

Wonders of an African Teenage Mind.

Afika



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

I hope to challenge the mental stability of ones mind, With this book I hope to express my thoughts, beliefs, emotions regarding certain Topics which perhaps I have wrote about. I hope to bring back hope to those who were once blinded by love and to also achieve a break through manifest for those who are depressed like me.

About the author

I'm an ambitious young poet with a rigid determination to succeed in poetry. I'm from in South Africa, Eastern Cape in Lusikisiki but currently in the Province of Western Cape studying in Cape Peninsula University of Technology for a Diploma in Analytical Chemistry, Yes Chemistry is one of my passions and you know what they say 'always follow your goals'.

summary

FIGHTING MY DEMONS

IF ONLY SCARS HEALED

We are not the Same

FIGHTING MY DEMONS

Someone once told me that monsters don't sleep under our beds,
They sleep inside our heads
So how do you run away from things that are inside your head?
Who do you call to rescue you from your thoughts?
How to switch off suicide or Murderer thoughts?
How to dodge sleepless nights and overthinking?
Just admit it fighting demons is harder than dodging bullets
Yes, I acted like it was not a big deal while it was breaking my heart
Let me tell you about my demons while you telling me about yours
Maybe they'll get along,
Maybe we'll enough to fall in love and leave us alone
Every day is a struggle even when I'm at my best
My Anxiety is always with me and my panic taps me on my shoulders a few times a day
On my good days I can Brush it off
On my bad days I just want to stay in bed
"what are these scars from?" she asked
"They're battle wounds," I replied
She looked at me for a while
"Who are you battling?"
"Never have I ever dealt with anything more difficult than my soul" I replied
She looked at me with her beautiful blue eyes showing sympathy
I knew that she endured my misfortune
I loved her not because she Cared for me but because her Voice could
Silence my demons
Only If she really knew my past she wouldn't even want to sit next to me
But, she can only see our future so she never leaves my side
I stopped fighting my demons we are on the same side now
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IF ONLY SCARS HEALED

I'm not ashamed of the scars life has left me with, they simple mean that
I'm stronger than whatever tried to hurt me
They are not just scars, they are a reminder of a war I won
These are not just scars, they give me hope and tell me that I will
Pass these terrible times just like how I did before
These are not just scars, they are a reminder of me in the Army and all our struggles as a
Battalion trying to protect this country
If only scars healed maybe I might forget everything and live peaceful with not thinking of all
The bloodshed and all the friends I lost during war

If only scars really healed maybe I might be in a paradise and not whining over the loved
Ones I lost and never buried because I was busy Fighting for my country,
Maybe I should just tell all these sad stories to my parents,
Oh wait I forgot I lost them
And I wasn't at their funeral
The emotional scars of our mistakes will teach us far more than the joy of our success
Maybe my parents are one of the loved ones I never buried due to being at war

These are not just scars, they tell me that I might have won the war for my country but
I lost everything that was mine in that process
I hope that my body can be without blemish so that I can have peaceful sleep with
No nightmares
If only scars healed maybe I might just forget the trauma of the WAR and focus on bettering my life

We are not the Same

Some Woman are blinded by fog
So to them we are just dogs
Some people have thoughts that are lame
The assume that all men are the same
Why are all men called trash?
Don't throw us all in one stash
For those who rape and murder
They should face damnation
For those who carry Knifes
They should get sentenced to life
All men are not the same, it's easy to judge
It's more difficult to understand
Through judging, we separate
Through Understanding, we grow
All men are not the same, we are painted in different colors