

I THINK I'M DEPRESSED

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Introduction

Mental health has become a topic fast growing on the mouths of society; this issue has rapidly taken form into a wildfire we cannot put out. We used to take mental health so lightly as a society, we would even shrug it off as we crassly joked about it, this was until we started seeing the devastating effects of not mindfully learning about it. There is actually a long list of types of mental health issues and illnesses; but at the centre of it all is the widespread endemic and silent killer called DEPRESSION.

Because of what we've associated with weakness, we've become blind to the many clear as day behavioural patterns of depression in modern society. We live in a digital age where we hide behind social media platforms, where we overcompensate positivity and where our voices are drowned by memes.

While we haven't yet put our finger on the causes of depression, we ought to acknowledge that they are likely to be a complex combination

of genetic, biological, environmental and psychosocial factors.

What we've commonly seen happen is people falling into depression because of pressures they put on themselves, letting the opinions and expectations of others weigh strenuously on their shoulders while their happiness takes the backseat.

Depression today has a visible trail of bodies although you may see many smiles dressed up cleanly in the street, behind closed doors deadly addictions are on the rise. More people are resorting to substance abuse to escape their realities even if it is for a moment. Activities that one used to enjoy have become a bore and the excitement of it has faded away, and the world has become rather black and white for the victims of depression, where the colour has been lost from the frame of life.

The reality is that conversations on depression are a prescription of need in the society, but what's sad is that a depressed mind is forever in

a mood of not talking or sharing. “I Think I’m Depressed” is a little insight on what thoughts wonder in a depressed mind, and to help our brothers and sisters we first need to see the world from their view. That is what the book is about, a view of life and the world from a depressed mind’s point of view.

I THINK I'M DEPRESSED

I THINK I'M DEPRESSED

My Smile changed,
Turned into a frown -
For this reason
I think I'm depressed

My jog slowed down,
Turned into a walk -
For this reason
I think I'm depressed

My optimism
Turned into skepticism -
For this reason
I think I'm depressed

My morning excitement
Turned into midday boredom -
For this reason
I think I'm depressed

And yet the main reason
I think I'm depressed
Is because I have to try
And not think I'm depressed

I'M OKAY

I'm okay,
That's my answer
Even though I know
I'm not okay.

I'll be okay,
That's my reply
When they notice
That I'm not okay.

I'm not okay,
That I know
When I'm locked up
All alone.

What to do,
Is what I ask
So I can know
How to be okay.

I want to be okay,
Hence I stress
To the critical point
Where I'm not okay.

Here comes someone
To greet and ask...
And you know,
My answer already is...

BLUR

It used to be clear,
Not as day,
But a destination
One could see from afar.

I'm a blind man
With my eyes wide open,
And the little that's seen
Is all just a blur.

All around me
Is moving so rapidly,
Even my own dreams
Are drifting away without care.

Left to right,
Rotating in all angles -
Only to see a struggle,
A constant daily battle.

Where am I?
Where to?
I don't know anymore,
Or did I even know?

The blur
Is intensifying,
And every passing day
Doesn't feel worth it anymore.

NOT ANYMORE

I go to work,
I get paid,
I said I love this job,
But not anymore.

I go to the market,
I get food,
I used to be hungry,
But not anymore.

I go out,
I drink a bit,
I used to not afford,
But not anymore.

I fit clothing,
Mostly branded,
I used to wear the same rags,
But not anymore.

I talk to people,
A lot of them,
I used to know a few,
But not anymore.

I've achieved this,
And left that,
I used to be just a dreamer,
But not anymore.

I should be smiling,
And yet I'm frowning,
I used to be happy,
But not anymore.

I could be laughing
Without a care in the world
Like I did back then,
Without a dime by my side.
Where I had peace
Despite my empty pockets,
But not anymore.

FEELING ALONE

I shouldn't feel alone,
Not with the love around me,
The many surrounding bodies,
How dare I?!

What's wrong with me?!
Lazing around
With a victim aura
When others too
Face their own issues.

I have no right
To moan like I own,
I was raised in a home
Better than most,
So this feeling
I dare not own.

I shouldn't feel alone,
Unlike many out there
I still have those
To turn to in need.

Yet still
I need to be alone,
Because that's where safest
I best feel.

MY WEARY EYES

My eyes are weary,
I know I'm tired
Beyond exhaustion,
Yet it seems
My body refuses to rest.

My eyes are aching,
I should be sleeping,
Yet my mind is dancing intensely -
Doing the tango
With my optimistic thoughts.

I need to sleep
As my eyes tell me.
I need to work
As my heart tells me.
And yet there's none to do
Replies my mind.

Allow me to sleep
At the very least,
If not to rest my eyes,
Then for me
To rest from this world.

ASK!

Confession,
You'd like to hear that
Wouldn't you?

Don't be ashamed,
After all
It's man's nature
To want to know.

Ask,
Like Carte Blanche does!
And I'll answer,
As smoothly and radically
Like Malema does.

Don't be diplomatic,
Don't be hypocritical.
Current government behaviour

Is at the very least
Of needed attitudes.
Ask boldly
And I'll answer truly.
Yes! I do think about death.

QUICK REFLECTION

To be honest,
Keep your advice
I never asked

Matter of fact
Just shut up,
I'm in no mood to talk

Or better yet,
Get the hell out
I need my space

I know your thoughts,
Rounding off my mood
To the inadequate state
Of ignorant reasoning,
Telling me this is a phase,
A passing phase -
Exactly
What I don't need to hear,
So move along
Before my hands move too quick...

I apologise,
I only realised
Once you've left -
That you were only
Trying to help.

PENITENTIARY

Like an infant,
My sole survival
Is dependent on mercy.

What crime
Have I practiced
In order for my routine
To resemble a penitentiary?

Outside,
There is none to do
But exercise.

Inside,
Little to do
Like sleep.

When will I eat?
When given.

When will I travel?
When told.

What wrong have I committed?

Tell me
So I can correct it -

This punishment
You call my life
Is becoming too great to bare.

WHY HOPE?

What's the point of my hope?

Waking on a daily
Watching a moving world
From my stagnant position

What's the point of my hope?

When all I try
Brings no results
Regardless of my efforts

What's the point of my hope?

Sowing time after time
With my endless struggles
Yet none is there to reap

What's the point of my hope?

My eyes should be shut
For eternity at least
Because this hope in me
Is the real torture

WHAT FUTURE?

The past is painful
Useless the most,
And that's no direction
Even in choice
One can take.

The future
Is not like before,
Where it carried a light
And summoned with ease
An aura of optimism.

The light is dimming,
Becoming smaller,
Fading by the day.
Although we ought to hold on,
Our grip is loosening
Bit by bit.

A blank image
Rests at the centre
Of where our dreams
Used to take a stand.

“Remain optimistic,”
That’s what we’re told.
Yet on a daily,
Death seems to be
The better option.

WHEN SPRING COMES

Before the ice breaks
And the winter is out,
I might die in the cold
Like the jackal outcast
I am.

Perhaps I was slow,
And planted too late,
Thus there's no plough
For this loser to harvest.

Perhaps my seeds
Have died beneath
The hardened ground
Of the lonely winter.

My winter is starving,
Beyond lonely,
Just a little above
A grave with my name.

When the doors open
For opportunities to be ceased,
I might not be there

Like a bastard child
Of a happily married couple.

So before the ice breaks
And the winter is out,
I might die in the cold.

UNWORTHY

Don't for a second
Think I self loaf,
But being an option
Sort of makes me feel
Like the unworthy chap.

At my workplace
When they look rapidly,
Left or right
As if they were crossing,
Sort of makes me feel
Like the low budget crew.

Around my friends
As we confide in each other
And I notice
I'm the last to know,
Sort of makes me feel
Like the un-needed one.

After quality time
With my so-called lover
And later still
She goes to see another,

Sort of makes me feel
Like a time passing toy.

In a world of dreams
Where others achieve
As I tirelessly chase
Without even arms reach,
Sort of makes me feel
Like I need to change my world.

DUALITY

You've got a roof
Above your tiny head,
Standard clothing
On your clean skin,
Food in your belly
Although not always decent.

You should be grateful
They tell me,
As though I wasn't.

I need no reminder
Of the roof above me
I paid for last week,
With my last miraculous dime
That has a debt to it,
And in two weeks time
It's due again.

Two thirds of my clothing
Is for behind closed doors,
And the new strangers
Orbiting my life
Know the two outfits

I look decent in.

I would enjoy
The two meals one gets a day,
If only
They weren't the same
For the past two weeks.

The two sales
I made this week
Paid the two debts
I made last week,
Although two more
Need to be paid this week.

Grateful or ungrateful,
The difference
Between the two
Is debatable among us two -
The judge,
And the frustrated.

THE FORGOTTEN

Don't mean to rush,
Couldn't even by choice,
But as of late
A creeping feeling I carry
That when my patience pays,
I'll already be late.

Leave it to fate,
Heard that one before.
During these hardships,
Wish it had a date
Because my expectancy
Is rather late.

If outcomes had a rate,
Their dependency
Are not from our inputs.
They'd rather come random,
Hence most of us
Feel a bit forsaken.

We never chose our start,
Nor falling behind
In humanity's desperate

Long pursuit to happiness.
Yet we the forgotten,
Are the ones forced to patience.

FUTILE EXERCISE

Judge me further,
At this desperate point
There's little doubt
You can further inflict on me.

All the sour faces
Viewing me as a loser
Are none compared
To the one I see on a daily
In my broken mirror.

Listen to the voices,
The gossiping friendly voices
Sounding mischievous behind me,
And know they're no harsher
Than these carried so strong
Deep inside me.

Don't fake it,
Your respect that it.
It's already been lost,
By me unto myself,
So yours is not needed.

Judge,
It's futile.
There is no lower position
Than the one occupied
By this ambitious loser.

LIQUOR IN THE MORNING

Some liquor in the morning,
With a squeaky ambience
Of depressing music.

Curtains remain closed,
Blocking out the light
Signifying my story.

Considering a bath,
Not to clean up,
But soaking the sorrows instead.

Downing some liquor in the morning,
Not that I afford,
Just some left over wine from a guest.

At the very least
A sober mind
I avoid the most.

Judge me!
It's allowed
And frankly understandable.

After all,
What will you do
That I haven't done to myself?

ALONG THE LINE

Somewhere
Along the line,
I forgot how to pray.
How to call upon
A higher power
To intervene,
Where it seems my strength
Has reached its limits.

Somewhere
Along the line,
I ran out of words.
My tongue seems to cease
In a frequent manner
Not of my choosing,
Where my silent
Stupidity overpowers
My desperate need
To ask for help.

Somewhere
Along the line,
My faith, hope and belief
Disappeared in Houdini fashion.

The consistent failure
Made me lose sight
Of what could be,
And made me focus
On what hasn't.

Somewhere
Along the line,
I lost me.

AND SILENCE CAME

When I was born
My father was happy.
He took care of me,
Not sure what I did,
Thought I was a good offspring
But now we don't talk.

From birth I could pray,
Not quite clearly
But I imagined a response.
Not sure what really happened,
Thought I was a good believer
But now I just can't pray.

I used to play with my father,
Had conversations of laughter.
Yet someday he just left
And never looked back,
He had forgotten me!

Praises of thou
Were louder than doubts,
And someday it went all quiet.
Now when I close my eyes,

It's just black.

DOUBT

What brought about
All this self doubt,
Stacked up so high
In these huge amounts?

It used to be clear,
Back then
When the fear was there
And all we did
Was to prove ourselves,
How worthy we were
Of better than what we had.

The doubt has grown
To a strength of it's own,
Where all we know best,
We seem to not enjoy
As we did before.

Perhaps
Making a true success
Of what I know and love
Equals to my failure,

Continuing into self doubt.

And maybe what I dislike
Will be the successor
Of my self doubt.
Yet achieving happiness
In that manner -
I doubt.

YOUR ADVICE

Shut up!
Just shut up!
I didn't ask,
For your advice that is.

Oh don't you know it all,
Measuring what's mine
With what's yours,
Although what's yours
Isn't so much.

The little you have
Gives you a mouth
To invade my space
As though its a safe place,
Despite it suffering me.

Is it that cheap car,
The apartment,
Or perhaps average salary
That makes you assume
You have a wireless opinion
On my dark life?

Quick is your advice
Telling me to chase
All I can hold in my arms,
Even though
It's my inside
That's a mess.

FENCES

Tried to fix,
But the spanner broke
After trying.
I don't know
What next.

Tears fell,
But I'm grown now,
So I wiped
With onion fingers unfortunately.

At the top of my lungs
I yelled to the outside
Without clear memory
That I fenced them out.

Hence alone I will die,
In the deep sorrows
Of my isolated heart
Kept on a low by failures.

Fences,
They're built to keep some out
Or keep some in.
Yet with me,
It's both it seems.

TRAITOR

Prepare my deathbed,
If the future fails
I have no interest
In heading towards the past
For it bares the same results.

There is no knowledge
Of tomorrow's results,
Nonetheless,
Its uncertainty matters not
To a certain degree
As the fear has its own excitement.

However the past
Bares a deep misery,
A memory of emotions
Too sad to return to.

Throw at me titles,
Synonyms of a traitor,
I'll absorb them all.
But where I'm from,
I seek no return
Whatsoever!

AN ODD BLISS

At odd times,
I meet true freedom
When I'm alone
And the world is silent.

The peaceful ambience
Is not driven by fantasy
Where made images

Prove to be dominant.
It's no lie,
It feels not like it
As it enters the atmosphere
Instantly raising my heart rate.

During these moments
I get to expand a smile,
Looking quite happy,
As tears flow down
My young wrinkled cheeks.

At odd times,
Aggressive ambition
Belongs to me too,

Although memory of failure
Chases it away.

At these blissful moments,
I catch a glimpse of future happiness
Created by fading dreams.

DEPRESSION IS EXPENSIVE

Depression is expensive,
Too luxurious
For it to be for the poor.

It needs you to sulk,
Isolate yourself,
But hunger
Will bring you out.

It wants you to sleep,
Most of the day,
All night long
But hunger
Will make you toss and turn.

It has many reasons
To fix you on your dreams,
Describing them alpha,
But hunger
Will remind you of survival.

Depression is expensive,
Requires an income.
And for the poor
Its a sickness
Too luxurious for their standards.

BURDENED DREAMS

Tortured by ambition,
Got my yearn of wanting
Innocently imprisoned
By the state of lacking.

At this point
My dreams are a burden,
Holistically owning my pain
With their lack of existence.

They're letting go of me
Whilst I hold on
With clear sincerity
That my grip is loosening.

Why the tease?
Give me a taste,
Then leave me hanging
Like bread ready for butter.

There is no much tragedy
In dreams not living.
But the biggest crime
Is being handed a glimpse of possibility

Only to hit a brick wall.

KILL THE PASSION

Passion is a hoax,
Just follow other folks!
Whoever told you
That happiness is the most?

You do
What you have to do,
You live.
Of course
You have to give
Not that much,
Your life at the very least.

You do
What you want to do,
You live
Not for long.
When life is yours,
Expectancy is at the very least.

Let the passion fade,
Although it might drag along
Certain things you treasure,
Like the feeling of being alive.

Being ordinary
Might seem robotic,
But it beats curiosity
That heads depression.

FOOLISH DREAMS

Dreams are costly,
More than money
They cost time.

Time to be with loved ones,
Oh no -
Time to be with a lover,
Creating life long moments
But no -
The little means you get
Are directed to something
That might not even surface.

Dreams are tiring,
They take your all
And require your all,
Only to give a little
For just too long.

Dreams will isolate you,
Then starve you
Leaving but one question -
Is it worth it?

Dreams are for fools!

MOVE ON

Tell my lover,
My few friends
Although they're many

To move on,
Chase life with hope
And for their sake
Not to imitate mine.

Tell them I said;
“Move along
Move so strong
Aim in arms reach
Because if it's too high
And you miss by a bit
Your fall
Will be of death.”

Tell them
To move on without me...

I aimed too high
And missed by a bit.

SILENT CRY

There's a silent cry
In the middle of the night
You might not hear

But I would,
It's too close to me,
Way too close
For my liking

The silent cry
Is just as loud
As a newly born's,
Its just that this one
Is rather internal

I hear it clearly,
Almost daily,
Its no frenzy
Perhaps maybe
Its a sign of some sort -
Of a change of some sort

The silent cry
Is too close to me,
Waiting for change
Because the silent cry
Is me

FANTASY

Not too often,
Certainly not everyday,
Just sometimes
I get to be happy.

When it comes,
The moment of bliss,
And my self-confidence
Or lack there off
Is instantly overshadowed.

I learn to let go,
Or get forced rather
Even for a second,
Of my stumbles
I've labeled permanent

I hate everyday,
But it's days like these
Where the mirror's reflection
Holds a smile too bright
And doesn't feel like reality.

Sad is my addiction
Of consistent dark days,
Leading to me closing my eyes
When brighter days arrive...

And I label them,
FANTASY.

NOT THE AMBITION

Lost in my abilities,
A prayer is said
In desperation more than anything,
That along the way
My ambition isn't lost too.

The passion is there
Although it too
Seems to be fading
With every painful tick
Counting down the tears.

All the scarifies
Were more than the name,
A bit more like a breath
Taken out of me
To build what's out there.

It's madness
When the building material
Is more unseen than the seen
And on the line
Is everything

Should it pass,
Life will be in the built.
Should it not,
Life will be ceased
As I risked it all
In attempts to build.

And lately
The building has stopped,
Life is fading,
I just pray
Not the ambition too.

PRIDE

My pride
Will be the death of me,
Holding it all in
Until my body rots.

A slow death,
Bit by bit,
Chewing me internally
As I smile externally.

“Help”
Should be my cry,
A nod along with
“I’m fine”
Is my reply.

My daylight smile
Has night time tears,
And for years
Being alone
Is all I know.

“Help”
Contradicts my pride,
Or maybe I know
“Help” today
Has public comments.

A LOOK AROUND ME

There's a look
Way too deep
In the caring eyes
Of those around me.

It's silent,
Needs no words
And yet it carries
The loudest of messages.

It might be concern,
Worrying about my well being
And not knowing
How to ask about it.

It might be skepticism,
Constant overthinking
About all I plan
And how it might not workout.

It might be disappointment,
After all,
My deeds have no outcome
Making me thee failure.

There's a look
They give me
That says more
Than they choose to say.

They want to say it
But are too afraid,
Perhaps they too
Don't want to be wrong.

To try like I do
With no end,
So all one can do
Is keep trying

And for that
I get a look,
That sarcastic look
That nearly cared.

These are my surroundings
With a constant look of doubt,
Saying all will be well
Even when they don't believe.

SURROUNDINGS

Surroundings
Will hand you a funny look
When it sort of seems
You don't have the means.

Surroundings
Will gift you a tone
That sounds not too admirable
Of your current position.

Surroundings
Will put forth a questionnaire
Brushing all your ideas
With a paint of their reality.

Surroundings
Will lower your value
Making you a stranger
To your true potential.

Surroundings
Will feed you doubt
Highlighting your obstacles
As your desires dead end.

Surroundings
Will feed your depression,
Thus their opinion
Should never be your facts.

MISERY ON SCREEN

I'm no media personnel,
Yet still so,
This social media
Draws quite a heavy toll
On my mental stability.

It shows my peers,
Although most I don't know,
Getting more in this life
Than useless little me.

It's public knowledge
That some are fake,
Some are pretending,
Posing to possess more
Than they actually have.

They all take time
To take multiple snaps,
Showing off a rehearsed still
As though it were a moment captured.

They flash a lifestyle
Majority don't have,
But my agony is;
What they brag about,
I hope to someday attain.

MY IDOLS

Images of my idols
Are roaming my head,
And here I'm stuck
Wondering with intense curiosity
If my path is like theirs.

My stance
Of standing on the edge,
Being ready to jump
Is being held back
By the thoughts of my idols.

I'm scared
Of turning out differently
Than my intention,
And so the alternative
Is a grave instead.

They haunt me on a daily,
Make me shiver in summer,
And blaming this epilepsy
On the images of my idols
As I mock my position
Instead of pulling up to theirs.

NOT MY DREAMS

The worn clothes
Making all look down
As I pass by
I do not mind

The broken gadgets
Making me limp
In this fast world
I do not mind

The empty cupboards
And the empty cold box
Leaving my stomach growling
I do not mind

The living space
Small as it is
Limiting my legs
I do not mind

The empty pockets
Narrowing my view
On the desired purchases
I do not mind

Just not my dreams
Fading with my life
In my stagnant position -
That I do mind!

ON A CLIFF

On a cliff
Is where I stand,
At the bottom
On the hard surface
Is where my name lays.

My stare is fixed
With a passion to the ground,
Like a magnet on metal.
That's the pull
Suicide has on me.

I've walked to the edge,
Miles and miles
Conquering the many obstacles
That lay behind me,
And yet I've reached the edge.

They don't know,
And so they advice;
Fly superstar fly -
And yet I'm no superstar!
I'm only human
With no wings on my back.

On the edge of a cliff
Is where I stand,
Ready to jump...
But before I do,
With my last breath of hope
I ask

For my once in a lifetime miracle,
Everyone gets before they jump.

ALIVE

I don't feel alive,
But here I am
Breathing and blinking
Like my peers are doing.
Years have gone by,
And I still feel like
I'm yet to live.

A smile
I easily return,
A laughter
I gift to others,
But alone in my presence
Neither seems to exist.

Worthless and meaningless,
Life is to me.
Am I not allowed,
Even by a glimpse,
To know what happiness means -
To live freely
With no worry of means?

A tiny portion
Is all I ask,
For me to know
The feeling of being alive.

A CALL FOR MY CLEANSING

Mother,
I'm not too sure,
But I'd like to think
I'm in desperate need
Of a cleansing.

What kind?
Baffles me...
My belief you see,
Is no longer as strong
As you raised it to be.

A baptism might not work,
It would be a second,
Unlike the first
It faces my clever mind
Questioning from A to Z,
Asking what's that?!

Should we alter
To my traditional roots,
When I spent
The better half
Of my past few years
Questioning them?

I need a cleansing mama,
More spiritual than physical.

All I see,
Touch
And feel
Is all misery.

Perhaps the solution
Might lie
In what we both can't see,
Demanding much from my ego.

DESPERATE HOPE

Been in this desert
For way too long,
The energy I had
Or the little that's left
Is fading rather fast.

It was said
It would be tough,
Crossing no man's land
Requires a bit more
Than man himself.

Packed all I could,
Although I had little -
The supplies I took
I thought would be enough
For the journey ahead.

They've all ran out,
I can't walk, I'm crawling -
My throat is so dry
Even when I ask for help
It falls on deaf ears.

Before my arms too
Lose the bit of strength
That's in them,
I desperately hope
For an oasis close ahead.

BACK AND FORTH

Back and forth,
Back and forth,
I've been playing around
The wicked idea
Of my victory or death.

It's like a game
Yet it's not a game.
Sometimes I'm serious,
Sometimes I'm not.

I've dwelled too long
In the areas of dark,
And the light behind,
It too has lost its spark.

Back and forth,
Back and forth,
Like a pendulum
My questionnaire never ends.

Back and forth
Is how it seems to work.
Could it mean
Going back this long
Will be worth the forth?

SOMETIMES I TALK

Sometimes I talk
With no clear solution
To my endless problems,
But later feel a bit better

At times I moan
About the walls I've hit
In all my innocent attempts,
But later feel a bit better

Lately I nag
The deserted favour
Of the higher power
Or even go deeper
And question its existence,
But still later
I feel a bit better

I should
But I don't,
When I do
My shouldn't(s) fade,
Hence sometimes I talk
Because deep down I know
I will feel better

SOMETIMES

Beneath it all,
The sinkhole misery,
The in depth shame -
Under it all,
There's a tiny sense of belief.

Not all days are dark,
Just sometimes
And not always,
A little optimism
Finds its way
Within my dusty perimeter.

I know gloom,
Its dominant feel
And recurrent behaviour.

I know emptiness,
A hollow majority
Dominating my body.

I know the dark,
Walking with no sight,
None to hold on to
Like the hopeless.

Yet sometimes,
Just sometimes,
There's a little light.

REMEMBER TO BE SAD

The morning was warm
With a beautiful sunrise
And yet later on
I remembered to be sad.

The people were friendly
With welcoming greetings
And yet later on
I remembered to be sad.

A smile they gave
From one ear to the other
And yet later on
I remembered to be sad.

No really,
The joke was damn good,
It had me in stitches
And yet later on
I remembered to be sad.

Thank you for the news,
They were good indeed
And later on
When I'm sad
I hope to remember
The little light
That still visits in dark times

KEEP ME IN MY DREAMS

Don't trap me
Out of my lively dreams,
I'm not afraid of pain,
But that kind
No man deserves.

Cuff me in my ambition,
Imprison me in a maximum
Reality of my dreams,
I'll soak up the burdens
When we cross the road.

I've seen the many tricks
Of high hope disappointment,
Hence this time around
A different kind of surprise
Is all I ask for.

Excuse my desperation,
It lacks composed class.
It's at a time of failure
Where one forgets,
He's a winner!

BUILD YOUR RAMP

A comfort zone
Is a safety zone,
It may lack life
But it's guaranteed
You will see it long.

A take off is great,
Although the view
Is more in theory
And few get to see it.

The idea of soaring
To escape what's boring
Is a bit too foreign
In the norms that reign.

And should you build a ramp,
This you must understand,
Almost all wouldn't
As reality will be your clamp.

You build it alone,
Some might check up
So you can take them with -
But accept this,
None will give
An understanding hand.

CALM DOWN FOOL

Keep calm
Before you blow,
After all your calm
Is the reason
You're still alive.

Keep calm,
All may fall apart
Like a trickster's
Dummy house of cards,
But let not your sanity
Be part of the act.

Now that loss is habit
And you can't take praise
That of a bandit
Regardless of how desperate,
Remain the fool
And keep calm.

There is no way out,
Not in your mind.
You've tried but failed,
Yet keep calm fool,
Don't die just yet!

NOT YET OUT

I'm down
Just not out,
Despite the lack
In my bare hands
Sometimes I believe -

In a miracle
More than any,
Because to many
Such has happened
And this time around
Fortune will favour me
In my darkest hour,
A helping hand
Will appear in my reach.

I'm down
And intensely depressed,
Yet on such days
Although not many exist,
A glimpse of belief
Echoes to me a phrase;

“You’re not yet out!”

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