



*Kaleidoscopic  
Sentiments*

A POETRY COLLECTION

WRITTEN BY  
**LERATO THAI**

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*Sentiments*

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Lerato Thai

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Newcastle, South Africa

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Other Books by the Author

Connect with Me

**Muses & Deadly Vices**

Coffee & cigarettes

A cloud of dying harbored in your mouth

Locked within the smoke, encryptions - our days are  
numbered

A lifeline in the hollow of your iris

Your body is a coffin of memories long deceased

Ashes rubbed in your tongue

That is all you eat for breakfast then nibbles of me

Sunshine pocketed in our smiles

Passion filled strokes

Watering down last night's ghastly deeds

Ash the remains of your past lovers on my skin

I - the urn, your tongue an ash tray

I'll breathe you in like the nicotine that has grown  
comfortable between your lips

The burning buildings inside your chest

Drink you like the caffeine in your capillaries

Its morning, another day to decay in your arms

Leave imprints on your skeleton

Write stories in your palms

Fill our numbness

Then repeat

**Muses & Deadly Vices II**

The Milky Way & lacy under garments

Losing themselves to the smoke and mirrors of love

His eyes a pathway to eternity

Stars stapled on his words

Spells hide themselves below the epidermis

Brewing lust potions for those bound to barren hearts

Lonely girl, you walk barefoot on cosmic snow

Its coldness the closest thing to love you will ever  
know

Only when you swim in the chaos of glee

You let him hum unlawful passion in a sacred burial  
site for his kind

The kind that have found solace in killing dead things  
including themselves

They are forgotten tombs without flowers

Lonely girl, insensible beings live to fill overflowing  
holes

That lacy red and black lingerie will not make him  
whole

Instead he will crave the inferno between your thighs

The warmth of lush and plump on his palate

Feed you novel addictions of men who evaporate as  
soon as they reach a boiling point

You become convinced that your destiny is to be a  
canvas for a poet's suffering

A sponge for the blues each corpse reverently left on  
his aura

A muse to spark his creativity

An echo that always boomerangs to its vicious creator

**Muses & Deadly Vices III**

Whiskey breath & a flammable gardenia

Destructive habits are comparable to a budding  
romance

The one suffocating never wants to be submerged  
alone by the merciless tide

The one who ingests a dragon's fire never wants to  
burn alone

He wants her to feel the touch of an amber flame flow  
down the brass instrument of her figure

To be an anchor of a distorted reality

As long as he will not crash alone

This has become the face of endearment – a mixture  
of spores & a dash of Lucifer's nectar

Clothed in Charlotte's web

Deception has a corrosive property, acid like

His promises eat into stained glass

Sets fire to hibernating floods

The liquor has held him hostage for centuries  
Lips feel at home babysitting intoxicated bottle tops

He would rather sleep at the bottom of an empty  
cognac container

Leave her aching for a cocoon of love

She has become accustomed to indulging in  
poisonous kisses

Breathe expelling a third degree burn the sheets  
caught fire again

She was there to slumber in a crumbling bud

His boozy air cremating the gardenia  
Beautiful things perish in the hands of a deliberate  
arsonist

**Muses & Deadly Vices IV**

Rendezvous in the secret garden of stars

Navigating the wanderlust in her eyes

She spoke of captivating destinations, forests,  
waterfalls and ferrous love

Her covetousness for adventure must have etched  
curiosity in his eardrum

Fascinated by the dreamer created from pixie dust  
and fairy magic

A Cinderella tale unfolding under a blanket of dark

A hopeful happily ever after clinging to air molecules

31 days of French kissing and desperate 'I love you'  
tattooed on their lips

All came plummeting down when truth clashed with a  
fairy tale foundation

He was just another escape

Another fresh breeze of stories neatly packed in  
human form

Another suitcase on vacation site seeing

Another shopping spree to pass time

He was just another getaway from a fickle love

A tongue inked with sweet fables

A mosaic of sadness for a heart

He was just that, another thing to ease the hurt

**Muses & Deadly Vices V**

Why do goodbyes always look like a crime scene?

Why do they feel like a perfect premeditated  
homicide?

Why do they sting like an open bullet wound?

Why do they tie our stomachs in knots until we vomit  
our hearts out?

Why are goodbyes exempted as resolved  
transgressions?

Cold cases whose dockets go missing

The victims' never getting closure

Only unapologetic prose used as ammunition

Firearms and bloodthirsty spirits

Maybe we are just heartbreak addicts

**Muses & Deadly Vices VI**

This is a sanctified ceremony practiced by lovers  
To celebrate the union of two souls becoming one  
To share nakedness that longs to be full  
To give origin to a never-ending love energy  
To marry the flesh into delectable sin  
To dance the nervousness away  
To get high on serotonin dripping from sweat  
  
That is how it's supposed to be  
We have soiled the sacredness of Egyptian sheets  
Tarnished a gift for creation, turned it to fun and  
games  
Of who gets to fuck me first and take trophies of  
shattered promises with them  
Or how many uncertified harlots will the dangling  
between your legs die in next?

As long as the head count of bagged bodies is in  
parallel to inflation

Just as long as we applaud sick victories of who gets  
to care less

So we carry on sexing the niggling numbness away

From one muddy bed to the next

Filling the void with more icy bodies

And deteriorating mental states

As long as you get to be the one who cares less

The one who gets to dump unforgettable scars

Paint the agony on somebody else's heart

**Muses & Deadly Vices VII**

Flawlessness and loopy mirrors

Your reflection is dreary

Echoes the voice in your cranium

You try to silence it with a thick layer of foundation

Loud orange lipstick and a smoky eye for effects

Concealing fine-looking imperfections

Striving for faultlessness

The mirror gloatingly utters uncertainty

Planting doubt in your subconscious

Persuading you about the pleasure of self-induced  
comas

Scalpels and operation tables

You are prettier with enhancements

As if decorating your face wasn't enough

A godly creation

A couple of things your mirror forgot to mention

Beauty blossoms from within outwardly

Quieten the foul speech that lacks peace

And a little make-up is empowering

So keep on glowing

**Muses & Deadly Vices VIII**

Insomniac dreamer

Sleep haunts you in your nightmares

You would rather hold on to the memory of daylight

Engrave your soul on paper with your fingertips

Dye the ghosts that smear fear in your mind

You would rather hunt unicorns in rainbow deprived  
skies

Use ink as bait to catch floating stars against the dark  
of night

Aligning phrases with your charmed wand

3 am conversations with an art that long claimed your  
heart

Lover, this is who I wish you could be moulded into

This is what I wish you lips could utter

Swirl you into a cosmos of speech hanging from your  
ceiling

Resting on geranium petals

Eating wisdom filled fruit

It's 6 am and the art finally lets me sleep

Until the moon wakes me up once more

**Muses & Deadly Vices IX**

Options miraculously become potions

Bear in mind I keep mine open

In case you get swept by a storm surge

In case you get amnesia

In case you get sucked into a vortex

Time travel to outer space

I keep my options open

In case your kiss ripens on somebody else's lips

Hands fuse with another's hips

In case your emotions percolate into someone else's  
pores

She drinking from the cup of your heart

Plaster your option with – farewell

Halt the bursting before it begins

Options relinquish their right to wail

To feel the soreness of unrequited affection

Sleeping in a den of autumn leaves

Holding onto a dried out season

“You are only an alternative, don’t ever forget that”,  
he said.

**Muses & Deadly Vices X**

Often we neglect to appreciate the beauty of a  
moment

Our minds live ahead of our lives

Forgetting that the present is also blissful

We cast our hearts away to eternal dark

We trim down loves' wings before it takes flight

We nest with terror in the same vicinity

Acting like passion taught you broken vows

Like it fed you boarders of men who know nothing  
about love

Men that would never offer their suffering as a  
sacrifice

Willingly burn it at heavens alter

They would rather nurture it and play the victim

It's never them but that is how the game of thrones is  
played

Gory break-ups being the resolution

When will love be part of the revolution?

Are we not supposed to be the best part about  
evolution?

Manufacturers of solutions

I wish these words would heal lifelong haemorrhages  
that also don't know what to do with the power that's  
being handed to them

**Summoned to Love – Bound by Eternity**

Abrupt awakening by the sun

Sluggishly opening your eyes

To find layers of sheets and sunshine positioned next  
to you

The brightness of an empty bedside greeting you

Fragrance of aloneness caressing your skin

Surrounded by a calming quiet – you smile

It is a lovely day to pamper yourself with  
unconditional love

The beginning of forever...

**Summoned to Love – Bound by Eternity II**

We are woven from stardust tapestry

Wrapped in infinity written in your iris

This love algorithm is in perfect alignment with  
Orion's belt tonight

Our passion whispering lullabies to the keepers of the  
sky

Running into a forest of uncertainty blind folded  
When the desire to give into love whole hearted holds  
your hand

When a heartbeat guides you to link to forever

Panic is a mere dust particle

So I'll bask in your marvelous smile endlessly and  
always my sweet

**Summoned to Love – Bound by Eternity III**

Jazz was meant to implore the despair from whence it  
came

I found him between silky guitar strings

Emotion filled saxophone notes serenading the room

How he breathed life into that stage

How the tectonic plates in my heart shifted to line up  
to the repairing blues his heart sang

I have never been the kind that believed in love at  
first sight

Always had my nose lost in fairytale books

Searching for my prince charming in enthralling pages

Forgetting to live and daring to love with all that I am  
& will ever be

Yet there he stood, my jazz man

A passion written in ancient scrolls

The beginning of music thumping in my heart

Bosom swelling into a contagious excitement

The crowd loudly applauding

Lost in a trance of a vision such as yourself

Him a creature of melody moving

Love at first sight must be real

**Summoned to Love – Bound by Eternity IV**

Thread stitching together wrecked scars

How will the light seep in healing?

Peeling off pain ridden shadows

When you are an elastic wall

Allow cherubs' touch to restore all that knows  
obscurity inside you

Allow love to pacify all that longs to deteriorate

Allow the oasis in the depths of oceans to cleanse  
your cries

Purify the darkness that knows no boundaries

Allow compassion to sanctify you

Choose love over everything else

For you shall know boundless harmony

**Summoned to Love - Bound by Eternity V**

Sobriety

Every addiction is lethal and sinful

Can love be a fatal drug?

Even when administered at just the right dose

Is it unlawful for lovers to never want to be sober?

To fade into each other like today is all the life that's  
survived

To never want to feel the coldness of distance  
between bridges

It gets harder to be aligned with breath without each  
other

It gets harder to visualize a life without summer or  
the beginning of spring

When magnificence is mirrored right beside you

Is it lunacy when your lover's limbs are your asylum?

Love is the rehabilitation for all our mental and  
emotional ills

You cannot blame lovers for being love sick

It's therapeutic

**Summoned to Love – Bound by Eternity VI**

Exhaling soreness

I have been much happier

With love in my heart

**Summoned to Love – Bound by Eternity VII**

Summer magic-

In her magnificent eyes

Compassion filled

**Summoned to Love – Bound by Eternity VIII**

Dreaming

Resting peacefully tonight

Love awaken her

**Summoned to Love – Bound by Eternity IX**

Moonlight picnic

Shadows lean to each other

Kissing

**Summoned to Love – Bound by Eternity X**

Affection sea deep

Swimming in immortal

Consideration

**Front Porch View**

Saffron dusk -

On the horizon

Sun setting

**Things that Love to Burn**

Red flower

Brings pleasure to a –

Pyromaniac's eyes

## **Globetrotting**

Traveller –

Boarding onto aeroplane

Soul searching

**Framed Poetry**

Dipping paintbrush in –

Kaleidoscopic palette

A lovely painting

**Magnetising Self towards Self**

Meditating

On green dewy grass

Brings tranquillity

**Earth Whisperer**

Earth aroma divine

Rain anoints heaven-body

Cannot stand the cold

**Your Eyes**

Your iris emulates dilapidated pledges

Like flimsy wallpaper

Falling apart

## **Chemistry of Endearment**

The philosophy of affection

Leaves the heart ravenous

For tangible chemistry

**She**

His dark soul is the poison that fills her capillaries with  
unconditional love

She's addicted to a love that leaves her black and  
blue every time she plays with its flame

A love that yoyo's her

And it hurts like hell to cut her a slice of bleeding  
cloud nine

Then leave her for his next adrenaline fix

It hurts like hell being a mistress for stormy days,

Only good enough as a shot of morphine

It burns like acid feasting on skin reserving space for  
a man,

That is too good to ever love a demon like her

## **Changing Seasons**

Vaccinate her so she can be immune to the colors of  
gloom autumn promises

Scope a handful of sunshine bottle it up for rainy days

When the summer sun no longer lays a gentle kiss on  
her skin

The winter reverberating a savage sadness within her

Promise to keep the potion of merriment

To brighten her days like the sound of children playing  
in the frosty snow

So she can always know that in the globe of her heart  
it's only joy that will keep her warm

Conjuring bountiful endearment

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### **Author's Note**

We are constantly going through ever changing emotional states, which most of us do not know how to handle. As humans we find things to substitute for dealing with our feelings. For most these things become addictive. Through writing poems about vices and love, I hope these words will help you know that you are not alone & will help you heal.

### **Other Books by the Author**

She is currently working on her second book.

### **Connect with Me**

I am thankful for you reading my book, my contact information/social media handles:

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