results it yielded is anyone's guess. In research of my yet to be published article on ritual sex, I learned that some Sangomas encourage men involved in cash-in-transit heists to sleep with men so they can be "invincible" during acts of crime; this includes the criminals being immune to gun-shots and any related danger. It's hard to present a strong counter against the argument that sex has a spiritual dimension and can be associated with worship of some spirit.

I once overheard a conversation wherein one guy was asked why he keeps rejecting another guy's advances, his answer was definitive, "I only do queens!" I have a feeling the word queen will soon mean something divorced from gender, but for now it’s very much a symbol of femininity. Another irony is the prevalence of lesbians calling themselves kings; an obvious reinforcement of a gender role. If you’re indifferent to gender as many homosexuals and feminists claim to be, why view yourself in light of the ultimate symbol of masculinity? These are the same lesbians that give their girlfriends feminine labels such as "my wife", "the chick", "the madam" but would not have the girlfriends call them the same; an oxymoron of gay guy proportions. Due to the free environment that allows homosexuals to openly express themselves, I am convinced patriarchy will be around for a very long time to come as a result of gay relationships that promote it.

*OOMF is an acronym that stands for One Of My Followers, used mainly on twitter to make reference to someone that's following you when you do not want to mention them by name.

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