

Dumo Xaba

STUDIOS

Presents



Dumo X

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MISSING MISCELLANEOUS

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Written by Dumo X.

DUMO XABA has been writing poetry under the pen name Dumo X since February 2020, a journey that started with a spontaneous verse has grown into series of beloved anthologies.

Though he is a part procrastinator, he is a full time creative, dedicated to telling stories through photography, film and poetry. Missing Miscellaneous is a collection of Xaba's unreleased poetry.

Find out more about Dumo Xaba and his literature:

Visit his website www.dumoxaba.co.za

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Poetry by Dumo X

The Legacy

Poetic Type of Love: Uthando Lwami

Poetic Type of Love

Dear Humanity

Poetic Type of Love Vol. 2

First published in South Africa in 2023

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the work of the author's imagination and reference to his own life. Any resemblance to actual persons, and events is entirely coincidental.

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For more information visit: www.dumoxaba.co.za

NEW KID

When I started poetry

Brought Up Well

Respect is something I was never short of I was brought
up well

Please and thank you I was taught so well

By the two who raised me

Cause I never grow up being given things on a silver tray

So who will take me back to that hero dad that I always
had

My great mother made my life so grand

That's why I'll thank her thousand times again

Thanks to her I now survived yet again

DANGER

I'M THE KIND OF PERSON THAT YOU TELL YOUR
FRIENDS ABOUT
THE SAME KIND OF PERSON THAT YOUR PARENTS
WARN ABOUT
THEY SAY KEEP AWAY FROM PEOPLE WHO ARE
STRANGER DANGER
BUT I'M THE STRANGER YOU CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM
I'M NO DANGER

Would You Call Me

031 46 would you call

I pull-up in my car when I get to the party

Your girl pull me to the side at the party

Gotta new watch that imma flex when she call me

Boss man paid me big cash cause I earned it

Started that word with an L then I lost it

I learned how to earn now I earn cause I learned

I take all of that that I know I deserve

MERRY CHRISTMAS

HA HA HA OH MERRY CHRISTMAS
I DON'T WANT NO MARY'S CHRISTMAS
I'VE GOT TONS OF GIFTS AND PRESENTS
I DON'T WANT NO SANTA'S PRESENCE.
AS A CHILD I MADE YOU COOKIES
AND SOME MILK, I SET THE TABLE
FOR FIVE YEARS YOU NEVER MADE IT
TILL TODAY YOU HAVEN'T MADE IT.

Open Dior

Late night calls, when midnight falls
Midnight falls, when midnight calls
We are gold, open dior
We open dior, just to show we gold
Now we are called, open dior
We are gold, cause we opened doors

Flaws, Faults and Fate

Faults, flaws, faults, flaws, and all
Everybody knows that's fate
Paws, claws, paws, claws, and all
Ring around the rosy round the fake

I got flaws
On top of every fault you know
I got flaws
Even in the midst of all my foes
But they can relate like they bros
Cause they know this life is as tough as boss level

LEAK

I WRITE ABOUT THINGS PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO
SPEAK

I HAD TO REWRITE THIS BOOK BECAUSE THERE WAS
A LEAK

“WHAT DOES IT MATTER, YOUR POEMS ARE ALL
WEAK”

YOU WON'T SEE THE MATTER IF YOU'RE MENTALLY
WEAK

THIS AIN'T AN ATTACK ON YOUR EGO OR PRIDE
IT'S JUST AN AWARENESS FOR THOSE WITHOUT
PRIDE

UNPUBLISHED

*A few poems that never saw the light of
day*

Poetic Dreams

Jump up to the clouds just to touch the
sky

The sky is the limit is a limitation
Cause there are footsteps on the moon no
exaggeration

Keep your eyes on the prize that's
determination

For poetic dreams make poetic scenes

Art

Art is a gift that can come at any age
I was drawing, I was writing, I was young, no stress
Gotta keep it low-key, hustle everyday
At the same time try to stay humble everyday
“You’re doing too much for your age”
What’s the point of Dumo if I’m gonna do less

Time

Pull up with a camera, make cinema
And I'm child friendly like Pixar
Making money moves like Benzima
Making bookoo bucks, I'm making big moola
Almost as big as Mr Cash time
I don't need to rush, I live on my time
While other people busy sipping Mai Tais
Surfer dude on the waves catching high tides
While I'm at home working on Tate Time
24/7 like a Musk Mind

Freestyle

If only they knew how I bunked their
classes
They wouldn't ask me how I passed them
In class I seemed cosy passive
But outside the class I am active
Run like I'm crossing the country
Hide like I'm Parker and Barrow
Strike every county
Think on my feet like I'm Sparrow
Passion in poetry's marrow

POWER

ZULU MAN WITH SOME POWER
THAT IS NASTY IF YOU ADD A C TO IT
WROTE A CUPPA SONGS, HE RAPPIN 'EM
PENETRATE THE INDUSTRY WITH 'EM
BAD HAIR ELEVATED HIM
EAZY JUST LEVITATED HIM
SMA I'M MEDITATING IT
BOUGHT A CUPPA BENZ TO RIDE IN 'EM
WROTE A CUPPA POEMS, I RUN WITH 'EM

Like

Every post that you see they say like
Even though you see and you don't like
Cause they know you won't comment or like
So I surely say do what you like
Every post that you see they say like
Even though you see and you don't like
Cause they know that you won't share your like
So I say to you do what you like
Do what you love
Love what you do
Do what you love
Cause that you get to choose
You get to choose what you do to love
What you love to do that you get to choose

Pants On Fire

Stop, drop and roll if you see your pants on fire
I would rather take a slap to the face than your lies now
Liar, liar, pants on fire, tell the truth or get down
To the station just to get arrest with Ed now
Stop, drop and roll if you see your pants on fire
I would rather take a slap to the face than your lies now
"Snitches get stitches" says some snitches with not stitches

I Don' t

At least God knows what He's doing
Cause I don't
That's why I never mimic a pose
But the fake might
Had to break a few things off
To make it alone
From a load on my shoulder
To a place of two wells
Like Joseph the eighth son
Even though his brothers hated him
He persisted for he knew the Lord
He knew God

Blessing

I'll tell me all about you
If you tell you all about me
Then we go to the parents
Ask for a blessing
I already blessed you
With a double portion blessing
So even your name got a blessing
But I'll still bless you, triple blessing

POETIC TYPE OF REJECTS

*Poems that didn't make it into Poetic
Type of Love*

We Were Just Kids

We were just kids when we played about love,
Made up some jokes and we laughed about love,
But then we knew what we had was true love,
Or were we just fools to think that this was love.

Hustler's Pain

If I had a type
It would be you
All of these girls, they all wanna be you
They only want money, not hustlers pain
But without pain you can't get the gain
If I had a type
It would be you
All of these girls, they all wanna be you
They only want money and power and fame
But with the fame comes the hustlers pain

MONEY HONEY

YOU HAVE NO LOVE BUT MONEY
THAT IS WHAT YOU CALL YOUR HONEY
YOU THINK THAT YOU BETTER AND THAT'S FUNNY
YOU AND ALL YOUR JOKES THAT JUST AIN'T FUNNY
GROW UP YOU CHILDISH SUNNY
YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF WITH A RUNNY TUMMY
IF YOU CHOWED TOO MUCH OF THAT GUMMY
GROW UP YOU CHILDISH SUNNY
YOU KNOW THAT YOU AIN'T NO JUDGE
SO DON'T JUDGE OUR LOVE YOU LITTLE DUMMY

Isicabha Senhliziyo

Utshele intokazi eyacina ukukuqoma ukuthi wakuzama
Kodwa uyayibonga ngoba wena usuthol' omusha
Inhliziyo uma isijabula, iya xuma xuma
Vula isicabha senhliziyo uthando melu nqonqoza

Door of My Heart

Once upon a time
You would knock upon the doors
Of my heart I let you in
Gave you keys and let you keep them
Once upon a time
I would knock upon the doors
Of your heart you left me cold
And kept my keys like they were golden

FIND SOMEBODY

IF YOU SEARCHED FOR IT
IT AIN'T TRUE
IF YOU DESPERATE
YOU WON'T FIND IT
IF I HAVE A BABY GIRL
I'LL NAME HER BLESSING
TO STAND OUT
NOT TO BE A COPY
BUT MANY OTHER GIRLS I KNOW
WILL WANT TO COPY

Uthando lwami

Uthando lwami

Ngisacela lungaphel' emoyeni

Uthando lwami

Aluzokhuphela emshadweni

Loqubeka njalo

Uzolubhona ezinganeni

Lights of Love

Don't be blinded by the lights of love
When you reach new heights of love
Lights of love, heights of love
It ain't really time for love
I'm not ready for no new love
That's why they call me Sir no love
I've got some love for the game
Though I know that love's no game
I might be blinded by the lights of love
I finally reached new heights of love
I will love you for the every day
If that will be our forever way
I'd choose no other way to spend the day
Trapped inside this game we play
We can leave it with a little tug
But we can't let go of this hug

Second Encounter

Then the second encounter at the mall with your flaws
That's where I found you though you said you couldn't go
You ever make plans with a girl that you dig
Then she cancels on you on the day of the gig
I could never explain all the pain I was in
But I guess it helped me for the gains that I'm in

Fame Got To You

She said "you've never been the same
since fame got to you"
But I have never changed because it's
always been with me
Guess she never did know
Only thought that she knew she did
She had an impression
And she just stick with it ran with it
Never liked her reality
Life just chowed her up, spat her out
I rewrite my reality
I'm creating a legacy

MESS

HAMBA NE-GANG I HAD FRIENDS, I WAS A MESS
THOUGH
HAD TO LEAVE THOSE FRIENDS BEHIND FOR A
BLESSED GIRL
HER FRIENDS SAID HE'S A MESS AWUM'SHIYE
THEN SHE CALLED THEM HYPOCRITES WABASHIYA
I WAS A MESS, SHE WAS BLESSED, AND SHE NEVER
LEFT
ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU FOUND IN ME YOUR MR
RIGHT

Met a Girl

Almost 1st of August
In July I was born
Sent to school
Matriculate
Met a girl
I'm liking her
Ten out of ten
But not from Tennessee

Went to university
And I graduated
Got a job
I'm bossing it
Got a house
I'm moving in
Got a car
Been driving it
The girl I met
I'm still liking her
So I bought a ring
I will marry her

Good Day

Bad days

It happens to the best of them

Cause every day you wake takes a breathe
away

But I'm just glad to say

That it's a good day to love today



Duma X