

Sean's Poetry Collection

*“Welcome to the labyrinth of which
I'm the miserable minotaur.
Make the only right choice that's left:
enter and become the matador.”*

Taken from [“To slay the beast”](#) by Sean Nel



Sean Nel is a young poet with outstanding talent and a sense of humor.

His work includes deep, emotional verse as well as wacky fun poems. An absolute pleasure to read!

We are currently looking at the option of publishing a collection of his poetry in book form.

Here's just a few of his poems.

You can also find him on Facebook.

To slay the beast

28/04/2008

Naked creatures of night's harlot
dazzlingly draped with sin's scarlet
come to roll in the red carpet.

Sacred candle animates silhouette
of a felonious presence unlit.
Feel spiders nest in your hair,
eel slithering between your legs.

Batty whispers echo disquietingly
trapped in between claustrophobic caverns
rippling with slippery creeping algae,
aqueous avenues and dripping Mandarin.

Welcome to the labyrinth of which
I'm the miserable minotaur.
Make the only right choice that's left:
enter and become the matador.

Gift box

27/10/2009

Your love has been a gift, grandmama,
a great big bulky box wrapped in arms
and tied together with wrinkled hugs.
You kept your smile preserved in a jar
and all your children's baby teeth in jugs.

You ruled the kitchen with an iron glove,
you taught us how to bake with sugar and love.
You would complain how this and that would swell
and show us all the smarties that you have
to take and tell us nothing beats Tee-Jel.

I found you in an old medicine box
in the garage, left there in the dark,
a dusty brown box, there to remain
until the day I see you again.

A vagrant's vanity

13/04/2008

The air here is heavy with
the alleyway's ashy death;
His lips chapped and bleeding:
on garbage he's been feeding.

Suicidal holy Jews
stoked the fire with old news,
thirsting the eternal flood,
eating of His flesh and blood.

He begs us for change humbly
at the great gates of His house,
our hearts turn away proudly
to pay the ultimate price.

Good day to die

22/09/2008 * 13/06/2009

It's a beautiful day.
Not a cloud in the sky,
not a colourless ray,
it's a good day to die.
It's a cool day, not a cold one.
It's a good day to be a bold one.
I didn't know why today
was a good time to pray.

Was a good day to fly.
Was a good way to die.

Please Note:

These were just a few of Sean's poems (some of my personal favourites).

We are currently looking at the option of publishing a collection of his poetry in book format.

Please email Tiamari at email@tiamari.com regarding enquiries or even suggestions.