

# **EMOCEANAL**

**BY NTSIKA CELE**

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Ntsika Cele. I'm the last born from a big family from Eastern Cape in rural area called Lukholo near Bizana. I was raised by great parents; a father that was full of wisdom and mother that was an angel. I also lived with my 2 older siblings; my sister who listened to classic RnB (Brandy, Tamia, Celine Dion, Westlife, R Kelly etc) and my older brother who was obsessed with the gangster life. I admired them both. I was a shy quiet child. I would watch and take notes as my siblings went through puberty. I'd see how being a Casanova made my brother feel like then I'd see how my sister reacted as female to intentions of guys. In grade 7 I made a decision when my sister (who was finishing high school at the time) had her heart broken by her boyfriend. It was so painful seeing my sister going through heartbreak. I vowed that I would never be THAT guy...

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

...so the story begins.

# **PART ONE**

# THE BALLAD

I swear I've practiced saying "I love you" a million times in my head, I swear I've reached over and felt you in my bed.

Mom told me that I'm one of a kind so I should be kind to all women. But they don't want me for that very same reason.

Good guys are outdated and bad boys are out – dating.

Even a broken clock is right twice a day - I guess my day hasn't come. I'm tired of being second best I want to be the one. I want a ride or die chick someone I can call my own, I guess if you drive slow you end up in the friend zone.

In this fast food age there no time for home cooked meals, there's no time to spend time and all of that will turn to regret in no time.

All my friends have tied the knot but mine is still undone. I love myself but I wish there was someone else because everyday my excuse for being single becomes a little less valid.

This is straight from the soul. This is a single people ballad. A world filled with millions how can I feel so alone? If you feel this way too then sing along.

Needless to say, high school came! Everything around me evolved. My circle became bigger, my friends started being attracted to girls, girls started to flirt and people started building reputations. We all started scrabbling to be someone; a sportsman, an academic, a player, the music guy and/or anything that made you someone. I thought being someone was it but I soon realized that regardless of whom you were if you getting girls then you would still be a loser. I spent more time with girls but I still didn't feel like doing anything with them. For the longest of time I had spent time with women and if I learned anything from home (and my sister's music) is that women wanted to be respected so I did that exactly. There I was; a young teenager, cute, smart, sporty with girl friends but had no intention of making them my girlfriends. My friends were envious I understood that but I was shocked when I realized that the girls I respected felt offended that I put them in the friend-zone. Women love it when you show that you're attracted to them but as a guy it's hard doing that without objectifying women. It is so hard to see their inner beauty when they show so much outer beauty.

# FOR SALE?

So beautiful. So attractive. You've got my blood pressure rising.

I can see your legs through your skirt, I can see your breasts through your shirt and I can vividly see myself on your lip-gloss.

“Pervert!”

You got me feeling things I've never felt. You walk like you're gliding, you talk like you're singing, you move like a movie – lights, camera, action – ever so elegant. This can't be natural. Your hair is extended and you treat it like you're Samson.

“Men are so weak!”

The way you dress is so tempting, you dress like you are undressing, so exposed I can see everything including your intentions. I'm here looking at your body – window shopping.

“What the...” - I know you want to blame men again but you're the one looking like a mannequin!

Every room you enter turns into a photo-shop. You're shaped like an 8, bosom, bottom, well packed, your presence is a blessing like early Christmas presents and a relief for those who imprisoned in their relationships.

Attractive, yellow like sunflower you attract boys who drive cars with B's; Beamer, Benz and Bentleys.

“I'm not shallow!” – That's true because your deep kisses can make any man feel like he's on top of the world.

And you have to take her to the top of the world and eat at the top restaurants if you want to be on top of this girl.

“It's the 21<sup>st</sup> century; do you think pleasure is free?”

But we all still want to get our hand on her. She's the headline of all the News Cafe's and social networks, she captures attention like how a net works, cause you know; there are plenty of fish in the seas and she's fishing for every fish that's willing to see.

Posing like an angel but advertising the devil's plan. You want men to fall all over you but I don't think you realize that you making us fall into hell too.

High school had me so confused. I need help and (un)fortunately for me I had an experienced older brother to ask advice from. I learned my brothers ways, I listening to his music, I learned the importance of having style, I learned that not caring was attractive and begun being more and more comfortable with girls. I didn't realize that that was the time I lost my innocence. I became notorious for being a ladies" man. All of a sudden I was burdened with "success." The guys' expectations increased with every story, every conversation and every interaction that I had with girls. Then in the midst of becoming "the man" I changed from good to bad and I started drinking. I graduated from mXit kisses to real life kissing, from sexting to having sex, moved from house parties to clubs and back again, moved from one year anniversaries to one night stands ultimately from love to lust from heaven to hell. And just like that I was lost.

# HEAT (LUSSSSSST!)

Me and you in one room is a seismic event waiting to happen. We play it safe like banks; we only show a little interest but we both know there's a lot more in store like clothing stores. You gnash your teeth and breathe deep. I smile to distract you from the devilish look in my eyes. You lick your upper lip - I bite mine. I scratch my head - you caress your thighs. We both smile. I start to sweat and your heart beats out of your chest. We are pawns to our emotions and like chess we checked mate and it's time for this queen to crown this king. We are both thinking "do it!" but we take it slow. We are both thinking about tearing each others clothes and watering them on the floor. We both thirsty and we want to drink in each others foundation but for now we just sipping our pride. I can smell you, not your perfume but your natural scent. I know you're hot but now I can actually feel your heat. My muscles tense up in anticipation, your body softens up in expectations, our lock and it's on.

L U S T

We get close and start a conversation about whatever. Whispering sweet nothing just to advertise our lips. Whispering sweet nothings, laughing at nothing and touching each other unnecessarily. Just like that my hands are on your hips, my mind is on you, you're thinking "do it!" and I'm thinking "I'm doing it!" and just like that we kiss. Like an alcoholics first drink; this feels like home and there's no going back home! My hands on your waist, your hands on my back, no longer speaking with our lips but speaking in tongues like we're in church. My muscles tense up in anticipation, your body softens up in expectation, our bodies lock and it's on.

L U S T

Our passions rise like high tide. You're looking like gold and I'm thinking "you're mine. You're thinking about daddy now that one hell of a pun. Gentle kisses to your neck like the clouds touching the sky. This is where you belong and you feel like home. We move from the door to the wall to the floor like we have no home. We both hesitate, thinking about aborting the mission: ctrl+alt+delete but it's too late because we're out of control so we just alternate: you top then me on next. My muscles tense up in anticipation, your body softens up in expectations, our lock and it's on.

L U S T

I hold on to you, you hold on to me as we both try to hold on to our humanity.

# UNDERCOVER

I cheated on you.

I don't mean to be mean but I'm an honest guy I have to give you the truth I don't want to be a liar and live my life undercover.

I hate myself for cheating on you but I loved every moment of it. Her smile kept calling me in and her body made sure I got the message. Her subtle body language made it loud and clear that she wanted me; next, on and in her. I'm familiar with the art of seduction but her canvas was so abstract.

She gave me hints and tips, she shook her hips and breasts and I paid attention. I know my character has room for improvement but she offered me a room to improve in. She made me feel comfortable; the room was full of sexual tension but the pressure was off, then her clothes went off and the lights went off and just like that it was on.

Our kiss was not like our kisses it was more – I was even more nervous. She whispered sweet nothings with her tongue; she resurrected a part of me, a curiosity that came with puberty and I was enjoying adultery. Her lips tasted like victory, and I wanted more. Her body felt like popularity and I wanted more so just like that I sacrificed my relationship status for my social status. I wanted to be “the man” more than I wanted to be your man.

So sad. Oh well. I'm on mission.

This world is a survival of the fittest it's not my fault you weren't training in pre-season. It's not my fault that you thought you'd get in bed with a predator and expect me to into a vegetarian. I didn't break your heart you let me in, you left your door unlocked and I just played and played my part. All that advice was jus pillow talk, you tried to show me your heart with the lights off, you were still fighting to fit in but you tried to change me – hypocrite. You played your part and I played mine. You wanted to be a star and to bond girl so I had to be James Bond.

Lesson: you have to write your own script if you want a happy ending and we both loved the attention so we picked up the worlds standard and we acted.

And just like that I became the guy I vowed never to be and I didn't even notice. The scariest part was that I was being applauded. I was so distracted by the attention I never even paid attention on who was in my audience. I just loved that I was somebody to so many people that I didn't matter that I was hurting a "few" people.

Time passed, my morals dwindled even more and my (friends") standards increased. I leaped over all the hurdles. I was dubbed the nickname "Game" and I earned it. I still didn't see how bad things had become.

***I was just doing what everybody was doing, it was nothing extreme, I was no player! I was not as bad as my brother was or some of my friends had become. I still called, sent messages and kept in touch with all "my girls." I was a nice guy – idiot!***

Now the defining moment came when I had to settle down and had to choose a queen. Right on queue I met one of the most beautiful of girls I had ever met. She was smart, light skinned, a former beauty queen and she was hard to get. Needless to say I got her. As beautiful as she was she was bitterly insecure and needed reassurance about everything. She submitted and gave herself to me, I was scary but I was her king after all. She ticked ALL boxes; she was good enough to wow the guys and fitted into my lifestyle and she did wonders for my ego.

# USED TO LOVE HER

She was an exotic beauty. She had gold skin with imported hair from Peru, Asia and Brazil. She was a different type of breed; hard headed with the softest skin. Behind that pretty face was a bullet brain that had been shaped by movie clips and magazines. She was a straight talker, sharp shooter and she often shot below the belt like cowboy scenes. She was a different type of breed; she wore crop tops to show off her harvest, her pants were skin tight and her skirts were thigh high.

From low lives to capitalists to fools that don't stop she attracted all types of guys. I was one of those guys. I grew up from a good family raised in a world of bad habits it was easy to pass as a good guy in which such low standards. When I saw her it was lust at first sight! Thoughts started building in my head like an architect. I was thinking 2 stories; her on the ground floor and me on top of her like an attic or letting her stare while I walked up and down her passage until I was out of energy. I had never felt passion like that so I thought she was the one or the closest person to becoming that. So I charmed and harassed until her heart had me under cardiac arrest - love lock down. Any inhibitions she had were gone now so I explored every part of her like my hometown. I wanted all my friends to know about her. I wanted to take pictures every time I was out with her or in her and I loved her with my entire ego!

Time passed but we lived as if the world was ours. I was thinking about her every minute and I knew she wasn't the one but she was a close second. Whenever I was down she knew what to do to get me up. I couldn't give that up. The truth is men love to make women give up with their hands up and legs out and leave them vulnerable. The male ego is the world's deadliest disease that we have yet to find a medical cure for.

I used to love her. I used love against her. I loved the thoughts of her. I was supposed to build her but I let her build my ego. I loved how she submitted. I loved how she pleased me without me having to beg and at the end I never even said thank you. She was a close second and I was never man enough to admit it. I was too selfish to admit that my first love was my own satisfaction.

I loved every minute of my relationship and no one in my kingdom told me anything negative. I had moments where I thought “this is not right” but I looked around and realized that this is what everybody does. Sometimes I would look into her and see that she was not completely happy but she reassured me that she was good. She had also fell victim to world's standard and expectations. With no hope around me God came in and photo-bombed my life. There was no burning bush but He came to me as wisdom. An inner voice I could not ignore. I started debating and arguing with myself.

***I loved her with my entire ego! I cared for her but it was about me and for me. I used her love to cover my insecurities.***

I couldn't sleep for weeks and could no longer enjoy my relationship. I couldn't stand the agony of dating her so I broke up with her.

After my breakup I came to this conclusion...

# RELATION SHEEP

It's tough these days. We are like boats – no, we more like ships. Come to think of it we are more like sheep; following each other to our demise. The titanic against the biggest tips that we get from friends & magazines. We really are relation-SHEEP.

We all want the same thing but for different reasons. We have all had a glimpse of the bigger picture but we all have different pieces. See this love thing has become such a puzzle! I've seen good sisters of different ages nursing their heart; broken, violated by their lack of patience. I'm sure they would have lived longer if they'd never settled. I'm sure they would have gained more if they had waited, but women have been taught to hate weight so they lose it so that they can fit in-to all the conversations and “top 10” lists that are fabricated by brain-dead geniuses that claim to be experts of love and live luxuriously off their fashion sense but they don't get it. That wait was cushion to your heart. If you had waited your heart would have not been broken.

***Ladies: wait is good.***

And I've seen brothers of different ages, stuffed with confused anger; like trying to get wool through the eye of a needle, like trying to play Sudoku with no clue - see guys make the 1<sup>st</sup> move and the truth is we don't know what to do. Mad because no matter how many girlfriends we have we never seem to be satisfied. No matter what combination we use things never add up. Confused between finding “the one” and getting one who's a 10 - so we're always frustrated. Looking over our shoulders for advice or persuasion. Looking at our mothers & looking at Kim Kardashian struggling to find a standard, a balance, a common ground between reality and fantasy.

***Men: The world doesn't only cost you financially but your soul is the entrance fee.***

God said wait, our parents said wait, but we are all tread-milling; running around in the same spot, so impatient, we all trying to lose patients, we are all trying to lose this wait. Running towards relationship like slaves escaping captivity, tired of being whipped by lonely nights, tortured with unsatisfied lust, working day and night trying to find Mr. or Mrs. right so we run - run blindfolded into the nearest safe-house where we empty our hearts and desires. Forgetting that even the safest bank charges. Every transaction has taxes but we are willing to turn a blind eye so that we can see our futures end up the way we planned them. So we escape into each others' lives. We escape into each others' arms. Hand in hand we go. We follow each other to our demise, "till death do us part" how romantic.

The lucky ones trial and error their hearts into marriage. But most trial and error their hearts into a casket because we live in era where love is self-managed. We have self-arranged marriages; the cool chasing the cool, the average chasing the average, the nerds with the nerds. We have the nerve to say love has standards & levels. But purity & sacrifice are the highest level and we are not even close to passing cause we are all cheetahs like we are wearing animal clothing, we so bad that we make it a trend, a fashion statement; ben10s, side niggas, side chicks and side dishes but really we are all just hungry for love and we are *all* hurting. Obsessed with the having the happy ending but it's clear to me that we never knew love from the beginning. It seems that we can't see - the blind are leading the blind in our relationships.

To understand the next part of the story I'll have to go back to 2009. In 2009 I had met an awesome girl by the name of Thuso and she became a love interest. We were close and all of my friends approved of her they had to as she was funny beautiful and as smart as they come. Our relationship was pure. We had a wonderful foundation built on friendship but things changed fast when one day after holidays Thuso came to me shared her testimony of God in her life. Now we had never been spiritual, we were neutralist. That conversation shattered my immoral heart and for the first time in years I wept! Ever since that day I've been growing spiritually. Now fast forward a few years later. After my breakup I took some time to manage (more like control) my spiritual side of life. Months passed without me drinking, going out and being with girls. Opportunities still came for me to date again; beautiful women, popular women but my life and eyes had changed. I saw deeper than the beauty.

# **PART TWO**

# PRETTY GIRL

Pretty girl these pretty boys don't know you - they just want you. They use you, re-use you and still never chose you. They don't want the real you, they just want to reel you in, catch you with your pants down, never let up till you're let down. Pretty girl learn now, they just want you to lap dance and entertain them. Pretty girl these pretty boys don't know you.

They rope you into their lives that are tangled with sex, violence, curses and every scene is filled with sin. They tell you about their high standards so that you feel below par. They tie you up in your insecurities; skin, eyes, ears, lips, breasts and hips. What's the use of holding on to virginity if you can't even hold back your tears? This is what they tell you. They play God so what makes you think they won't play you? Pretty girl these pretty boys don't know you.

Pretty girl these petty girls don't know you. They don't want you, they say they want you but they just want a piece of you, so many pieces of yourself that you no longer even at peace with yourself. I know this sounds cliché but when I see you I see so much. I see a baby girl trapped in the world of peasants trying to be queens and princesses and they would do anything for a prince charming even if it means dropping the standard. I look into your eyes and I want to get you out. I want to reach into your pupils and teach you how to be free. Teach you how to fit in even when your jeans no longer fit. Show you how to make love without having sex. I want to save you from this world. I can help. I can see the girl in you but she's being abused by all these likes, comments, views and reviews. Her life is threatened every time there's a social gathering; killer stares of judgment and envy. We live in an era where we've been taught to make friends with our enemies so we lie to ourselves and become our own worst enemies. Please don't sleep on yourself rather stack your bed up with confidence. That's the only way you can protect the girl in you because pretty girl these petty girls aren't really friends with you and these men don't want the best for you. They just want the best part of you - your fallopian and your arteries. They just want access to the inner you.

Pretty girl don't let them enter you.

Now I started moving from the being the player to being the “deep” guy and I become the church dude. So I found myself feeling alone but luckily for me I found refuge at home. I started spending more time with my family (especially my sister).

# ROSES

I woke up today. With life again. I woke up with a smile. I don't quite remember if I had a dream or not. Maybe I'm still in one. But I have everything to look forward to. Feels like my world is in harmony. I'm done with the whole "no strings attached" attitude - I'm playing a new tune with the strings that I have tied with you. Soul ties. Family ties. Those are the shoes that I'm looking forward to walking into. I've been walking through valley of death. Rock bottom for too long, I've been scared, my faith has been shaken & people have stared but what kept me alive was the bond I have with you. You, yes, I being me has been blessed enough to have another, a YOU.

See today I looked in the mirror and I saw myself in a greener light, a new sunlight, I saw a smile from inside and not in my mind this was similar to an x-ray I could see it deep within my heart. Today I look forward because I remembered that I have a YOU.

And without you I wouldn't be literally half the man I am today. My fashion would be different, my genes would be different, who knows my nose could've been crooked but you told me not to lie and you kept me in shape, you took my wooden heart and turned it into flesh. You are the best & I love you to death. And today I want to honour you.

I've seen you, I've been around you, and I've chilled and sat with you. But I don't think I've ever really showed you gratitude. Maybe I was disturbed and had a low self-esteem because finances have blown my pride, being over budget feels like being underwater - drowning. I no longer attempted to show the cards in my pocket in fear that I might get blackjacked and lose you and your respect. But no more. I'm past 21 it's time to be a man now.

Today I woke up with my smile and I look forward to appreciating you. I'm picking a flower for every cupcake you baked, writing a love letter for every letter of your name and I'll post it on your doorstep. I know I can't enter your beautiful house that your father built because I'm not fit to enter the place where angels live - yet. I've grown up but now I realize how much I've neglected loving you and I've hardly appreciated you. So today I'm going to do something that most guys usually don't do, today I'm buying a bouquet for you. And no they won't come with a card because I'm sure you can read the intentions of my heart from where you are.

Today I woke up with a smile but I really hope that I can pass it on to you and that by night time you may forever rest in peace.

Showing appreciation is an important part of keeping yourself and your spirit healthy. Not just to those who are alive & around but even acknowledging those that had an impact on your life. Of course they weren't perfect but they contribute(d) to shaping your identity. I realized how down I suffered from depression not because my life sucked but people I had too many people sucking my energy. I needed a place where I could also be refilled. It's not a sin give and take love from people but if you don't have a healthy balance you will end up feeding people bitterness.

The more time I spent with my family the more I realized how important family was. I was seeking approval from my friends and girls before my family. The truth was (and is) that my family needed me more than my friends do. How could I love and show love to strangers when I couldn't even do right with my own family? The more I appreciated the women in my life and the more I appreciated the good advice from the old men the more I matured. So with my renewed love and wisdom I came back to the world ready to find love.

# DESERT

Till death do us 'part?

I've been thinking...

How can I consistently love *that* long? I

mean consistency is killing me.

Crushes turn into likes and likes turn into hearts and just after a few months it all falls apart. In the 21st century do we still have access?

Truthfully I feel like a desert.

Born in a salty world that is filled with work. That is designed to suck our souls dry - the water of life.

I've been thinking. What is love?

Love is water - water that waters our souls. It keeps.

Without love we are dry. We become deserted deserts. Without water cacti grow: bitter spiteful emotions. Camels can barely survive. Life is a long journey, a process of progress, slow walks are better than gallops because horses have power but camels have more endurance.

I've been thinking...

We don't know love anymore. We don't have *that* water. We have been in the desert for far too long, so long that movies and songs sell us thirst but all we ever get is vinegar! Dysfunctional love: a bitter resemblance of the truth. They sell us an oasis - a paradise that really doesn't exist. Fabricated waters.

And I've been thinking...

I've had something like love but that must've been only a raindrop. I want the full thing. I want an ocean that rushes through and revives every part in the inside. The world kills every tree that brings fresh oxygen. They turn the clean water into soda. Just look at our leaders - just look at Jesus. Diluting the truth and turn us all to unbelievers.

We can't manufacture THAT water.

Cyber love looks nice, it has all the ticks in its profile; the look, the sound, and the makeup is dope, the eyebrows, the smiles & followed by the fashionable quotes that dress up the profile. But what's love without spirit? That's what makes us different.

Love comes from out spirit and lust is an instinct.

I soon realized that love is rare commodity in the world. It hurt so much to see people hurting so much but enduring because they think that that pain is the only way to love. Dysfunctional relationships – pure poison! The worst part is people can't escape because they don't know any better. Men are “supposed” to be cheaters and women are “supposed” to forgive us. Men are “supposed to be emotionless and women are “supposed” to dress less. And we are all “supposed” to have meaningless sex. Technology for all of its benefit only made the dire situation even worse. The digital generation has fast forwarded the relationship process; we exchanged emotions with emoticons, a friendship with a follow back and money for God.

# THE PLUG

Is it okay for me to feel this vulnerable? Is it okay for me to be okay with being vulnerable?

You say you're there for me but when I reach out you're always too busy for me.

We chat but never talk. You say you understand but you never walk the walk. I know we have a connection but we never have time to connect.

You always have short questions and long stories... long stories that you have never have the time to share... you never have time to share.

Man I hate technology. Long distant feelings and wireless kisses. Without it things would be different things would be different. These things make a difference but these things make us distant.

But here I go again making excuses for your ever present absence.

You need me but say you want me, you use me until you get used to using me and then you leave me until you need a refill of my energy.

You drop hints but you never send a message.

You're weak, a coward, you quit at just a glance of a challenge. You never make a decision so it's always down to me to make a call and on top of that you never call, you can but you never call – why don't you call?

You're too cool to tell the truth, you're ego is so big you're afraid to breakdown and you're so selfish you filter and deny your background. All of this so you can remain picture perfect in centre of attention and on everybody's home screen.

Can't you see how much you hurt me?

Can't you see how much neglect me?

Can't you see that you're selling yourself short by being so selfish?

I want you to be the only one; you make feel like I'm the only one in *this*.

# WANT

What do I want?

I want you to not ask me that question.

I want you to want me without me saying it.

I want your antennas to pick up my frequency; body language, Wi-Fi, soul vibes - I want us to have a strong connection.

I want you to want; want me, want to call, want to text, want to ask questions that are beyond the textbook,

I want you to do your own research, want to bond, want to jump and take a leap of faith.

I want to see how you think and feel about me when I'm not with you.

I want you be free to choose, no influence just you overdosing off the energy that you have for me.

Detach from the world and hook on to the strings that we've attached,

No social networks just follow your heart into calling me your man - your husband.

Now that's a cool status update.

And even if I'm the only one that likes it should be enough.

My attention should be enough.

Actions are the loudest and words are more like airbags,

only used in an emergency to cushion the blow for not having acted right.

So be silent & act out your feelings ---

Mime for me.

So here I am with all this love and positive energy to give and hardly no-one to share it with. I soon realized that (with all respect) people are so lost. Every time I try to show a girl genuine love and friendship she automatically wants us to be in relationship. Every time I try to show a guy a genuine and friendship he feels uncomfortable and too challenged and wants to end our friendship.

I'm not perfect – I'm just trying to be. We all need to be sharp physically, spiritually, emotionally and intellectually. None of the areas can be neglected. (Even though being sharp spiritually leads to the others being strengthened as well).

For a while I took a sabbatical – no dating. I focused on my family and the few friends that I remained that I could have a healthy relationship with. Temptations came as expected; my ego and faith were challenged. Sometimes I failed sometimes I endured but nothing has stifled my growth. Having good hobbies also helps. Lucky for me I've been blessed with words so I write music, books and poetry. As much swimming in one of my favourite things to do; the beach is one of my favourite places to be.

# EMOCEANAL

The ocean is one of the most beautiful sights my eyes have seen. Its magnitude is magnificent. It's majestic. Its peaceful powerful terrifying qualities make it something so beautiful. It has the beauty of a rose - the waves are just thorns. Underneath the thorns is a bed of precious creatures and priceless stones. Fish of different natures. Each kind is essential for the life of the other, an ecosystem we as society has yet to fully appreciate. Sharks, whales, dolphins and small fish all in one place but they still co-exist.

Even with all of that in its belly the ocean still yearns for more. It still yearns for more. Something greater. During high tide we are all exposed to a great love. The ocean & the sky. The reflection of pure heart(s). The moon calls the ocean by its name, appeals to its nature and the ocean comes running every time!

Waves on waves. The ocean uses all of its force and extends itself to reach the heavens. It lifts its hands in praise. It stretches its hands to the heavens.

Every high tide without fail the ocean attempts to kiss its lover. A deep passion that drives it from within. Power from within. You can even see the moon's reflection within. And even though the earth tries to hold the ocean back it even unearths the earth in an attempt to return home. The greatest love that man can know. And I was there by the shore. Content with likes and crushes. Content with a life without sacrifice and a life with borders.

What I saw was a love that shapes borders, a love that breaks boulders, a love that pushes back opponents and I saw that love is characterized by endurance. A love that is so powerful it can hurt but it chooses to heal with the same touch, a gentle love that can still move a message in a bottle and ship it home to its loved one(s).

That relationship had me thinking about my relationships. My words are the waves; they can be sharp but if they are gentle they can heal hearts. My feelings and emotions are the fish: colourful, powerful, multiple but there's order in their chaos. The moon is heaven; my home, God.

When last did I last push the boundaries? When last did I crush the enemies that stand in the way of my return home? When was I last secure in who I was? My power is not in my body but it is in my existence, in my spirit – my soul.

I've been waving to the wrong crowd, entertaining the wrong crowd, letting them surfboard me for their own entertainment hoping that they would love me but what have I been gaining? Just an ocean of tears in my heart because I've been in love with people who could not even understand the depth of my heart. I've been holding my love back because I've been scared to flood their fragile shallow hearts but no more. From today forth I'm shooting for the stars, today on I will be in high tide, fighting spiritual wars, breaking down mental walls and even the odds will be turned on. Today I march on to the journey of love.

Noah was a man of faith. That man was faithful. He was at stage of life (mature) where God was the only person in his audience. People laughed and mocked him for years on the choice he made just because they couldn't see it. He chose to believe that perfection truly does exist. He wore his heart on his sleeve and he was not afraid of rolling up his sleeves and working for what he knew was his.

# MESSAGE IN THE BOTTLE

I'm not giving up on you I'm just to give this to you. I just leave it her because I haven't met anyone I can give this to and I hope it gets to you.

I've been waiting for so long I started to ask myself who am I doing this for? I've heard so many being unfaithful I'm just beginning to think one of them is you - I hope that isn't you. I hope you're not the main event in these clubs, I hope you're not the one they brag about, I hope you're not the one that's selling something priceless for a bottle of Moët.

I hope you're the one that's hated cause you chose God's Spirit over alcohol spirits, I hope you prefer soul food over fast food, I hope all your naked pictures are saved for mental cameras after marriage, I hope your past is filled with lessons instead of baggage but I too have 2 shoulders; one of dry your tears and the other to carry your luggage.

It's so ironic how I've been drinking like there's message in the bottle but now I'm putting message in this bottle. I'm sorry, I've been stressing, the pressure of waiting is sickening and these pills haven't been healing me. The likes and comments used numb the pain but now they just add to the misery. A 100 likes don't feel like they used to anymore, crushes aren't as exciting anymore and all the attention has become a distraction.

I need you here, now, this is an emergency. I feel myself drowning in the depth of my emotions. I saved all this energy for you. I've saved so many bouquets I'm starting to look like a grave. I can't move on because this rollercoaster ride is made for two – I need you.

S.O.S; if you read this message come and save me - soon.

The hardest part about relationships is that they are so easy to get into. You don't need any paperwork. You don't need any proof of residence I mean people get into relationships without an identity how crazy is that? Sometimes I wonder how Noah did it. It took 100 years of his life and invested it all in one relationship, a ship so strong that it could carry and save the whole world. The ride was a challenge on its own; we all suffer the temptation, the storms and the waves that we in our relationship but one thing we don't do is spend enough time building the right ship. That's why we end on shore no longer sure about love because our heart(s) always end up shipwrecked. We don't spend enough time building ourselves, investing in ourselves, not just financially or even intellectually but spiritually and emotionally. Understand yourself, clean yourself up, in the areas that you can – fix yourself and push yourself.

# ALTAR CALL

I know they usually go down on one knee but for you I'll go down on two because I've been praying and in my prayers God's been telling me about you.

Flesh of my flesh...

I used to feel robbed because a rib was ripped from cartilage, I was reshaped, re-figured and transfigured into a human figure and there you were – a woman. My respiratory system was shut down and I was fast asleep when you were brought forth from my sleep, a dream come true. Now my new dream is climaxing with you, side by side, faces towards God, focused on love, you throw away what is of the world and you leave what it ours. And every woman will want a pierces and chance to grab what we have. No ulterior motives, just altar motives, down on both knees – yes I'm proposing.

Flesh of my flesh...

Born as two bodies, but one day we'll become one and we'll make one. Only at the right time, on God's time, and that time has come but don't be alarmed. I come unarmed just arms that will gift wrap you for a lifetime. My shoulders will be a tissue for your tears, a pillow for you to sleep on, a wall for you to lean on and refuge when you are struck by fear. No ulterior motives, just altar motives, down on both knees – yes I'm proposing.

Flesh of my flesh...

You're the heir to the sun because your bright smile is unrivalled. The two shall become one you and shall never be un-coupled. Guilty pleasure, you're my crime and for this love „m willing to in for life. This love; turns witches to sandwiches, turns curses into blessings and regrets into lessons. Such ambition; you took your calling and you turned it into a message for everybody to look and you become an example. And even though you're the last one to have a turn you just turn unto Jesus. And He just turned to me and told me to turn into my Mrs. No ulterior motives, just altar motives, down on both knees – yes I'm proposing.

So in 2015 that's me; on a journey to love. I know it's not easy but I'm taking it one day at a time.

# LETS BE FRIENDS

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