

SOUNDS *of*  
SILENCE  
*echoed*

by Kaya Ngoma

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## THE AUTHOR

Kaya Ngoma, a young artist in his own time. He compiled this anthology about his life and how he has his own perspective on how he sees the world.

From the beautiful city of many talents - Port Elizabeth, South Africa - he seeks recognition. Like all other artists, he has passion and desires that his work is read by others.

Where is he going? Well, he has elevated and boosted his writing skill from 'beat poetry' to modern poetry.

*"My dreams are the wings of my mind."*  
Kaya Ngoma



## ROOTS

I am the construction of my  
Ancestor's complexion,  
So as my identity is not for  
Sale to any satisfaction.  
I come from a situation where  
Liberation is a product of  
Discrimination and victimization  
Yes it needs to change.  
Walking with pride and labels  
Of black range.  
The stem of Africans inside me, I hold.



## GLORY ROAD

I felt diversity tilting as I  
Crave the grays and blinks of my hardship  
With the trouble that seem to follow me  
Versatile isolated obstacle,  
I cannot pass, my path is leading me to a  
Congregational movement I cannot cast.  
My soulful soul that elementary, sometimes  
I cannot handle depression from my small-  
-Farm of mental slavery.  
I declare this no road to find  
Inceptions and stumble,  
With corroded dreams to seek  
Diagonal humble.  
Struggling to success snatched  
My shadow that chocked me back and tumble.



## IT'S PAINFUL

Your absence is calling me back,  
I cannot resist it,  
But what else can take me to you  
Because I have bare feet.  
It's so painful,  
Your words of fantasy and ecstasy  
you spoke I wont forget  
When we met bolt of thunder collided.  
This I cannot regret.  
My heart is nowhere else without you,  
Between you and I bonds  
Of chemistry were never few.

“If yesterday was the future and today  
Was the past,  
Anything I did I would shadow cast,  
Because it's a sin.  
Confessions would make difference  
Because whatever happened lies within  
So, but I will not hold nothing because  
My chest is no cardboard of secretive gold  
Not fortunately but very old.  
If the grave may approach I will not insist to go,  
With a clean soul living every thing behind  
Become a messenger of God,  
In my time and one of a kind.”