

A collection of thoughts, poems, and writings.



A revolution in mind

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A collection of thoughts, poems, and writings, of mine mostly published on various blogs and other online outlets in some form or another.

This body of work is put together to reflect on my development as a writer, and celebrate my work thus far, because it is important that we celebrate, and allow ourselves to see ourselves for the amazing beings we are. Every once in a while at the very least.

Chapter one: Some thoughts



The world shall judge me, and I shall not care.~

Young man, breathe and believe that perhaps this is your day. The sun rises to greet you this day, will you return a sad look of defeat when the birds sing so beautiful a hymn and the heavens watch you with such eager? Burst forth, burst forth I say for if this day is not yours then perhaps the next. If this path is not yours, then perhaps another and even though you stagger along your way you are never defeated. Not so long as the heart of your father carries you, not so long as the mind your mother nurtured guides you, you walk undefeated, now bear through the grimaces and the pain. Young man, keep your head held high and you walk victorious.~

So it's not real, this identity that was never really me, never really mine? Tell me good friend, what will you call me when time comes to a stand still. Merely a thought lost in the imagination I became, chasing white rabbits down a hole. I knew this felt too much like a dream. Imprisoned in these fantasies so fantastically lucid, perhaps it's all too real.~

Waiting. That's all we do. At the right moment, we will act! When the odds are in our favor we will strike, under the right circumstances we will rule! But there is no such thing.

There will never be a perfect chance to strike. We have to stop postponing our lives and act now. We're living on borrowed time which makes it all the more precious.

We're too afraid to take a bold step toward some of the things we really want, so we put it off forgetting that the treasure lies behind the fear.~

I still feel that I'm a challenge to love, nothing complicated I'm just a riddled Capricorn, perplexing myself in new dimensions, perpendicular to the idea of me I conjured in a state of distress. Excuse the noise my mental space simply won't seem to stop buzzing to some thought of hope, the one that's carried me this far, kept my steps feeling light.

I found the little crack leading out of the darkness now here I am taking every breathe like it was my first again. Of course I've realized more of myself in lighter aspects, I accepted that its all in my head.~

Oh my, what has the life experience done to us old friend. We've twisted and reshaped into these new forms, but I still recognize you beneath the visage. Oh my, what it is we've become in our years, adopting more of ourselves in new fashions. It's funny how fast we grow, you were just a caterpillar in my eyes only yesterday but I suppose even the season changes. Dear friend how much it amuses the mind to see you this, no longer that. I can't help but wonder two years from now, three years from that and an infinity later, who we shall be. Who will we find ourselves to be when the next summer comes?~

Oh my old friend, what has this life experience done to us. I hope you sail well on your journey, I simply wanted to wish you love. I'll see you when we drift back home, may the winds carry you far and your gifts meet you well. I look forward to the stories you will tell me of a lifetime you spent in the milky way.~

But isn't everything spiritual?~

Hooray to a struggle and a dream, but what does it all mean when the end meets the beginning. We've had a good time, oh we've had a good time but now its up. Now you're only a memory, now you're only a dream as we close this chapter. My heart sinks heavy to this goodbye but I will carry you're energy with me. Take care when I'm gone and do tell them tales about me.~

I find myself at the peak of a thousandth lifetime, reperspecting some perspectives, emotionalising some emotions. I respect that I am not the emotion, only the emotional. I respect that I am not the thought, only the thinker. Oh what it is to observe existence.~

Thoughts... they are as real as they are false. So powerful but completely powerless against my prowess. I confess, my fear of thought was the thought of fear. Now it's clear I am - the source and the center yet the outcome and the circumference and my thoughts come to this: I have mastered, the master.~

Buried in the abyss of the mind, I roam this labyrinth of thoughts, scaling the walls to the very last millimeter, reaffirming just how real thought-meets-emotion feels. Near victim to the poisons of the mind.

Chapter two: poems



Get out of my head

Get out of my head. Tell me how did you find your way here, I seem to meet you in every room. My every thought traces back to you, not the hour passes that you do not echo somewhere in the back of my mind, no not the minute fades that I do not crave you to some degree, in some form for some reason the memory of your eyes will not die. If I had known you'd be a drug, I would have begged mercy when first I laid eyes on you I swore heaven had taken human form. Why was there no one to warn me that madness is born of a smile.

Now victim of your charm, tell me goddess do you know of your sins or does beauty beyond human reasoning simply come natural to you. Incarnation of Nefertiti, you're very being brings me to my knees. I beg please for you to get out of my head, every thought of you is bliss and torture all at once. You leave me with no sleep, for what man could quiet a mind ruled by you. What sweet symphony is your voice to move my soul. Tell the heavens I apologize for gazing upon them, I knew not that madness was born of a smile.

So convinced

Because I'm so convinced that I'm living my life the wrong way.
I keep focusing on the negatives, on the
how I should be doing it
how I could be doing it
how they were doing it
but never how I am doing it.
As if there was ever a wrong or right to it. We're still trying to

put it all together.

This puzzle we're piecing.

I'm always stressing and detesting this blessing
constantly looking over my shoulder waiting for the people
who've always been disagreeing with my every step to tell me
how wrong I am again.

I've been underestimating me, contemplating myself and second guessing |? |? I've been
stuck in this self-made illusion of defeat. Feeling like a lost cause
at every breath I take, Feeling like every move I make was a fatal mistake.

So poisoned in this: thought.

Forgive me if I fall.

Pardon my flawed character.

I apologize for my errors, to whoever I'm supposedly suppose to
apologize my being to.

Yes I was convinced that I'm not doing it right,
but let me do it
and let me be the judge of my ways.

It's raining

Its raining

and I'm in solitude.

Solitude of the mind,

My thoughts criss-cross with no one to reflect off of.

My disillusion of reality go unchecked.

With no one to confirm or deny them.

Its raining

and I'm in solitude.

Solitude of the senses, as the cold chill bludgeness my senses now dull to existence
itself, now numb to being.

The textures of life fade away.

The weather now a reflection of my state of being.

Constant, present and just there.

The clouds blanket the city, and the rain falls like unforgiven angels as I watch from my
window:

Its raining

and I'm in solitude.

Solitude of definition.

Changing dynamics

We were going to conquer the world together, now there is this great divide between
us.

One minute we were an element, now we're on opposite sides of the spectrum.

Today was our day.

We were doing things our way.

We were the only ones who understood the things we say, but you went left, I went right.

Now one of us is left behind and that wasn't right.

New friends now.

You're better now,

I'm better now.

I talk differently now,

you walk differently now.

All our memories,

all our promises,

all our dreams...

Gone before we even realized we drifted to separate shores.

This happens sometimes, but I just thought our time would be more.

I fell prey to her beauty

I was just standing there admiring

From a far

Then she walked up to me and

I fell prey to her beauty.

back up against the wall, she

Had me chin up, chest out and
Standing tall.
Mere inches from my face.
Caught and paralyzed by the sweet symphony that is her voice.
There was no hope for victory or escape. Her words and her eyes,
Had me second guessing my second thoughts, the right words
to find, I fought.

It felt like a short forever.
I was a victim of her charms,
a prey to her beauty.
But instead of voicing out,
I kept myself the silent victim
but in my retaliation, I caught
Her, sweet, soft name...eventually.

Cheers - we made it!

I want you to think back...
I want you to remember everything you've been through, all the tears you cried, all the
long lonely nights, and all the pain, just let it all fill up, in your heart...

Now listen, this one, is for all that you've been through.
It's for all that I've been through, I say cheers.

This one, is for all the dark
Nights you didn't think
You'd survive.
Its for the lonely days,
When you needed somebody,
Anybody, to just be there.

Its for all the challenges and tough
Times you've been through,
Are going through,
And are going to face.
All the pain you've had inside you,
This one is for that, that and
All the times you've been judged and ridiculed. Pushed around,
Pushed down and pushed to the side. Well you bounced back.
It's for the people you lost, lovers, friends and family.

You know what this ones for?
This one's for all the damned things,
Take a minute to remember, remember those:
Long stretched out hours,
Hopeless days,
Times when you were filled with countless fears,
All the tears the poured out of your pain filled soul.

Now grab a glass and lets toast, because guess what?
You're still standing damnit,
we must be gods or something
That's what this ones for,
You made it,
Kicking and screaming,
Clawed your way out,
Through the storms,
The dark tunnels,
against all odds, hopes and wishes
You're still standing
So cheers!

We-Are-Greatness...

Our weakest days,

Define our greatest strengths.

Our longest nights,

Sharpen our will and character.

Strength and courage,

come to us when we,

Truly, desperately need them...

Like the phoenix, we are

Reborn

From the ashes...

But the scars, will always remain,

As testimonies to our perseverance.

What the flowers told me

In a conversation I had with the flowers, they told me a wisdom, saying:

“You’re going to get buried.
You’re going to get buried in dirt,
you’re going to get buried in pain,
And you’re going to have to dig your way into the light.
You’re going to have push yourself outside of your comfort zone before you can meet
the sunshine on the other side of your fears, where a breath of fresh air waits to greet
you.
The journey will tire you,
The effort will be great,
But you never stop digging.”

They said:
“Blessings will rain down on you,
love will light the way for you,
yet know that storms will come,
And love
May become too much to bare at times,
But the beauty of change is its constance.
Seasons come and go dear child.

The world awaits your bloom
So never doubt the wonder that you are.
Let your existence add the beauty of this mosaic.” That is everything
The flowers told me.

Dear me, ten years from now

Perhaps impatience is a product of youth, running rapid, not yet skilled in age, not quite used to the pace at which life evolves.

These days I find myself ruled by emotions of distress, and so I write this poem to you knowing that we grow wiser with age, and stronger with time, I'm hoping I can borrow these from you. I ask, show me the wisdom I use to bring all my desires to fruition, give me the strength that carries me through my tumultuous trials, and maybe you can teach me to have my vision more clear, my speech more audible, and my actions greater defined, refined with intention.

At the moment I'm still far too reckless, perhaps I shall always be reckless, and that is simply who I am.

At the moment I haven't quite learned the skill of appreciating the moment, perhaps beauty is forever fated to slip through my fingers, and I shall always be glancing over my shoulder at things that would've been, could've been.

We both know that I have a long journey ahead of me, so I ask, walk it with me cheering me on when I lose faith in myself, guiding me where I go astray, and continue to be my beacon of light especially when the days grow dark. If you can believe in me, as much as I believe in you, I know that we shall be alright, and we shall be able to be, do, and have all that our heart desires and our mind conceives.

Sincerely young, and foolish, you.

Chapter three: Some writings



Depression

Bartender, give me another glass of depression. Make it warm and thick. I want to enjoy every sip and every drop of it. They say misery loves company, but I prefer my depression, alone, in the ever so inviting, welcoming dark.

Depression, that bitter sweet taste that rivals even love itself. That sweet, tangy drink that warms and cremates my soul. Joy is a cold, thin drink, whose taste fades as soon as it's no longer on your tongue.

I want to be dead drunk on depression, as it desecrates me in the sweetest way...

Let me be immersed in it, I surrender my every fiber and being, to that delectable drink. Let me drown in it, down to my very core. Let me drink glass, after glass, after glass until I am depression itself. It is that ever so warm blanket, in a crowd full of cold hearted bastards. That friend when no other is left. It is that noise that breaks the silence.

And with every sip of it I take, a sip of me it also, takes. Depression is my love. So Bartender bring me more and more. A toast, a toast to my troubles, to my fears and to this drink, crafted so well by those closest to you.

Depression, embrace me, for no one else will.

Be-you-to(the)-ful(lest)

You're one in a million. No one out there in the world quite like you but not everyone understands that about themselves. I was a victim of self doubt.

It's not always easy being you. People in your life pull you in multiple directions, preferring you to be a certain kind of way. Your Mom would like you gentle, your Dad

would like you strong and your friends would like you crazy. Trying to keep up with the changing demands is almost impossible.

I thought it would be much easier to conform to the norm, but "fitting in" was not worth losing my true self. It was a journey to discover that.

Now I've decided to be comfortable in my own skin, to be the beautiful expression that I am, free from the chains of society and expectation. If people don't like my true self, then that's not my problem nor are those people I want in my life.

I understand that my character is flawed but its more rewarding to be my true flawed self than to be a perfect clone of society.

The wonderful, glorious land that is tomorrow.

I often hear people say: "this is a lesson for the future". Everyone preaches the gospel of saving for a rainy day or planning things ahead to the minute.

If we're always saving for a rainy day, when do we get to enjoy the sunlight? I'm not saying one should blow their live savings in one night or anything like that but when do we get to breathe? We so easily get caught up trying to control the future when in truth we don't have control of the future - which isn't a completely bad thing.

We have it in our minds that the future is this wonderful glorious place and time, so we have to spend our entire present on the future never taking a moment to stop and smell the roses.

80 years down the line I don't want to look back at a life unlived and times never cherished. I don't want to bank away my years then cash them out when the values' depleted. I have enough faith in the existent present and plenty of trust in the unseen future.

Meet me halfway

I'm not perfect and I'm willing to admit that. Irrational anger, a bit of a slob and etc. but that's just being human.

This was not always the case though. I used to do all I could to conceal my flaws of inadequacy and imperfect nature. I used all my energy trying to be picture perfect, just like everyone else around me. I guess I was fitting in because it was so hard and so cold to stand out alone.

I had to walk right and talk right. I hated so much being different and less than perfect, especially since there were so many conflicting expectations I tried to fulfill and people I wanted to so badly please. Any loose fault in my character felt like a huge gaping hole I had to mask. Failures and mistakes always left cruel wounds, wounds that dug deep into my psyche so I made a decision: to be perfect and never make a mistake again, so I don't have to suffer the horrific pain of an imperfection. It made me feel completely powerless and to blame, making mistakes. Every mistake had me hating myself a little bit more each time, slowly becoming a skilled enemy to myself.

I started to realize that I was trapped in a never ending circle: the more perfect I tried to be, the more mistakes I made. The harder I tried to cover up my faults the more they stuck out. At some point I more-or-less cracked and decided to give up this pointless charade. I decided to simply let be what is, there's nothing much I could do about it anyway. Slowly I began getting comfortable with the less than ideal aspects of me. I felt like I could breathe fresh air again. I was no longer draped in a large coat of self loathing. I no longer saw mistakes as little demons in ourselves we had to absolutely kill but as essential pieces to our puzzle personalities.

I do believe though that our faults are meant to compliment each other like the colors red and black. That if we were perfect we wouldn't need other people, so being imperfect we get to need other people in our lives.

What I'm trying to say in this dragged out piece is that as humans we are not perfect, but its ok to not be perfect. We weren't meant to be. We were meant to embrace our blessed flaws and meet each other halfway on them.

Tomorrow could happen

I'm scared - I'm scared of tomorrow because anything could happen. Bad, horrible things could happen there's always the potential of the worst happening tomorrow. There is always that fear...

But am I not the one in control of my tomorrow? What exactly do I have to fear? Yes I know anything could happen, but that anything could be something good, it could be something amazing. I can't say tomorrow is going to be the best day ever, but I can do my best to make it a good day.

Reaching for the stars I could fail. I could fall and the ground crumble beneath my feet, but I could succeed as well. I could soar to the heavens.

It's a 50/50 really. I won't know until I've actually tried and until then anything is possible. Anything good. Tomorrow is not scary. Tomorrow is beautiful because I have the chance to make anything happen.

Being scared of tomorrow won't help me. Tomorrow is coming and it will happen, with or without me so I can either choose to hide in a box all terrified and anxious or I can stand tall and embrace the anything that could happen, the anything I let happen, the anything I make happen.

A particle is in a state of superposition until its observed.

3 life lessons | learnt from using chopsticks

1. Practice makes perfect: you have to have the courage to do it again and again and again until you have mastered it.
2. Do not force anything: things will take their natural course but if u try to force it, they fall apart so be patient with things.
3. Enjoy the food: eventually you're going to reach the bottom of the bowl so relax and enjoy

The one who believed in himself

One day I went jogging.

I had some time to kill and some goals to relive. I had spent my December holidays getting up at five am to prepare for a big race.

I would jog every morning, getting a little bit faster each time, growing a little bit more in dedication each time.

The day of the race arrived. It was a long distance run. 1 500 meters. Three and a half times around the field. My muscles tense in anticipation for the start pistol ...

I came in third place for the race. So one day, I stepped out of the house with the intention of reliving that day, except this time it was just me versus myself. No crowds, no starting pistols. I stood on the road outside my gate and took off.

I could feel my heart beat faster as my feet pushed against the ground faster and faster, as if my battle was against the road itself, but no my battle was against myself as I reached the limit to my speed. I felt a familiar grip on my heart. It was fear, it was disbelief: "I can't do this, I'm not fast enough, I don't think I should even try", but a voice came up. First feint but growing louder: "do you really believe that? Why did you get up in those December mornings? Why did you enter that race? Do you really believe that?".

"No I don't. I believe I got up because I knew I could do this. I entered that race because I believed in my determination".

I could feel the fear losing its grip on me.

I could feel my muscles working at their full potential to push me faster.

The battle against myself was won, I crawled back home in pain and in joy.

I learnt that our reality is a reflection of our believes. If we want to do anything, we need to believe in ourselves first. A little faith in ourselves goes a long way.

The nature of reality

Reality is mental. It's what you imagine it to be, whatever you imagine it to be, and why wouldn't it? Why wouldn't our reality be to our dictation?

Reality is not inherently uniform. A wealthy man's reality is remarkably different from that of a poor man's reality, and not because "they were just born like that." If I were to think like, and conduct myself as, the rich man would I not grow riches and become rich? And vice-versa, if I were to think, and conduct myself as, the poor man does, would I not lose wealth and become poor? We are in affect of our realities, not cause of it, and to think otherwise is to allow yourself to be cause of it.

Reality, being objective, exists within the mind. Change your mind and, effectively, you change your reality. What else could have power over reality than the mind? Things come and go, but you are the one constant of your reality, so what, but you, could have power over that reality? Think good thoughts, and you shall have a good day; think bad thoughts, and you shall have a bad day. The decision, and power, to determine whether your reality shall be a prosperous one, or a tormentous one, is yours.

Objective to perception, and therefore subject to dictation, reality is ours to decide. If we shall not make up our minds about reality, than reality will make up our minds about us, because reality cannot be uniform, not in a universe of endless possibilities and men of distinctly different worlds. One need only realize these fundamental axioms of the nature of reality

The end?