



Caption: Cover art designed by Ntsika Cele, Artention Production.

I'm Ntsika Cele. Raised by a God fearing father and a God loving mother. I'm 23 years old. I'm younger than my age; my natural reflex is to respond with a teenage number when people ask how old I am. I spend a lot of time by myself and with my thoughts so I can say I have a healthy relationship with myself. I know most of my shortcomings, my thought process and most importantly I love myself. Despite all of that I still care about what people think of me; my position, my stature and my notoriety are important aspect of my life. I like comfort, not in a lazy way but in a manner in which I can live out my dreams without having to ask for permission. I'm generally a happy and optimistic person even though I have no right to be. Underachieving is my worst fear. The feeling of not being good enough has haunted me since I first laid my eyes on my father. A modern David and Solomon relationship, except that I'm the only one who thinks I'm wise.

In an attempt to push myself I decided to collect a few of my original poetry pieces along with some commentary. In this 1<sup>st</sup> volume I'm giving you a window to the mind of a young black man in the 21st century trying to figure life out. There are plenty of avenues to be creative in but unfortunately society doesn't respect art as much anymore. Any feedback or/and support in any way would be highly appreciated.

Disclaimer: This is not for your entertainment. Most of these pieces are written for performance sake therefore may seem grammatically incorrect.

## LONELY WORDS

Sometimes I look at my pen and pad and think, poetry is all I have.

Nobody understands my words nobody can put it all together, nobody gets the bigger picture, so I write it down and draw the cracks of my life. From overdosing on rock bottom to feeding my niece a milk bottle, this is my story and I have nobody to share with so I put them all on this blank canvas.

But you all don't hear me right.

I communicate with these unrehearsed speeches, I write with these broken pieces, I make a collage of life, I piece together my life and I give you these works of art, hoping that you'll find ways to my heart and when you do find me I pray that you won't depart. But you still don't read between the lines, the space and the distance. I'm tired of all this space and distance so I write until these blank spaces are filled with feelings even though the metaphors lose meaning, the similes look different and the rhymes seem distant I know that they're still there for me because all I ever wanted was for someone to be there, all I wanted was for someone to be there, all I ever wanted was for someone to be there - for me.

You see, you don't have to understand the words but I just want you to give me your word that you'll be there, just be there.

But you all still don't hear me right.

I would rather sin to have someone to confess to, I would rather hurt myself so that someone I can take care of me and I would rather get locked up so that someone may look after me because I need someone because these words and sentences are starting to kill me. So for once please; preacher don't preach, doctor don't heal and police show no justice. Stop doing your jobs like robots, just stop and go follow your hearts; preacher speak to me, doctor fix my heart and policeman set me free from this lonely prison.

Maybe it's my fault, maybe I think I'm right because I write, maybe I'm too deep in thought to see the shallowness in my own heart, too deep in thought to see the hope in life, too busy being conscious to realize that I have lost consciousness and I'm living in a coma because consciousness is the neighbour of loneliness.

God, I hear you.

## TEARS OF LONELINESS

Like sands through the hour glass so are the days of our lives.

This pain feels like being the last kid being picked up in pre-school, being the only kid walking home after school, being the only kid still in school when everybody else has left school.

This pain feels like regret; the feeling of would've, should've, could've, but you didn't so now you are wishing, dreaming, missing.

This pain feels like drowning; holding on to hopelessness, suffering from breathlessness, body flooded and heartbroken. Dying from carelessness, turning blue from feeling blue and your tears only add to the misery, drowning in your sorrows - what a tragic irony.

This pain feels like virginity; neglected, disrespected, violated - broken - pieces of complete that can never be fixed. No longer whole just a feeling of a hole in your soul, and they say it's a stepping stone but all you feel is just pain of the stones, alone.

This pain is like old times; expired watches that are just good for looks, and have less purpose than penniless purses and resurrect more unresolved feelings than body-less hearses.

This pain is loneliness; looking the devil eye to eye for an idle mind is a devil's playground as he plays tricks on your mind. Watching merry people go around, while your roller-coaster life never goes up just upside down, so you're always feeling down, looking down, wishing you were underground, so you go ahead and wrap your head around, take a leap of faithlessness and hang in shame.

But don't.

Instead, you must take this pain and make it the ink of your pen, write until it seems right, feel until it feels better, cry until you laugh, good times never last, bad times never last, so don't spend time counting the sand in the hour glass, spend time spending time and rejoice while it lasts.

So, wipe away your tears of loneliness and live like there's no audience, and always remember this, Proverbs4:23, your heart is the fountain of your happiness.

## CLOWN

All I want to do is to make you happy. I am no life saver; I can barely swim I drown in my own sorrows. I give the worst advice all my tips are titanic; they will lead you to rock bottom.

I am not my father; I am the shadow of his expectations, a ghost of his decisions, a reality of his omission and an illusion of his dreams and wishes.

I am not a doctor; I cannot detect illness nor can I heal it but I pray that my smile may calm you into a coma, my laugh may jolt you into consciousness, my touch may bring vibrations that will activate your cells and re-energize your organs and maybe my voice may be the key that unlocks your chains in your heart and you may no longer be a victim of cardiac arrest.

I cannot give you money or any of the world's wealth but for you, I'm willing to paint my face white; draw a red smile over my frown, gain knowledge and wear this red nose like a crown, for you I'm willing to be clown. I'll blow balloons and even though your expectations are huge I promise to try fit in all those big-toed shoes.

They say love is colour blind so I promise to love you through all the blue Mondays, the white lies and dark times. They say endurance and fire make the finest of diamonds so I promise to listen, absorb your insults and low blows. I'll practice patients because I know you, we all have to blow steam on certain occasions. I won't hurt you when you're hurt, but I'll never neglect telling you the truth even if it sounds violent because I only aim to kill you with kindness.

I know all these promises sound impossible but love is worth dying for, God knows, love is worth dying for.

## UNBORN

Hey baby. It's me your father - daddy dearest.

I was never one to wish for a daughter, but raising your aunt, melted my heart and I'm overjoyed that I had you.

My baby girl; the apple of my eye the new branch of my family tree.

I know you would have had my smile; dimples from your mother's side, light skinned like how your grandmother is. Speaking of your grandparents, they would have hated the situation that your mother and I were in but they would have let us in, they would have let you in, they love kids, no matter the circumstance babies are blessings. Mistakes happen and I learned my lesson. I'm honoured that it came as a blessing. Oh how I know they would have loved you.

Wassup son? It's me your father - daddy dearest.

How I wish I could've been your hero, you would have been just like me, maybe taller but definitely like me. I'm sure your mother would have tried to keep you away from me cause I was never man enough for her so she wouldn't have wanted another man to be like me. My father would've been happy to have a grandson; all my brother's babies are girls, he would have hated the situation that your mother and I were in but they would have let us in, they would have let you in, they love kids, no matter the circumstance babies are blessings. Oh how I know they would have loved you but we'll never know. Your mother and I were only 1 week old, brand new relationship with no intention of a 2<sup>nd</sup> week anniversary. We schemed and conspired, we let the devil win, we let King Harold win, we put bullet holes in your mother's womb and we celebrated with a drink the morning after.

Thinking of ourselves - so selfish.

Cold-hearted - we killed our offspring.

You were so helpless, you were so helpless. Even though this sounds like a lovely poem inside this is my prayer, my apology to you, may your soul rest in peace.

## THIS WHOLE

I'm stuck in this hole, alone - hopefully.

The interior is dark; with slippery walls and the surface is lush with grains of grass. With quick jerks I try springboard myself out but I always find myself deeper, deeper, in this hole. The harder I try to come out the deeper I dig myself in, I feel my veins trying to escape my body as they rise to surface, while I'm mentally trying to rise to the occasion, I begin to blame my black roots because I'm too big, I'm sure I'd be able to slip out if I was Caucasian. The thrill of it all is so amazing; screeching sounds accompany every motion like 5000 lights bulbs breaking, yet I feel light headed, like I've been illuminated. Re-invigorated by this light headed feeling I believe I can make it out, I'm sure, I'm almost there, the walls begin to close on me. Warmth, comfort and fear all begin to adorn me.

I'm so deep I feel the waters under the earth begin to squirt, in my attempt to come out I come in – deep. And I lay there defeated, buried, deep, head in the ground. I hear the echoes of my name somewhere above the surface, fists clenched, head hung low like I'm ashamed - feeling no shame, powerless, energy-less, with scratches on my back like trails of snails. I lay there defeated, buried, deep, head in the ground. My mind escapes to a world where Mars and Pluto collided with fire and ice. Where rainbows flow like waterfalls, lions mate with unicorns but as quickly as that vision came it's snatched away and I feel darkness and mortally begin to embrace this place. I lay there defeated, buried, deep, head in the ground.

Cold; now I have regrets, mad at myself for having fallen into this trap, this hole, this hole, this hole, that has swallowed my mind, body and soul - whole. The lack of escape makes me doubt my own faith, wondering if this is the place where we go to when we fall from grace. This hole that has claimed so many; all the boys that have tried to be men, all the men who tried to be more than friends, and all the friends that wanted a new experience. But we have to be stronger men, mind over matter, there's no way a man can be defeated by this pink matter. As I begin to come up something else comes up. I feel my body stiffen up again, I slip, and I fall in once again.

I'm stuck in the hole, alone. I'm stuck in this hole, alone - hopefully.

## SCHIZOPHRENIADDICT

My eyes frantically search my brain looking for something broken.  
I'm in need of a quick fix.  
I'm looking for a drop of imagination to tap into and to get high off.

Interior: I'm a mule enslaved to this addiction.  
Exterior: I'm a victor seated on my high horse.  
I'm designed differently. I desire differently.

I haven't slept lately.  
My posture is still perfect. I'm still standing tall. I can't see good but I look good so there's no need to doubt me when I tell you that I am good.

Interior: I'm in shambles; shackled in shame - I'm a prisoner of my own pride.  
Exterior: I'm a leader - a lion. I'm the alpha male - the king of my own pride.  
I'm designed differently. I desire addiction.

It gets worse when I feel better and it's easier when I'm depressed.  
Temptation makes happiness feel like a burden.

Interior: I'm a patient in a coma, I can't speak, I'm asleep and I see no hope.  
Exterior: I'm patient. I speak first and I speak last. I close my eyes and pray so I'm always composed and my eyes are resting place of hope.

Two people in one mind.  
Too many people in my mind.



## EYES CLOSED

Can I live with my eyes closed? In the land of darkness and shadows?  
Shadows for you, but light for me because the shadows come alive and I can see.  
See in the depths of my vision I can see Him. Him who lit up the world with just the  
sound of his voice.

He who created creation and created me so I can create this creation. He who gave me  
this gift as a present so I can stand here in the present and present this presentation so  
that hopefully one day you can also be in His presence.

With my eyes closed I see the wings on an angel glistening like morning dew.  
And His Son comes up and like how the sun comes up when morning is due.  
And He conversates with me! Me; the sinner, the Christian beginner, the person who  
chooses to find comfort in sin during winter, me!

See with my eyes closed I can feel the angel's aura and its righteousness glowing  
outside of its body like a favourable aroma.

The visions I see with my eyes closed can make a drunk man sober, make a loyal  
husband out of an adulterer, would make Cain a better brother, and they would make  
you want to stand in front of the biggest mountain and say "in Jesus' name please  
move over."

Cause with my eyes closed I can see what no man can see, visions and images that  
God has instilled in me.

The visions I see flood my senses, I see what he allows me to see, I call them Post  
Human Dreams or rather PhD's, and if you put that words together you get prophecies.  
With my eyes closed I feel closer to him, but I open eyes because He gave me a vision  
for mission.

As I open my eyes the sun disturbs my vision of Him like dark clouds. The light takes  
over my dark thoughts like the white man back in the apartheid, and I can see the white  
lies that I despise, I feel the lust bursting through my eyes, attracted to it like the water is  
to the moon during high tide, all these feelings come alive, and my eyes are immersed  
on washed down humans like the day I was baptized. So I close my eyes and pray:  
"God give me your vision; let me see your people like you see them. Don't let me be a  
judge rather a witness."

Even though I can't see you, I want to be you and even though I can't feel you I want to  
touch you, touch all the people that you touched, heal the same hearts, break the same  
fast, pick the same locks and open the doors to strangers, haters, non-believers,  
adulterers, brothers and sisters even the preachers that preach don't preach that you're  
the Lord and Saviour. Introduce patience to anger, love to pleasure, caution to danger  
and introduce God to every man woman and leader.

Because you see in my vision I was Paul when he was still Saul making the transition –  
blind. I may not know the voice but I know that it's my lords, when other people talk it's  
just noise, these are some of the things I think of with my eyes closed.

## 5 000 PIECES

Dear diary.

You know me.

You keep all my secrets; you have them written across your heart, permanent marks like tattoos.

You know about the time I nearly drowned in the primary school swimming pool, in life there's no shallow end to the things that we go through.

I'm shy and you know that, I try to try but I hold back. I'm insecure, I look in the mirror but never make eye contact - I really don't like myself. I'm too weak, I'm short, my sideburns don't grow, I struggle with mathematics tan, cos and sin, but I dress up so wonderfully nobody ever gets to see the real me.

I'm happy as long as people's heart cease and girlfriends cause a scene when they see me.

But you, you know me.

I pretend to be shallow because I fear drowning in the depth of my sanity.

But you, you know me.

You know that cut that I got on my left eye from the fight I had in grade 1 even since then I haven't seen right. That's sad but that's life because things can change at a blink of an eye.

And I haven't changed much, I've grown up but I'm still the same shy kid that my father put his faith in in 1991. I haven't changed, it's just that these 5000 cuts that I've had have crippled my confidence, battered my ambition and put my faith in a deathbed. I was too shy to ask for help so I covered it all up in arrogance.

Now I'm looking like a cartoon mummy in all white - almost unrecognizable.

The real I buried inside but you can still see the king in me through the windows of my eyes.

# COMMENTARY

## Lonely Words

This was my first complete piece. This poem almost serves as a disclaimer to all those who are interested in knowing me.

Zooming into the 2nd stanza "I communicate with these unrehearsed speeches... I pray that you won't depart." This is the most honest piece I've written in that I completely exposed my insecurity and vulnerability.

"I'm tired of all this space and distance..." Here I was specifically referring to the relationships in my life. I've always felt like I've been the one working extra hard to keep the relationship alive and when I put less effort then the relationships collapse as if I was the only one working on building something.

Stanza 3, no explanation needed, the vulnerability here echoes from an earlier line "I write with these broken pieces..."

"God, I hear you." - When you go through a journey of self-searching and when you investigate your thoughts you get to realize how minute they are.

Life lesson: In hindsight; I realized that no one can completely understand me so I should not put too much pressure on people because I also have a responsibility to communicate my thoughts and feelings to them. Sometimes you are lonely for so long you start thinking people don't want to be with you but they just don't know that you're lonely. They don't know what you're going through. Loneliness can make you a bad communicator. That's why it's so important to talk and keep talking, communication is everything. You're responsible for your own happiness.

## Tears of Loneliness

This was a suicide note turned poem. It includes all the staccato experiences that add to my melancholy; heartbreak, failure in school, sexual activity, missed opportunities and unfilled potential. Proverbs 4:23 was one of the first scripture to resonate with me.

"No longer whole just a feeling of a hole in your soul...alone." Looking at the example like virginity or drinking; people tend to say "the more times you do it, the better it gets" as if those mistakes are stepping stones but in truth they are all hammers vehemently bashing against your soul, not anything to be proud of.

Life lesson(s): Suicide results from isolation (physical, emotional or/and spiritual isolation). Depression forces you to only look down. Being realistic entails looking at all the aspects of life with the same honesty and seriousness as we look at the immediate situation that we currently confronting. Being positive doesn't mean that we should ignore all the negatives but it's understanding there will always be more positives than negatives. Never be down for too long. You always need take time off to mourn, reflect, repent and reassess life but we also need to be conscious enough to recognize the time to move on. Life can change at any moment; if you give up too early you will miss the clearer opportunities.

### **Clown (Face of Love)**

This was inspired by the desire to experience love. My niece, now 8, grew up in front of me and looking at her virgin eyes filled with trust, love and faith nearly brought me to tears. The world has beaten me down and I've fully understood the meaning of the word impossible but in her eyes it doesn't exist. I want to protect that purity. Looking at her innocent eyes filled with loyalty and compassion I couldn't help.

"...and wear this red nose like a crown." Here I'm saying that I'm willing to wear the shame, the silliness and take on all the negatives that comes with making someone happy.

Life Lesson(s): Sacrifice is an important component of love. You can't effectively coexist or compromise with someone else if you don't have healthy amount of sacrifice in you. The more you love someone the more you're willing to sacrifice for them. Loving someone these days is seen as weak but the fact that we have such an array of emotions means that we cannot survive by just merely being "strong." Love can make you seem like a clown but the person(s) you love should be the only person(s) in your audience.

### **Unborn**

I found myself in a party that I should never been to. It was hard to resist the atmosphere of lust and vulnerability. The night went on and drinks were poured and found myself some good company. The night went on; I got along with one of the girls so much so that we coupled up immediately. I had unprotected sex with a girl I just met and we bought a morning after pill the morning after. For weeks I felt guilt free about it. With better understanding of life I learned that the purpose of a morning after pill is not protect but is to destroy. To me the nature of a morning after pill is no different to having an abortion. We didn't know if she was pregnant or not but the thought of having had potentially killed my 1<sup>st</sup> child will forever haunt me.

Life lesson(s): The atmosphere of social gatherings is very strong. The purpose of parties these days is gathering in order to celebrate our lack of inhibitions together and bad decisions are always made in those situations and are only escalated by alcohol and/or other drugs. We risk our health, our lives and our futures - all for the sake of having a "good time." People have one night stands to escape commitment but that one night stand can easily turn into a regret and commitment that you'll have to live with for the rest of your life.

## **This whole**

My ego, wittiness, bravado, vulnerability and ignorance are all on display on this one. This poem encapsulates my fight against addiction (more specifically sex and pornography).

"The lack of escape makes me doubt my own faith, wondering if this is the place where we go to when we fall from grace." Doing something that is against your beliefs, your values and your morals brings an emptiness and despair that can only be healed by ignorance or confession. Committing a blatant sin doesn't just affect you but the people around you. In the case of sex before marriage; your future partner, the state and atmosphere that your children are born and raised in and how you socialize with others. In the last paragraph I focus on the social pressures that exist, "all the boys that have tried to be men" – today's culture encourages teenagers to be sexuality active. "All the men who tried to be more than friends" – male/female friendships are rapidly becoming extinct and taboo due to egos and immoral hearts. "All the friends that wanted a new experience." - we are forever being bombarded with things that we haven't had and the ones that have only advertise the benefits but never mention the consequences and that's how temptation creeps in.

Life lesson(s): Never do anything "just because." Everything is permissible but not everything is beneficial (1 Corin10:23). Sex is an intimate experience. Even though our society has made it a very common act it remains a truly personal and intimate experience. We may ignore the spiritual connection but our ignorance doesn't neither may the experience any better or protect us from the destruction we cause to our souls.

## **Schizophreniaddict**

This poem was designed for addicts by an addict. I wrote this while struggling with pornography. Wrote this while my roommate was sleeping and I was struggling with the thoughts and thirst of fulfilling my addiction. There is always a war going on between the inner man (morals and values) and the outer man (social standards).

"I'm designed differently. I desire differently" we always stress how different we are from other people either as an excuse or escape of responsibility. An addict does the same to convince himself either that he is stronger than the addiction or is not even addicted.

"Temptation makes happiness feel like a burden." Whenever I'm feeling content or happy there seems to be always something (a force of negativity) that comes to disturb that feeling and challenge my faith. I get so tired of temptations causing me to fall/fail that sometimes it just feels easier to just to be average.

Life lesson(s): Pretending hurts. Drop the façade and set yourself free. If you lack internal governance than external governance becomes vital (it would be ideal to have both of course). You never really know the inner struggle of a person. Addiction is a form of obsession and obsession often overwhelms reason. So instead of admitting to

having a problem your mind regards the problem as good thing and then it creates schemes and loopholes so that you can continue getting your “fix” peacefully. That’s why it’s so important to have good people around who know you and with whom you can share everything with.

### **Eyes closed**

As a person who grew up on Christian passed doctrine I always heard of “God” but I never cared much for Him. I had not made a personal decision to find out more about the faith. Fast forward to 2011 I found myself seeking God, decisively and purposefully. I was overwhelmed by a presence that I can only describe as supernatural. I was overwhelmed by feelings and thoughts that were above my own understanding. I wrote most of this piece shortly after the incident. I remember being scared to open my eyes because I was uncertain what and how I would see. I wrote most of this piece shortly after opening my eyes.

“As I open my eyes the sun disturbs my vision of Him like dark clouds.” The irony is that I’m giving light the quality of darkness since darkness is the one that disturbs our vision. The reason for this is because when you have seen perfection and then opening my eyes to the light of the world it seems so dim compared to the awesome I saw.

“My eyes are immersed on washed down humans like the day I was baptized.” Being baptised is a ceremony representing the spiritual cleansing. I was being baptised I was being cleansed but after the baptism the water was running over my face and the people around me looked washed down. In other words when you get cleansed of the world’s standards and beliefs your vision becomes better and you can make better judgment of people character and deeds.

Life Lesson(s): Live with your own conviction. God reveals Himself to us at different times in different ways. Life is not an accident and good and evil do exist. Contrary to popular belief ignoring our spirituality causes more damage than we are led to believe. Control your pride through prayer, stay humble and live the good that you see.

### **5 000 Pieces**

I don’t have a diary, I keep everything locked up and the only time I let it all out is through my writings. The poems that come out of me are mirrors of my heart. After reviewing a couple of my writings I realized that these poetry pieces are my diary. This piece is inspired by other pieces.

“I pretend to be shallow because I fear drowning in the depth of my sanity.” These days it feels like being average, being fake, being ignorant and being emotionless is easier than being real, being true, being a believer of love and perfection. Being a good gets tiring because you always feel alone because there are so many people who don’t believe in good/love/God anymore.

Life Lesson(s): It's all good and well to have some form of diary but it's imperative to share thoughts and troubles with people. Writing may be therapeutic but writing is only half the therapy because the full experience comes from when you talk to someone (friend or family). As much you might hide or let the world bury you in its standards and ideology the real you still remains. So don't let the world bury your dreams, hopes and beliefs while you are still alive.

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