Poetry Series

Tebogo Teddy
- poems -

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My life, Her rules.

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Love In Fear

FEAR IS LOVE

IS THE VARUNABILITY THAT COMES WITH LOVE.
HE BE THE FANTASY YOU ALWAYS WANTED BUT NEVER THOUGHT YOUD'D HAVE.
HE'S YOUR BESTFRIEND.
HE'S YOUR REALITY.
NO WORDS CAN DESCRIBE MY LOVE FOR HIM BUT LET MY ACTIONS CURESS YOU.
CAN'T EVEN COMPARE HIM TO ANYONE
HE'S ONE OF THE KIND.
I'M NOT JUST IN LOVE,
IM INSANELY IN LOVE.
THERE WILL BE NO ANOTHER AFTER HIM.
MY FEAR IS I, LOSING INTEREST ON US OR HIM.
WITH FAITH,
HOPE,
AND LOVE
I'LL WORK ON MY INTEREST.
HE'S THE ONE MAKING ME WORK ON MY NOT CARING TENDACIES.
HE BRING THE BEST IN ME.
WHEN I HAD NO INTEREST IN RELATIONSHIPS,
HE CAME,
AND I WAS CONVINCED THAT HE LOVES ME.
SO I HAD TO GIVE US A CHANCE.
NOW I GOT NO REGRETS ABOUT GIVING UP MY LAST CHANCE ON US.
I GAMBLED WITH MY HEART
NOT KNOWING THE OUTCOMES
BUT BECAUSE I HAD FEELINGS
I GAVE IT ALL IN.
TODAY IM GLAD I DID.
THE LOVE WE HAVE FOR EACH OTHER IS UNEXPLAINABLE

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LOVE …….

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Well

HARD TO TELL WHO'S SICK OF WHOM?
IS IT LIFE OR IS IT ME?
I'M BOTHERED BY SOMETHING, CAN'T TELL WHAT.
IS LIFE HARD FOR ME TO QUIT?
OR MAYBE I JUST NEED AN EXCUSE.
I MEAN, IF I KNEW IT WILL GET THIS HARD FOR ME, I'D STILL CHOSE TO EXPERIENCE.
PRAYER.
WE PRAY FOR CHANGE.
FOR BETTER LIFE.
FOR PEACE.
AND FOR HAPPINESS.
WE SEE NO CHANGE, OUR MINDS FED NEGATIVITY.
IS THE SILENT LOUD KNOCK OF SUICIDAL THOUGHTS.
HOW WE TRY TO IGNORE THE THOUGHTS BY INCOMPLETING THE JOB.
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I MISTAKENLY CUT MY VEIN?
I'LL PANIC COZ I CRAVED FOR PAIN NOT DEATH.
YOUR MIND CRAVE DEATH SO YOU GAVE IT THE TASTE OF THE BLADE TO SEE IF THE MIND'S CRAVE IS REAL.
WHEN IT'S REAL IT DOESN'T STOP.
YOU CUT TILL YOU DON'T FEEL ANYTHING.
YOU STOP COZ THERE'S NO POINT.
YOU GET USED TO IT AS IF IT'S YOUR SIBLING.
THE SADNESS
THE RAGE
THE EMOTIONLESS
THE DARKNESS
THE EMPTINESS
THEY ALL BE A PART OF YOU.
A PART YOU HATE BUT ENVY WHEN IT'S GONE TO REST.

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Fear Of Vulnerability

Wanna tell a piece of my story but I won't let me weaken to that point.
I keep everything all in, Reason I'm just a sad soul.
A facade I put on in public is so believable.
They tempt me by sharing their problems,
And that's the only temptation I won't fall for.
How easy it is for me to pretend like my life is perfect while I'm drowning.
Fear of opening up won't allow me to share a single thing.
Rebelling from relationships becoming more easier.
I can no longer tell the difference between sadness and happiness.
I can no longer rely on myself.
I've despaired.
The faith I've lost,
The love I've lost,
The peace I've been deprived.
I'm just a soul.
No emotions coz I've had them all before,
Now I can't tell the difference so I let it be.
I say I'm a lone wolf.

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Your Seed

She tried to be the seed you planted
But you forgot the seed will eventually water itself.
You keep on drowning the seed, making it grow with anger and rebellion.
You thought planting a seed means having full control,
Little did u know, you feeding it rage.
Apple of your eye transforming to something else.
Because you the planter she won't be heard.
She will listen and obey.
She will keep it all in making the plant rot inside.
She will be surrounded by darkness and she will be the master of pretence.
She has no one to talk to so she chose silence.
Deprived rights, but she has responsibilities.
My past used as an example.
The pressure is way too much and she can't take it anymore.
She needs peace.

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Can't Let Go, But We Have To.

As we both hiding from the truth because we believe it's gonn hurt even more.
The spark dimmed and we ignored.
We believe it's for the best to be consumed by fantasy.
The thought of reality comes with regrets and we both can't afford.
Is the bond we used to have tied us together.
A blind eye to what seems best but the thought of missing us playing a huge role.
Our conversation is cold and we ignore that part.
Waiting for another to say the words.
We believe we're inlove but it's fear of losing each other.
We sacrifice our happiness for our hope.
The hope that left us to decide.
The decision best for us but we holding back.
Our relationship is yearned for,
We envy what we had,
It's no longer 'what's for the future'? .
We focused on the past and it's depleting the little love, hope, faith we have for us.

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My Wrist

Surgical blade, thirsty for my blood.
My undecided mind shaking my hand off
My wrist ready to bleed,
But my heart is yearning for another chance.
I'm asking for physical pain.
The pain within is tearing my heart into pieces.
I'm broken,
I'm beyond repair,
I'm haunted by my sarrows.
The silence is becoming louder.
Let my hand be steady and play around my wrist.
Wanna see blood flood from my left wrist,
The pain in my blood,
The sadness holding on to my soul,
As the soul leaves the body and I'm just a lifeless body.
No emotions and a sense of freedom.
Life ended by a small blade.
Way to escape deppression.

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One Sided Love

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stuck or trapped by non human emotions of love.
The beauty fades in the eyes of your capture.
Manipulated by reasons not the heart.
You become more delicate to add into their dominance.
They sip into your superior to inferior you.
You scrutinize their movement as you feel obsessed and entitled to them.
The long gone of the platonic relationship turned into toxic and manipulative relationship.
The blindness of one sided love used as an advantage.
Their words blinds you.
Their actions are translated into their words.
Their actions are followed by words so we don't see.
they become the creatures of habits for their manipulative ways.
You lose touch with reality.
You're lost and searching for a way out.
What's the 1st step?

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Nights Bleeds Into Days

The days of fantasy,
Comes with the nights of reality.
When days bleeds with caution.
The nights pour all its weight on me.
When my days bleeds into nights it's a norm,
When my nights bleeds into days I fear the worst that could happen.
The beauty of sunset comes with the shadows of darkness.
When the sunrise I hope for a better day.
Day reassuring me a better night.
Same night had me seeking for a day, midnight.
As I see the crumbs of the night during the day, I continue diving into fantasy.
I pledge to the day to solitude at night.
I enlighten my nights with the thoughts of my better days.
There's no harmony between nights and days.
The greed of night interefers with the day,
My purpose is to serve the two without interfering.
The authority the nights holds over me is enormous.
Days started to feel like privilege.
Pain is when you pretend to enjoy the shadows of the nights,
I wonder how would a day between day and night would feel?
Would it last longer?
Would it come with harmony?
Or would it just be ordinary?
The courage within keeps me going.
My days and nights are typical.
So I worry no more about what the day or nights holds for me.
My life will not be defined by days or nights but by what I want it to define me as.

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Essence Of Life

The essence of life is life n us.
We recreated the world,
We gave it life of its own.
Devided by multiple departments of life.
The chronicles of different departments of life.
Life can be celebrated or mourned.
We don't chose to be born or to die,
But we have the power to end it when life gets unbearable.
We encounter obstacles of life along with hate, love, peace, threats, fights, enemies, friends, families, success and failures.
Live everyday not knowing what tomorrow holds for us.
Living a superstitious life yet I don't believe in superstitions.
The debate of life after death still ongoing.
We give life a meaning everyday when one is born,
Even though death steals that lil bit of hope we have.
They envy death coz they're not given a chance to envy to live.
Life taken for granted coz the experience is unfair.
The living say death is peaceful and I'm supposed to believe all that.
I say, WE ARE THE ESSENCE OF LIFE,
WITHOUT US THERE'S NOTHING.
LIFE WILL BE MEANINGLESS.

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What's The Point Of Love

The used to be overated love is now underrated.
We can't tell what we feel when it's uncertain.
We no longer yearn for it.
Love slowly became a choice,
We be willing to fall inlove,
We no longer let it happen naturally.
We built a bridge between loving and liking.
The bridge isn't stable but we are.
Falling inlove is a curse.
Fear of love is defining us.
To love is suicide,
To be loved is murder.
Love is one of the chronic diseases.
How can you love again with a heart full of stitches?
How can we embrace the scares of our heart when it can be taken advantage of.
When you love you love with every Fibre of your being,
When it all ends it destroys you both internally and externally.
A broken heart can never be mend.
One's heart can never love the same.
The brutality of love is embraced by us.

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Attacked

The plan was to beat the record.
Mid way running, trying to sprint i had a panic attack.
The more I Pushed it would hit harder.
Felt like my chest was tearing apart.
Feeling my heart beat from the outside.
My mind wasn't as clear as I thought.
The thoughts came from nowhere and filled my mind.
For a sec, I thought I was gonna pass out.
I slowed down and it became worse.
After my run a wave of anxiety hit me.
My surroundings had me suffocating.
I wanted to disappear.
I just had to be home.
I'm surprised I didn't explode.

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Survivor

The strongest I've ever been.
So solid I won't crack ,
At least not in public.
Even in my sobriety I still stand out.
I'd mask anything and you'd believe it,
That's how good I am.
No wave of sadness would crash me,
At least not in public.
Even though the bottle is filled ,
It won't burst.
Defeated the suicidal thoughts.
I've accepted the state of my sanity.
I don't feel less of me but I am.
My mind telling me to pay attention,
Attention to wave of sadness.
I cringe just thinking about being transparent.
My walls are shaded black ??
Thousands of black paint layers so I don't be seen.
Mid-way peeling my mind changes,
So I put them back and mask on.
I don't pretend,
I just hide what supposed to be my favorite color be my shade of life.

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Death

My everyday life is death
My thoughts are filled with suicide
Even though my greatest fear is dying,
And not knowing what to expect after life Is preventing me from being suicidal.
Got questions about the pain of death,
The regrets of dying,
The joy of dying,
And the after life experience.
Unfortunately they're all gone and I got to experience it myself.
Suicide has become a gratitude of life,
Been through a lot emotionally and I can't stop thinking about my very own death.
Even there's no life after death,
I hope the emotional draughts in me dies,
So that I can rest in peace.
Suicide is to end the pain not to relieve it.
If I wanted to relieve I'd go for therapy.
I juss want to end it completely.

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Life

Not a single memory of birth.
A toddler with short span of memory.
What a great life to experience growing up.
All the nature and our experiences as individuals.
Mountains peak up high,
The flowing of river,
The depth of an ocean and it size,
The trees,
The wind blowing of the leaves,
The blooming of flowers,
The change of seasons,
The experience of love,
The beauty of the moon and stars,
The rain without thunder,
The blue sky without clouds.
The beauty of the world is never ending
We as individuals are living to tell our stories.
I shower the moments of all my existence with love and joy,
And I'm thankful for the experience.
Next life I wouldn't chose this experience,
It wasn't so bad and it wasn't so nice either.

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Feels

I'm filled with happiness,
I can feel it.
I just can't show it.
I'm amazed that I can still get the feeling of happiness.

My tempel can be empty and still be visible.
It can also be filled with sadness and still be visible .
But with happiness the transparency darkens.

My happiness is temporary.
That's why I'm shielding it.
It takes a long walk at night to find my happiness.

Now my purpose is to embrace sadness coz I know alot about it than happiness.

One day my happiness will be seen and shield.
The blades will turn around.
There will be no pain.
Happiness will be embraced.
I'll return like I've never left.

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My Imbalance Weight

A slender
With a nice structured body.
Tall and glistening.
Comparison didn't occur.
A minute with a mirror felt like a sec.
Praises from within were endless.
I was immaculately perfect.

I lost track.
Ended up slacking.
I'd splurge on junk.
Indulging on binging,
As long as my face is stuffed I'd feel better.
The walks to the market to get more snacks were my exercises.
Netflix kept me in.
Couldn't even face the mirror without being disappointed or mad.

Mental health Couldn't handle me.
I've already lost it,
I despaired.
So I binge more on junk.
More than 2500 calories a day.

Social media brought me hope,
So I started giving in for a better cause.
Limited my calorie intake,
Gym became my bestfriend,
Now we maintaining the weight.

Sometimes I feel like giving up,
But I can't,
Coz I've come too far to restart.
My weightloss journey has been a roller-coaster,
So I can't mess this up.
This is my life and my mental health and i'll maintain the two.
To stay healthy and sane has become my priority.

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Mask

the outside is obvious.
All that smirks,
Wrinkles on the sides of my mouth when i smile,
The loud laugh,
The one that hurts the stomach,
Because the joke was funny.
The light they say I bring when I enter room sparks all over.
The mask is needed coz the inside has rotten.
They don't notice, coz I won't let them.
They don't sympathize, coz I'm 'perfect'.
The mask splats when i enter my house.
The inner self suppress the fun out of me.
My 9-5 is to ensure my mask doesn't slip in public.

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Regrets on My past

I'm haunted by my past.
The past I can't tell.
The images are clear,
Everything feels recent.
I did the despicable,
I've sinned,
I took risks,
I tried to impress,
For the benefit of lifetime regret.

I had no Morals,
Responsibilities weren't part of the package.
My Rights and their happiness
Were my Naiveness
Now I'm alone and Repenting

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The past remains to the past,
So why am I Rewinding?
Why can't I get pass this?
What am I missing?

There will be no IF's.
Now I'm conscious .
My Rights will tag along with Responsibilities.
The past will be my Alteration.
My regrets will be a sign of my lesson.

I HAD NO IDEA.

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My Heavy Heart

My heart is heavy,
My heart could stop,
My blood won't flow,
My arteries could lose pulse.
I can bearly breath,
I'm breathing on top of my lungs.
Feels like I've died,
I'm ice cold,
I'm overpowering the heat.
No one can help,
I'm beyond repair.
I'm depleted,
Replenish me please.
I need a second chance without the shadows.

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Take Care

Since we are defined by what we do,
I try my best to do good.
The worst keeps finding a way,
Even though, we move.
Taking care of myself requires a lot.
Imagine if it was someone else taking care of me.
Mistakes and Risks are on my Tail.
I believe in what I see,
Not what I've been told.
I'm very courageous.
Trying to stop me,
That a GO for me.
Your words of discouragement keeps fueling me up.
I don't try,
I do prove y'all wrong.
I don't pretend,
I scrap negativity.
And I don't Quit.

WE PURSUE WHAT MUST BE PURSUED.

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Defeated By Emotions

Intoxicated by deppression and anxiety.
Well, they say drugs are the worst,
I say deppression and anxiety.
The emotions is my organic Ecstasy
I be floating in between,
While everything seem surreal.

With deppression and anxiety we don't chose
It barge.
We don't expose
We hide.

They are my pride
Once bruised, it's hell.

I serve,
I take care,
And still receive the worst from them.

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Can't get used to it
While everytime they hit harder.
I can't run and I won't,
But there will be time
I say my final goodbyes to YOU deppression and anxiety.

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Me Or We?

Told you I'm complicated.
My identity is undefined.
I have no courage left,
The tone of the inside voices is unbearable.
My happiness is sacrificed,
Now my priority is darkness.
I'm uncomfortable in my own mind,
My vacation to fantasy has darken,
My joy has dissipated.
I'M AN EMPTY TIN FOLLOWED BY DARKNESS AND LOUD VOICES DIGGING FOR MORE VOID.

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Opening Up

wake me up honey
My thoughts turned into Ecstasy
I've never been this high.
Losing touch with reality
Take me down and let me express myself to you.

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