

Poetry Series

**Tunji Ibrahim**  
**- poems -**

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# Tunji Ibrahim()

# A Lone Wolf

It's a hell of a choice... to live or to die; her interest is whole, her passionate desperation is obvious and frequent, and must be dropped off in racing form. Her living is one of security breach, her life is no choice but all option stunted... such as chink of light in catastrophic ramifications. A soul in the broken chimney... like a pizza, now every slice to the devil. Her resolve gets her more overtly frozen in the doldrums of her own beautiful loneliness... much as being impelled by nature to choose a theme at the centre of pathetic fallacy.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Calabash

Over all sentient beings, divine and quotidian affairs Olodumare - the prana, the source of natural forces - wields cosmic agbara; in the cleft of the rock Oduduwa cloaked his kismet, bequeathing his progeny the rocks of hearts and primacy, steeped in tradition. The tyranny and wiles of neanderthal Bashorun Gaha in Oranmiyan's own forest state heightened the impulsion for his ostracism and eventual incineration. Many defeated army generals were eaten up by the primordial monomania of infernal edicts - buried their shame and ignominious defeats in the primitive belly of self-immolation not until Kankafo Afonja who shot the sharp arrow of defilement at the heart of tradition, fugitive from man and his execrable ways. Alafin, the supreme king of Yorubaland, was by no means equal to wearing the notorious toga of royal tyranny, nay, let a king become obstinate and fan the ember of repudiation leading to his ritual felo-de-se by being compelled to open an empty calabash. Aremo, a prince by birth, the eldest son of Alafin and Abobaku, the king's man... their souls could not but be relinquished to harikari, the ritual bandobast and succour towards the ascendancy of the king's spirit to the afterlife, otherwise let the world be loose in the void... a flimsy facade. Being prostrated to the volonte of the Yoruba pantheon: Obatala, the divine sculptor; Orunmila, the mythic founder of Ifa; Sango, the god of thunder; Ogun, the god of war; Esu/ Elegbara, the evil god... must be exalted.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Cogito

From the dark depths of water through the gob of the sun towards the orb of the moon, the gravitas of nature pounded upon man, adjured to transmogrify his trawl of ecru from the ramp of life as he found his feet to scam from some purlieus to recede into his very image. Shedding the poetic wings of proverbial cockatoo to soar for the measure of man, I tremble at my feet as nature dies at the palm of man with and without the incarceration of innate impulses burning through his mystic praxis: the permanent pregnancy of impregnable change, the implacable birth of direction and its vivid negation, some calamity on a cosmic scale, so much allergic dust has left unsettled in the vacuum of his measure as there exists some bizarre nexus unfolding his being in a plethora of contrasts.

Tunji Ibrahim

## Cogito (Ii)

Betrayal, deceit, conceit and oppression... Venality, one way of exalting negativity. Illusion being the fang of delusion when surrendered every lexicon of praise to the unvenial villian. The mind of man is decorated with gobbets of wishes, perpetually engulfed by self-delusion that the surging struggle of his efforts kicks him to doom and boom. Truth, good conscience and love... Psychological transparency and ingenious projection to dependency and independency are one pungent wish of virtue. Justice would not roll down like water. Victory is a battle. Freedom is a disease. And man is but a beast. Beyond the battle of imagination, man is being transplanted into a scrawny beggarly phenomenon on comfrey charlet and begonia. The nadir of placatory rigour would not mellow the crass infusion of bestiality to feast on verdant grass. The catabolism of the beast seems preinclined to eddy through the vitriol of dragon fire. Fate and faith seem equal validations. And man ceases not to rape his own sanctity with the venerable brilliance of his whims and caprices to rock the psyche of philosophical truism; the cockamamie manness of man necessitates some change of ways to pursue wisdom through the gratifying balance and imbalance between him and nature.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Crack

It was one of priority to tangle with the debacle of choice, that which sipped through the heart of inamoratas. I had once monstrously fallen with mythic afara... not until the blossom faded away. Every aeon, without demur, I chose to wear my mind's eye, some same sorry story retold at even a more fearful rate. Now this jar of flesh in pink, a pleased unfolding. Yet I had no sense of misgiving as destiny apocalyptically plotted some sloth of parody in retrospect. And to this jar of flesh, bequeathing my heart into the gestalt of impulse... word, my ingredient of substance, supreme and intense, pulsating on my lips, and nabbed the jar by way of admiration. The poetic cognition of such breezy stellar presence was permitted to overshadow brains and brawn. And I could not but impugn all incandescence of sterner stuff that appeared to breed this moment. Such mythic afara tends to punctuate an immense menacing power if not properly seized. Qualm was not a word in void, for love that which watered my heart wilted and recrudesced, and my heart was the chaff pillaged by the wind.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Cryptic Seasons

This chameleon peregrination of gaunt corrosion, this entrenchment of perfect disorder, this tainted source of vibrating welkin, this circadian ria of spurned contortions, this mute hug of crippling winds, this mocked silence of the flamboyant end... this vastly sprawling milieu, where people seem to be living in the death of their shadows, enshrouded in the cryptic seasons of fable reality and vacuous truth, punching the air with invisible fists.

Tunji Ibrahim



# Cultural Dream

Unable to make concealment for being the cynosure of all eyes, the belle without her adonis... being perished in the shauri of pathological nature, in the halcyon sphere of the hades, the quietus, one of stygian odyssey not inapplicable to all. Fermented in the sacrament of hallowed culture, and the unwonted path that failed this moment. The patrician elders came, saying the medicine that works not requires yet the addition of a leaf. A sufuria carries out its duty at the expense of live fire. The widow's right to woo another studmuffin inherent in the necessity to swim in the aqua of copulation with her deceased husband in the splash of a briny dream, whose anticipated content of verbal precipitation would be divulged and honoured within the grip of an authorized few. Sleep hit each night, belying the direction of brittle cultural haven... not the culture but the young widow that had to be diagnosed. Let her be equipped with her beauty, her chignon, some seemingly quirky succotash and brisket within the context of her hubby's fav: to liberalize the pavlovian urge through the incipient verbena of dream, she would carry her feet tranquilly to the very grave, to the Shangri-La in Lost Horizon, where in firm quietness her love was laid.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Damini Saga

Damini, symbolically named... Promising, exuberant, young and stunningly beautiful. Her overwhelming sense of fun parted in a woebegone day when the devils flashed a demoniacally cold smile at their preys. Damini, like Sanyogita Dharamsingh, made a gallant attempt to win the notorious war against her fate. The maniacally moving bus would not screech to a halt. Replete with the devil's will, the six wolves in human skin bludgeoned her male compatriot... comatose and gammy... and took lascivious rounds of macabre penetration, the hapless victim suffocating pathetically between the sickening iron rod of the lotharios and their monster nutshuts alike, massively suffering brain, gastrointestinal and genital damages, climaxed the fatal emergence of cerebral edema. The gorgeous princess faded away unprepared, leaving her gorgeous king and the gorgeous palace far behind. Unequivocally, the six hoodoos did their damnest. Spare a monster and dig your grave. The simian and garbled barks of berks and their visible inadequacies must not strangle the breath of justice. Naming anti-rape law after her might suffice to spring up a wave of honour. But the real honour lies in the face of justice, the intrinsic dignity of the law of universal validity.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Difficult Bargain

Our savaged essence in a tremor of darkness. Pollulating grooves - where human souls cast adrift like sirocco, where oestrus is a seething cauldron of difficult bargain, where the victims have their hearts bathed in the precarious circle of choice, where their infirmities and pristine pudendas are mere toys to the outlandish puissance of human barracudas, where parents are the intrepid predators predominantly riding the invariant crest of the backgammon... We have long allowed our violators to overshadow our existence. The dwarf thoughts of evil perpetrators must not win our abiding silence.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Empty Heart

Innocuously dangerous, pelted with some sort of simulation, obliquely lost in the brachiocephalic trunk, the actual region of love syllable attuned to the arch of synthetic penetiation. Acrobatic triangulation beamed the bang bus partitively, above the innominatus chest of pecuniary nodes. Many a bridge led to her tolerable cornervations. A thousand bones enmeshed her regal flesh in the pashmina of futuero. Unknown to many, drills and rides came to be inversely proportional to her juicy interminable chara of refractory malady.

Tunji Ibrahim

# False Gods

Knowledge fails me. False gods killed and buried me in the sinister fabric of doctored veracity, the maddening pretensions of intellectual potency; the need for poetic savvy is one of fascination.

Tunji Ibrahim

## If And If And If

If the law is on the tongue of a liar... If power is the weakness of the strong... If reasoning is the thinking of a lunatic... If the wise depend on the wisdom of a fool... If the wound of life is the healing of death... If failure is the success of the courageous... If depression is the whispering of still waters... If trees dance nae to the coolness of endless breeze... If the tears streaming from the eyes of the heavens are rains upon the earth... If the sky is bleeding from the scorching of the sun... If conscience is the feebleness of man... If crying is the rigidness of laughter... If popular friends are hidden enemies... If love is the throes of the heart... If mind is the blindness of eyes... If night is the dawn of the devil... If light is the darkness of the world... If eating is the diabolical source of hunger... If pain is the gain of living... If the brain of man is at the palm of his hand... If his head is the walking of his legs... If mouth is for hearing, ear for smelling, and nose for speaking... If fear is the voice of the voiceless... If sadness is the joy of the soul... If sleep ceases to dictate the soundness of dream... If the teeth of man biting the flesh that covers his bones... If God is the servant of man... If and if and if...

Tunji Ibrahim

# If I Ever Live Again

Mother, father... you both relished the words of a soothsayer who grandly described me as the fave and mirror, and my reflection be kept safe, lest the devil's eyes pierce through. Being signs of comfort engendered by destiny, labour pains eluded you mother, forfending a difficult womb to carry me during and after gestation. My arrival comforted you. Father pecked you on the cheek graciously and said the light has come to shine, and you both released a sigh of relief. No sooner had a month added a day to my earthly sojourn than I lapsed into serious illness. The soothsayer's voice was raised again like a largo riddled with lamentation: You have fain named Ifa a liar for you have blown the child's birth even too loud. Your joy should flow inwards into your own soul. The devil's eyes have pierced through the mirror. You have mixed your salt with soil. You have taken stones for silver and gold. Thus, without more ado, let echt bean cakes be prepared for children of underage; kola nuts, salt, palm oil and a mother goat all put together and be sacrificed to appease the angry gods. The sacrifice would have come to pass had I not breathed my last breath early enough. Mother wailing, weeping, lamenting, and father in his own anguish appealing for calm, patting mother consolingly. They have laid me down and buried me in white cloth, and with all the sacrificial demands as though to guarantee immediate resurrection. Now here in my beautiful silent grave, I have entered fully into their pathos, praying, seeking divine remediation... Lord, make me the rain to wash away mother's tears. Make me the strength on father's shoulders to carry mother high and bear me again. And if I ever live again, make me an unending comfort and healing to their souls.

Tunji Ibrahim

## In Ilorin..

The day oozes supremely like mama from heaven. Nature walks not its path with no innovations. First, it is a bright, breezy day. Then the clouds poised to mime some abracadabra of celestial hymns. All is caught impromptu when the sullen grey sky appears sly and lackadaisical in its ritual, but no one is least censorious at such realization. The rumble and tumble halts in the brevity of indignatory and incendiary waves of torrent not until the threatening clouds maroon incommunicado as though from karmic discredit. In no time, a clear and detailed manifestation of the notorious oddity of Harmattan comes in no different dimension to accentuate this reality. It is a strange, hermetic world of its own; now people of Ilorin will really have to face the prevailing validation of all the heralds that usher in the compelling atmosphere.

Tunji Ibrahim



# Knowledge

The one who seeks knowledge increases his wisdom and fortifies his ability to conquer fear.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Leery Madness

But if being simpatico steals your rustic being, why would you choose the ruthless effrontery to scoff and spit at the very sight of the most aesthetic on the planet Earth? Tergiversation... to further throw all in a spin. Alas, this only magnified his cold context of old codswallop... Like mushy jesuits, a synod of torpid toreadors tended to becloud the limbo of sadomasochism, even now more eclipsed by a fog of toupee and cincture and jeroboam... frolicking in sable negligee, some poetic brooch of leery madness enacted by the foolish wise... perhaps, yet a tmesis would do... touchy-feely stiletto with a topaz ring, in a while a tatty totty... peradventure a transvestite abdicated the chutzpah, much as enervated the tarty bronco, of sui generis ululation of Jekyll and Hyde. On sufferance and tizzy, inertia of jene sais quoi traipsed from strength to strength; tarantula, stoat, cicada, aardvark, stingray, tabby in synchronous jitters of streptococcus and made to suction the toucan from the stop-go... Something snapped, 'Don't swoon at the ivied sycamore of sylvan planets... if such tawdry ego would not brook the length of latitude'. Skulking in nebulous gusto and frisky moxie, neighed 'Izzatso', tottered, then skeddadled; stillborn and tots... chrysalis umpteen strained at the leash and strafed the lithe tabasco staccato and with nimble gutsiness, the titular symbiosis of spaghetti bolognese and the table d'hote of taramasalata and mozzarella and teri-yaki, nectar and the soused tableau and stockpile of abalone straddled the thick wad of gustatory tango in word and mutation and straggled to suture the cicatrix from toxaemia... stonily abated as the tarragon of cilantro streaked the taxidermy in sally and the sybaritic tosh, not my gobbledegook for the taxidermy, nay, echinacea, halted in sweepstakes... mushrooming in iridescent necromancy as feeble cerebella cast glitterati in the mould of nincompoops; then the stool pigeon natured the stuccoed wall, and now swathed in a totem of strident stipendiary and time, chronometer...

Tunji Ibrahim

# Letter To My Love

Hi, Cutie: What people say makes no impact as long as my judgement serves me right. Even if I don't want to say it, your thinking grows bigger and bigger in my head. When I try to look further, your love holds me harder. I never knew how it feels... until I found you. Divine you are. Maybe this is enough to define you. Maybe it's the way you whisper to my ears, the sweet nothing that triggers the switch of your tongue. Maybe it's the way you carry your seraphic body, maybe it's your unviolated response to the monopolistic stimuli of body chemistry. Maybe it's the sweet smell of your physical presence, hanging in the air long after you've left. Maybe it's the eternal purity of your womanness. Maybe it's the veiled context of your virginity that which I alone unveiled. I know perfectly well how it feels like when you lie in my arms with all the sweetness of marjoram. My head now empty of thought as you open for me the gate of paradise through the smashing freshness of your body. Touch my soul with the tip of your finger. Kiss my heart with the kisses of your mouth. Your shining beauty, the favour beyond the smell of roses. The kiss of my lips, the flesh of my bone, the body of my body, the blood of my blood, my heart, my mind, my soul, my cutie, my fantasy, my ecstasy. I cannot but wear you in my heart with the eternity of love so we won't fade away with the test of time.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Liberation Therapy

Theoretically, democracy connotes the general will. National interest is at the centre of international relation, the sociology of political psychology, which of course readily weaves a mishmash of gorgon medusas around the empiricism of shift in therapeutic curve, and in man's capacity and catholicity to depict his own essence and substance at the very most by reflecting the variables and invariables of social order, much as we tend to dwell on the inalienable fundamental human rights, which, in the lexicon and notion of those who have their eyes on both sides of the picture, equally marry the reality on paper... We cannot but present a truthful representation of liberation therapy towards the mystique of an enslaved public psyche.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Listen To My Heart's Beat

I've become drunk with the dream that is fast becoming the endless part of my sleep day and night. Your love revolves round my existence...And much faster than the blink of an eye; heavier than the weight of the world. Yet my heart effortlessly conveys...I've closed my eyes for my mind to see. My soul moves searchingly for my heart to beat to the silent rhythm of love melody. My heart keeps beating with your love unabated.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Love Misspelt

My blood runs superlatively through the missive pen, just as superfluous to defy your thrust of 'love misspelt'. A massive drama at the peak of misnoma, nay, something of a meiosis. My heart is but a pentagon overflown with the love of love. An explosive vilification of my heart atlas. Don't think me dippy.

Tunji Ibrahim

## Love Prose

'You know I care enough to check things out. Been up to my neck with things on my mind. Wanna hit a chat with you, but not now. Gonna have me in no distant time. Promise. Roger that? ? ? '... 'Baby, your words are dropping some pin into my flesh. Of course, you know this distance thing is killing us'. Now the finicky problems of distance had been left far behind, solved as though they had not for once emerged. The day entered into the dark belly of the night. Apparently, the love birds were in the middle of that big bed. Sitting naked, legs straddled over her man's hips, she squirmed her bottom, still damp from lovemaking. His hands gripped her slim waist. 'You are all ears, aren't you? ' He groaned. 'Of course, I am'. She squirmed some more. 'I'm just not sure we're on the same wave length'. Looking at his anguished face, she could say he was not happy. And she said: 'Okay, I'll be good'. 'Thank you very much', the young man sighed. 'Now, where were we? ' And she said, ' In bed'. 'Woman, will you get serious? ' He grinned and tweaked a nipple. She was incredibly beautiful in soul, spirit and mind; and her body was just too pure. She was contented with what she had, and this was the only thing that did matter to her every now and then. She wouldn't care whose ox was gored, as long as nothing was capable enough to take her love away from her.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Memory Of Silence And Sadistic Parametres (I)

Memory of silence and sadistic parametres. History of grave human rights violations is not far from the picture. There are episodes of rape, molestation, humiliation and terror. Rape is a crime of shame, and shame is universal. A Nigerian University lady was raped by two male friends. A South African lady being raped by four men suffered a horrendous death out of shock and dehydration. A poor little Japanese girl, who was kidnapped and gang-raped for 44 days, died of the injuries inflicted on her. In Steubenville, Ohio, two minors drugged a 16-year-old girl and sexually assaulted her, urinating on her unconscious moribund body, abandoning her at the end of the night at her parents's house. There are cases of doctors having canal knowledge of their patients before performing illegal abortions on them. Rapists are all faggots with morbid fascination and priapism. They are so sexually repressed that they will be prompted to rape even an old frumpy woman. For crimes such as this, especially in cases where rape leads to death, one will be quick to vote for a real mode of painful execution, a slow and painful death, a horrified journey that could never occur too soon.

Tunji Ibrahim



## Memory Of Silence And Sadistic Parametres (Ii)

Ethnic animosity rather than politics often erupts into civil war. Civilians and non-combatants are one potential victim of war atrocities, which appear to shock even the sickest imagination. Being the abuse committed by men against women's bodies, rape remains a global scourge... a crush of psychological warfare, one of sadistic parametres to mortify the enemy in conflict zones. In Balkans war, 30,000 to 50,000 Kosovo-Albanian women were sexually abused, many went through the dilemma of deciding whether to give birth to the unwanted children of an alien army, whose deliberate choice of being degenerated into marauding bands of terrorists went with impunity. For instance, how could this young woman put up with her devastated past without crying a river? Being one of the many victims of the Foca rape camp during Bosnia war, young, beautiful and a virgin, she was obviously in a quandary to save herself, her mother and other women from the precarious reality of being gang-raped three times a day for four months... not until she became visibly pregnant. The fetus was too developed to be safely aborted, thus carrying the viviparous evidence of the ever-increasing horror of war in her innocent womb. The brutal effectiveness of rape and other forms of extremely serious gender violence in the torrent of conflict cannot be over-dramatized.

Tunji Ibrahim

## Memory Of Silence And Sadistic Parametres (Iii)

Memory of silence, arcana, depravity, violence, victimization, stigmatization, insecurity, sadistic parametres and/ or armament of destruction. From Africa to Asia, from Europe to America, our mothers, sisters and daughters are victims of violence, murder, mayhem, rape, mutilation, sexual slavery, forced abortion, sterilizations and mortification. War crime carries different words, but same definitions. And the patterns of justice and otherwise seem far different. Rapists are terrorists who kill, rape, desecrate and pillage at will. Agents of destruction of human dignity. Rape is a weapon of shame in and out of wartime. The rape of the women of Monte Cassino, the rape of Nanking massacre, the rape of Rwanda genocide, the rape of Cambodian genocide, the rape of the formal Yugoslavia genocide, the rape and mass rape of the kosovo-Albanian women, the systematic mass rape during the war in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the rape of the siege of the Alamo, the rape of the Battle of Little Bighorn, the rape of Vietnam war, the rape of the Mexican-American war, the rape of the Battle of the Bulge, the sexual slavery of the Japanese during World War (II) , the rape of Ibo women in Nigeria-Biafra civil war, the rape of the Srebrenica massacre, the rape of Mayan women in the 36-year Guatemalan civil war, the mass rape in Minova during Democratic Republic of Congo civil war, the rape of Sierra Leone civil war, the rape of Ivory Coast civil unrest, the rape of Myanmar, the rape of Darfuri women in the Sudanese civil unrest, wartime sexual violence in Sri Lanka, Colombia, Nepal, Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Libya, Israel and Palestine, Peru, El Salvador, East Timor... are but one gruesome example. Women's bodies on a large scale have become an unavoidable instrument of war, and impunity hitherto remains the rule of the game. Wartime rape is a serious crime according to international law and jurisprudence. Sexual violence is tantamount to genocide. Yet prevention and prosecution have for long been a rhetorical priority for the international community.

Tunji Ibrahim

# My Apple Tree

Equipped with exquisite madness and enthusiasm to explore my source of love through your coming in a myriad of varied and unvaried beautiful flowers with beautiful smell in moments of real bounty of affections, whence I literally have consumed me by the voracious heart laid bare with the nakedness of love... the knowledge thereof comes fully to play, bouncing me from bone to flesh, from mind to heart, from soul to eternity, my state of being redefined... kind, gentle and loving. Let the blood dripping from your heart be water, and let me drink you with orgiastic love. When distance sets us apart, our hearts connect through some sweet memory of sweet loving, overwhelmed by the mild touch of tenderness... too honest to feign the feelings that cannot be felt. Swathed within the warmth of your beauty, burning through the sun with the genial fire of romance, through the generous spread of your arms revolving round the jollity of the moon with quiet firmness; swallowed up by the unusual touch of passion and desire, comforting me with the kisses of heaven through the fullness of your lips, lying all night between your fresh apples, wet with the dew of ecstasy... savouring your delectable freshness between the pillars of heaven with great delight... I'm all yours as you be all mine. Let the world fly away, let the sky vanish, let every other element prove transient, most overtly remain is my apple tree... having surrendered me unto you with all the weight of the earth, dipping my heart in the vastness of ocean, drenching you with the water of love, snowballing into the whole cast of orgasm, with impeccable molasses of merging two hearts as one.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Nature

Sitting in the air without the fleshy adequacy of gutsy trueness, flickering the sun off my shoulder with the tip of my finger, the moon in the grip of my palm throwing light upon the secret of man, blowing wind from the gust of my breath, swallowing the rain and pouring water at will to fumigate the nauseating gunge of the tyrannical cords and their -of-negativities, scuffling in the dark surf of my shadow to vomit the night upon the earth at the flux of day, the mute-eulogy of the gumption of my scope validates the perpetual blend with heavens, whence my large creative hand authenticates the infusion of assorted varieties.

Tunji Ibrahim

## Of A Sense

No definition of imagination for tugging at my log. The act in the art of heart fakes the flakes and blames the flame of fame... When the moon blue with boom, tootle my zoom with fume. The taboo of calloused hands yanked me into the zoo of doom, bald-patched from the long dragon tongue, licking and sucking the scorching sun... My tool tooting in rococo tears of fearless fear; my eyes now talking to their puddle... and to the senselessness of my sense, my imagination does not hold me... my silence is now even too loud.

Tunji Ibrahim

## Of Me In Me

I have sneaked... into the silent cacophony of my mind: the impalpable cog of the congenial invisible that appears to have housed my being... hard to be excited over the moon when darkness fails to betray nature; the mirror gives no exact reflection... Wrong is inherent in being right, perhaps wisdom emanates from a tinge of reason such as heaping the coals on the stream of tears for cleansing the eyes of dirt. How do we judge a wrong when a right is wrong? My soul attenuates the cadence of my mind when no reason seems to march my failure and success; but when my soul marches the gall of my spirit, my mind fails to carry the weight of my weary flesh and bones.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Power

Power is essentially evil when it is born out of oppression and tyranny.

Tunji Ibrahim

## Quintupled Belly

Tenaciously vigorous to swim even through the unreceptive cervical mucus. Shackled by the chimera of insemination. One crescendo of fallout. Being nailed down to PT one crepuscular evening. Albeit by all measure of mardana... further enriched with the wondrous lash of pregnancy. I marvel how nature overlaps my amatory gauntlet, swapping my quintupled belly for some spooky uterus - notching human chorionic gonadotropin, plunging me into oddity as the eloquence of odium envelops my ears. I have climbed many wolfish mountains with the ardour and astuteness of alpinists, and never for once stumbled. Where is the alchemy to redeem the astronomy of nature?

Tunji Ibrahim



# Security

The only path to collective security is collective love.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Shadow Of The Past

...We have to see and feel the honour of the past before we begin to talk of the glory of the present... Memory consumed me in rust. A sourpuss' countenance engulfed my pronominal case. Let the sun scorch and drink my tears...  
Conversing into the dusk, wondrously engrossed, hitherto poring... My being folded into nothingness of nothingness, imbued with the truthful reality of an awesome element; passing by was a sure phrase, but not without a shot of eyes at a lone spiffy figure, nature rare gift fiendishly real, palpably busied with one of domestic chores as hands dancing mildly and skillfully on a flatsome stone, grinding. An enigmatic smile played on my face... smug, immersed in the captivity of equal sensitivity. Poked as being choked in the current yoke. Words flew and came down on my whole craft of flesh like a ton of bricks. One of tomfoolery to digress from the core of origin... wholly smitten, awestruck... swooned as I was, realizing clinically though was he, nay, she. Like a pen on a roll of paper, the resonance of my thought emptied, crusted with a singular, but heroic resolve of mythic proportions. A word be won to let loose the flow of feelings, the cluttered mind that housed my being. At dawn, the following day, my heart seared like flame, my head burning through the muzzy marrow of my bone... blooming with the same crest of thought till pouring down the wholesomeness of my heartbeat on fetish paper, smuggled onto some 'un to ease the smashing weight of the soused moment. My heart and its beat were exalted and celebrated with all enthusiasm and epic. As rolling amber eyes over every miniature line spewed up a keg of smirks... kept in the heart in silent sighs. For several ages, feet shuffled triumphantly to the effusive roll of drums in mutual ecstasy, grew rapidly like moss on virgin rocks. The fulfilling essence seemed to have evolved in the offing, unmutated... Ouch... Over a considerable span such as in cantata, felt concussed as though by an immanent whirlwind... The tangoed feet swept off the wonted earth; each marooned at the double in unmutual mutation. Now what frowsty rime in fickle rhythm... redolent with the smell of the unmitigated past whereon impossible to swoop nor to ride on its shadow.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Socrates

He nibbled at some call... to cast a circular shadow on the earth; his plague of infinite cord yielded not to his surreal lobes, yet unwittingly he had planted some lodes in rock-fissures like the rhetoric from Aspasia of Miletus. On and on the earth leapt from its core to unveil the clandestine belly: its surface overgrown by a wider range of possibilities than the mere imaginings of his lobes; the lingering echoes of transparency raised the phantasm of many not unlike he partook of the acquiescence of the priestess Diotima of Mantinea... Web-spinners of thought pouring their contents into the empty cups: Euripides, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Demosthenes, Menander, Herodotus, Meno, Theaetetus, Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon and himself... and the mythopoets: Orpheus, Persephone and Dionysus or Bacchus... equidistant from the centre of complex philosophy. Chained by their own shadows and illusions, the dikasts justiciated his thirst for realities as asebeia and disoriented porch, seen to be eternally engulfed by the throes of ideological impotence, the canon of decadent intellectualism... hence granted cold water from the lake of hemlock.

Tunji Ibrahim

# The Cabals

Now let's throw a cursory look at the tepid tirant and his subsidy regime. The macabre dance maddeningly persists. Protests never press a pause and the very same imbizo flows in recurring decimal of the tarantella. Its aftermath still a gruesome tangential murder. While their cohorts unabashedly epitomise a reactionary reversal of the efforts at economic megalomania and revival of social order... as always, the cabals fail not to manifest themselves as a chronic symptom of social miasma, economic quagmire and political phantasmagoria...

Tunji Ibrahim

# The Fear Of Nada

The bouncing of your swift curves, the scent of your comely presence, the freshness of your beauty, the sweetness of your body. The aroma of your tempting gait. The charms of your suffocating sexiness. I'm most definitely filled up; by what magic have your eyes stolen me away? What beauty I can only see with the blindness of my eyes? I am lost and found in the infinite prison of love and sensations. You are a rainbow. I'm standing under your beautiful colours. Clothe me in the radiance of your softness. I cannot wait to drink your lips like sacramental wine. Your two fresh apples are fullmoon, more like ivory towers, leaping upon me tantalizingly, taking me to the sacred shamba where your honey pours forth. Drunken with emotion, I am lost into the mist, flooding my senses with warm, intimate fragrance. Oh, yeah... words ain't enough to enunciate the holism of your elegance. When I'm left with a flimsy chance of holding and touching your ravishing body, carrying you with all the weight of my heart, when I feel quite nostalgic for how this romance tree is planted and watered by the same breath, when the moonlight reveals the libidinous tendency of uxorial chamomile as your shapely cold body falls majestically into the warmth of my arms, unreluctant towards the law of gravity... Let my flagon of sweet kisses play on your lips, paradise is an unebbing journey through the magnetic contact of bodily union, glue yourself unto me rapturously as though tomorrow represents an uncertain part of existence... Your love has won the possessive battle with my heart, come fully into the orbit of my being. Again and again decorate my lips with all patterns of kisses; having lief somersaulted into the chunky and delectable wad of your hips through the caressing of heaven, my judgement of the comprehensive taste of your palatable sweetness is now wafted phenomenally beyond the parameter of dreams... If there be a wish that enraptures the actual flow of my inner makeup, that should be everything that has to be you - the life we both live, the joy we both cherish, the love we both share... lurks in my being the fear of nada, but of losing you. In my heart you are locked up. And thrown away the key where no existing hand ever can reach. My heart blithe and safe this way.

Tunji Ibrahim

# The Hemlock

The soignee star twinkling and trickling... Hungry eyes capitulate to peep, almost blind against its eternity of eminent radiance. Tongue salivates in over-romanticized desperation and mind rests in pieces till the pendulum swings, and time still in tribute. The soignee star with unwonted elegant steps terrifically stimulating; riveting back-and-front, suffice to instigate and castigate the erotic corners of human psyche... The untainted craft of nature armed with velvety terracotta skin to conceal the ominous weeny box of venal flesh, some such succulent hemlock as imminent and unsuspecting... Eyes and mind waxed in situ with the unalloyed allegiance of fate at the mercy of silver tongue; spasmodically, the soignee star now purrs even with an emollient voice: the curious will is saluted insidiously, by frailest choice of being henpecked, a painful punch of stark sincerity, with imperilled sympathy and empathical empathy. Stuck in deep mud, yet unknown... Revelry sanctified strangely but profusely, much as suffocated by urgency of juicy desire. Smooching, being weaned by spasm of self-flageration, mind now in smug peace, the pendulum now back and forth. Alas, time seemingly restless... restless till the hungry eyes snaky and cruel against the invariant choice of empirical will... The unbroken system convulsed, tongue terra firma and forever still; mind in pieces of ghostly peace... Sympathy crushed and crumbled in the abyss of inscrutable will, revelling in the naturalness of seamiest side; a hapless twit to the harridan without the capacity of being.

Tunji Ibrahim

# The Preacher's Analogy

We say his death is something of a mystery, a premonition, a prognostication, a presage, a bad omen, yet the undertakers have conveyed his coffin past the door of his own house, mistakenly taking his cadaver to yet another man's abode. We all seem to understand the import of this proverb. It may be improper to let the chips fall where they may when the future lives in the shadow of a cassandra. When eyes are too big, they begin to have abnormal vision. And when the head is too big, its owner is in the soup. People think me big, whereas I'm smaller than the heavy load they have readily put upon my head... I know how little I am. Lord, may You condone all the utterances that magnify my prominence, beyond the flesh of my bones, beyond the soul of my body, in the eyes of the people as I seek Your compassion and forgiveness. While they possess and profess the knowledge of my good side, they have displayed a woeful ignorance of the fact that I'm not whole, that I have my own Achilles' heel. Sure, I am a sinner, and to reduce my ability to commit more sins, I cannot but choose to walk in the paths of good people. When a sinner befriends a sinner, his mind invariably becomes exacerbated and more contaminated, and deeply rooted in evil. Promise is a journey of loads, and certainty is void of completeness. When in the middle of it, there is a huge hungry lion, out of volition it slips into a fiasco lickety-split, almost dwindling away to nothing. Fear grips my being, hence my quick resolve to discontinue the shambolic journey to further burst with love. Sometimes the promise failed is love fulfilled. Verily, words subsist to be spoken, and not everywhere nor every time. And not all we hear must pass our lips. Words must be accompanied by action, otherwise we end up pouring water into a basket. The wisest course of action is to decide not to equate our utterances with our knowledge. We are created with two ears, and with only one mouth. We shouldn't utter more words than the ears are made to contain. Listen more than less, and say less than more.

Tunji Ibrahim

# The Quest

Mother Nature holds the key and immures the known in the chest, setting a test. Man zealously sets off in a quest, thinking beyond the blaze of pace, challenging Mother Nature to the race of space... and to the space of race. The mirage of perpetual quest of the unknown; the test exposes his propensity to worship his imaginative crudity, pushing him further and further to permanent his curiosity... the nadir of preconceived cupidity. His quest but ominously moves him closer, closer and closer to the sham vault, the cosmic ology of Mother Nature's private part, ceaselessly being raped to conceive and bear. His face, veil of shame and avarice. He rebels not against his religion of quest even though his manhood betrays him.

Tunji Ibrahim



# The Roots

A conglomeration of things unknown animated this spectre of dales and confluents, cascading to their ineluctable roots, wallowing in the gills of catholic secretions, spinning on the fossilized nobe, storming through the abacus of time, abnegating man's tympanum of crypto-quest, the frangipani of embryonic dicta and speciesism, the past eon being gazumped to steal the fresh cohesions of metagenesis, steeping the essence in the switch of a geisha, oozing the diaphanous breath round the nave of circle, of opalescent suffusion with nature conjuring up its truest griot.

Tunji Ibrahim

# To The Princess

My pen is thirsty. And word is water. I am buried in poetic idiolects, and resurrected through the seraphism of your perfected being. Don't listen to the symbolic roar of my words. My mindset can meticulously be read with the loud silence of a princess. I am furnished with word weaponry to possess the whole damn twinkling eyes, and lift me high with philosophical totality as being proverbially glued unto your syntactic glossy lips, with inseparable wonders of siamese twins. The strips of your hair are much as pronominal cases of blazing stars. Don't let me die of curiosity. Kiss my heart and touch me idyllically with poetic romance. Light me in the dark belly of your metaphorical shadow. Brighten my day with grammatical seduction. Shove me into the water of sentient heaven. Empty the vocabulary of kisses on my virgin lips. Span my brain with the idiomatic pregnancy of your poetic smile until my heart is pulsating with the semantic birth of your smashing womanness and elegance.

Tunji Ibrahim

# Vocals

My didi did me some diddy stuff. Yoyo still younger in the conga like I'm in the solo of my lowlow, and Joe gave ya jojoba. I ain't go for bingo. You know my logo. Yet I need the bongo of my jargon as my bimbo hits the tongo. Dad ain't mad and not bad at my lambada. I'm a dude with some doddle. Let's stop the boo and boom the coo of the coot for I'm now cool. Call me casanova like I'm taking yo rover. Sure I'm supernova. The dildo carries the indigo of the heart of earth. You know I've got my ankle in your tinkle. Let's keep the angle from the tangle. Don't give me candle if you can't handle the huddle. Apparently I'm in the nave not because I'm not a knave from the cave. Now I'm low on the shallow and deep in the hollow as my oregano creeps on yo lips, playing polo on yo pillow. I'm totally arrested by the test of the jacaranda on the veranda. You might find a great zest for the jest from my chest. Well, now, you may think me a navajo as my lingo lingers on yo jalapeno for I'm seen in the sin of my jealousy.

Tunji Ibrahim