

THE PURIST DIARIES

BY RELEBOGILE MABAWA

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Preface

This is my very first publication so please, bear with me. I am very excited to reveal my craft/my poetry to the world and I hope you will enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing this.

This book is a reflection of my life so far divided into four main phases: *Introductions, Love, Nadir* and *Growth*. I invest everything into my poetry and I hope you will resonate with the pieces, enjoy the words and learn something new.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Relebogile is a young man who wants everything of the best for himself and those closest to him. I was a bit of a prodigy at a young age and even skipped a grade in primary school, something never before seen in my area. I have experienced things but I have always been able to find a way to extract the beauty out of everything. The great people around me allow me to do and achieve great things and this publication would not have been possible without their support. *The Purist Diaries* is me showcasing my potential to the world and opening up about my most treasured, turbulent and noteworthy experiences.

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CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTIONS

We Are Grateful

Few occasions are greater than the emergence of new life

The arrival of a new face, a fresh smile.

Tears that were never before shed

The hope that now lies on his miniature head.

A combination of spiritual integrity and biological necessity;

The perfect time for a family to unite.

*After many turbulent, tumultuous and tense nights filled with preparation,
precaution and prayer,*

The game of life braced itself for a brand new player.

*Half a year in, amidst trying times, a mother unearthed a faultless smile
having brought to life a new addition to a buoyant family.*

Humbled by the arrival of a new-born baby courtesy of the most high,

*A revitalised household knelt to the ground and directed praise towards
the skies.*

They expressed their gratitude by giving him this name,

After which nothing has ever been the same.

INTRODUCTIONS

The Unprecedented Precedent

A young boy with a mind so mature was a feat of nature in itself;

He could decipher complexities that baffled the elders themselves.

A long way ahead of his peers, his intelligence was tested with information that was ahead of him by years.

He never seemed fazed so he never failed and was always hailed as being his family's latest blessing and quite possibly the biggest

Contrary to his frame which was amongst the littlest.

So noble and brave, he stood in front of those ahead of him and paved the path

For them to walk and left those closest to him amazed and aghast.

He had barely existed a decade, yet his peers were already intimidated,

By someone who was completely unaware of the impact he was already making.

INTRODUCTIONS

Adolescence

*My story can only be narrated by me and no one else
Because no one else knows me the way I think I know myself.*

*I am claiming my independence under protective care,
One of my many battles while I try to lay bare my uniqueness;
A quest that has piqued several old and new interests.
I'm a standalone soldier, a lone ranger, alone in my struggles
And I want to find the missing pieces to this life puzzle.*

*Confident of my appeal to, and knowledge of the opposite sex,
I wandered into the mystical and mystifying world of the gender I
believed to know best.
The experience, mixed as it was, left me feeling no better;
Obsessed with trends but I am no trend-setter.*

*My story can only be narrated by me and no one else
Because no one else knows me the way I think I know myself.*

INTRODUCTIONS

Firsts

The first time we met, there was a subtle belief that we were right where we had to be.

The ambience faded and all we could hear was our fluttering heartbeats beating so impulsively.

A glance into your windows, however brief, assured me that my heart had found a home and at last;

I could dispel the thought of dying alone.

The first time we spoke, my tongue tied itself in knots so tight, my stomach loosened and let loose the butterflies I fought to keep inside but it didn't matter because it felt so right.

The soothing nature of your voice when you uttered your first sentiments to me

Reinvigorated me, made me whole, titillated me and made me believe

That divinity spoke through you and that your tongue was the harpsichord of truth.

The first time we touched, we could not get enough because it felt like love.

It resembled a collision course that was bound to happen because we looked bound for happy, but it did not happen.

There was no blame attached to either of us but there were plenty of strings and that left me deeply saddened.

*So high were the stakes, my heart could not take it when I experienced
My first heartbreak.*

CHAPTER 2

LOVE: IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Innocent Romance

The purity of her soul makes it difficult for him to let it go.

She drew plenty of others along the way but in her mind she already knows

Who her match is;

The key to her heart, the ignition to his fire, they are matches.

So perfect together, it would take four evers and never a never to make their love better.

They could see forever.

And even when he was under the weather and she questioned whether they still belonged together;

He assured her, as ever, that they deserved forever.

A divine pairing derived from the realms of heaven;

They epitomised perfection, akin to the number seven.

LOVE: IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Soft Porn

Give it to me with the clothes off,

Flaunt it to me when you show off.

You're a sight for my sore eyes and you don't realise the potency in your 'Hello' and the venom in your Goodbyes.

You've made due with God's faith in you, and the residue

Or rather the naked truth is that I want to lay with you.

From your first words to when I last heard about your soul search

I've always wanted us to let our souls merge and speak a language only our bodies understand;

Like how to flick the switch that will make your sweat glands, sweat glad.

Work you out, let that work itself out and maybe that will display the proof

Of the naked truth that I want to play with you.

And after sombre conversations and long, coffee-induced nights;

We have our time and at last the stars have aligned.

Our lips crash, your tongue swirls and after a quick splash your body curls

You see the uncensored me, I feel the exposed you

The smokescreen of lust fades away as I hold you

And I feel incomplete because I cannot let go of you, the feelings that I felt are not emojis I can scroll through.

The feelings that I felt are not emojis I can scroll through.

And like a love-struck boy with cataracts, my infatuation has clouded my judgement.

The naked truth is not wanting a naked you, to lie with or to play with you;

The naked truth is that I want my soul to be made for you.

LOVE: IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Infatuation over Lust

Infatuation over lust; no love gained, no love lost.

I found you at the right time, in the right place.

I was in my right mind and maybe we were moving at a fast pace. You were bound to be mine; we made no room for mistakes. And now I've come to find that my energy might be in the right place.

Our collision course was clear, our decisions were always going to land us here; in a safe and comfortable space, free of fear.

My focus is on the most relevant and you are timeless, your looks are the finest, you are royalty and I am addicted to your highness.

If words are never enough, I'll never feel love. Words are never enough. I never feel loved.

Look at me. Look at you. Look at us. Look at trust. Look at lust.

Look at the pretty picture that could be painted with a little patience and a little dating.

Surreal optimism fans and fuels the flame in my fire. Your sullen, supreme, serendipitous serenity simply adds to my desire.

You have tantalised my taste buds, piqued my interest and I want us to go higher.

Infatuation over lust; no love gained, no love lost.

LOVE: IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Rude Awakening

How is it possible that you know every part of me and I of you?

How obsessed are we with each other that we know the smile behind our frowns and the face behind our clowns?

I don't have the answers, I do have theories though...

Maybe we were the misery that found its company and we had the ailments to our scars.

Maybe like Augustus and Hazel, we found the fault in our stars.

But why could you not have been light at the end of my tunnel, or I the silver lining to your dark cloud?

Why could you not have been my peace and quiet when my anger was so loud?

I don't have the answers, I do have theories though...

You may have seen in me, what you lack in you. I may have been a friend in need and the closest thing was you.

You see the man of your dreams, I see you marrying another groom. The way the situation seems, I might not be the man for you.

The deeper I dig, the more I want to escape. Maybe you were the right one, but then again maybe you were a mistake.

You've dug your heels in too deep, yet I'm the one feeling stuck. We've created a tension no sharp object could ever cut because the closer I am to you, the further I feel we are apart.

So maybe I don't know every portion of you and you of me;

And the visions that we have are not what we should be seeing.

We've done well to get this far, I'm sure you can also agree;

But unfortunately this seems the end for you and me.

LOVE: IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Girls, the Sun and other intangible things

I want you, and I can't have you.

I thought you were close, but you're light years away.

My source of light and life, I thought you were here to stay but hey,

If I don't shine bright enough for you, I'll be on my milky way.

I chased you for the longest time hoping you would be mine;

Hoping that someday, I'd make sense in your mind, that an opportunity would arise and I would slingshot from the back of the line. Maybe then you'd realise that we are crafted by design.

That we're meant to be, you and me, being all we can be for the world to see. And that I would declare that I'm free from despair because I have found a companion; someone who cares.

I really wanted it to be you, so bad and so true.

I really wanted you, but I could not have you.

And in the heat of my sadness, I sought comfort in the shade

Needing to escape, the incandescence of your radiating rays.

You are omnipresent, on the clearest days and even those with clouds.

Belittling yourself, as if your effect is not profound.

I still covet you, when I know I can't have you

I harbour the feeling because letting it go would leave me reeling and with huge regret;

Because I have been chasing something I knew I would never get.

LOVE: IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

I...

I shouldn't lose myself trying to find you.

*I shouldn't be left scrambling for answers when you left me with
so many questions because, what's the point?*

*I don't have horse blinders because my focus has always been
on you, just when I thought what we had was true.*

*All I wanted to do was to stay in my lane, focus on our love and
hope you'd do the same.*

*But you failed to dignify my name and all I have is pieces of me
and a lot of pain all thanks to...*

You.

LOVE: IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

My Parting Gift

It is with a light heart and an overwhelmed mind; that I have decided to leave you behind.

The lightness of my heart comes as a result of feeling nothing, unlike ever before.

The pretty picture we painted was tainted when your evasive reputation came to the fore.

There is no need for sadness, disappointment or apologies, your acts of negligence have proven more to me than your sorry's ever could;

But I keep learning lessons, so that's good.

After spending so much time on the run; I needed a break, I needed reprieve, I needed a home, I needed to breathe.

Yours is the doorstep fate led me to, or so it seemed. But I thought nothing of it, because it looked like a nice place to be.

And I walked in with such curiosity and intrigue, because no house had ever looked that ideal for me.

I was so happy with this serendipitous property, little did I know it never really wanted me.

I ignored all the writing on the wall because I just wanted the house. I didn't know the reason for me staying in, would now be the reason I'm getting out.

I was drawn to the scars, started looking at them as art because I did not want to resemble all those who found weakness in your loving heart.

I looked at your angelic face and it mirrored heaven, but the way you behaved had me missing blessings.

We were so close to perfection and yet so far away;

But here's to hoping that you find your match someday,

I hope you will find someone who will make your heart not want for love in any way.

So here is my parting gift, I'm sorry I couldn't afford the stay.

LOVE: IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Untitled

How do I encapsulate you with words?

Who ever said it was possible to summarise the universe?

You're so vast, so vague, understood and so full of grace that my best attempts to capture your essence would be the reason I recount my blessings.

Our first encounter was the first real marker of the potential that lies

Beneath the surface of your smile and your enviable eyes.

Awkward greetings preceded awkward meetings which windowed rightful feelings for inappropriate seasons.

And yet we walked the journey, while the world was turning. On days when the water was murky and our thoughts were dirty, we still kept working and the fire was burning.

Some untimely bonds hit like a bomb and began to hurt because I thought you were

Too occupied to be by my side because your love was prized by my best ally.

I don't want to lie, my heart sank and cried as I realized that my chance went by.

But growth and maturity struck at rush hour and I made peace with it all.

Your happiness became my glee when you smiled and blushed harder than you would've ever done with me.

So I made a vow from then to just be your friend and be who you need; from beginning to the end.

My words cannot tip the iceberg of the clarity of our closeness. You are my hope when I am hopeless, my home when I feel homeless.

Whatever God's script is for tomorrow and forever more, I hope we can make it through any sunshine, dark cloud, rain and thunderstorm.

LOVE: IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

Good Day

Good day.

I haven't had one of these in a while but now I'm finding reasons to smile.

Waking up with the thought of bright sunshine in the midst of the rain, I found the remedy to my heart's pain.

Your aura; it radiates, it's infectious. And after a single encounter, it would've been so easy to be pretentious.

And yet I have discovered purity in your beauty that implored me to explore you.

I'm the cat that has the audacity to die eight times to find answers to my heart's curiosity.

Sad to say; I only have one life left, but you might be my lifeline.

LOVE: IN ALL ITS TURBULENCE

If only...

*If only she knew how much I care;
How often I managed to be there,
How much her pain was mine to bear,
And how much I adore her attention-grabbing stare.
If only she knew how much I care.*

*If only she knew how much I admire her;
How many times I would take a bullet for her,
How wide I'd smile every time I see her,
How enthralled I would be just talking to her,
How long I have always wished to hold her and be the one to console
her.
Maybe prove myself to her, perform a grand gesture and she'd be forced
to recognise how much I'm willing to be a fool for her.
If only she knew how much I'd do for her.*

*Unfortunately, her eyes rarely ever look my way and the only time I get
to converse with her is maybe once every 50th day or maybe through my
dreams because physically, I have nothing to say.*

*For now, all my ideas belong in a cabinet of unlikely events because
there is no way on earth she would go for a genuinely affectionate gent.*

CHAPTER 3

NADIR

Limbo

I am in limbo; standing still yet moving backwards. A treadmill effect of sorts; stagnation is regression, all these fake smiles are a breeding ground for depression.

I am so close to capitulating, the pain has become slightly liberating.

Seemingly soulless, sensitive sweetheart spiralling slowly towards the bottom.

I can't stop myself.

I can't stop it.

I give nothing but my all and get all of nothing.

I throw my heart countless times into the lion's den hoping that each time will be different.

"Maybe it'll be a positive experience, maybe they'll be there through any weather.

Maybe he'll finally make an appearance, maybe she'll treat me better."

How delusional.

NADIR

I am tired

I am tired.

Of saying the same thing but in different ways

Of telling myself that I'll be okay.

I'm tired of seeing the biggest picture on the smallest frame,

Of looking in the mirror and seeing the same face.

I'm tired of being considerate and caring,

Of being emotionally available and airing

Out my laundry in my dirty state.

I'm tired of copying and pasting myself in places I hate for the sake of fitting in, standing out, or getting a date.

I'm tired of thinking that doing the same thing over and over again yields different results,

Of shielding myself from my own insults,

Of projecting my inadequacies and not exploring my capabilities.

I'm especially tired of thinking that people actually follow scripts, which is ironic considering how good at acting they are.

The beauty of art.

I'm not even tired, I'm mad because there are so many situations I could have avoided, so many arguments I wouldn't have had.

I'm mad at the fact that I could be this bad at gaining sight of who I am.

Those in my circle have their own circles, in which I'm not involved. Makes me wonder whether or not that's my fault.

I belong in the shadows, I'm always lurking because the spotlight is not where I enjoy working.

The world I belong to does not yet exist, and so I'm left with no option but to persist.

NADIR

The Mind

The mind wants what it has;

It pictures the future through images of the past.

It leaves you stuck inside nostalgia and masks all that is wrong

For all the power it possesses, it does not give you the power to belong.

The only thing keeping me alive and trying to kill me at the same time;

It victimises itself often and then perpetrates self-hate crimes.

*It's divided into two sides, the left and the right and neither of those
seem to be able to show me the light.*

*It is a running theme of war and it shows me that there is no peace
behind Hell's door.*

The home of fear and hope, and mine is unable to balance both.

NADIR

Pretty Soon

Pretty soon I won't be of this world, I'll be of another.

Pretty soon I'll be away from my siblings and my mother.

Pretty soon I'll meet my maker and never have to wonder

Why He decided to burden me with a mind that's pulled me under.

There were some good moments, great memories and fun days.

Having too few of those has led my soul astray.

I have done so many things my mouth wouldn't dare to say

But eventually, I have succumbed to my inability to rid my brain

Of thoughts that do nothing but cause unlimited pain and a belief that hurts me every time it is contained;

That in all probability, my demise would be in vain.

The only reason I'm still ticking over is that I'm not always sober

Because this weight is way too heavy for my shoulders.

I'm at the point of no return, the point where it can only get worse;

Where a fire doesn't burn, where my ashes would insult an urn.

I am at the point of no return.

But pretty soon I won't be of this world, I'll be of another

Pretty soon I'll be away from my siblings and my mother.

Pretty soon I'll meet my maker and never wonder

Why He has blessed me with a mind that cannot pull me under.

NADIR

Masks

I am not happy, I don't feel capable of anything at times and I've plateaued before I've even reached my prime.

No one sees it.

When I'm amongst people, I smile so much my grin hurts but I am dying inside.

And no one sees it.

Masks are there for a reason, so why not wear them? Why reveal your true self when they'll struggle to fathom the smallest detail about you?

It's hard to be yourself when everybody's watching you,

And so we pick a façade and try to make it true.

I can't hide anymore.

CHAPTER 4

GROWTH

The Other Side

I don't need to run, I don't need to hide

I'm immune to your disappointment, anger, angst and hatred because when you infected me with your pessimism, I sought a vaccine from the most divine doctor around.

And when you find that I've made peace with you in my heart, your guilt will haunt you and your insecurities will confront you.

All my life, I've always wanted approval from you and you never batted an eyelid;

So I converted my tears into ink and suddenly, you became a character in my story.

You antagonised me and drove me to adversity, and I found myself at the wrong end of a liquor bottle in university.

Having reached the end of our tethered bond, I parted with that spirit and rehabilitated myself at the most divine clinic around.

And now when you look at me and you recognise that your influence is obsolete, meaningless, non-existent to me, I hope you find light in the darkness of your heart and a surge of peace that may provide some tranquillity.

I appreciate the fact that you have taught me a lot.

If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have known the true definition of pain, I wouldn't have known what it's like to be insane, I would not have called on God's name and used it in vain, I would have faced up to my shames and overcome them all over again.

I would've quit and gone to a faraway place but thanks to you, I have mustered the courage to stay.

GROWTH

Awareness

If there's anything to learn about getting older;

It is realising when someone's part in your story is over,

When all the efforts you put in are rewarded with shrugged shoulders

And the warm embrace you usually receive has gotten a lot colder.

It hurts because I believed we would always work and we would go through it for better and for worse.

Life intends differently though and although we both want to grow, we have to do it alone.

We differ in support systems: I have people who don't even want to hear me, you have people who are desperate to listen.

But the biggest difference: is that I've lost my patience and we've run out of persistence.

If you can't communicate and I can't participate and we both don't reciprocate,

Then that CPR showing where we are can't save our bond because it is way too late.

If there's anything I've learned about getting older;

It is realising that my part in your story is over.

GROWTH

Heart's Desire

I chose myself.

My shoulders could not bear the boulder-sized expectations of others anymore.

So I decided to use the exit door, is that not what it was made for..?

I expect no salutes or applause from the ones that wore masks of excitement to hide their hope for my failure.

But the best thing is that I chose myself.

I wanted my happiness back.

My heart yearned for that beautifully imperfect grin, the one that got lost in the wilderness of my chase of something that would not complete me from within.

I was so focused on not losing that I lost my will to win.

I was bound to upset some people by making a choice they thought I would regret but I could care less because...

I got my happiness back.

GROWTH

Living...

Living for calmness, expressing my joy;

I'm feeling like a man now, oh boy.

They have never seen me this content, they can't help but lie.

When they see me smile, they act like they were always by my side.

*Keeping to self has not been good for my health, a problem shared was
a problem doubled though.*

*So with nowhere to go, I had to bleed out my hurt on the only surface I
know:*

A piece of paper.

*The muted therapist that listened to my problems, overlooked the cracks
over which I could not paver and saved my life when I'd deserved no
favours.*

*And now I am the picture of happy; captured through my gestures and in
my laughing.*

*I even started entrusting my life to the all-knowing, because only He
knows where this journey is going.*

GROWTH

Pen, Paper and Poetry

The most precious form of expression.

Our paths first crossed when I went through my first bout of depression; when I could not see any of my blessings.

I had no voice and you gave me the chords with which to mesmerise, educate, open eyes and elevate my way of thinking.

Through this holy trinity, I began to comprehend the concept of peace.

They gave me hope that perhaps my pain and pitiful state would cease.

And now; they're all I need, all I am, and all I will ever be.

THE END.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My Family

This might look like an award acceptance speech but I promise it isn't. I genuinely want to express my gratitude to my mother and my three siblings who have been incredible cheerleaders in my journey of life so far. I'm only just touching my twenties and they have had to deal with a kid who bottled everything inside for about 17 years of that time. I am incredibly blessed to have them in my life and I love them unconditionally, infinitely.

My Friends

I want to acknowledge all 11 of my friends without naming them but they know who they are, so thank you. You guys have seen me at my nadir (lowest point) but you also know me like no one else and that takes some doing. I love you all and I wouldn't be doing any of this without you.

Myself

This doesn't go without saying. I can only thank myself for not giving up and succumbing to my various mental battles, for showing resilience in the face of all adversity and going on to share my story.

I love you and Happy Birthday, Relebogile.