



NOT EVERY FATHER LEAVES

TOP 20 POEMS OF THE
BRIGITTE POIRSON
POETRY CONTEST (BPPC)
JUNE / JULY 2021

Edited By

BRIGITTE POIRSON
KUKOGHO IRUESIRI SAMSON

Other books in the series:

Wind of Change (2015)
Loops of Hope (2016)
The Train Stops at Sunset (2017)
Citadel of Words (2018)
Vortices of Verses (2019)
A Pandemia of Poetry (2020)

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INTRODUCTION

The “*Tell Tall Tales*” theme of the July contest inspired fewer, but very vigorous, vivid, vibrant, voluble voices vested in Poetry. An enchantment for eyes and ears. Congratulations to all the participants!

See you next month, when you are invited to submit your poem freely, remembering to court the great Muse according to her wishes.

Brigitte Poirson
July 2021

HONOUR ROLL: JUNE/JULY 2021



BAYOWA AYOMIDE MICHAEL is a Nigerian-Canadian poet, filmmaker and student of Theatre Studies and Creative Writing at the University of Toronto, Canada. Bayowa was longlisted for the Nigerian Students Poetry Prize 2018 and shortlisted for both the *Eriata Oribabhor Poetry Prize* (EOPP) 2018 and the 2019 *Christopher Okigbo Interuniversity Poetry Prize*. In 2020 he was the runner-up of the *On-Spot Poetry Writing Contest* and winner of the 2020 Open Drawer Poetry Contest. He was the runner-up of the University of Toronto "ELLY-IN-ACTION" Virtual Competition 2021. His works are forthcoming in *Guesthouse*, *Barren Magazine*, *Kalahari Review*, and *Agbowo*.

HUSSANI ABDULRAHIM, a Pure Chemistry graduate from Usmanu Danfodio University Sokoto, is the winner of the 2019 Poetically Written Prose Contest. A semi-finalist for Boston Review's 2019 Aura Estrada Short Story Contest and shortlisted for the 2019 ACT Award. His works have appeared at Boston Review, 20:35 Africa, Praxis Magazine and elsewhere. He believes that words have the power to heal the world of its numerous ills.



AKINLUA OLUWASEUN MERCY is a poet and aspiring author who appreciates African fiction and poetry. She is currently a medical student of the prestigious Bowen University Iwo, Nigeria. Akinlua is an African rebirth pan-Africanism enthusiast, who is passionate about making her voice heard through her works and helping others to do the same. She's a YALI network member.

JUNE/JULY 2021 TOP 10

1. Bayowa, Ayomide Michael.
2. Hussani Abdulrahim
3. Akinlua Oluwaseun Mercy
4. Zaynab Titilayo Abojunrin
5. Inyang, Inimfon Kufre,
6. Eniola Abdulroqeeb Arówólò
7. Ariyo Ahmad
8. Nnadi Samuel
9. Olayinka Samson Aremu
10. Ogedengbe Trollope Impact

NOT EVERY FATHER LEAVES

BAYOWA, AYOMIDE MICHAEL, 1ST PRIZE WINNER

My negroes ache in blues' rhyme schemes and second-hand instruments. They whine them scrappy throats atop alien sonnets, borderlines of tunes crashing their scarce nights. O them, revolutionary stack of fathers, brung away- spat from holes of short-term rented brasses, non-smoke-free ductworks.

Blues hissself witness these run-throughs- of returning pops bipedaling them reformed asses from bass to arm, reaching for the city bulbs outside them irons. But false alarm- their ankle beeps. 'Cos Blues' Mama said, "No pops loved blues."

So dead be the men resurrecting with little clues of (legitimate) survival. Till cracks do them apart at a felon farm, quite soon a harvest of tuber as fate in the shape of a firearm. Shoo! Shoo! No refund sweat for them tapping shoes.

"Abba! Abba!!" Blues sing, "leave them mountain melodies out of your mouth and keep the rest, an urchin sestet, in your jar throat" -when by the bloodstream's canoe, raising my ape skull above the water, & saluting my sight on them pregnant landscapes ahead-

mine Blues' set on fire during them demonstrative musicals. Breathtaking. But my organs fail to uphold a live tune. Ask, as he shall about my unkempt receipt upon return, the paroled sea levels of our eyes downpour our unshaven, metropolis lids.

And Down South the plantation, the wind chimes swing North

homegrown "Mimosa Pudica", still stretch them palms of semen sighed from some teenager years ago, as I foot faintly. "You done already seen me, Jamal?" I ask. "Here! Here?" Blues sing-along: "Of these short days acquired and unused. Of a decimal refund we may never get,

seek purple prose. For- yo Mama hadn't been lying her black lips from can't say to can't say- love just ain't enough. Mothers leave too."

MELANIN GIRL

HUSSANI ABDULRAHIM, 2ND PRIZE WINNER

She came in the body of folklore,
Given life and form by sages who coughed shakily,
Pipe in mouth, grinding toothless gums as though
The myth smelt of fire or was founded upon piles of pain.

Some said she had no name, for she was called numerous names.
Some said she was the lullaby mother-cricket sang to her daughter
Who was trying to banish the fear of darkness.

Some said she was the woman with two heads
Who rose from where two rivers cuddle
And sprang slowly from the sacred spring, ascending, gracious,
Body varnished by the sun's repugnant resplendence.

Some said she wore a conglomerate of leopard and panther hides,
And as she walked, flowers sprang, barren women knelt and touched
Her garment, and behold, babies curled into their wombs!

Some said her eyes were two steady glow-worms,
And darkness could not overwhelm them.
Some said her hair was a river's length,
And anytime she cut it, it grew twice as long.

Some said she was a raging cyclone in the skulls of men
Who, intoxicated by her love, fell on its blade, vanished, or ran mad.

Some said she changed husbands like wrappers;
Some counted a little over four hundred.
Some said she metamorphosed into a brass work which the slave masters
Tried uprooting, but their ships became the Atlantic's dregs.

And in the body of folklore wherefrom she came, given life by ancient sages
Who coughed shakily, Pipe in mouth, gritting toothless gums,
It was all agreed that her skin was pitchblende—as tremendous as night.

DEITIES DON'T SMILE

AKINLUA OLUWASEUN MERCY, 3RD PRIZE WINNER

1796; Mungo Park trekked the length and breadth of Niger.
Many swore this man didn't sweat, his skin so pale lacking hue.
Benue and her husband, Niger, were always at loggerheads.
So it upset them when he showed up interrupting.
He was unbothered and went about measuring Niger with a tape
the length of the intestines of five men.
In retort, Niger spat Mungo Park out.
However, he only landed on the shores of Benue.
I could swear this man was a god, a ghost or ará orún.
In disgust, Benue swallowed him into her deepest bellies.
However, he only made her belly rumble,
causing her to throw him out like fecal matter.
I tell you Mungo Park divided Niger and Benue like Lugard, Nigeria,
because he made Benue conclude that her tall husband
wasn't man enough to protect them.
Niger only sulked, blaming his children
for leading the strangest white man they'd ever seen,
having powers matching those of the gods no man dared.
At the intersection of both rivers was a weeping child instead of his ship
which was exchanged by *Oranmiyan*, *Oshun* or perhaps some other spirit.
I tell you Mungo Park didn't have blood flowing through his veins.
If he did, he wouldn't have divided a fighting couple.
If he did, he wouldn't have measured Niger.
If he did, he wouldn't have left a weeping child on the river.
He wouldn't have dared to turn fire to wine like Nebuchadnezzar
and let his insides get consumed watching three Hebrew boys,
knowing he had no compass to lead him home.

PAPER BRICKS

ZAYNAB TITILAYO ABODUNRIN

My mother told me stories I must not remember.
Cause if I did, I would die young, panting from the heat of hostility.

I was like an angered lioness on the verge of revenge,
Telling my pains to my pen,
Whose tears roll down to my paper and writes itself into poems.

My father had left home.
I am abandoning my filmed life too,
For I have learnt how to escape roles.

But I fear this wouldn't be written,
So I have built a tower of forgotten tales with hieroglyphic warnings,
Where I write the stories of our horrific harmony and late night lullabies.

Please listen when I say this.
A poet sleeps with one eye close;
The other would disguise as a pen writing words for the motherly sky,
So those words will become birds,
And take our metaphors to lands where wars have made metals fall.

Three lines meet on my palm.
They become words.
These words break into two rivers,
Now sworn enemies who mustn't meet,
Cause if they do, my pen will curse me.

But then they meet!
My pen splashes secret signals to my blank brain and tells me... Poet! Write!

And now I write and I write and I write...
I write tall tales that will soon reach the sky.

CHASING FROST

INYANG, INIMFON KUFRE

Was ten when I first learnt how to write. Thirteen was for poetry.
New year's resolution, again — write a poem a day. Well,
it's June with one so far. Never mind from January to June, the manifold
pages
furbished with reoriented crucifixes of disapprobation,
the furious folding and tossing of crap after crap into acquiescent bin,
the sudden slumber and slobber on stony table — sequelae of my harried
mind. Once,
by mistake, frustration made me punch my male thing for a poem.
Why would I, Homo sapiens sapiens of good knowledge, choose this travail
for a demi-decade?
Answer: my tryst with Frost, age Fourteen — the unvirgining, page by page.
Inveterate innamorato now chasing Frost on the road not taken.

This may take a while.

STORIES AS SOUVENIRS GIVEN TO ME BY GRANDMA

ENIOLA ABDULROQEEB ARÓWÓLÒ

I cough into this poem as grandma
did the night she scooped out a tale
from the salivated recess of her mouth.

I have been bathed many times in her
river of myths, legends and oasis of folktales
which were always festooned with songs.

And each time she sang, I wondered if a passerine
nested there, churning out mellifluous psalms.
Or perhaps, she herself was a bird cloned into a human.

I recall that night under the canopy of a moon silent
as the darkness, my body waiting to be awash with ecstasy,
when she rattled off like a train between the teeth of a railway—

no song as a start-up. Did the bird in her voice die or fly away?
Grandma: let me tell you of how tortoise's shells morph into weak synthesis
of molluscs. Once upon a time, the birds dressed their wings in different
hues

on a journey to the sky for occasion. Tortoise, in torrential travails of hunger,
genuflected that they piggybacked him along for food and they all beaked
yes
when the birds were in no sight and the server had come with salver of
foods.

server: where are your friends?

tortoise: they are wiggling to the voice of songbird and want me to keep
their food.

News and news came to birds about tortoise's wits and they birded back to earth,
trapping him in the clutches of clouds. No wings to fly. No wings.
Tortoise, in a labyrinth, sent home a voice note with a loud cry to his wife
to place a mattress that he may fall on. Tumbling down the skyline, his back
missed the bed and crumbled with sounds like the rataplans of bàtá.

Bàtá —a two-sided Yoruba traditional drum.

SHARDS OF BROKEN MEMORIES

ARIYO AHMAD

Our minds harbor memories
 of children whose bodies are dented by
the sudden loss of their parents.

The sun becomes angry as it experiences
 cold blood screaming on the land.

Memories of abducted daughters have become
 a bad taste in my mouth
& have made my mind subservient
 to slippery thought.

Seated like muted shadows are mothers,
 as tear relocated to their website eyes
slip down on their cheeks like flood into canal of lost.

The sky holds unto stale memories,
the combusted cloud of dreams like balloon
 ready to be punctured by the
needle hands of memories.

The date of the abduction on the calendar
 with blood stains
made their memories
 visit again like stubborn nightmares.

We still wait, standing still,
 crowned by cobwebs waiting
to be greeted with their sitting buttocks

We still wait like dusty houses

long exiled by the breath touches of human
to be visited by the broom
hands of bodies.

THE EARTH NEVER FORGETS

NNADI SAMUEL

Wine, top spilt wouldn't buy the notion of cups to our tusk shells,
but to private beasts.
We learnt web design from the wrong spiders,
thumbing our worst sites in ambush for sleep.
Out there, soldier ants trade pact with world peace.
Snails weaved their spineless bodies into a fork duel
that abates with the silvery flash of knives and chopstick.
Here denies gold the luxury of a pale sun,
asterisks to book the stars for the slated now making space lords out of our
loved ones.
Queer as it sounds,
couples take cats for next of kin,
and bring their sons to see to their litter box condensed with milk and
victuals,
and primordial plants you'd be so drawn to hoard for bath salt and palm
Sunday,
and share them with the chewed garden and hairpin bend on main slum.
We all have that one pet keen on deforestation,
ripping where it did not sow:
a leverage on our honest quest for meals, riddled by throat chores.
Trivial things bring this world to its knees,
the ambience of rusty green
trimmed to spaghetti straps.
Say a global warming, and the world is hot naked.

ANTS' RACE

OLAYINKA SAMSON AREMU

There are qualities found among ants,
That among humans are quite scant.
Tiny heads bagging season reasons as big as the elephants',
They do wonders that humans can't.
These unique traits traced to this small ants' race
Make the human race a very big disgrace.

These ants are so conscious of time
Their projects subject the object called "clime".
That they gather food on seasons is a pointer
On how to have enough food at winter.
With their superb skookum strength,
They carry lofty loads to long lengths,
While men lie idle in their tents,
Praying to their gods to rain cents!

No ant heads its colony
To rule its people with tyranny.
They won't embezzle the dividends of their economy
Nor will, because of poverty, take instruments of death to rob another of his property.

No soldier ant will go to war against others.
None, on seeing the enemies, will desert his brothers.
No ant will covet another ant's wife or plot to take his life.
Nor will an ant engage with another ant in strife
And bring out a dagger or sword or knife
To thrust through his throat and take his life.

An ant would not to another ant say "you are a Christian, I am a Muslim.
If you will not holler Allah,
Here stands your killer."

Nor will an ant preach the name of Jesus
While in hollow parts of the heart testimonies are fallacious.

If all these unique traits were traced to these small ants' race,
The human race...

THE FALL

OGEDENGBE TOLULOPE IMPACT

We called him elephant,
But behind his back
A macho man, our street tyrant
Who puts all his fellows to task.

They said since birth,
He'd never fallen down,
So we became his clown
Not daring to cross his path.

He was rude and stubborn,
Yet his strength of iron
Made people overlook his wrongs
And hailed him with songs.

He often called for a fight
And we, small soldiers
Always at his right
To carry out his crazy orders.

Once I called him elephant.
With bare hands he smote my cheeks
And for minutes I peed in my pant.
My body felt the pain for weeks.

Now he lies on the sick bed,
A skeleton of his old self
With no strength to defend himself
From a tiny virus infecting his stead.

The elephant is fallen
From his acclaimed heaven.

APERIN-FULUJE

OJO OLUMIDE EMMANUEL

I'm the great-great grandson of Aperin-fuluje*,
the brave hunter who made a mincemeat out of elephants.
The elephant's tusk was your relaxing flute; let the end of the earth hear me!
Many a homestead tooth-picked to the angst of heaven your games.
Tales dandled like noodles of how you set to the sky
with the tip of a thread as a ladder when the heavens
raged against our village and closed their tap.
You climbed to the sky dwellers, appeased their hearts,
brought back seeds, and as your legs anointed the earth at your return,
the ears of corns held reservoirs of water.

Aperin-fuluje, man of seven hearts,
bravery rests on your chin! Let men of faint heart take flight
into the bosoms of their wives at the sight of your shadow.
Listen from your dwelling place beyond.
My grandma told me of how you made
the invaders of our village headless with a
headless sacrifice of headless fishes, headless rats
headless fowls, headless goats and headless everything,
and the enemies called our village a "headless village"
that shouldn't be wiped like a plate of sweet-soup.
When they got to the mouth of our village,
they took their headless heads to another village with 'head'
and emptied their bones, flesh and blood to esu odara*...
How shall I forget your manliness in war and charm!

Aperin-fuluje, your weak finger breaks the rib of the weak!

Aperin-fuluje – killer of elephant to feed the village.
Esu odara – Satan

THE BOTTLED URINE

AKOR AGADA NATHANIEL

The bottled Urine sample still came out with the same positive thread,
Opening curtains that came from the stigma of being compared to a
leavened bread,
Driving him bananas and bringing back the ghost of a thousand dead.
He wondered how in heavens he got pregnant in his wife's stead
As soon as the doctors prognosis settled down in his heavy head.

It is true that some nights are far longer than others.
She knew the beginning of the burden burning her husband's borders,
A fruit growing in the womb, glowing like an ember that smolders,
Draining those diseases that have drowned respite with their drones of
disorders,
While the peacock saw his village people plucking feathers from his
shoulders.

This couple built a home on the edge of a sharpened sword
Where living thrived on a battle ground that triggers wars with words,
Buying sweet sorrows of cheap pains they both could afford.
No wonder she urinated in the bottle of her egocentric lord
To stop what could feed the storm in her cloudy world.

His mien wears that of a hungry lion hounding the frightened squirrel
With a heavy head that often turns his neck for a duel.
She is the soul whose self-esteem still serves time in hell,
The wife whose silence swallows stories only water could tell,
Finding fulfillment in the fact that she is still her father's little girl.

She watched cold sweat tear through his skin as he kabashed in tongues,
Pleading for the blood of the holy lamb to purge all his wrongs.
A man like him must never wallow in a woman's strange songs.
Fear kept him fasting for a long time, praying out his lungs,
Before she told him the tall tale hidden in a hundred and one gongs.

ONCE UPON A WISH

OYEDOKUN IBUKUN PENAWD

Prologue: A keen kid followed his mother
as a handbag to the bank.
He gazed carefully at the counter
and each count made him blink.
His mouth was left ajar
as the banker stripped the bale.
So his innocence fed his thought:
'I want to be a banker, so I can also have money like this.'

Fellow kids downtown chanted:
'Sunda Lily, Sunda Lily
I am a lawyer in my country...'
'Sunda Lily, Sunda Lily
I am an engineer in my country...'

The keen kid grew in size and mind
and reality fell on his face,
that bankers are only custodians
of the paper notes, not owners.

So he joined his fellow chanters,
as growth has influenced their wishes:
'Standard Living, Standard Living
I am a ranter on social media...'
'Standard Living, Standard Living
I am an electrician and a rewire ...'

Epilogue: We all slept with wishes as kids
and woke up with them as dreams.
Alas! They became 'once upon a wish'!

THE NINETIES

IDOGAR DANIEL ISOMAGUMHE

If wishes were horses
And we could go back to the nineties
When children were a colony
And "Jaguar" was our only celebrity...
Then we built mansions in the sands,
Played hide and seek, and joy was found.
I remember losing my teeth several times
And mother would say, "round your head for seven times".
We were our own drama kings and queens.
We needed no schools to bag our theatre degrees.
Every night was our movie time
"You go play mama, I go play papa"
And whenever we wanted to make a decision,
"Tubutubu mess am" was our special method.
We had myths that we believed in
Like "lekeleke" who would give us water fingers
And that movie we fondly called "shockey".
They gave us nightmares for a lifetime.
We did shoot our shots
With police-catch-thief
Like, you could die once
And say you were never killed!
Oh, if wishes were horses,
I wouldn't mind going back to the nineties!

HOPE AS A METAPHOR FOR AN AFRICAN CHILD

ÓKÓLÍ STEPHEN NONSO

"Hope is the thing with feathers..." – Emily Dickinson

Suppose this poem becomes something and flies way up the sky;
Say we know that tomorrow is what an African child pursues.
But how do we hold the tension between yesterday and tomorrow?

I, a griot who does not remember the stories of grief,
of how we face fear from vantage points where pain lives,
a talisman who forgot how hunger works, how it turns
a child's back into glistening flowers in spring...

It's full moon, and a boy burns his skin, drawing the landscapes of hope
as he traces the lines from Kampala
down to the seas of time.

And yes, hope is a child with handfuls of dreams.
When I was seven, maami used to sit beside the sea and
watch me tie one end of a string to a piece of fabric, then
run with my dreams as it buzzed freely on the breeze
whichever way I directed it.

And now, I love to think that I am an African child.
I love to think that I am a child of the sea too.
I love to look through the eyes of an African child and see light,
and see how they fly the wings of hope, high across skyscrapers.
For tomorrow belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams.

Lord! Even this dream is a prayer---- amen

MR RICKITIBURY'S HAUNTED HOUSE

ZION AYOMIDE SHITTU

Old rickety Rickitibury rackety man
lives in a haggard bodied wood house
sitting on a mountain of metal scrap
dangling ding-dong, left and right,
wavering witless day and night.

A couple of divorced logs, broken,
stick out helpless like the wings of a bird.
Oh! The roof curls and curls like paste or poop
or anything pressed out from a small mouthed tube.
The kitchen ooze colors: thick green gracious gases
adorned in purple stink.
The air holds a bad taste from moss growing edifices
built on fortnight spoons.
If ever a day before, a miracle or a bath too soon.

The living room wears a dead look.
Nailed to the wall is a ceiling fan
and the blazing rays, rugged away.
Oh! The cables cross fingers
beneath undieless chairs
as the cobwebs hang strong in public
parts of unclothed walls.

SIPS OF SORROW AND DELIGHT

MOZEEDAT ABDULRASAK KEHINDE

[I]

The stars tonight shine brighter
With splendor, weighing my sorrow lighter.
However, I remain drunken in anguish,
Its tipsiness clamouring my senses to vanish.
Our erroneous bargain
Made us bitter strangers again.

[II]

The breeze tonight riddles me parables
Rustling minds to memories unbearable.
Depression is another voice of silence
Screaming the loudest forms of grievance,
Broodings staggering like injured heroes
With laurels to show in numbers of zeros.

[III]

The rain tonight hymns our doleful plight.
Emotions as fuel, I slowly ignite.
"Call me my lover!
Let's both dance in this shower!"
And take from its droplets
Sips of delight and regrets.

FOBBED ON A SUNNY DAY

OLAJUWON JOSEPH OLUMIDE

In my bower on a restive Sunday,
With an antonym of its appellation.
Incessant murmurs of the cloud
Steal into my daytime fitful sleep.
Rod of my personal faith on weather forecast
Stands in, obstinate, erect, controlling
My nagging mind and sleepy-tipsy eyes.
That my ears disdain the grumbling at the world
Like a heavy Eve, ready for delivery,
Howls and howls and howls...
A foray instead into my fitful trance
Sights Mr. Lagbaja held in folly
By the knocks of drizzle on his roof.
Aye! He empties all hydro-filled barrels at home.
Soonest, the sky's hypocritical face goes dry.
Its radiance melts the prior hovering shadows.
A sheepish smile now mocks down on him
Who believes heavenly manna must pour;
And Lagbaja fumes, purring, for being fobbed!
My laughing eyes flutter open like a gate to reality
As faith defiles my instinct, its obstinacy melts
Into torrent of dejection, streaming down my heart.
Like it's dawned on me, trudge I outside.
My sodden eyes meet with my crying attires
Left drenched, hung on the tethering rope.
Still! I let the torrents pour more on our pains
On this so-called, Sunny Day?

BEFRIENDED

ANUOLUWA OLUSEGUN SONEYE

There are times we mourn when the streetlights burn
through the dark glimmers and scariest glows.
The hearts that break have their secret aches
that bore in every bone ten holes.

When winter came, we sang songs
on a marching trip with stone-cold lips.
The cracking chill warmed our couple feel
that made our hugs go rogue.

Sometimes she bled for a joke half said
and oh, my laps, her most time spent.
The things I felt are memories melt
into tales I ache and cry to tell.

I burn empty pots as my stomach hurts
since garri is the food for noon,
for nightfall comes when a man must hum
a song for his cherished and beloved boo.

There are sun-burnt days we walk to Kays
to buy a pair of pies.
Two bottles of coke may get me broke
yet, for her, I had rather die.

On a night in May by the silent bay,
I spoke of my love for her.
In a homely tone that froze my bones
She said "you are more than friend to me".

There are times we mourn when the streetlights burn
through the dark glimmers and the scariest glows.

The hearts that break have their secret aches
that bore in every bone ten holes.

A FLOOD OF CRIMSON

TAOFEEQOH BILLYHADIAT ADEOLA

From the dim room I hear a voice,
a force sprawled between my legs:
"As this garden has remained arid like drought,
flowers absent from here,
you are to gnash your teeth from a rumble,
gnawing aches and bloating."
The voice lodges a mood in my skin,
the bane of irritation,
even by the embrace of my lover;
the most infinitesimal things,
lie on frigid ground like withered rose,
and now my eyes become a downpour, a waterfall of gloom.
My favourite view, the sunset,
becomes a discord of colours
and my favourite songs
a disconcerted harmony of words,
and I emerge from a void, a vacuous entity.
This month, my garden does not bloom, flowers still absent,
and my womb is squeezed like lemon,
my sins like scarlet on white sheets, crushed petals of roses.
And every month for a week
this will return, I say:
pains rage like the ocean
as I bleed out a flood of crimson.

Dear Reader,

Thank you for reading this chapbook.

The monthly [Brigitte Poirson Poetry Contest \(BPPC\)](#) is a writing contest aimed at rewarding the under-appreciated talent of young Nigerian poets. It was instituted in February 2015 in honour of [Brigitte Poirson](#), a French poet, editor, and lecturer, who has over the years worked assiduously to promote and support of African poetry. You too can be a part of the BPPC initiative by [entering your poems for any of the monthly editions](#).

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