

In All Its Turbulence.

A Poetry Publication by Relebogile Mabawa

In All Its Turbulence

By: Relebogile Mabawa

Preface

This publication is a depiction of the complexities associated with the journey of love and romance.

It is a reflection of the experiences undergone by hopeless romantics, and the lessons learned through encounters with multiple prospective partners, as well as the implications thereof going forward.

Hopefully, you will resonate with the pieces, enjoy the words and learn something new.

Copyright © 2022 by Relebogile Mabawa. All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or distributed in any form without the written permission of the author. Recording or transmitting this publication is strictly prohibited.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Table of Contents

Part 1: The Experience

Intro Page 4

Games Page 5

Spending Time Page 6

And, Breathe... Page 7

The Fear of Knowing Page 8

Apologies Page 9

No Man's Land Page 10

Part 2: The Lessons

Supernatural Page 11

It is Over. Page 13

Courteous Page 14

The Truth Page 15

Introspection Page 16

The Death of Love Page 17

Closing Word Page 18

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

PART 1: THE EXPERIENCE

Intro

I am on a journey...

Not of self-discovery, but that of fulfilment.

It is one that could be rewarding, or entirely frustrating.

It becomes increasingly hard to tell, I must vent

The point at which you can differentiate gratification from being content.

*We seek perfection in everything, how can we possibly know what is
enough?*

*We look for the quickest way to gratify ourselves, how can we possibly
understand love?*

The opportunity to grow overshadows the need to know.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Games

She pulls him close, and then pushes him away.

This is the type of game she plays, but who is really to blame?

He was warned about her before he pursued, and he continued.

He is unable to say he rues the day they crossed paths because he wanted to roam in the darkness of her heart.

He moves closer to her, then avoids her for a few days.

This is how he chooses to play it; safe. Who is really to blame?

She found his interest exciting and his soul inviting enough for her to deep dive into his emotional archives.

She feels secure with him.

He is comfortable with her presence and is enamored by her essence so he dwells not on the future, but the present.

He found her fascinating, fantasizing about his chance to have his heart contorted and shaped into a room from which neither of them can escape.

He let her in.

She enjoyed her surroundings, figured it would not be too hard to bring her own things.

She changed him from within, gradually manipulating the spark in his eye to come alive only when she is in his sights.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Spending Time

Spending time is never a waste of mine, with you.

Each moment we share, the way we express our care is divine, and true.

*I am uplifted in your presence, when you're not with me I feel left behind,
and blue.*

*With every waking day, there is an obligation on my part to do right by your
heart because you entrusted it to me when I was falling apart.*

*It changed my thinking, it provided me with insights regarding why my
relationships keep sinking and there is no way I will neglect the reason my
faith in love is unflinching.*

No one else makes sense in my mind, just you.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

And, Breathe...

I am learning to see you the way you want to be seen.

Without any uncertainty or worry, just an overriding sense of peace.

I am a lot calmer now, though it may not seem

Just believe that I am looking at you the same way you are looking at me.

And, breathe.

Inhale the air of knowing, or pure serenity

Let go of the darkness and the anxiety of trying to answer questions your mind has not yet conceived.

I see you, all you are and all you can be, and inside me grows this belief that you should be with me.

Inside you is a heart that knows not how to heal, herein also lies a soul desperate to be in touch with something real.

And, feel.

Let your emotions come out, through a smile, a tear or a scream.

Filter none of it, do not shield it from me, and show me the person you have always been.

I wish to view you the way you are fearful of being seen;

Hurt, imperfect, fiery and everything in between

Do not worry about your safety, know that you have got me.

And, scene.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

The Fear of Knowing

You tell me there is nothing worse than a man who lives solely on words.

Well, show me you are more than just your words and perhaps we will co-exist in each other's worlds.

Inside us, are serious scabs and scars that took moments to form and an eternity to heal.

Maybe that is why we are scared to feel, we have suppressed the need to tap into our emotional beings and yet we know what is meant to be.

A house of nightmares is built upon a foundation of fear and that is exactly what we are facing here.

Is there a chance, however small, that we could let go and let love in, if anything at all? Or are you so closed off to the thought that you believe you will never fall? Am I that alarmed by my unenviable flaws that romanticizing anyone is an order much too tall?

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Apologies

Sorry is the easiest thing to say and the hardest thing to mean

You either are, or you are not, there is no gray area or in between.

With time, the importance of words lessens and all that matters are actions.

So forgive me if I do not accept your apology, the one you uttered through gritted teeth because you did it reluctantly.

The irony is not lost on me.

It shows your understanding of me when you try to paper over my cracks with shallow, meaningless words you think I want to hear as opposed to doing right by me in the first place.

And now, we have drifted apart with shattered hearts and heavy minds, having realized that our intentions were misplaced.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

No Man's Land

There is no safety in hiding, no hiding from the truth.

There is no truth in conspiring, no conspiring when it comes to you.

*Running tirelessly to find pieces of me I invested in you, the same pieces
you swore to protect and return when it was time to.*

*The sacrifices you have made to protect the sanctity of what we created
are the kind only God can explain, which makes losing you all the more
painful.*

*Perhaps you ought to be absolved of the blame I am placing on your
shoulders, my pursuit of perfection might be the reason we are over.*

The nights are a lot colder.

'You never know what you have until it is gone'; an age-old saying

*What if what you had was the worst version of the best person you loved
the most but still hated?*

Here I am, waiting for the return of someone I thought I would always have.

Stuck forever, in no man's land.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

PART 2: THE LESSONS

Supernatural

*Once upon a time, in a place undefined
Lived a young man, fascinating and wide eyed.
He never spoke much but understood the power of words
He did not have much, so he knew a dime's worth.*

*On a blustery day in May, he took a walk and along the way, he came
across a shy young lady, with a look of humility on her face.*

*He was stunned, both by her looks and demeanor; she scanned him from
head to toe, admiring all his features.*

*They engaged in conversation, the kind they both found funny and
entertaining.*

*They separated on that day, but they knew they would share many more
special occasions.*

Over time, they built their bond and all was good.

*They learned new things, faced old fears, balanced each other out like only
perfectly matched souls would.*

They made each other happy, more than they ever thought they could.

Then one morning, in warm and pleasant climes, the man saw his companion crying on her bedside.

Worried about his lover, he began to wonder why, but she assured him and said "I'll be fine".

Days went by, the tears became more frequent;

Morning through to the afternoon, afternoon through the evening.

She stopped crying, started feeling better.

He felt calmer, more content until he came across a letter written by her and meticulously placed in what they called their safe space.

The letter read "no more tears for you" and he seemed unable to grasp the meaning of the words until he began to fear the worst.

His world fell apart, collapsed in front of his eyes when he saw his best friend and ally, the person without whom he cannot get by

Lying helplessly on the ground without as much as a sparkle in her eye.

The love of his life had ascended to become an angel in the sky.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

It is Over.

And so it should be.

*We surrendered everything to the cause and it all came crashing down
because we thought a hundred percent was enough.*

*We relented and gave doubt room, and that is all it took for heaven to be
earth and for our reality to be a grim existence.*

*We stopped fighting, we were no longer persistent, we abandoned our
consistencies and it is because of that, you see*

That 'we' must become 'you' without 'me'.

You were perfect, and to that end, not real.

*You are an experience that few others will ever know or feel, the person
from whom no one ever wants to heal and the chance to have you even for
a second is a blessing riddled with painful lessons and heavy introspection.*

I had my part to play in this too.

*I had my moments where I misled you in my pursuit of the real truth, I left
you alone and destitute.*

*I am not the easiest person to love, but I gave you everything I had and
unfortunately...*

That was not enough.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Courteous

I let you in, I welcomed you into my home.

I gave you a window into the life I have constructed alone.

I taught you who I am and what makes me tick.

I gave you all that information hoping you would stick around, nothing could have prepared me for what I found out.

I was careful with me, and I hoped you would be too.

You were it for me, you were all I thought I would ever need.

My human, my companion, yin to my yang.

Little did I know, you only appreciate the surface level of beauty because that is the level to which you are exposed to most.

Countless nights were spent contemplating why it is I trust the person who is hiding in their own skin, not understanding that they are a reflection of me.

I could have built you up more, I could have complemented your style.

I should have opened more doors for you, pulled out chairs, arrived early instead of late or just on time.

None of that endeavor is worth anything to someone who is unable to decide

Whether they want to roam the streets or enjoy the indoor life.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

The Truth.

I will admit it, or be it pathetic

I think nothing of commitment and realizing this has scared me.

Every woman I encounter sees potential, I think they hate it

Because for all the good I do, I always find a way to negate it.

'Non-committal', 'complex', 'cunning' individual whose mannerisms around women are anything but typical.

That is not how it is, at least not how it should be, but each time someone serious sees me my actions fit the descriptions.

And no; I do not know any better, I dread the prospect of forever, I am not built to withstand storms or any other treacherous weather.

The less I say, the safer for those interested and are coming with the right intentions; for mine is a broken heart that cannot be mended by romantic successes.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Introspection

*The feeling is not mutual if you are only saying "I love you too".
You will not heal completely if materialism is all it takes to have you.*

Looking in the mirror, reflecting on your past

Have you made the most of the time you had?

*Did you make memories that stand the test of time, or were you just
existing when everyone else was living life?*

The opportunity to grow continues to overshadow the need to know.

IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

The Death of Love

Do not let love die in front of your eyes.

Do not let the fuel that keeps so many going run out, all for the lack of knowing.

Oppose the pessimistic approach to a concept as divine and so far ahead of our minds as love.

We know not the full healing power it harnesses, the sheer bliss it brings, the way it makes you float on air or allows you to fly without wings.

Do not let love die in front of your eyes.

It does not exist within the confines of time and social standards, it sustains itself by being ever present in every living being.

It transcends our definition of common sense, it is all-encompassing, unrelenting and free.

It is the very thing our world needs, an ideal tonic to a place that is bleeding.

Love is undefinable and rarely understood, but when you have it you know nothing can ever feel as good.

So do not let love die in front of your eyes.

THE END.

A Final Word

Writing poetry is something that I am beyond grateful to have the ability to do. Putting words together to paint a picture for someone to get a window into your emotions, thoughts and deepest sentiments, is one of the greatest forms of healing, and growth. That is what poetry offers, the opportunity to heal, and grow. The process of healing and growth is not an easy one, however. It is draining, in every single way. I hope you realize that even in the poems, there is some expression of pain, hurt, confusion, or tiredness. That is what I experience in my attempts to understand matters of the heart. The output is well worth the restless nights, seemingly endless tears and unlucky moments.

In All Its Turbulence is derived from a chapter from my first publication (The Purist Diaries) and the core focus is trying to understand something generations of people have attempted to, but still failed. I am referring to love. All of us have a vague idea of what it is or what it looks like, but being able to have a complete grip on what love is in its entirety is a feat not even humanity can achieve.

This publication is not the answer to what love is, by the way. It is merely a microcosmic explanation of how many of us interpret it. Once more, I hope it has been an enjoyable read.