

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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# Get Behind Me Satan

Helm what u think u can.  
But helm nothing pertaining to me.  
Let your wits be captive in your thuts.  
Keys untouched.  
Cos' the Cragger of all goals.  
Is captain of this ship.  
No anchor, endless sail.  
Moreover, moreover, moreover  
Is the constancy with which  
Hmmm. U should sleep to my attainments

I Exceeded the brim of my humility  
I render plea  
I didn't use spit.  
My mind's eye didn't conceive it.  
Appeals made in the dreams of empty space  
With undoubted sentimentality

This goal is concave  
Your liquid schemes will only slide over  
The Maker of orangutans, I'm his pot  
What have u made?  
Your existence, lighter than fragments in ma thoughts.

Do Look me eye to eye  
Say you are nt envious of hearts  
Hearts with peace.  
Tell me your not a fan of my met goals

Resist for once, this once.  
A gymed face toward goodness. My goodness!  
Prince of persia! I'm that uncircumventable cessa, princessa!  
Number 5 is far better than S  
No thanks but a heaving plea  
This goal, gravity is letting it float  
This particular goal, every wind vane supports  
Satan! This time, have a tan!  
And an endless tan!  
Just so you may be made white

Maybe!

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# Love Isn'T By Sizes

What is love without a 'penile his'?  
What if there had been that 'cord of chastity'?  
Courtship was as in 'friendship'?  
Was there ever 'love' all along?  
Was there anticipated 'lust'?  
Can 'love' be measured by sizes?  
Size of a 'rod model'?  
Isn't it only 'lust' that looks for an 'open slit'?  
'its curvatures equals your angles!  
'Can you berate a 'hummer' because its 'gear handle' is small?  
It's a dog! A goat with a 'small horn!  
'It's a mouse! A chiwawa!  
Wouldn't that, only be begrudging?  
What is love, if not a 'boundary breaker'?  
A 'size excluder!  
'A 'regardless' denoter  
It is only tyranny, being over-usurped in this 'charm of lust  
'Lovebirding is much more 'give' than 'take'.  
Love, as begotten as the full-moon!  
'Love' is so novice, even in the face of what measuring tape says!  
Be ample, as 'allies of love'!

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# When A She Dog Is Treated Like A Male

She's caught sight of again.  
Yesterday was a scoff, a growl.  
And on tenterhooks, that nippy sniff.  
But sheer agony came.  
As his need for her was no further sense

'Hopes anewed, here a new day'.  
'There is no façade, she's growner! '.  
'Those hinds are jittery! '.  
'A tail extra-waggy!  
'Then a feel at air for tentative action.  
As the 'now queen' is here.  
Alas! Then a sniff, a lick and she still was maley.  
And then spite as he scoffed, bite, barked.  
She scrams.  
Yet tomorrow his song fills the air, &quot;Everything I do, I do it for you&quot;.  
He just can't say, &quot;Everything I did&quot;.

She was noisome, now intrinsic to him.  
Fruition, he must attain.  
As he piddles with zest.  
'The 'he' is gone, now 'she's a she'.  
If she has virtue, she is still as female  
If you have lust, they are still she-males, with a heart and head.  
If her walls fell, not every wall isn't upright.  
Her protrusion less-pointy, backtrusion is delaying.  
Listen to her heart's voice, it's trebbly  
Its ears are pierced  
All she remains is a 'she'  
Dwell in 'his of her' bosom.  
She is inundately sweet.

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