

Poetry Series

Simpa Omoluabi
- poems -

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Simpa Omoluabi(23/09/1983)

Simpa Omoluabi is the poet-prophet founder and High-priest of the religion
MORNINGSTARWITNESS

'VALAKA (WAY OF THE SUN) ' on

'I BLACK LAMB OF GOD' on

'MYSTERY OF LIBERTY' on

'ADAM AND EVE AND THE MARRIAGE GOD' on

'OLUOKUN' on

'POSITION 69'

'MOTHERFUCKER: THE GODS ARE TO BLAME' on

'SONG OF MOSES THE OVERSHADOWED KISS OF JUDAS ISCARIOT' on,

'SONNETS OF THE BLACK LAMB OF GOD' on

'DANAIDE' on

'OEDIPUS(The Prodigal redefined) ' on

'THE OLUOKUN DREAMINESS' on

'MINOTAUR' on

'ESU THE DEVIL AND OLORUN LORD OF HEAVEN' on

...Extinction Of Heavenly Life

Manhood is a motherfucker
Even in the annals of things
When one strongly keeps an upright manhood
Because of the prevalence of the impotence of unrighteousness
But we must do all to annihilate the impotent
That bedevils and threatens us with extinction of heavenly life
When in us our catholic mother is putting up
With hardened motherfuckers void of the spirit of Inamiamsa
When in us our catholic mother is putting up
With the unjust impotence of manhood
Unrighteous impotent motherfuckers
The unjust impotence of motherfuckers
Who cannot bring manhood to an upright level
At the least good enough to save us from
The extinction of heavenly life on earth.

For this reason, somehow, an eye of mine sees
In some wild scenery
How vulnerably naked atremble
Manhood stands before catholic mother holding the knife
To circumcise the philistine boyhood of manhood
For to save us
From the threat of the extinction of heavenly life.

□

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A Fragment

The revenge of a rose
is in the promise of beauty
for the wrath of beauty
is in the awareness of totality.

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Simpa Omoluabi

Apocalyptus II

Nahila! You ultimate of outcasts and rebels
O God and Angel of exiles oversee my flight,
I go-between of the Mother of Sun-day and the Morningstar
Coming and going Abiku our Lord
Coming and going Ogbanje Oluwa. ☐

Standing on the earth with one foot in heaven
I hearken to your many voices o Holy Spirit,
Taking the star-witness stand in the courtshiproom.

That eyes be wide-opened if this be a dream or revelation,
Arkangel cast thy stone upon that Afro-island ☐☐☐
Named after a queen of slavery ☐

That the blind see the deaf hear the mute speak that light be restored...
In your watershed of pure tears I wash my eyes,
I do ablution and naked ☐
Soul and body I swim in this bloodstream of pure roses.☐5

Messenger god come in forbidden spirit arose in wayward audacity
You come under the shades of the Living Death
At the meeting place of heaven and earth
The place of commune for the recreation of heaven and earth
For the original reunion forbidden in the Hanging Garden☐☐
Utter a living word a word disturbing God the Paragon of exiles.

Messenger god speak the word that brings death to life
Speak the word of life against the forbidden spirit of the Hanging Garden...

O Apocalypse of death I see. Flower of the Beginning, ☐
O Flower of death may I trespass and more...☐
Now I see I am as good as dead before the power of mercy. ☐5

Ogbanje Oluwa shoot my soul arrows to direct me not to be born again
By mother-earth. O shoot me signpost of arrows with heavenly directives...
I am as good as dead, Morningstar have mercy ...
For the deed in the garden of Babylon, O God! Son of a bitch!
For me say O Babel Al-fatayahEphphatha ...

...

O terror dancing before the
God-mother of the gods
Oluokun terrifyingly dancing to the sight of the host of Oya
Olokun wide skirted terror dancing before the host of Oya-Sango ☐
Before the ancestral mistress of the gods
In dalliance dancing in wide skirts Oluokun-Iyemoja.

Alas it had to be so, because of the satanic
The mamba venomously remembers home. 40

Inebriated visions of the spirits with the revelation...
Exposing the revelation of the genesis ☐
Disclosing the genesis of the revelation.

Inebriated visions of the spirits with the revelation...
Revelation of the Beginning 45
Inebriating my vision with the original revelation.

Inebriated visions of the spirits with the original apocalypse
Disclosing the life of death and more.

The sweet lovers of the revolution
Strongly have taken a heavenly stand 50
For the kingdom of God in their homeland
For there's no place in hell for them to burn.

LORD and Satan, sallow lizard, this is our auster writ of divorce.

....

O Hermes let your staff flutter...
O messenger god flutter your staff in the wind.

Hi 55
Jack on the way to heaven
Hi
Jack of heavens rapture
Serpent assaulting serpent
O Hermes your mourning dove-feathered staff 60
Flutters ...
Where are the paramedics and medics even
The redlight nurses...

The meteorologist see no happy dolphins
The meteorologist see no dolphins 65
Happy for this iron-age eagle.

In stiff silence or not
Vee-pee you do the hand off
Before end of term
For unto you is the communion of poisoned chalice. 70

Pandemonium
In some
Skyscraper of Babel
As it was in Babel America
So again in this Afro-Babel 75
Again shall it be in Thebes of the Niger...

Sister snakes in discord
Oluokun
Great Soul in discord.

O Hermes your staff flutters... 80
The devil's turtle-pigeon-feathered wand beats...
Better Pay heed better pay the currency of heedfulness.

Osun the caliph with the boreal asters
Aim sky-high for Babel
And lo iron serpent bombard flesh and blood serpent. 85

The heavenly kingdom is at hand
The venomous kingdom is already at hand
The serpent kingdom have taken their stand
The kingdom of God is at hand
The snake kingdoms have long taken their stand. 90

Hi
Jack on the flight to heaven
Hi
Jack of heavens rapture
For lo flesh and blood serpent bombard iron serpent. 95

With black silk threads

Ribbon the feathers of the white herons
While the goats ruminate upon cypress leaves
Over this great blast setting us apart
For years to come. 100

O the messenger god your staff flutters...
Lo Esu gives the turtle-dove-feathered insignia
Let the healers come let the healers come...
We are all devils...

...
Olokun holds flashing warnings 105
Yemoja-Olokun holds with the aurora australis.

The sultan has made a pact with
The Caliph of the boreal lights
Satanic minds against the Oluokun of liberty
Against Yemoja-Olokun. 110

Against the austral lights
In satanic harmonic accord
The army of the LORD
With the angels of the borealis ride
With dehumanized bombers sworn to suicide 115
Against the independence of human rights.

The chief mornster Osun monster of the borealis
Has justified your levanter course o ye
Mornstar of the auster.

Hi 120
Jack on the way to heaven
Hi
Jack of heavens rapture

And the walking corpses of dead silence
Shall be raised 125
All shall be raised from their dead silence
Raising the voices of the subsistent silence of the grave
For it is the apocalypse, the ghost of n-zumbi.
I have lived in a house
with the number of the square of twelve 130

beside the crucifix and star ... let the 122... spotless lovers □
be prepared for libation...
All hell has broken loose
All the place is on fire with gunfire.
Oluokun wears an eye patch 135
Oluokun wears an eye patch.

Osun of the borealis
Wizard lizard in the company of vampire bats
In myopic appalling veils of jihadist death
Of Northern lights in blind flights 140
Fedayee 'gainst the people of God
In general revival of death.
And the blind vampire bats need for sunglasses
In the lights of a new day or they remain in outer darkness.

Adonai our Lord wears an eye patch 145
Adonai our Lord wears an eye patch.

Oluokun-Olokun of Southern lights
Sing singing bridal songs,
They quest to undo the veil of death the mask of Eve
For sunshine to outshine the darkness. 150

Olokun wears an eye patch
Olokun wears an eye patch.

The horsemen of the borealis
Insist that beauty must remain a masquerade
The horsemen of the australis 155
Insist the mask of beauty must be unmasked.

God wears an eye patch
God wears an eye patch.

With Satan the sultan, Mike and the horsemen
Of the borealis maintain 160
The veil of death must remain on the face of Iyemoja
With the bright side of God
The horsemen of the australis aver
That the veil of death must be unveiled
Iyemoja must become a bride. 165

Phosphoros wears an eye patch
Phosphoros wears an eye patch.

The choristers of the borealis beholds
In myopic crescence
They behold with the eye patch 170
They behold with the blind side

Adonai has a blind side
Adonai has a bright side.

The choristers of the australis beholds
With the sight Satan did not touch 175
They behold with the bright eye
They behold with the bright side

Oluokun has a blind side
Oluokun has a bright side.

But it cometh when the Southern aster in the fog of blood 180
Shall dimly behold in blood-mist shall dimly behold.

God has a blind side
Oluokun has a bright side
God has a bright side
Oluokun has a blind side 185

The iron osprey is been mated
The iron osprey is getting pregnant
The iron osprey is been inseminated
The iron osprey gestates

The iron osprey builds no nest to lay 190
For the iron osprey is not grown to incubate
The iron osprey is built to fight
The iron osprey is built for flight
The iron osprey lays her eggs in mid-flight
The iron osprey is the osprey of mid-night. 195

Now let us say now let us pray:
O Lord hijack not my rapture
Let me die once and for all like a messiah

Tantalize me not with death tantalize me not with heaven.

The iron osprey builds no nest to incubate 200
For the shells of the iron osprey is null of the yolk
And albumen of life.

How many shall find bunker under the wings of the most high
When right and left ten thousand and a thousand fall very nigh
When the iron osprey preys over us... 205

When in skyplay you see the iron osprey
The last prayer all you prey must pray:
O Lord hijack not my rapture
Let me die once and for all like messiah
Tantalize me not with death tantalize me not with heaven. 210

The iron osprey is in pseudocyesis
The iron osprey is about to deliver in fatal psuedocyesis

The refinery booms the refinery booms
Boom boom kaboom boom boom kaboom
The refinery booms the refinery booms. 215

The metallic osprey is cannibal
The metallic osprey cannibal is in carnival
The metallic osprey has made omelets with her seeds
The metallic osprey has cracked her shells on crude oils
The metallic osprey has made of her seeds omelets 220
On crude oils
The metallic osprey is cannibal.

Boom boom kaboom boom boom kaboom
The refinery booms the refinery booms
Boom boom kaboom boom boom kaboom. 225

The king of Thebes strikes in accord with the mornster,
Gorgon of aurora borealis, to hamper this divorce.
The sultan with the satanic spirit makes a pact
With the dragon of the Northern lights makes a pact
To hamper this human independence... 230

Oluokun wears an eye patch

Adonai our Lord has a bright side
Our God has a blind side
Oluokun wears an eye patch.

Hi 235
Jack on the way to heaven
Hi
Jack of heavens rapture

O the messenger god your staff flutters...
Lo Esu gives the turtle-dove-feathered insignia 240
Let the healers come let the healers come...

...
O terror dancing before the ancestors
Harmony of the Spiritus mundi
Antinomy of the Spiritus mundi
Yemoja-Olokun wide skirted 245
Dancing before the living spirit
Before the Spirit of life dancing in wide skirts Oluokun.

Alas it had to be so,
Because of the blood-money sucking Satan
The serpents have come to ease their venom in Babel. 250

...
Into the commercial Theban territory □
They make explosive drops of the walking dead
Into the commercial Theban territory
They make droppings of the talking bombs.
The sultan makes a pact with the bloody caliph 255
The promise of a caliphate kingdom
The monarch of Thebes has made a pact... he fancies
Not to fulfill.
Who gets in bed with the spirit Satan and refuses to pay the bill?
Who plays with a 260
Terror of midnight
And expects the ancient serpent not to spit venom?

Ogun has allowed Osun be discharged as St. John said;
Osun promiscuous wizard lizard of the forest
In descent glides upon Thebes and her neighbors 265

In sallow discharge.

Osun promiscuous bird of the jungle

Promiscuous bird of the forest

Osun promiscuous wizard lizard of the jungle

In descent upon wild wild Thebes 270

In sallow discharges through and within Afro-Babel.

A meteor whistles unto the land of the marriage god in

Goddamn-city from the abode of the

Arkhangel'sk a meteor whistles from the land of the

Arkhangel'sk unto the abode of the marriage god in 275

Goddamn-city.

Hi

Jack on the way to heaven

Hi

Jack of heavens rapture 280

A three-day blackout

And then the angels arise again...

Hi

Jack on the way to heaven

Hi 285

Jack of heavens rapture

...

Offspring of death you have wandered far enough remember us

You stand before the shadows of truth

Speak the byword

Offspring of death do not forget us make us feel endeared

You stand before the nightmares of blood 290

Speak the by word

Offspring of death our hearts long for the bloom of liberty

You stand before the steeds drunk with hot wine

Speak the byword

Offspring of death you must remember the flowers of wilderness. 295

Ankuli! Ankuli! Hsss...ssssssss

You stand before the shadows of the Spirit of life
Speak the byword

We are impotent and fruitless, help us out...

We've been made eunuchs of the kingdom help us out... 300

Are we barren? No. But the fit ones have been made exiles.

Speak the byword

With this head of yours, hm!

Mother... longs for you Yemoja-Olokun turn homewards...

To fulfill 305

Mother's heart desire for my heavenly fulfillment...

With this head of yours, hm!

Father... aches for you Yemoja-Olokun turn homewards...

To fulfill

Father's heart desire for my heavenly fulfillment... 310

...

Beauty has fallen asleep

She has returned to her nightmare

We are back in her nightmare

But there be some in her sweet dreams

But mostly they whom have taken the way of Gomorrah. 315

Beauty has fallen asleep

She has returned to her nightmare

We are back in her nightmare

But there be some in her sweet dreams

But mostly they whom have seen the light of Sodom. 320

Since the lords of the kingdom play with the kingdom

The vestal hypocrite of the would be Mother-of-God

The lords of the country

Satanic constituents have forced the generation

To take the excremental doors into heaven. 325

Everybody scamper for cover everybody scamper for cover

A second coming is about to be heavenjacked
A rapture midway to heaven has been heavenjacked
The mid-flight to heaven is crash upon
The plight of our nakedness. BB0

Everybody scamper for cover everybody scamper for cover
The second coming is bound for a crash
The journey heaven bound has been heavenjacked.
It is the midflight crisis to heaven
Everybody scamper everybody scamper BB5
The caliph longing for a kingdom
Is about to break the Theban heart
In the move to hamper the heavenbound
Set to crash the rapture midway to heaven.

Edymion did you forget after singing her lullaby B40
To bade your beloved sweetdreams?
Oluokun did you forget singing her serenade
To bade your lover sweetdreams?

The stasis of beauty has prolonged beyond our patience
Black sheep unveil sleep from the eyes B45
Of the sleeping corpse
That the sleeping know that it is day
That she must awake from her nightmares of us.

Our longsuffering has become curse
Our longsuffering has been desecrated. BB0

Child of death
For our sake render death the kiss
We know this is despicable
We know this is unspeakable
For our sake render death the kiss BB5
Lover of death.

A three-day blackout
And the angels arise again and then ascension...
A second coming is about to be skyjacked
A rapture midway to heaven has been skyjacked BB0
Everybody run for cover everybody run for cover

The second coming is bound for a crash
The journey heaven bound has been skyjacked
Everybody run for cover everybody run for cover

Sons & daughters it is Olokun-Orumila of the Suns ...: 365
The snake kingdom is at hand
The heavenly kingdom is at hand
Godly kingdom is at hand so steadfast stand
The serpent kingdom has taken their stand
Christ is born again Olokun is born again in the land, 370
Repent! says the eye-opening Serpent
Repent! says the Serpent in the wilderness.

Levantine foreshadows
Levantine sore-shadows eyesore-shadows shadows of the sore.

...

Oluokun in full circle come ease the burden of hardship 375
Olokun midwife of the original thunderstorm,
Restrainer of the venomous spirits
From time to time once in a long while
You must break this longsuffering of venomous celibacy
In clock circle must ease the burden of hardship 380
Imposed by the satanic lords of the land
Rock our hardship back and forth make it easy for us.

Alas it had to be so, because of the blood-money sucking Satan
The serpents desecrate the sanctum of the honeymoon.

...

The waters weep and the tears run deep 385
All the white sheep have dyed their coats black
Sweep the sleep from your eyes
And prepare to see your God
For the arm of your God descends with havoc
It is the great season of the black sheep. 390

Ékõ! Ékõ!

O ye city of vampires o ye city of blood-money suckers
Princesses and princes of the darkness of Thebes
City of backstabbers
The poison pasha of borealis envisages the western Babel.

O ye city of vampires o ye city of blood-money suckers 395
Princes and princesses of a dark firmament of fraudstars
Great city of fraudsters
The poison pasha of boreal wilderness
Envisages the western Afro-Babel.

The cobra king is offended for he is yet to rule a kingdom 400
The cobra king is offended for the geriatric president
Is yet to pay up his caliphate promises.

Ékõ! Ékõ!

O ye city of blood-money suckers and backstabbers
The death adder of the aurora borealis with a death wish
Envisages the west of Thebes 405
O ye city of blood-money suckers and fraudsters.

The sultan president has a barren plan
To use serpent against serpent

The sultan president has use for the poison
Of the boreal wasteland 410
The sultan president has use for the cobra king
Seeking a caliphate
The sultan president has use for the virus of the wilderness
To fight venom with venom if the Levant spirit emerges.

Another kingdom of venom is making its stand 415
From the forest the venomous ones are making
For Wild wild Thebes
The kingdom of heaven is at hand
The venomous kingdoms are also at hand
Another kingdom of venoms is making and taking its stand 420
From the forest the venomous ones are making
For wild wild Thebes.

The sultan president has a gomorrhic plan
To use poison against poison

For the kingdom of God seeds of God be prepared 425
For the wizard of death is about to possess the iron-made eagles
The wizard of death is out to possess the iron-made ospreys.

Midway to heaven

The rapture shall be skyjacked,

Sodom on heavens highway cocktail of poisons, 4B0

Serpent meeting serpent on the way to heaven.

There goes a crash upon the gates of the lord

There goes a free falling angel upon Afro-Babel of the Niger area

There comes the missile upon the portal of Thebes of the Niger area,

Gomorrhah at the hanging gardens... 4B5

The cocktail of venoms. □

And the eagle of death possesses this and that flight to heaven

Plunging un-towards the earth to sow seeds of the dead.

And the eagle of death is out for your soul...

Shall you be buried a messianic?

Farewell farewell. On arrival 440

Say nothing is well to my father say nothing is well,

Say that I am still shut out of the gates of the commonwealth,

Say now I ride on the tail of the feathered one

That I have become an Archtivist rebel □

Bound for benighted Babel for my heavenly right 445

Bound for the Theban benighted portals

That shuts out of the city of light

On arrival say nothing is well to my father

Say that I have become an Archtivist rebel

But at the end all shall be well when I die once and for all 450

When I find the bliss that surpasses all understanding

When from this voyage of hardship the pole star

Shall guide my way into paradise.

By the way I forgot to show you his picture

Peradventure you meet him, I forgot. Jesus! I forgot. 455

Crashing with the seeds of the dead

The metallic and heavenly flight of Thebes

Possessed by the angel of death.

And the angel of death points towards your soul...

Shall you be buried a Christian. 460

Pharaoh makes a pact with the wizard Osun
Pharaoh the president has a promise to keep
With Osun the arch caliph.

...

If life has made us the living dead then we are prepared
To seek the face of the living spirit 465

Offspring of death you have wandered far enough remember us.

You have come to the sacred jungle
Speak the byword

Offspring of death do not forget us make us feel endeared.

You have come to the forest of the outcast 470
Speak the byword

Offspring of death we long for the bloom of liberty

You have the come to the stone forest
Speak the byword

Offspring of death you must 475
Remember the flowers of wilderness.

Ankuli! Ankulii! Hssss-sssssssss
You have come to the rocky forest
Speak the byword

Return to the dovecote of the living Spirit 480

...

By all means that today lives to see tomorrow
Sacred hearted we come
Poised before your venerability
O father-mother of the mythical venom
O drunken Lord Olokun-Dionysius 485
Vulnerable we render ourselves
To sacrifice ourselves for a bright future.

O ye who answers in the hideout of dragons

O Cosmic two-colored soldierantbird under whose wings
We seek refuge, follow the virgin army of the Lamb, 490

Grandnieces of the father of innumerable children
Lest you live hopeless without a future, forbear no more,
Confront the burdens of hardship imposed
By your power drunk fathers, the power drunken□
Lot. 495

O ye who answers in the hideout of dragons
Feathered one under whose wings we seek refuge
Follow the virgin army of the Lamb,
O Cosmic two-colored soldierantbird...

Speak to the hearts of the young he-males 500
Say: 'Turn back, O children ...'

Speak to the hearts of the young she-males
Say: 'Turn back, O children ...'

Woe betide the oppressors of the people of God
By the hand of God woe betide the blood money suckers 505
Woe betide the oppressors of the people of God
By the hand of God woe betide the vampires

By the hand of God
Woe betide the vampires the blood money suckers
Who have brought the burden of night 510
Upon the soul of the people of God,
Woe betide the blood money sucker woe betide the vampire.
Speak to the hearts of the young he-males
Say: With the wrath of your God
Return O children ... O children return 515

Speak to the hearts of the young she-males
Say: With the wrath of your God
Return O children ... O children return

Grand nieces of the father of innumerable children
Lest you live hopeless without a future, 520
Forbear no more, turn back against the burdens of hardship
Imposed by your power drunk fathers

Since the lords of the kingdom play with the kingdom
The vestal hypocrite of the would be Mother-of-God
The lords of the country 525
Satanic constituents have forced the generation
To take the excremental doors into heaven

Who says a word against the homosexual who says a word,
Who dares make...pem! Who dares, who be you?
Better be not of the horde 530
Whom have become well off by the backdoor
For all you are nothing
But backstabbing homosexuals, Judas Iscariots.
Sons and daughters Ignorant of their homosexuality
All ye whom have taken the backdoor into heaven 535
Blood money sucking homosexuals
See them all backstabbing vampire homosexuals
Backstabbing homosexuals, Judas Iscariots of the country.

...

By all means that today lives to see tomorrow
Sacred hearted we come 540
Poised before your venerability
O father-mother of the mythical venom.

Offspring of the living Spirit
you have wandered far enough remember us.

Behold the scorpions and snakes are outgrowing the forest 545
Speak the byword

Offspring of the living Spirit
Do not forget us make us feel endeared.

Behold the exile from the commonwealth suffers hardship
Speak the byword 550

Offspring of the living Spirit we long
For the bloom of independence
Behold the child of the soil suffers untold hardship
Speak the byword

We must remember the past 555
We are full of lies forgive us our sins.
If not admitted by force the truth must prevail,
Come home come home
Offspring of death you must remember the flowers of wilderness.

Ankuli! Ankulii! Hssss-sssssssss 560
Puff adder outgrowing the jungle
The adders are outgrowing the jungle
Scorpion with the fat-tail is outgrowing the jungle
Speak the byword

Come puncture our belly full of lies 565

Ankuli! Ankulii! Hssss-sssssssss
You are before the Stone Age messenger god
Speak the byword

O God
Ease your venom ease our longsuffering 570
Break the heart of Satan
Mother-of-God
For our heavenly fulfillment.

...

Oluokun I partake in your tears
Oluokun I share in your tears 575
Forgive my transgression forgive my trespass
Olokun forgive me my sin.

God of the spic-and-span
Oluokun Lord of the apocalypse
Forewarned with the messenger god Orumila-Noah 580
Orumila-Noah the meteorologist of the earlier years...
As it was so now it is and forevermore.

In your revenant presences
The rapture is indiscriminate,
Indeed the people of God 585
Are quickly taken before any other,
Please it is high time strictly for the executives of Thebes
To get to partake of this heavenly rapture.

They have denied Goshen heavens commonwealth of rainfall

Speak the byword 590

They have denied your people
Heavens commonwealth of showers of blessing

Speak the byword

They have denied Goshen
Heavens commonwealth of great light 595

Speak the byword

They have denied your people
Heavens commonwealth of electrified light

Speak the byword

O Babel al-fatayah Ephphatha 600

...

Satan makes a pact with archangel Mike
Satan the president has a promise to keep
With Mike the archcaliph.

Alas it had to be so, because of the
Bloodmoney-sucking Satans 605
The serpent and scorpions are repatriated...
The heavenly kingdom is at hand
The venomous kingdom is already at hand
The serpent kingdom have taken their stand
The kingdom of God is at hand 610
The snake kingdom has long taken their stand
Repent for upon us is the second coming
Of the wizard lizard.
Levant foreshadows of death
Levant eye-foreshadows of death. 615

Who allowed a moccasin aboard the vessel of heaven
Who allowed a moccasin aboard the vessel of paradise?

For so we descend into the valley of recreation.

Who allowed a moccasin aboard the vessel of paradise
Who allowed a moccasin aboard the vessel of heaven? 620

Levant eye-foreshadows of death
Levant foreshadows of death.

See them all backstabbing vampire homosexuals
Children of Sodom ones making wealth through the backdoors
Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand 625
And the venomous kingdoms have all made their stand
Children of Gomorrah ones making wealth through the backdoors
Backstabbing homosexuals, Judas Iscariots of the country.

The archangels are falling the archangels are falling
The archangels are rising the archangels are rising 630
The archangels are crashing the archangels are crashing

...
The messenger god utters
The messenger god utters the living word
To bring to life the silent dead
To make the silent dead speak out in freedom of speech. 635
The revival of the corpse of beauty
Moistened fingers in miraculous foray
By the living word of mouth to ears Ephphatha.

Giving the living death the resuscitating kiss of life
By the living word of mouth to mouth to the coelacanth 640
Face to face mouth to mouth conversing with death,
With the Spiritus mundi it is the messenger god.

...
The sweet lovers of the revolution
Strongly have taken heavenly stand
For the kingdom of God in their homeland 645
For there's no place in hell for them to burn.

LORD and Satan this is our auster writ of divorce.

I have seen Satan in heaven I have seen Satan in paradise
Take a look at Obasanjo and tell me Satan is not in heaven
I have seen Satan in heaven I have seen Satan in paradise 650
Take a look at Babangida and tell me Satan is not in heaven

We hungry and poor underemployed and unemployed
We prejudiced against we are the people of God
O ye Satan all you blood money suckers banking blood money
O you Satan all you capitalist hypocritical backstabbers 655
Why have you shut us out of the Kingdom of God
Out of the doors of heaven on earth?

Spirit of God descend Oluokun descend
Spirit of Christ descend Olokun descend
Spirit of Messiah descend Oluokun descend 660
Adonai descend Olokun descend

See the footprints of blood here and there
Satanic arkhangel'sk in Syria
See the footprints of blood here and there
Diabolic arkhangel'sk skyhigh descendent in Babel West 665
See the footsteps of blood here and there arkangels
Moving through Thebes footsteps of blood
Archangels skyhigh descendent in
AfroBabel West...
Let the lovers of like minds be let the lovers of like minds be 670
Let the one-four-four-thousand born for this immaculate libation
Behold the archangels and fear not
Let the lovers of like minds be let the lovers of like minds be

The archangels are fallen the archangels are falling
The archangels are rising the archangels are uprising 675
The archangels are crashing the archangels are squashing
Upon Afrobabel the archangels are falling
Upon Babel the arkangels are crashing
Upon Babel the archangels are coming
Upon Afrobabel the arkangels are crashing 680

From skyhigh the archangels are flown down on Babel
Lo the pandemonium of the towers of Babel
From skyhigh the arkangels go down on the skyscraper of Afrobabel
Lo the pandemonium of the skyscrapers of Babel

O Star of the morning you squash your people 685
The people of God through the Theban gates into heaven
O Lord in all respect come down with us
To recreate heaven and earth.

A meteor whistles unto the land of the marriage god in
Goddamn-city from the allies of the abode of 690
Arkhangel'sk...

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Aquamarine Dream

Beautiful mornstarfish I mast or bait you with verselines
I highpriest of the pubic-black realm
Of the unbelievable praying mantis
Of the underworld summit of Sandra.

Sea-blue muse of deepest blue sea
Pelagic stimulus to my quickened manlihood
By the sheer weight of my soul most phalliable
The great sea is quicksand to my featherweight
And irresistibly the self gets to drown down downwards
Into aquamarine depths
For the great sea becomes quickiesand
To my featherweight made weighty
By my phallible inphallible nature for you
O pelagic muse of deepest blue sea.

Quick littoral pleasures
Streamlined with untamed tidal behaviour
Never failing to leave me wonder eyed
Was all wondered I cared to watch for
Until the women night after night began to sing

One of the quintessence of the whole organ
Is for play
The quintessential time given to for play
Is over; so sang the women
Child's play is over time given to for play
Is over they sang over and

They say I must see more than
Quick littoral pleasures
And with vengeful eye I must see
More than quick littoral pleasures.

They shall make my eyes filled
With blood sacred in colour
For with vengeful eyes I must see
To fill my eyes with blood sacred in colour
With an aqualine consecrated soap and sponge

They sponge my face
Then held me firmly from my self
Then they pried the eyes open
And allowed aqualine consecrated soapy waters
To trickle into the optic nerve
They stung the eye with a sting
Of more than a million scorpions
And in the city of an ocean they denied a
A soul ablution
With an envenomed eye see
The women repeated
They made my eyes sacred
They made my eyes sacred in colour
Sacred blood filled my eyes
The blood in my ryes no more red but sacred blood

The eye is opened and zoomed are the lens
And with a sacred blooded and vengeful eye
I see: :

The sanctified
I see them ascending in descendance.
Into heaven on a ladder of wrongs
Climbing down into paradise
On a ladder of wrongs
I at the gh which into heaven
Goes deep down the ladder of wrongs
Wrongs of murder wrongs of malfeasance.
Wrongs of fraudulence and wrongs of seminal theft
At the opening through which into paradise
Goes deep down the ladder of wrongs

I stand with the venom laden eye looking deep
Pondering on the depth of my love for heaven
Pondering on the depth of my love for paradise
Venomously contemplating
The ladder of wrongs leading into
The-basement of heaven
For this is the-basement of heaven
For this is the-basement of paradise.

The ladder of wrongs leading into

The-basement of paradise
Descending in ascendance ascending in descendance
Descendance in ascending
In an ungraceful sending and dance
On the ladder of wrongs
Into the-basement of heaven
Into the-basement of paradise;

In the sweat of it all
One of the women screamed:
Can't you see you preside over a guerilla organ
To redeem the basement of paradise
Two more of the water-women shrieked
Behold how obvious it is you preside
Over a guerilla organ
To redeem the basement of heaven.

And the zoomed lens of my eye
Behold my altar ego
A good terrowristwatchman keeping terrowristwatch
With terrowristwatchsword
To redeem the basement of heaven.

I alphabet it with my life
I alphabet it alphabetting
That in Gods case there is sex appeal
As I had earlier on said in the spokenword recording
'DOUBLE PRETTY' uploaded on soundcloud dot come.

it catwalk I call it pussy gait
My sacred eye behold the lovely gaits of a pussy
The beautiful gaits of.a black pussy
Beholding me beholding its scotopic eyes
Adapted for night vision.
Walking towards a staircase structure
On which I see
Angels licking a 4ckin wound all night
Angelicking a wound all night
All night three angels angelick an original wound
beast with the 4ckin wound purrs;
Wordy wordy of heaven is the Black Lamb of God
Wordy wordy is the Black Lamb of God

Wordy wordy with words of grace
The poetic wordiness of the Black Lamb of God
Wordy wordy of paradise is the Black Lamb of God
Wordy wordy with words for a guerilla organ
Wordly wordliness with words for heaven
Is the wordy wordiness of the Black Lamb of God
Wordy wordy of paradise.

A ghoulish one goes about
With an iron tray serving gray coloured tea
And to whoever the ghoul serves the ghoul says
That is your broken-cup of tea
But the ghoul gets to me and says
Upon that obsidian block ingrained with
The foetal twin at sixty-nine wrapped about by the dragon serpent
Eggshells in a clay cup of minted coffee for you

I go to the minted cup of coffee steamy like hell
I take a sip and I slip into a phase of sleep
Bringing my face before the face of the sleep of sleep

I see death light a cigarette from gunfire
Then I try to listen to the sentence of death
heavy vocabularies and grammar.
Grammar so heavy they weighed not less than.
Fifty kilogrammars per word
Yes fifty kilogrammars per word.
I snap into my middle self
Giddy I begin to I dance
Like a butterfly intoxicated with essence
It was a shit brainstorm
And braindrops came pouring after the brainstorm
Which the brainguage find the braindrops immeasurable.

I am back with the women
Every of my soul every inch of my soul into which
I take a strong drink of the sacred wine
I refill my word cup wnd drink it all
And words of their own appear to walk up to me
For my self is stepped out of my self
Watching my self talk: .

There is general price fall of the human soul
I could test you with a lie
To detect if you have got the soul of a witch
Baby I must burn some frankincense to clear the air of your lies.
Baby lets try to be frank
So we be sweet savors of frankincense
Baby lets try to be frank
So we be sweetest savours of frankincense

That who killed the monster is greater monster
Bad girl on good friday in awe of my understanding
You must know this
The world has got an endless surprise list
And nothing on the surprise list is potatoe chip
Nor plantain chip.

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Arise O Snlight, Come Outshine The Stars

LXXX

See, do not hold your mirror of a moon
Against me for too long face of the noon;
Behind the rite I hear your smack and hiss
Like I and Margaret at a broken kiss.
Gracing my porch nubile Nubian pillars,
From wheat of dreams they separate tares.
Arise o Sunlight, come outshine the stars,
Daybreak be quick to eclipse my nightmares.
Hail me that who scrubbed with her tears
And on the stairs rising the Sun did spread
The nose-bleeding dream carpet of her fears
For the pollen feet of the Sun to tread:
You are the harbinger Edo Maiden
That unwound the morning into my den.

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At The Bank...

Riverbank where is your vault,
Through the mazes, your sepulchral fruit?
I see hunters and knights seeking aim...

No man in mortal daylight
Goes without a shadow,
So no river without a bank.

Rivermaid at the bank
You yeast the dough beneath my counter.

Mermaid of man, if your revelation
Could make me lose sense of vision
May sleep veil these eyes
Before they see the island of your mystery.

Canary in a snare of banking sparrows,
A heart yielding florets of benighted darts,
Pointers of a goddamned stint at banking.

Patience that breeds the content of thunder
Restrain me, your horse, to the relieving end,
Not to break lose in lightning
And remember me of my being
Out of the abyss out of timelessness before now...

Muse of potency
Grains of life I have carried
Into your strong-room,
I have come into your cellar,
Give me the-vine song
That I may be drunk with a tongue notifying the vassalage.

O bank I have known your vault,
An epicenter of unwonted game.

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Babylon Babel's Tower, (A Tribute To Prophet Moses)

Babel the slavery empire where men did beseech their lords
Like gods who enslaved them to build on earth a kingdom heavenly.
If this be the gates of God the Lord must be queenly
And the speech of the Lord is the freedom of speech.
Mon amour know that if I had a tower to build
You shall be the ideal model,
By you one sees the true tale of Babel and glossolalia
Where liberty, independence was sought from the imperialist
By slave colonies like in Nigeria speaking diverse tongues
And other colonies who in anarchy like in Babel fought to be free,
And like you the dreadful beauty of uprising
Wild with uncontrollable ecstasy, they rise up in arms,
Indignantly moved with the watchword at 'heavens gate'
And sought to give the heartless gods a wound for a heart.

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Belove

Belove I send you loveletters for braille
To help see you through this blind phase of love
For material things before which many fail
For these love letters I write you belove
Is Braille of love letters which if you read
You shan't fail to see the right ways to pass
Through this totally too dark for to see
Blind phase of love driven by total greed
Teeming with a populace of Judas
From East to West, North to South, land and sea
A Braille for the blind phase of love my dear
Which if you do read you shall have no fear
Of ever failing to pass the right way
Come sun, rain, moon and come whatever may.

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Black Jumbo Bee

Stunts of your broken down black jumbo bee
Indicating your hunger for wildlands
Measure out against your earmarked demands
Putting on your back a surrogate fee.
Arriving on time for a frigate bird
On an unconditional flight misled
Moving towards a crumbling pinnacle
Offshoots of your heart like a carbuncle
'Luminate the frigate bird's path of flight
Unveiling an occluded ray of light
Awakens some new sense of direction
Bringing fresh zest for a sense of mission
Influencing a river, whose middle
An owl's nest, to turn a cock up riddle

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Blow Job

'The kingdom of God is heaven on earth'
So says the divine book of the MORNINGSTARWITNESS

'The kingdom of God is paradise on earth'
So says the divine book of the MORNINGSTARWITNESS

'Heaven on earth is the kingdom of God'
So says the divine scriptures of the MORNINGSTARWITNESS

'Paradise on earth is the kingdom of God'
So says the divine verses of the MORNINGSTARWITNESS

4ck all religion that promises heaven after death
Embrace the revolution that promises the kingdom of God on earth

4ck all religion that promises paradise after death
Embrace the revolution that promises the kingdom of God on earth

Brothers and sisters our eyes shall witness the Nigerian apocalypse
Our eyes witness the Nigerian apocalypse
Brothers and sisters let us enjoy this rhythm of apocalypso

See me see ebony wonder O see me looking in toto
Ebony wonder seriously in toto could the Queen
The first lady be better looking in toto than yours o ebony wonder?
This fine wife of the president who wished the children of the suffering masses
Hard-luck on Al-Jazeera TV that the children of the rich and his children
And grand-grand-children keep enjoying the best life and education abroad

4ck all religion that promises heaven after death

'The kingdom of God is heaven on earth'
Says the divine book of the MORNINGSTARWITNESS

4ck all religion that promises paradise after death

'The kingdom of God is heaven on earth'
Says the divine book of the MORNINGSTARWITNESS

And I will always remember you and you...
How can I ever forget you?
You who when the government rendered me jobless
You who gave me a blow-job
You who gave me blow-job when the government rendered me jobless.

To you millions of graduates rendered jobless by government
Show gratitude to those who in your joblessness at least got and gave you a
blow-job

And to be very sincere and be very candid
The government rendered jobless people is more often than not blow-jobless

Be careful all you millions that are jobless
In the name of moral cleansing the government might decide that
If you are doing a blow-job
And if you have gotten and are getting a blow-job
You are no longer among the statistics of the millions that are jobless
Since you are doing, giving, getting and have gotten a blowjob.

All of you whom are still by government rendered jobless
And are yet to get a blow-job, for the sake of caution please stay blow-jobless
I repeat again, for the sake of caution please stay blow-jobless
Because the Nigeria-wonder is till thy kingdom come
Because the Nigeria-wonder is till the end of days
Because in the name of moral deterrent, spiritual
And religious cleansing of lands the government may wakeup someday and say
Hey! Since you have gotten a blow-job you cannot sincerely claim you are jobless
Our undercover agents know all of you that are blow-jobless

Do you think this is impossible in a country
With an unwavering belief for ritual-killing of human beings
In the name of money-rituals performed by
A constellation of fraudsters and gangsters
In this darkness of massive abject poverty caused by government neglect

Do you think this is impossible in a country
With an unwavering belief for ritual-killing of human beings
In the bid to acquire powers spiritual aegis performed by so called leaders
Whom make a constellation of financial and political monsters

In this darkness of massive abject poverty caused by government neglect

Do you think this is impossible in a country
With an unwavering belief in holy water and miracle services conducted
By the ministerial mammon constellation of ministers
If you must get a decent job and be rich
In this darkness of massive abject poverty caused by government neglect

All of you whom are still by government rendered jobless
And are yet to get a blow-job, for the sake of caution please stay blow-jobless
I repeat again, for the sake of caution please do stay blow-jobless
Because the Nigeria-wonder is till thy kingdom come
Because the Nigeria-wonder is till the end of days
Because in the name of moral deterrent, spiritual
And religious cleansing of land the government may wake up someday and say
Hey! Since you have gotten a blow-job, since you do blow-jobs
You cannot sincerely claim you are jobless
Our undercover agents know all of you that are blow-jobless

But whenever the government implausibly dares to do this mind you
It is a trick of moral purge under a satanic government
To hinder the jobless and future jobless further jobless
From ever getting or ever doing even a blow-job
For even that itself if they can contrive it
They would do for to render the poor blow-jobless
For to deny the underprivileged poor even a blow job

'Heaven on earth is the kingdom of God'
Says the divine scriptures of the MORNINGSTARWITNESS

Embrace the revolution that promises the kingdom of God on earth

'Paradise on earth is the kingdom of God'
Says the divine verses of the MORNINGSTARWITNESS

Embrace the revolution that promises the kingdom of God on earth

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Bokor4

I double you ho once put a pi sin
In two toms deadly black part o9f H4
A spine double you each the lag unseen
Did hit for good and it saw good for sure.
Add on to it state bespoke for the slip
Double you hen double you here you grip
Why o you scarce could take double you hat
Came in s9 moves for why o your heart.
We're ten-lovers for we're no thousand-ore
Just aforty-overfifty-o'er no more
I with why o you was mega bite race
With deaths be you tea café-to-café
Unenjoyable ends the 4th buffet
Initiation IV undying face.

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Brake The Law

Brake the law that says no to same sex marriage
Is that sinful?
For I recall when I was just too broke to pay for my sins
And don't tell me some Jesus has paid the price
For he was too broke to pay his fair share of taxes
And Jesus saw hell on the cross
I was too broke to pay for my sins
So I founded my religion called Morningstarwitness
Getting away with breaking the laws of Moses
Getting off breaking the ten commandments
Drinking on Sabbath, breaking Sabbath
Keeping no Sabbath day holy with the scarlet one
In my kingdom you shall
Disobey the law of Karma to make every one enriched enough
To pay and get rewards for their deeds in this lifetime
And not the next one
Break the law of karma to enrich everyone for payback time in
Under the banners of justice
Braking the law of karma.

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Bridges

The arrow in the heart of the matter
is broken and in my veins I manage to contain
the pulse of the immemorial blossom.

Death lurks behind the promise of birth
and the promise of life is destiny,
for I lean urging for life over an arch.
Only if you know the humility of death
or rather the humiliation;
death is the bridge between mortality and the heavens
and you and I know how bridges tolerate.
In what states have you taken the impermissible?
Do not look forward to a chance at vengeance
or to that guilt would bring the guilty
to you if you are only looking forth to forgive,
for time would deny you the sweets of gladness,
for that day may not come
A destiny driven by forgiveness is upon the offender
We must only be driven to forgive when our voices
are recognized better than the lies
forgiveness is a valuable thing, a fulfilling thing.
I do not owe you forgiveness but revenge
If you do not own to a sin for which I should owe you forgiveness
Rise brothers and sisters, despite the offense,
withstand and win! A retaliation that entitles you with forgiveness,
for in that the crown of the heart of the offender become a crown of needles.
The malice of defeat is simply to dispirit,
the target is your spirit.
Let not the misgivings for the winnable tire you.
Victory is more trenchant in achievement; in that way
you would have done for fulfilment what makes a loss poignant:
leaving a scar behind, on the touchstone of memory,
then you would have corrected the errors on memory.
If you are born to connect
the past and the future, born to fill a gap,
they shall sometimes tread you, you are strong,
you are a bridge.

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Circe

Circe, a woman who makes swine of men
Making them lose the sense of time
Putting waste the time of their useful years
Wasting the time of their useful years
Making them lost their sense of time
And when they regain the sense of it
The world has gone past waiting for them
Or the world has almost gone past waiting for them
They suddenly realize they are not young
As Circe had made them felt all along
They realize Circe is a waste of time
Realize time with Circe is a waste of time

Circe is woman that makes mankind feel younger than his age
Circe makes a man behave younger than his age

A thing realized as waste of time is Circe
Circe is not just a woman
A thing realized as time wasting is Circe
Circe is not just womankind Circe is a force

Circe is woman that makes mankind feel younger than his age
Unfortunate Circe has got mankind feeling young as stone age
And mankind is way older than stone age.
After all these millennia of experience
Mankind ain't behaving his or her age
After all these years of centuries, years of millennia
Circe is really making swines of the valiant one of mankind...
Save for the very rare few whom are Odysseus
The very rare few whom are Ulysses.

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Clairvoyancy

That who claims to be a prophet by antics of clairvoyance
Must rightly predict his death and this must pan out for a fact
If we shall give such his or her due.

O ye daughters and sons of a generation
Know you not witchcraft and theft is afoot
When a prediction is made about a man
Who is not in on the prophecy about him or her?
Know you not then false prophecy is afoot to gain stand and rooted stamina
For the lies a false prophet shall have you believe?

False prophecy is not just a prediction failing to come to pass
Neither does a prediction coming to pass makes for true prophecy
That whom is the primary concern of a prediction
Must be in on the prediction at every case in point
For to know if false or true be your prophecy for you whom clairvoyance is
The measure of your claim to be a prophet or prophetess
For to know if false or true be your prophecy for that case in point.

That whom proclaims he is a prophet by antics of clairvoyance
Must rightly predict his or her death.

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Coker-Bitter-Cola Nuts

Circa 1960-2018 the Nigerian dream is a nightmare
Courtesy bad dreams of the bad head(s)of state(s)of affairs
Heads laid on laps and bosoms of Circe and her girls

Circa 1960-2018 the Nigerian dream
Are bad dreams of head(s)laid on sofas of socio-political whoredom

Bad dreams of heads laid on cushions of socio-economic whoredom
Heads trusted and given to manicured nine-inch nails
Of socio-politico-economic whoredoms for hammer time
With manicured nine-inch nails
Of Circe and her girls upon these bad heads
To maim these already bad heads
That we totally forget our good dreams
In the very wakefulness of these bad heads
And it is an onerous if not futile or near futile struggle
To try to remember a dream that is set on eluding the memory
Circa 1960-2018 the Nigerian dream are dreams
Of bad head(s)misshapen under
The nine-inch manicured nails of Circe and her girls
At hammer time
In the palace of socio-politico-economic whoredom

It is high time to force feed
Bittersome gift coker-cola nuts
To these bad heads
Pills of poison coker-bitter-cola nuts
To these bad head(s)of state of affairs laid
On upholsters of socio-politico-economic whoredom.

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Countdown To My Kingdom

Countdown to zero-tolerance for corruption
5,4,3,2,1, zero-tolerance for fraudulent activities
Is the countdown to the coming of my kingdom
Five, four, three, two, one, zero-tolerance for financial crime
Faster than the speed of Atalanta and the cheetah
I will make the fraudulent and the cheater rundown.
Forewarning! I am full of wrath against falsehood
I'll make all of this promise land on earth
That might and power of the lady justice reign supreme
In all affairs in the kingdom.
I am the Sun of dawn
It is for the joy of the upright one
And for those whose hearts are filled with uprightness
And I shall come with a 'virgin army'.
Dawn is my ancestral mother
When my kingdom comes

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Electorate Watchword

So immeasurable our sacrifice long beyond continence
That unfortunately nothing could dissuade us
From finding the truth of corruption so erotic,
And with hard minds we have become combatants of fortune
That we said: to hell with the prophylactics, and this action of flagrance
Has left the resolute marrows of our nationhood venereal stricken.

We should feel tearfully sorry for ourselves that
Good-luck and Mohammed... raises so much excitement...

Is it the brain drain that has left us with two dolts
As eligible statesmen for presidency?
It inclines to suffice we are impotently endowed.

But then let these two demagogues and their henchmen
Know that whatever may come this is it;

In the disclosure of the secrets that reveal the lies
A prolonged sacrifice turns us all to swordsmen,
Petrified, stiff sacrifices make the heart long for the battle field.

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Ethereality

It is better United States

On the double you a double you aitch why

For that quorum for Dave got the 'bee' thinking aitch at

Double you each would play out well

Righting the wrongs in the eighteenth letter and

For Peace on the

Double why o you a double you aitch why

To come to get ether pleasure

To get her for pleasure

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Fire And Peace

I start fire I don't steal fire
We know those who stole and steal fire.
I start fire
For as I Black Lamb of God state
In 'I BLACK LAMB OF GOD',
I state: 'I don't play with fire I foreplay with fire.
I like starting fire
But in my bowels is the peacemaking process
I am the peacemaking soul
I am one whose bladder is full of peace
I am one whose bladder is peaceful.
Yes I start fires for peace
For I am well endowed for peacemaking
I am the well endowed peacemaker.

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For All To Be Well

I will wear you out if it is good to wear you out
Address me like a letter bomb
So when I address you
You don't read my message
Like a letter bomb wrongly addressed
To you
Treat me like the patient man I am
Treat me like the patient one that I am
And there is great hope it's going to be well
For I care for all to be well....

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For The Maids Of Chibok

Nightmare in a chimeric splendour
Of ember-hearted pigeons moving aloft to the sunset,
While women, old and young, out of the grainfields,
Bemoan the Seraph of Daybreak in the dunes of nightfall.

Of over two-hundred dove eyes enflamed with blood
Tears in God's cruet to make pure the cry...

Essence from twilight-petals may we not fail to distill
Of martyrdom of the hundreds of Chibok maids;
That may we dephalliate Bokoharams and by projectiles
Send them homewards where they be the eunuchs of paradise.

Initiated in the age of the stars, violation is an original thing,
When the origin of man, the origin of dawn, was desecrated...
A celestial prenatal profanity of the sacrifice for life,
An incursive cud chewed in the maidens of Chibok and more...

Tell the world, ye sunlarks of the nebulous, that the
Altar of truth is the secret of the beautiful,
That the power of beauty is the precious touchstone
Of righteousness, and truth is the power of beauty
The centre of attraction to the bearers of the
Inconstant blades of justice...

From bloodstain may heaven vindicate her poet,
May beauty uphold all from the fall of grace.

O force of beauty, the centripetal image of the messiah,
Make the midwives of rebirth, in the moontide, dance
To the rhythm of valor weaved by eagle-hearted tattoos
Of the supramaidens of Chibok, and of the ineffable flowers,
Tribute of God to your souls o maids
Feed my terrestrial taste with honey,
Honey made of the nectars of the everliving flowers of the sky.

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He Endures

The progenitors are the past of the future,
but coming and going the children come after them,
and what comes after trails
and what trails is behind.

The progenitors are the past and our pasts are behind:
both, offsprings and forebears trails and drags themselves.

A hen after her chicks, the future hopefully before us on one hand. A duck,
before her's, opening paths to the future on the other... the future behind led
daringly:

hope and bravery tight-fisted in the hands of a newborn.

This is a circle in revolution, the cycle of time,
before and now coming after themselves chasing behinds.

Time recycles all... We, all, are a tentative future.

Time is the secret.

The future is equestrian advancing the wheels of the past.

That tomorrow happens time has to concede today to memory.

We are forever in time the secret of hope and longing

so we conceive a future we would live long enough to see, dreams to actualize,
for the concept future is the thing most infinite, Infinite a name we call God, an
eternity.

Birth and rebirth, hope is a child that assures us

there is no end to the line, that it goes on endlessly,

and this is no phobia for endings, for humanity is a suffering,

but a native universal fear for the retributive aftermath of suicide. When there is
hope there is time, time is future,

an hopeless infinity for the suicide, the future is God we must in a hope beyond
reason reach in heaven. Heaven is joy in

quintessence. Eternity is a perpetual remembrance,

memory of good and of evil. Memories are the markings on time, lingering on
tomorrow. Eternity is time haunted...

that time would outdate all except the bequests

worthy of the morrow. Can time obsolete wickedness?

God endures. And what for? Maybe that, all-inclusive,

memory would become the triumph of good.

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I Am The Realm Of Dreams I Am The God

Midday summer dream of a daydreamer
Addressed in sugarcoat of many colors ...s

Dream of sun, moon and stars bowing before me
To dreams sent by a sacred bull god...

Midsummer daydream of a wet dreamer
Addressed in sugar quote of many colors

Titi Anna is crazily in love with an ass
A goddess with an ass, I simply say pass
For it is all part of
The shape-shifting nature of the landscape of dreams
Goliath of the philistine ones
I have got stones of verses for your head.
That is a dream forever coming through and coming true

I am the realm of dreams I am the God

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In Joy Alfred Leaps

In joy Alfred leaps openly relishing a cock
Who with the dentition for it
Has not tasted or relished some cock
At one time or the other?
Hmmmhm! Krishna be praized.
Gods get easily enamored with cocks
A big strong cock I offer a goddess
A little and immature cock the goddess forbids
The goddess simply forbids an abuse
Finds relishing a little immature cock
A Statutory offence

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In My Name Eledumare Swears

In my name Eledumare swears
Ubangiji swears in my name
I come to do away with enemies of the poor
I say to you silver or gold I have none
And in me you contemplate the living God
Mine is kingdom of the living God
I come to do away with enemies of the poor
Ubangiji swears in my name

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Incubus

I am wistful;

your relic
in perfume, a souvenir, wisps
from under my breath.

The place you deserted
by the wall side of the mattress,
makes the nightmarish.

Bad dreams make a man
watchful against the bewitches
of sleep;

and now I alone in my squirms
twist the bedspreads to deserts.

There are spaces within me
I am beginning to know,
that I never knew were there,
mines long there waiting to be sensed,
and am amazed how I could contain them.

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Joe And His Brothers

Jacob knew not his sons were slave traders
Falsed evidence in brotherhood of lies
Soaked Joe's quote in all manners of red dyes;
How could Jacob tell his sons were being liars?
Some wild animal tore him to pieces.
It's told Jacob cried over and over
When the sons were ones whom more-over
Would tear Joe to twenty-silver-pieces.
They meditate to ruin the dreams of Joe
And try to achieve their sickening goal
In grand larceny of meditation:
Of the dreamers' dreamer we must get rid
Says these sons of witches with blind vision
And in their hands is the blood of a kid.

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Keeper At The Loftiest Stonegate

In the breaks of vagrant crusts
Upon prostate adulations
The tranquil egoflamme of omniscience
Yeast the valiant essence with surefire.

Out of the moonshadows a monovalent labour cry,
Fleeting of a flightfooted passerby, the dirge of Olokun
Leaving an aftertaste of ketonicendocrination on the mind.

Oracles of endogenous blestings, beatitudes of grace,
Spectrum feathered angels in latitudinal fancy,
Flights of latitudes with rainbow wings;
Keeper at the loftiest stonegated dream, beware!
Beauty is mindful of the uprising
For the encaged birds are envisioned by the sacred beacons.

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Kronos

Despot belly filled with humanrights flesh
The humanrights flesh eating cannibal
The humanrights flesh eating carnival
Daily feast on human right flesh afresh
For our so dear humanright totally
Do disembowel the despot belly
Of lord Kronos human-being rights eater
Lord Kronos humanrights flesh consumer
With the hungry Kronos quells his hunger
The hungry must grow strong and in anger
To disembowel kronic hunger of us
Emboweled and embodied in Kronos
Kronic hunger for flesh of human rights
Kronic hunger to eat human-being rights.

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Love Note

If love is true, could it this be
this unheedful happiness stirring in the bones,

like honey stirring in your joints...
for that he possess you?

That true that it abounds with guilt
that it is that true I could arouse your jealousy
if I as much acknowledge the full moon
this silent dusk?

If love is true should it be
that despair patiently waits in ambush
if you no longer be mine,

that we could dispossess ourselves of joy
deliberately?

If love be true should it irreverently so be?
an androgynous woe.

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Lucifer Mon Muse

I horseman centaur with my hoofs pounding the gates for drum
Beating the heart of God for rhythm
in recollection with the nymphs in Olokhae*
dancing to the wildness of Olokun-Dionysus to terminate
this growing euroboral darkness.

Patient, ancient and feathered one
Angelus Domini Olokun of light
cold blooded my muse
Lucifer light my way.

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Mad Hyenas

Searching for the footprints of an outcast
Infuriating hyenas of bat town
Mad hyenas led by the bat get down
Passionately to business to make fast
Answers which in their theft they've stolen
Outright from their crafty ways so rotten
Murderous searching for the outcast they make
Ophidian moves, foxiest moves of the snake
Looking for the white lion for to murder.
Unbelievable you'd say and shudder
After you have gotten the clear picture
Brought on by the hyenas of torture
Inspired by their bat the bat town king
Who in infamy with hyenas sing.

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Maidens In The Epitasis

Who can I
hook and eye,
grip and eye
but on these provoking Caryatids.

Pristine world with jade,
pit-black lensed; a cirque on my finger
nudges the far-loss of me
from shrink as does
pressing breasts.

Clear stone of evening
plough my waters rough
to her pear-head shape duct
my saltful river conduct.

Inchoate an initial
of a predestined intent.
A birthday present of a boy
and a river.

...

Ride in pride -
sigh of rest having wrest
conquest from the quest -
stilling the wag of the redneck's trail.
Rarity pit plenty:
shuttling leaves to coronet
words made poem,
mere words,
bare leaves,
mere hands their fineness
non-obvious as corollas,
exposes.

But how mere wears on the tongue
the seeds of pepper that's bare to the eyes
as red as others...?

Art which craft
heart takes amidst raft.
Oxblood stones for filters, tulle streams:
font for bath
from a sceneful day.

Leads easy with moons laid
in the capture made silverware,
lunary she renders
innocence for wisening.

Mountain deer I stand by side -
at fetch seeming narcissus'
but the fetches of a pair
as vast as a robe implement in the fast
of a thumb and finger:
death was his seek,
for this see it is depth.
Watery eyes of moon lighting
mirrors too dear-for
Sheba's trousseau can't have.

Free of the least, the leaf,
before her I stand full.

Pliant waters pout my lips,
pools me to a fish.

...

Tobacco glowing
gathers to ash;
soot of verse
dunes for a steel vase.

When palpable the artery comes
as the strong scent of fresh blood,
tolls segue with a bitch's howl,
resounds from the chapel of silence
to seal the urn; in mourn blest
blest brow pigeons coo to them.

...

Kneads by small feet
on red sand mixed
to dough from grain by rain,
tells of the ferret about a child
all at one, a canary,
in streets you greet with chary,
at swan for her dreams.

When time to orange
milds the sun,
the harmless urchin
remembers silhouettes are ghostly.

Ferrets, before the sun plants again
in the ridges of clouds,
towards grand-mother's soothing scolds,
lest her hut
like smoke
from under the pot
prodded with stoke
in ascension towards evening clouds,
vanish in the spiral of blue folds
as an emblemized heart with a swain
in fain spirits
and later in injuria grits...

Done well cotton picked,
coffee body silhouetted
by kerosene lamp
tricks of old-fingers pick,
streaks by slivers of meadows;
breaks are repaired in sandalwood.

Done in oil,
gowned and cowled
in animal blood-red,
sanctity garbs,
all for to come well in mood
to the rustic brotherhood,

sons of aged mystic.

In possession
of the opaque sanctum
we are blind drawn
into the regions,
one is lone in quasi-death
while the skin pairs
and night frights
of old arthriticised women shrills,
walls smither to frail linens in breeze,
to the ears permeates agonies
of horrid things with humane forms
at intercourse -
with a lantern
she walks in with beams
into my frost dreams.

Hand on my head,
squints for sweats my forehead's
if it bear as fettle herbs
do dew-pearls.

Grand-mother is sanctuary.

...

Tar-coils spring;
pubic river
sourced black fountain.

Loom of clef
hirsute spider,
tarantula not of weft
left bereft.

Feathers between tugs of air -
rolling waters
cannot sketch red
on the eyes of the tilapia -
sparrow must finish with search.

Puzzles buds interest on the invest
till dissolved in solute of letters.

Difficult court be,
sickness of weakness,
spell on my fingers,
a mania itchy for quills
to spell you.

Crackle me
as yesterday evening
up on those hills I look,
like molten poured in mould,
at devour meanders orange creations
of hell for the forest
crackling as waters rushing,
to again be burrowed.

Strap fashioned with a strip
like the bond of a mummy;
recluse in a room of an eye,
pane eye whose lashes
are of solids, and the world with its pains
winds in blast on dust blinds,
brown wools my monocle whose lashes
against flashes struggles to be frame.

Suffers to attain
softens me to know...

Pellucid seeds blown
from azure pastures
drizzle on this eye,
peeling this flannel
in a steady break as glaciers on high;
glassy drops on glass
threads out at early to streams
in amble tracing of snails to a sure end.
Mending our broken clouds
against leaking, sogging our carpets
you mend water in coconut magic,
filling the house to a home of thunder crevices,

from the lights of golden and silvery cracks'
our common experience, and of these lightning elements
I pluck to make you a lamé.

And the pricks pick corpuscles
to fore on my forefinger,
smearing this fabric for you,
of colour unable to cloth
the claret of my clot
making you a lamé.

Enticed to chew pouts
prepared with soft hues,
but dry, breeze rusty
leaves the overlapped,
paying kisses of breadth hisses.
And my lips become a cerise hibiscus
stranded on a cement floor,
under a Saharan afternoon.

So the fire, an amber,
is screwed to blue
through the lamp slot:
a sun poshed in blue sofas
for her kiss rekindles indebted
to these kindlers.
Lips scaled by harmattan
assured of a tongue red;
tongue on me
I am still to press out
wine red of the raven ravine.

Phoenix for love,
sickle-blade moon in her period
to barb the fields
and pull to pool
the night with a menstrual light
before the day, sun-day
saunters to shadows.

Many are the rewards of the region of death;
beginnings of decease, disease and creation.

...

Refuse me not for wanders,
use my lot, for it was a stray
from my cot.
Wobbly legs
brings me as I try
to master a straight,
but what employ does it serve
when compounds my mouth drinks pulsate.

... I am not the first man
given courage by -ette wiseness,
offerings of Trojan craft, lest these locks
gathered by a topaz locket
shears make cheap shocks
for refuse.

Them sucking angelas
for baguette had the man
spurting...
Strength of the libidinal
watered waste land courtesans'.

Abuse of powers mother
charged I am as of murder
in court, this cot,
box for crèche,
baby been born again
I cry.

Ceramic ewer from a height
sits on concrete
in sad departures.

Profuse with plea
for thrust is trust
this night, this night.

Mourns of a spirit
cloaked with the soul of a woman

whom feels the warm blood
of her uterined child, like
a serpent about a baobab,
slithers her legs to spread
on sands beneath her feet.

I had a mate
that suffers of a broken egg
cuddled on my sheets.

Let showers wash my skin
mottled in mucous bloody;
stone-bowl, sacristan to fill you
keep me.

Armed with alms-bowl
for dinars of the flesh
I gored; for this supper
to recuperate I spiel
like a devoted fakir - here, I am bled.

A conceive that germinated
an invention of Siamese imagination:
the burden the haven
is whorl and coral
for the bearer is born with the winding,
conical idol cumulating to an Olympic icon.

Attentive presence of pair
invades with a character
days', which fills edifices
through, though all shut.

Angels of thorns,
Vagabonds of meteor ecstasy;
o this fizzle amour,
fleeting moments of truth
and openness, love inspired from below
prodding the oculere rosé under siege night's knights.

A ring with a purlieu of mares from lunar plains,
the fletchers to the

plump imp aimers.

...

Prosperous winds' halloweeny whispers
loud in the dark,
and this child come home on quick feet,
rushes in to find the windows spread,
like earth for the cover of waters
as beads rushing out of the bond
pair of a broken lace;
breathes lullabic upon his flesh
been put to swoon
from sight of the dark within,
of colours a stamen
freshly having its coat sloughed
and the calling harsh,
upon the flesh is softly
in a friendly cocoon.

A hurricane lamp
privet simple;
for these images
it won't be chimerical.

Wick of head umbra
and body of thread
as of many wool
embroidered on an eternal spread.

Lots sprogishly
caught in attractions
of midget-mannequins:
in doings with care less
goes good amount measured to little counts;
weight theirs in drudgery explores
we make the shores late to find,
for they did as flux of air that
avoidably as could purchase
wimple the window curtains.

The desiccate soil

by the harmattan passing
shall visit no more the same,
stroke and bury in her for birth.
Wait as a mother for the ripening hip
of the covenant daughter whose waist
supports cords of beads to be let loose
by an appropriate suitor, even if yet to be.

No pectoral knowingly gathers milk
to nipple the gums of an adulterous child.

Know the spirit in the
harmattan of that child,
and your thighs alap
as a good earth for
swollen clouds, as pellets
rushes to mine the goods of a womb.

All bear narks
of mischoices and pains
but scars have their worth,
so for you let them have it,
make them worthy.
I have scars;
on this I flowered a red petal
sutured to waxened brass.
Scars may have cure;
what can heal the memory of a bard?

Been pined away,
face by feet
wine in spit
found and stood in the shrine
like palms on beach sands
warped by rain winds.

I am six strokes
on her fair wrists,
three marks apair
starkling like the orderliness
of corn stalks on sienna grounds.
Fields of birth:

eye-seals of grain
by waters unpaired
stutters to the touch of yellow light,
fresh greens on march past
on heaps from fondles of dry-season.

The privet lamp thriving in hurricane
wheezing from a pair of nostrils hades'.
A wizard swoops this eye, bulb of glass,
the pupil a blazing grass unconsumed
whose burning is spirited.

...

White-dress goddess,
swan afloat on rushing streams.
The ember germinated outa a hearth
caved in an eastern mantelpiece
shall grow not to coal
till she's had a bath
she's yet at all.
White duck slain
by the scent that makes
gory her aorta for swim,
not at all not a day,
members at many
till tails deep in sail.

One afternoon,
for stars and moon
was London's cloud.
What a quickie Christ-offers,
climaxing in thunderbolt.

My choice of play is anthracite;
slim pipe of hibiscus
pump pollens to fluttery finders;
pistils be blessed.

...

With her lips she produces me

a tarn, a tip with a jagged umbra.
She desired and had me,
that is my name.

The maiden miracle
at a connubial confluence of oaths;
wine pure at Canaan.

Final fractions from the dross
of frond wines clear with resurgence.

I appreciate the times,
but do not doubt my unhappiness.
I disappoint the situation
for it was auspicious of a monster.
Apollo made a bet,
and these women gave me amusement.

Provoker of my wells,
green plate-leaves that crucibles
silver beads from a mass of shadow,
quartz on her suppleness under the glaze
of a tawny resurrection.

...

Rotten in bellow
and arise a pine
that at all roads end
shall be the drops
that essentials the flask.

Create me faithful,
and not a dubious trader,
a miracle dealer, became
a leper for not sensing ill's devils'
for those were diseased farthings;
after serving under prophetic intricacies.

How her reaches searches to core
when in soft words to me,
she tells what guard of honour

by angels arranged by sides for us
carves a road festooned with flowers brave;
and miracles in her conceive puts my eyes to cycles,
making me open to how the troops on horses and
chariots are tips by us.

My beginning,
my charm.

What a night on winds wings,
beautiful hands gathers for the athlete's leap,
claps firm in crescendo, gentle fingers
tilting the black haired head of a boy
to ride harm's breeze; she's such as cowries,
talisman taped about the ankles.

My charm,
deep waters where the light
the great spirit drew.

So settle is my urge in your prayers,
and the dagger in tight safe
blood's belonging to a lamb.

I called to a strunged King bled,
under a near vitreous flooding;
perched into the provisions of comfort
from green leaves and the surrounding
of four plantain trees, having made waste
rich with health, growing from a squat and
my head caught the tip of a conundrum.

A rod of dust maturity
made point through a plantain tree,
a rusty black, a deadly patch
circles where it was found.

Pulling the scab upon the sore,
in the purulence a millipede warmly in
triple-coil tops on a packet of soot packed in thin ribbons,
the need for the rod poking across the bough.

Flicking the diploda watcher watching an invader

intrudes this witch craft, answering the riddling bondage,
pinching and pulling in a blessed naivety of the powers
of my woman,
my charm.

Extraordinary as a cup of cloud, pure,
says sacred orisons to stay
in revolt as the vegetable goddess in my stomach
in revulsion of meal tasted with poison.
Mineral in the night,
the moon filtered and full,
for the night's breeze is benign and cool.
Music and dance holy at the mountain,
a sacred night mustn't be else than beautiful.
Dreams of heavy waters constipates the clouds,
waking the waiting nightly horror;
dialmoon exhausted, a mercurial disc
proves in the belly of black clouds.

Cutlass in my grips
I slight upon stones for twinkles
torching the night for you,
walk into its distance happily,
be naked and embrace for sparks
are stellar in the dark.

How popular essentials a match at its essence
amidst hell?
Only in the vague were the walls are braille
a toothpickly flame is glorious.
I have seen burnings mine that licked the weight.
And you wake-keep that I be ravenous at hungry passages,
honey on galled buds;
that in nights when ones fear
for the arts of the dark
I shall run nude in joy
because for these hands
the stars are nude,
to play upon, on their splayed thighs.

...

Idolatry excited by your tendrils,
soft wisps of white, I feel tentatively idyllic.
Sunrise approaches the coast,
cirrus undergrowth of the nape;
daybreak's inchoacy held in my fingers.
Sunshine ditties the hinterlands,
a neck of crescent moon, submit to my fingers.

Undertaker in this undertaking,
I demist hills hidden in transparency
in feathery swoon.
The investment of a tree, the burial of a tree
kernel the grave to womb,
a prologue for the decay of its birth:
baby of a shoot stretch,
root ocean to fountain.

My woman fathering you from thinking aches
I pick my chamber,
and the tail feather of the choice one
strings in combustion
to explode for your heart.
A powdered and swaddled warrior,
charioteer of wheels whirls, spidery
as its spindle abdomen wheeling with filament
trains to happen an orbit on the firmament;
hearing the torments of a bitch,
the sharp steamy sighs of destiny commuttery to
the station. What evil must have the howling dog seen?
A happening plantunplanetary
under the brilliance of the nightly silverware?
If the feet of death could be heard,
only if this affection could be motherly
and I a loosened babe dressed
in the suffocative, innocuous heat of her embrace.

...

Her river, a wind sinuous
as a huge dust-gathered top,
whorls from a valley that paths
these lactating ranges;

that distance when the swards tanned,
and crusts and faded tea tinge with sugar-crushes
shared, that does ranges our life
with breasts persist that breathingly recoils
in our heads.

These, descending the slopes in memory,
enriches proximities,
wicks a fire of affection;
the impenetrable brazen yellowness
stalked in a chalice of blue on a candle twist
opening as trumpets of daffodils, against
a coke-filled room disappeared in jasmine antagony.

...

I am coiled not entangled -
not in gray webs, for there dreams
drown in efforts of gasp -
but gathered in hands
the wraith ends of the feelers
of a butterfly.

Evening in the traps of seaperms,
this would not deny me.
if the tattoo of a woodpecker
rattles off a javelin that finds
me an eye, this I can call my own.

In an equine gift subtle as for my good,
the consequence of it, read on two pans
swinging on cross sticks a fellow offers me
as inconsequential, in entrapment.

The thought made it appear like
I would go to the grave in the proliferation
of the gelded and I felt unprepared for the genital.

Opal appearances gathered,
awaiting an arrival
with their presents and messages,
temptation of an errand

to a queen who's athrone on a shoal.

Bits of a brittled mountain
myriad the salient moment,
and that face of white brilliance
is hidden.

The hands
a brittle plate baked
from red soil
filled with kola-nuts
and a chunk of chalk,
and a little buttocked pot brimmed with
dew, carries.
Proceeding a humming procession
on a misty climb were midges thrive,
under which I try not to pinch my flesh
in preference of the things I handle,
to the cries as ofa neonate.

Alone feeling down,
the nerves are kilned
from the neonatal cri de coeur
that caused flies;
incensed performances overpowering
the rebelling limbs of a mite.

And the angels pervading the atmosphere
with terrific wonder, all smooth as cherry stones,
with cerise lips and a three-inch thick and one-foot
long ruddy skinned tails.
All jewelled with a pair of rubies for eyes
that connote a force of impenetrable realms,
and their wings are of large peregrine feathers.
At this joint ode notes
of the renaissance they sing:

"The child is peaceful in rest,
her spirits are yours.
A rebel you are,
mother waits...

Shadows are visible illusions,
their pains transcends vanity.

Cracked out of the living
placed is a boutonnière of carnation
above the wound of nascence.
As the paeon of the rose
vanishes before her lips -
breakfast of stars,
both are conceiving dawn -
so stormy clouds are not obvious
in an incorporeal sky twibright.
Sun day is a newborn
before intangible lights.

The crow that dares after dusk
understands the mask of crosses;
remember, the black spider
that plunges into the woman
is not left
to tell about...

Sting this flesh
and do not get torn
for you are turn
a melliferous fly."

Deity revealed behind the light
makes me smile;
only they whom are the openings
to the receiving of pollens,
Wanderers of the east,
for they bear the fear of God,
partake in the drinking
of the coconut's water.

Always your morn
shall wet feet with damp soils
pollen from grass trickles,
while all autumns' could would
be wish to herald thatch.

Perspired I come out
with routes of forest drips
when the day indefatigably refothrs gyroscopic:
and pageant cocks in the revealing
of fans stops to see what subsist
of their gallantries,
awed by the wraith dilated
in twilit phosphorescence.

Here we appear to meat;
vanishing point the joint of the body
when were ancestors of the present
gathers and ushers one in age,
carpenters to plain the vertigo of corpse,
man having been seen in rape
with the wraith which now with vanish
come unto forefathers.

And I am ambivalent
in wait for the apparitive flare
which into
I shall rouse in sleep obstinate.

...

Lying on a ripped mattress
in an upheaved apartment,
again this emphasis.

The altar and the collection,
how much for a living offering
has the body sook
for not to forsake
the assembly of the self from selves
and what shall be born
when the idols get the burn?
when before me, tomorrow for many
is a venture tipside base.

Men in knot of four paths
of the awareness of uncertainty
spurred to defunct gods

with extravagant appetite.

Cold dreamtimes on an unshared bed
is burdensome, concocting poultice
against when the idols glower.
The embers after a war
tasks us with resettlement
from the vestige;

and vernal riches may spring
from the vestigial.

...

Tamar knew, and kept a date
at the gate.

If the cackles
of three wizened women
seduces me to come unto them,
and tempt wearing their veils,
could the deer's hooves drag
against their luring waters?

How could it be known
if they be damsels of Leah,
maybe traitors of Rebecca, how?
though the choice is made
before a man comes to seek
the oracle.

When death came
with the beloved one,
did I resurrect all wet?
What hoofed biped on a hill
witnessed the burial,
saw the heel not glistening
from the powers of Zeus?
The poet soldier in crossfire,
the poet obelised, a passage with a dagger,
the poet striped, prophets observed,
stripped at perpendicular beams.

The waters of Troy, your son in the war of an age,
o zephuros your praise-singer in the gulf of spezia,
rivers of Jordan ecce homo, the Host you baptised,
and the watery presence of Idoto, your prodigy at a shootout
at Ekwegbe: your sons are beloveds.
The Son, the prototypical wafer, the most beloved.

Mother! ! ! pray for us;
may I not be
in the society of the beloveds
best by the one for whom a white dove
was messenger at immersion.

Woman pray, pray! !
may you not be holy
to watch a son for whom
darkness came at noon,
and has enough groan
to expose the ark.

...

The weather is chill
so I wash the hands
in the heat
of a golden spear blade
of gentle blaze,
while echoes in the mind
a scarce kiss brief to catch,
seldom on the lips.

Lips, stick with betrayal:
Judas foreruns salvation and
apotheosis raised in the place
of the skull;
arcane kisses, my need,
builds up my hesitancy
to a first rung of stages
laddering the door of divinity,
fan of the kindling.

I dare not stand out
in the mist of a great
agreement; a blood drop
on white sheep wool.
And they would be amazed
for he drew a breath
that may not be dispensed.

I have seen the drowning
of a ball and have watched
the arms of time wither,
shafts scattering to where the winds will
and the waters ciphering unbearably,
unto their surfaces floats the shape.

...

Forty-nine years
before the Word made a
non-consummated virgin mother
the crossing of a stream anniverse.

How could this be someone's else,
for the involuntary prods of a dove
indicates this way.

Not as the camel gains,
whose bear wear the hump to dump...
but the snail non-artificial
with the whorl,
is bitten by the spur
and the bleeding teeth holds the truth.

What image handles this urge
to the ripening murderous-red,
and has it tasted against
false hopes of the diadem,
conviction of the carriage
to apple green yonder yet?
But strange whispers
periodic as smokes in air
starts me to their attention,

before I discern their definition
they are done, barely as smokes.

The duiker's intent does not resembles
that face by a great spirit inspected,
faciality on which fires are truly;
this is a dirk
with hell's breath
after it ejects needn't for shame, fear
or rejection of what effects the injection.

And it would be blasphemous
that we've discovered
a sacred lie.

I gear
to intrude the bush;
this knowledge, a turmoil,
obsessed my dreams:
I am the freshly chopped reptile tall
and in a silent forest evil
my throat dispatches a panoply of bats:
voices stranded in the penumbra of redemption.
The masquerade was a mask, the profane truth;
and no oath commits the cockatoo to silence
but its loquaciousness in this matter
hesitates to tempt the capriciousness of fortune,
for this may hurt and make a monument writhe.

My insurance,
Her voice wakes these little vampires
from the height of a tropical isle,
the bats out of my throat into the vale of night.

Night mares are always strange to a dog
but felines would want to know.

...

Our feet unlatched from
the traps of sandals, in touch
with the dust

we saunter at dusk,
to come at grey forms, the time
to converge.

All lusts cast
at the vestibule,
then we enter as spectres
copra-neat.

We deliberate
on the troubles of deliverance -
midwives without shadows;
and we are born Pentecostal,
moons effulgent with penumbra
into the overshadowing luminary,
to carry our fortunes with comfort.
Seek in the crowd for the ones,
the one without a grey escort.

Fortnightly is Pentecost,
so we arrive;
glorious influences changes wills
with the grains of a good life,
and what blood we loss
for a birth into fluorescence,
from the womb of an arcane
phosphorescence.

...

Living image
you stutter my night
with a sand amount of indicators,
playful excitements of white accusation.
My wild flower,
when the pall spreads over the day,
dusty with white whins,
a living coffin veiled with an impossible
arras with studs of embroidery.

Statuesque incentives that redefines my tangible states,
ring of marigolden aura,

noosed ember of the sun
knotted with a spark of falling star;

then I perceive:

sounds are shapely,
paintings realize melodies,
with suffering and anguish tender like infants,
and the sight of cherries becoming sensuous,
while my eyes are livelier than a riot of fires
and shadowy love songs are brandies suffusing
the climate in the colour and warmth of flambé.

Clouds are of fires
and their showers are tangerine waters.
There are birds whose wings are date ferns
and their bodies are built of quartz.

Ripe for harvest,
I see farm fields of topaz
whose manures are gold dust.
Good looking maidens without legs afloat in the air,
and when they lift their hands to clap overhead
the armpits are seen stuffed with cobwebs
while their breasts jut and jelly-o.

Numerous bowls holding white reflections of waters
are visible without walls and no sun and water to
ricochet them, and they illumine the darkness in
lunar lit clemency,
swaying a little now swinging a bit then in suspense
revealing the ripples of waves in shadows.
You could vice and use them in your hands to discover
that mirages are fetchable, are not illusions but drinks
and kill thirst. That a mirage,
desert hazes are mirrors of sparkling waters
of premonitions that translates in
language of a sphinx if you look into them.

I can hear the winds whimper
about how they want to be naked and at my presence;
I could feel a wind revealed, transforming to a gypsy

with dark mangled plaits of dreadlocks
for as long as I could hold a breath and then
pales into the originality of their restlessness.

I could testify of how the tragedy of faint yellow
flowers are dissipations to fruits of emerald, how
fragrances could cajole and bring you to despair, a
piece of haunting music would whorl in
metamorphosis to a blossom of liberty, realizations
that certain flowers are incorporeal tangibles beyond
common limits, that beyond adorations they can raise
in silence atmospheric elegies.

The face of death
is a fascination of sinister symmetry,
one-half a golden eagle and the other
an Indian tiger.

...

Wonderful columns of black butterflies
that wouldn't allow the tendril creep,
continues in a supple into a marooned sky
breaking from nocturnal visions.

Bright spiral staircases built from
by a demure clucky sisterhood of Gomer
spectating the jollity of drunken cuckolds.

Behind an inferno eastward of the pond
occurs a twist of darkly tryst,
flowing torrid torsions of black Cossacks,
tangled engagement awoken from the truce of celibacy
of a gown with a stark aberration at the collar
and the other like a Japanese assassin lustful as a slut
in her own promotions. So these black gowns enwrap
ginormous to a tree deserted of leaves on which stands
a wren.

The wren sang in a mantra:
"out there are dephallic preparations,
diadems to honour wrecks held debts
whose interest runs into the beach;

may my tongue sense strychnine
on tongues in dresses of bleach."

Deep with visions the eyes of the wren
smuggles my attention.

Seated on a seat mortar's is a white man,
who surveys the situation as wilts the dark world
into a still gray morning of rustic shelters, prone homes
with reddened roof spars with patches of gray
all shunned by lizards while five white goats
chew pumpkin from a grave fungus walled
at the front of a missionary dilapidating erection:
and the atmosphere was an evocation of a mother's
making infused with the smell of lemon from a sturdy
citrus tree at the centre of the situation. They leave,
the goats, to meet within the apse, their mouths still
occupied with gravely vegetables; commonly purposed
they assemble heads, a lock of horns, then on their
parts gradually fell asunder bloodless,
which derived a black woman authoritative
with a white feathered vulture and careful only
for her pubes of a swarm of fireflies.

A city of locust arose from the oranges' branches,
spread invulnerably dense against the sun
as the woman settled in the eastern semi-circle
glowered from hell with lemon lights in this greyness
and the occident considering a stoned newborn for
souvenir that imprisons him in dislocation is further
made farther from home by the opaque community
of locusts.

Shaking all through with convulsions,
having had his eyes torn into by the igneous model
whose eyes suddenly torched phosphoric yellow
scorchless.

The female spirit appeared by his side,
with her vulture's head bitten by her
and swallowed,
towering and shuddering over the man,

shedding upon the man the life of the bird
and offered words of antidote:

"the gold of your eyes,
and the coverings of my city of the dead
are both glorious in the darkness of time,
so I pick two of these flies, each for an eye,
to quench the molten in your eyes."
But the flying lights had their way;
not into those rock eyes of magma,
but beamed in unison to a rich land,
savannah verdant.

A featureless cripple with her eye,
an eye on her left palm, experienced
with old, long unexpressed passions,
saddles the neck of a soldier whose eyes
are gaping sores, and tramps unreturned
on the tsetse green abandoned abundance of the flies.
Part tingled with green prickles in the pretext
of yellow petals, the abandoned fields, which travelled
to a cul-de-sac of twelve trees burning in autumn,
each with a dangling empty noose threads slight in
the hoarse whispering air to be made pendulums.

Gently the riding crawler wore a loop,
and makes it collar-fit before she deceptively
stirruped the shoulders of the blind soldier
whom proceeded from under her weight.
Saddened by the relief, frightful he searched the air
for his support when toply a poltergeist he discerns,
as it with its sworl twirls about him a riffled retinue
of fallen leaves, and says to the warrior: "behold you
are devolved, for from your shoulders in process
supplanting a scaffold, the girl is had scruffed."
And the demon sank into the harmattan dust
residuating the following dry leaves in a heap.

The warlord before the sun
wilted from the hands, and shoulders ahead.
In a whip he framed kamikaze with his face
daring the suns radiance in the focus of the

eyesores, were an immolation began in
extinguishing flames.

Behind the immolated at still, appearing stiff,
pursues a blazing tadpole man-faced, a half
maggot softened. Amid hurried ahead, it was
jerked for a while by the charcoal statue that
crumbled friable to a colony of voted soldier
ants when with a fricative whistle the amphibious
wizard supported the frazzle.

In the incognisance of hairs pressure
we know well fresh causes that
were congenital with certain rife blessings
of seedlings decadent joys, centres of the onion
whose furtherance are limited for harvesters
of the seventh ripple, these faulted newborns,
blinds irresponsible for the yellowish faults seminal.

More so unaware on it of the ashes curse,
the arboreal tadpole was a starling impregnating
fields, its pollinate potency in the absentials of mind
was caused to notice by pale plants in the dearth of
rains awoken in emotions in the quickens of the
tail of flame, and the fiery tail was rapid upon a farmstead
to escape from the wrath of its creation. The haunting
imprints of feet on soggy grounds following to the
threshold. The precipitate left of the rampant blaze
were smoky chars and three childish spares for historians.

The children took extreme measures, cubits,
making their ruins a past, till they were mawed
by the murkiness after sundown.

The evening itself is on a deep sleep;
suddenly turned to a dream of sorrow
by a whereless owl, whose cry in its falsetting
threshed a wayward wind, and a newborn-cry
began that shocked the wind to a sigh that settled
into a wary night.

The natal cries segued into a mourn,

the grief a woman's always at the verge
of a mother; the sobs of this loss spread
ubiquitous and a rift apple-red made a tear
on the land unto which the voices were drawn,
and the wails made a fall of voices.

The hurried rhythm of a hoofed was getting near
to the verge while the rift drew to close, then a
dalmatian-horse beheaded, materialised.

Out of its neck germinated a cerise hibiscus
french horn flared, held in a calyx of a taupe
headed python brass in body, and a breeze
scattered its grains. It began to drizzle, and the
fallen waters drank up all; the promised plague,
an epidemic from an angry god.

A glare, hot, dispersed the dark clouds
and waters became molten in the bold
infernal colours but cold. In them ten
leviathans swarm and were attracted to the
falling bleat of a heifer from I-know-not-where,
and the giants leaped to swallow the smidgen,
but the molten was only proved to be resinous.

The young cow fell not sinking,
the giants were astounded and restless,
the cow bewildered for the miracle.

The maiden cow moved on and the golden waters
drifted from under it, out of the present scene of
things. The heifer came upon numerous professors
on a beach, whom were ridden with boils and were
dressed in bikinis trotting what round it is for
coquettes in mock pugilism, but the round slates were
mirrors and in them I saw:
a catholic priest lured to a forbidden orifice,
stammering for decisions, for he wasn't a eunuch;
he sang in a plaintive melody for his anatomy
understands the symmetry of pliancy.

The priest seem to bore my resemblance

but it I think I am more handsome,
maybe, no it shouldn't be me.

Childhood of the copra, children for easy distractions
warned of the coconut water, to those who are them,
forgive their faint light, it is remote.

I can forgive your view for the stars are distances on a pall;
only if you heed the reptile and disobey your philistine gods.
And you, I mean you, not the children, may get
the apercu from apertures. Let the esoteric with the frock coat
come to a conclave, to a sacred arrival.

...

Date rugs and carpets
are rolled out for the colt
that approaches jewelled.

An ass, humble,
entrusted with a lamb burden,
regal rosary.

A donkey brings apotheosis
into town, and not
the wind-rider.

A prince alights
on fine toughcoirs;
prescient of a waiting sacrament.

Among the olives
he's come to express his fears
for the pregnancy:

'Pater, if thou be willing,
take away this cup from me: ...'
Cride coeur.

The scream in a dream
is loud as the sounds
of a foetus at tantrums.

Scissors of ominy,
who would separate,
see and not be scented?

Numinous, and luminous
perfumes a son
with a shade patron saint.

Refusing wound
whose bleeding content
of iron and clear air cannot scab.

It's a salve chase
that wears the troubadour
in lassitude, to quietus.

Mounted on heights
green and yellow oily,
he sincerely flinch at hell.

Symptoms darkness
alerts his eyes
beyond the tender subtleties of sleep,

when by all means
slumber coax them,
in shut they are open to nightmares.

The hummock of sacrifice
waits the Kid of a Shepherd
to divine.

The origination of the crucifix
are on the bones
of thieves.

Deliverance germinates
conquerous on
scaffolds criminals'.

How could he define

the quandary of his
idol of pearls to men;

a dream, the unborn,
that quiet
destiny at the mercy of despair,

is at risk with stillbirth,
the neck breaking
summersault of a vision.

To be maternal
with an undertaken
at reincarnation,

to be born again,
is a macabre passage
of tragic tendencies.

Ladies of the porch,
Columns of my birth and upheaval:
the pledged throes.

I believe I've seen
the waiting boar
for I still live milking the storm.

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Simpa Omoluabi

Making Up Your Mind

We can see you are drowning,
and drowning you are confounded
in a quiz of ropes tossed you.

I am a makeup artist, of a kind, of the mind.
I am a makeup artist of the mind:
I like a seemingly plain face with a red rich full mouth,
that is saying for cosmetic a stick for lips would suffice.
Let me be your lifeline and I will makeup your mind
and any place you take her I swear she would fascinate,
be the host of a non-hostile hostage.

For the lipstick I would need twelve pints of a colour blood-red,
And then I shall advertise 'red blooded donors needed'
if I am denied charity or people fail to be charitable in donation of blood-red
'cause of my strange expertise
or foolish... I would collateral a portion of my psyche
then take a loan from a bloodbank,
and if they dare for erstwhile reasons refuse,
I intend robbin a blood bank for to incarnate the labials of your mind.

I am the midwife for certain proposed reborn;

but, for that I can make your mind a doll,
spiritualise in incarnation,
at least you have to makeup your mind.

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Mask Ancient And Contemporary

Out of gloom they loom
Unsloughed offshoots of dark minds
Bokoharam come for Moremis

Masquerades of our gloom
Weighing down in forests
Captive hearts with millstones of hardship

Oduduwa means our gloom
Babel is Babylon
And Bokoharam the masked ones

Bokoharam masquerades
Of oduduwa of our beloved
Babel Nigeria

See them Bokoharam
Uncircumcised manifestations
Of the shadows of death

O, we see the king coronated
With sunglasses masking
The eyes symbols of light

Oduduwa means our black heritage
Bokoharam vi'lates
Our black heritage

Bokoharam like all monsters
Thrive at night but are false mornstars
They are false starlights.

Bats need sunglass
For the eyes of the mind
My king take off them sunglasses for daylight

Yemoja, Eve, was worn the mask of death
By which sunlight was eclipsed
In Paradise

If thou king art a bat
Then you're head of the masked chorus
In this gloom of our hardship

Best man Adam horseman of the engagement
Come unveil the mask
And cuckold your lord

Revelation horseman
I smell the apocalyptic scents
Of the engagement wound

Adam centaur of truth
Riding away with beauty
Wave your trophy the mask of death

In still silence
Hearts of Fatimas ache
Come lift this yashmak of my Eveline purdah

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Must-Not-Mention Name Of God (Sonnet 32)

Our turtle doveliness with a battlefield for heart
sing us wild with vintage-chorus wild with nectar-song
that I an implanted aster with the burden of proof
in the scarlet soul of the infinite, beneath a blue-sky roof
at the worship place of lightning and blood play my part
in this macabre four stage act of a requiem song.
If Oedipus is man and man God by surname being heaven's children
that Oedipus had his mother for starters it means
the fertile farm patch of the Queen bee by which all is begotten
the Godmother is tilled by the child, true.
I telltale laden cock of the Garden fear not to concur
I black lark of paradise dare not to concur;
the wording for the one that fucks its child must be
the incommunicable name of God in the Hebraic code.

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Muted Dreams

Muted dreams denies us
our inheritance in stout patches;
and the Lord knows
that I am aware of a lotus
in recess with certain birds
that shall filter salt and water
from the guide of the seven stars.

Like light and night alike conceive themselves,
colours, odours, voices, shapes and music
are latent with memories:
Out of the catacomb they come to haunt,
I must have lived another life, for I get visions
out of the conception of the ordinary.

Now I do not wait them,
but I come to the sepulchres with eyes of the redeemed
and I say to them: allow the celestial
behind the entangled crows
break upon this face,
that that plough which leavens by it
come out grained with grace
from the winter of denial.

For I come now and shall again and again
panning grace from the catacomb.

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My Dear 'island'

My dear `island' still you see sleep, knowing
The dream murd'ers are around waiting
For sleep to pre-veil upon the island
Even death dream murd'ers ever at hand
To see that when the `island' wake from sleep
A man remember to forget his dreams
That for dream amnesia the island weep
The island be flooded with tearful streams
And if the `island' keep vigil all night
Sleep shall try to pre-veil in the daylight
That the `island' succumbs as with nocturnes
For the dream murd'ers in shift taking turns
That the dream of one be no more his own.
Inanna! I call, ye queen of the dream zone.

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My Lady In Red

At one end, a rich lady in red
empties a bundle of perfumed wastes
into the drainage... Incarnadine eyes
behind dark spectacles,
demeanour like a rose demeaned, but
truly only a rose can abase itself and then
it seizes to be...

Pity is inspired when the just fails to know
what petals they are...

Some yards down, unknowing to both,
an axe-man flicks the ash of his cigarette
into this end of a gutter flowing with bitter roses.
To such an end my lady in red has had faith
in an affaire de coeur;
this end of petals and ashes, ashes and bones,
roses and bones, ashes and roses.

A fly is tired out seeking mephitic of the rose.
By God, fury in lightning,
a god genially appeases a gladiator.

You do not dispossess a flower by bringing it underfoot,
for it is a gift to mankind
that flowers do not breed worms in their decay,
that they have their way with rottenness.
It is cruel to inflict a rose,
and now o fly you are compelled to know
the rose does not inspire mercy but admiration.

The revenge of a rose
is in the promise of beauty
for the wrath of beauty
is in the awareness of totality.

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My Pitch High Scream

Vanilla, I scream! My pitch high scream! to your taste and belly
With a dognose put off by airborne fowl...of heaven
Still the true tale covered not from a helly sheath
And soon the air is clear of the fowls of the heaven
To the joyful end of the angelic tale...

And this is for V. who foreshadowed
John the Baptist bow for the canker of Judass....

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New Shoes

1,2,3, your days are numbered
4,5,6, count me out of your life
For you I'm good as dead since you killed my spirit
It's a good thing I'm loosing my mind from your chains
Now I know not me, but you're the one
With a night bird's eye view under a great sunshine

I've been a sleepwalker crossing fast traffic for you
For all the time you have been my hypnotist
While in my state of rest I walk about for you
Somnambulo for you noctambulo for you
Noctambulist
I've been sleepwalking crossing dangerous traffic for you
Noctambulo for you somnambulo for you
Somnambulist
In state of rest walking about for you

You're the lukewarm chapter in my book of life
I'm taking to your advice simply growing
Like you do tell me to when I get jealous
Because of your unknown whereabouts

I got a confirmation love letter
For all these
For I saw the letter that came with that parcel for you
And I took that as my walking papers
It's going to be a long walk away from you
As you can see
I got me new shoes to take a walk away from you.

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Nightfall

Nightfall is a mountain heap of ashes
for the day is a legendary bird.
Cinders sedating the world to slumber,
remains on which an enmassed sleep cashes,
the world at part-time death to be restored
with the sun, a remote sense of summer.
Aptly a day's the ebb of the legend
and night in this stance is a shepherd's end.
The fall of night is the shepherd's winter,
rainfall in chief places of underground,
rain seasons spent in a god's affection.
In rebirth the sun rises, a rebound
from the fall into depths of corruption.
A day's a remote ogbanje sister.

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Oedipus Is Man

Oedipus is a fit case for mankind,
an allegory for our industriousness,
that by ourselves we render ourselves blind
in tune with the mantid that gross darkness
shall fall on the world, visions of the isle
of Patmos, bringing a walk down the aisle.

Should we be hopeful like the prodigal?
Should we accept our fate like Frankenstein?
Is it to a fearsome end so dismal
We ride a fate stronger than any rein?

I've killed the white cooing dove in a heart,
I have drank the dew of poisonous blossoms,
I have sweetened my cup of tea with nectars of deadly flowers
and now I uphold icecone fire for the immortal secret.

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Olodumare Knows Things At My Feet.

In the world of poetry Olodumare knows things at my feet
Like sons of bitches nose for things
Olodumare as whole as he is
Olodumare as whole as she is
Enjoys a good tale in my world of poetry
Olodumare as whole as she is
Olodumare as whole as he is
Is sucker for all kinds of tales in this world of tales
In the world of poetry
Like sons of bitches nose about for things
Olodumare knows things at my feet.

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On This Carpet

Two new moons are formed
when a circle eclipse a circle.

When two revolutions have a set
in union of their axis,
an ictus of the cycles,
then we have the crescents touching
at their edge, hinged at intersects,
points of mitosis.

I come many days back to a bottle green
I have emptied of wine, after I had left it
by a corner of the room.
I lift and rest its neck upon the bow of Eros
and now it is filled with the smell of honey.

I can make a perfume withdraw
her clothes; under which is a woman
in a flimsy dress, embarrassed by
a gnawing rain.

I can retreat the blouse of a song
when I want to; make her cry
the uncried pain of the stifled incipience:

no one weeds the weeds
that were natally lifted,
no obituary for the beauty
killed in the caterpillar.

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Out Of The Loom

Out of the loom I pluck a rose,
out of the loom flows flowers
of the beheaded,
a deity slayed of a deity laid.

Bouquet in the wilderness,
cry baby, cry,
your fears are over...

Look not upon it,
you have let down no god,
look to it as a blue conceit...

A circumcised sheet of an oath betrayed;
dry clean the wasteland of its blooming
and let it hang-dry in the sun...

Now at your will lodge us just come,
and us come in re-enactment,
to renaissance at midnight.

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Red Carpetbagger

Red carpetbagger tramped for Pandora's ballot box
Your screams of human right-thumbprint abuse
Some say it is a discordant noise pollution of your misfortune
They say; hey fella, tune down the noisiness of your misfortune
That they hear well, celebrate and dance to evil's fortune

Red carpetbagger trampled upon you say Pandora's ballot box
Must be opened to investigation
And the right-thumbprints be run under certain 'lights'
And see if they don't find
Thumbprints repeating themselves
Worse than a mistake yet to impart it's lesson(s)
That out of Pandora's ballot box
Each lie fly out leaving hope for truth to prevail

But o red carpetbagger your misfortune is discordant
To the ears, hearing and dance of those
To whom Evil's fortune is in vogue
Next time around shall you roll yourself out
A red carpetbagger for these feet whose footprints
Are outnumbered by their right-thumbprints in Pandora's ballot box.

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Sacrifice Of Dreams

You can hear the dream for tonight bleating;
don't you understand? for you are asking,
in doubt of my love, if I do or not
love you. If you know the throats I have cut,
propulsive jets of crimson for your sake,
that in wake keeping I remain awake,
an all night for your spirit and body,
you're my anima tonight my lady.
In deed I love you; how else shall I prove?
I have sacrificed dreams, sleepless for you;
for you my dreams 've been lambs on the altar,
by so I have made you an avatar.
If not the deities what else do we move
by sacrifices? Could love be more true?

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Saint Valentine Sat Cackling In A Cave

Saint Valentine sat cackling in a cave
In the year the twilight sun shone like mad
Making some seeking the saint's rose so sad.
Peppermint the dead tongues of the saint crave
Aching to have a taste of his own day
O'er which his dead tongues have nothing to say
Miserable this day for a minty taste
Of peppermints, minty taste of it's paste.
Lullaby Valentine sings o'er and o'er
Up and down; Valentine's Day is over.
And the saint, Valentine, was all alone
But got from a small child an abalone
Implying a dark purity of love
Valentine's gift must come with from above.

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Saltpeter

You must turn around to become a pillar of saltpeter
When ones do to smash our rare view mirror image of life
When mammoths of orthodoxy that should be extinct
Fill and refill our glasses with sand...
For them to smash or not to smash as they watch our sands... trickle
To their last grains, and then they come
For the turn over of our glasses
Turn over of our sand grains.. measured in their selfish fingers.

These extinct creatures are still extant by reason
Of certain crescent sickle-selfish lights
In self-seeking by which these should-be extinctuals
Govern states of mind
Of the most who lots of time have their feet
In burning pounds of salt mixed with the sand...
Knowing fully of this and play deaf listeners
To some weeping blind Heracles
Weeping behind some intricate rosebushes.

It's a never ending bend you come to
When yourself finds for yourself
That within yourself what you call
Your show of true love was sheer feeding of canaries
To dogs.

They fill and refill our glasses with quicksand of time
In their self assurance they watch, observe
As our glasses with quicksands of time trickle
And at the last grains they sigh satisfaction
And have our glasses turn over...
Sand grains of time in their selfish smelling hands
Like they've got the entire world by our hands of time
In the control of their selfish smelling grips
Holding our hands of time
Theirs are selfish smelly hands and ours are hour hands
In their smelly selfish grips.

What's the point of treasured out life lines in coffins
Under mercury lights of some deserted-scape?

My mind still and afloat
Upon anticlockwise musings of some bald eagle
Hanging a black jackal on an olive tree
And my mind still still and afloat listens
To a canary with cold feelings from heavy rain showers
Sing of flowers dying in their verses
Of verses less blooming with dead flowers
Verses less blooming with dead blooms.

They raise our glasses and toast with our glasses
Knowing when our glasses shatter or break
Out of them spill our sands of time spill our quicksands of time
In which they run their fingers through knowing
In human hiccups the measures of the sand-of-time are for sale
Not minding our glasses fragile as we are they are too
For the hour must come
That hour hand our hand that hour hand must write on the wall
Hour for the turn over of our glasses that the sands of time affirms
The extinction of these mammoths...

For selfish are men
That most men's goals they deviate
Into their selfish networks...of 'God'.

When ones do to smash our rare-view mirror images of 'God'
You must turn around to become a pillar of saltpeter
To be made into a match like lucifer, light bearing
To become some powder explosive for the truth
And be preserving of the things that make for our common satisfaction
Commonly for our common bellies.

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Saving Themselves

Saving themselves from pigeons in bondage
Insane with beauties of sunset missions
Musing on deadly sunlight transmissions
Picking mushrooms of death to encourage
Armies inflamed with hope to supersede
Offerings of rotten gains born of the greed
Misleading the city of the half-dead
On towards the land of the midnight bread
Looting a country sober from bad luck
Usurpers of the franchise keep in lock
All tongues that have a strong taste to speak up
Before the saint of death bearing the cup
Imposed on any lip that speaks wrongly
Forced on the mouths that for truth speak strongly.

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Seated In Tiers

Seated in tiers,
in decorum for the unknown,
after a vigilant sacrifice.

The time is come,
now and the hours are ours.

The test is begun,
the heads are put to bow
so quills are put to sheets,

the silence rumped by stapled leaves.

But when the powers of the mind
admits the heart by a murderous commerce,
then the senate the institutes a harlot;
the prostitution of the rose,
this is how the rose is dispossessed.

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Send My Dark Horse To The Mesa Of Wine

Send my dark horse to the mesa of wine
Initiate the milkmaid in a war dance
Move the snake charmer to love and perchance
Prisca's split navel snake charms may entwine
And thereby make Prisca the snake dancer
Overcomes a wound with the snake charmer.
Misunderstand the sign of mute Orion
Or the vision of the snake and carrion
Lying under a tree in the forest
Under a great tree that stands the tallest
Aiming for the sky, misunderstand these
By a reason natured like a wild geese
In the vale of dreamsongs be rest assured
That who you truly are shall be treasured.

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Serene Notions

I

The embodiment of beauty
is unmasked in your face,

the reason for speech
is outspoken in your singing,

the pride of grace begins
in the elegance of your feet,

the need to succeed with love
begins with you,

and the meaning of grief
ends in the requiem of your passing.

II

Since you are the wine in my grape
I would do you an ablution every daybreak

with the dews of the morning
I would rinse the sleep off your face

somnolent residues

I would cleanse with the evanescent gems sieved
of the flowers of daybreak,

since you are the wine in my grape.

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She Must Have Been

She must have been a hit single
Who must have topped the charts
Of lovely discussions
From what I beheld of her tells me
That she certainly was in times of yestertimes
For some she's a good girl gone rogue
But she is just a broken bottle of holy spirit.
She takes a look at me like she was going to give me
A figure-8 speech for she certainly looks
The figure-8 speech maker
But she simply asked, what is on your mind?

I said to her:
Your bottom line has got a backside effect on me.
Can I have your bottom line?

What's happening? She says smiling

I tell her what's happening:
A cock 'n bull story building is about to collapse
On the cock 'n bull story builder
Cock 'n bull story building collapsing on Judas
A plagiarist is chopped off under the collapse
And you sure do not want to know
What time it is by a plagiaristwatch

Who are you? she says

And I told her:
I am the highpriest the priest high on sacred wine
I am the highpriest the priest high on some heroine
I am the highpriest I am Lord & priest of the hightime
I am the highpriest it is mine to make your soul high
I am the highpriest I will make the cost of your soul
Too high for Mammon the Devil to buy
For Mammon the Devil shall say to you
Your soul is simply holocost for me.

But the figure-8 speech maker says:

Hey man my soul is damn too spoilt for any good

So I make her know saying:

I mean to spoil you much more with my spoils of victory
Of the victory I won after an underworld war.

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Shutting Pestilent Ways

Making mistakes of the dancing raingods
The lusty sungod open to shut down the pestilent ways of life
Against all traitorous odds.
The call of a bird of the twilight fountain
Makes its way to the beginning of time out of time
Time out of sanity is world beyond your thinking
If you've not seen the slums of the third world
Mr. Melancholia touchstone regards from your monsoon songs
Regards from your sad monsoon gods adrift in a hurricane
Bird of the vision
Spare not the marriage of the swan and the jinn
Bird of the vision
Spare not the glue between the tale bearers of simian leeches
O afternoon moon on a certain hot May day
It was fried onions on the cards
Afternoon moon cutting woods of the cherry orchard
You make crossroads angels hasty up and down the whole of the earth
Hasty up and down the hole of mother earth
For the carnival of white corn and white flowers
For the night of alien gypsies singing to a crescent-moon goddess
Crescent spirited gypsies making music in fields barely moonlit
Come friar's day come that Friday the day of friars
The day of honeysuckle friars dressed in the surplice of rainbows
For the dance of flutes and bowls of soured cherries
Bird of the vision
Spare not the marriage of the swan and the jinn
The lusty sungod open ways shutting down the pestilent ways of life
Against all traitorous odds.
At the end nothing is as good as goodnight

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Stopovers In Black Pits Of Stellar Plains

Stopovers in black pits of stellar plains
Interstellar stopovers of the soul
Moving in tunes timed to a starlight pole
Pulling together and apart our brains
Astounded in subconscious states of mind
Operational like messengers half-blind
Messengers dog-eyed color blind that is
Optically sensory in mimesis.
Ludicrous the interstellar pictures
Uphold minds fixated on twilight sutures
Arrow-gated to sieve storms of nightmares
Bloodhounding souls for which almost none cares
In as much it catches not attention
Daring the bloodhounded to make mention

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Sundown Parasyntesis

Sundown parasyntesis paraintuitive
Inside an ovoviviparous dream
Modulated for soundness to redeem
Peripatetic tastes cumulative
Almost to stopping the life in a life
Opulent as a soul-life giving knife
Meander your way river of our souls
Outreaching to touch those fire scorching goals
Leaving out all the grail oranges
Undertaking journeys through vast ranges
Arranged like sleeping dragons in my mind
Bumping through till the pith of love you find
In my heart in my heart of a dragon
My dragon heart full with warmth of a sun.

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Taste Land And Waist Land

For T.S Eliot

When taste land meet waist land it is position 69
A taste for waste on a microcosmic level
Which we can live
with
In the instance of the quasi-urinal taste
For the taste for seminal waste or orificial taste of waist land
For when taste land meet waste land on a macrocosmic scale
Is when the waist land of God the fatherland upon
The waist land of God the motherland
In withdrawal methodology or
In fellate feeding make seminal waste which reminds
Of my own on a microcosmic level...

Taste for waste as taste for waist land when taste land meet Waste land is upside
down for waist land is waste land
Asides from fecundity
And the wasteful waist land of God the motherland
And fatherland in blood shed waste,
Mineral, solid mineral and gaseous waste
Reminds the microcosm of the urinal
Fecal, mucky and bloody ovarian wastes.

The uncontrolled toxic waste and mineral wastefulness of the waist land of God
the fatherland and God the motherland one troubled night...

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Tears Eliot Forever They Said She Cried

Seven-uptown girls, seven-uptown boys
Were the fourteen children of Niobe
Whom she praised with her voice above the noise
Of the Thebans who did come to obey
Their religious ways ontowards the gods
Leto and her twins in structures of muds
Niobe was openly an atheist
Niobe did express her atheism
Against the Theban peoples' deism
Mocking the people, they that were their priest
And Leto and Artemis and Apollo
After which death of her kids did follow;
It's believed Leto's twins struck and they died
Tears Eliot forever they said she cried.

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The Days Bleed

The golden swans come out at night
when the harbour sleeps;
they believe they tread
on the dark clouds of dreams
filled with shinning-children
that shall never make it...

The trees lean over
tousling their brown leaves
into the stream, swept gently
by a light breeze of miasma
before the night is made palpable
with fear from five gunshots,
and in swift responses houses quench
into dark dominions.
Nothing more is heard,
till the cockcrow brought to us
what those bullets did to a man
in a mess of his blood,
a cygnet distilled in a cyclone.

A little girl bleeds in her heart, her art;
a little girl makes beads from shards,
her hands bleed and she holds
her pains from trickling;
so the goats sang along a song
of their own coming down.

A stiletto pierces the navel of a nun
and her dress becomes so bright
like the crest of a cockerel;
she smiles ambiguously in her dying,
like equivocal moans.

The days are empty, and full with pity:
it revolts the dogs to be thankful
for bits from morsels,
for the heirs fall on their knees
to share the droppings.

An opulent smile,
a latent gossamer snares an antelope;
the foxes drinks milk from
the pope's nose,
I drank a storm
and the peaks emanate and apple-burns,
being the crimson source
of the helmet of fire; from it
the peak is given to they that
announce a new day.

A crone weeps, for her mates are dead;
she says now she is prone
to sleeping torments. She describes,
gesturing, what she saw of the future;
her voice is lost to what was seen
and her eyes were exposed with fear.

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Simpa Omoluabi

The First Breath Of Life Lives In Me

The first breath of life lives in me
Dear ... hunter... it has been a test of a year
That the Morningstar that I am
Is sworn to menace the galaxy of fraudsters
It's been a test of a year in the valley of the foreshadows...
For I, Simpa Omoluabi,
For I whose name is Simpa Omoluabi
In whose name Eledumare swears
O Inanna Ishtar Siduri Sabitu
Under the guidance of the Mornstar patron
This test of a year has forced me
To see and out with the total picture
O Inanna Ishtar Siduri Sabitu
Of a crosswise business in Calvary
I, Simpa Omoluabi, in Palingenesis
Incarnate God of Lucifer the God Yehoshua
I, Simpa Omoluabi,
Having, in the VALAKA (WAY OF THE SUN) , written well
Of the ordeal based on accounts
As written of that who died on a cross Christlike
In his fall out with that called Judas
I now know and I out with it that
In Palingenesis, Lucifer the God Yehoshua
Came not in the fellow who died Christlike on a cross
For he had gotten there
Having himself crucified another on a double cross
Like I, Simpa Omoluabi, have been in crucifixion of double-crosses
I whose name is Simpa Omoluabi to whom things stood clear
When my founding of the religion Morningstarwitness
Got to face the same treachery
In the chicanery and double-dealing of other men doing to steal
The words and works of I whose name is, Simpa Omoluabi;
I, Simpa Omoluabi, who in palingenesis is incarnate God
Of Lucifer the God Yehoshua
The first breath of human life lives in me.
My name is Simpa Omoluabi,
The poet-prophet founder of the religion Morningstarwitness.

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Simpa Omoluabi

The Golden Garden Egg Lane

Slaughter at the golden garden egg lane
Ignites the dark flavor that is dormant
Miserably in a tune rising descant
Played to matronly minds going insane
Amid a counterpoint losing focus
Ostensibly with a black rain chorus
Moving stuck-in-the-mud thoughts like a snake
Out of a ghost torn climax comes awake
Looking towards a thorny rose Mary
Unexpectedly burdened to carry
Aromatic commandments to dead ends
Beyond which the days of our lives are weekends
Insuperable with senses of lust
Burning in the blood from cradle to dust

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The Heart Of Liberty(Beginning Stanzas)

All things began with a virgin whored
nothing began until Love was made.

In the beginning Love was made,
and there was a rite, there was a sacrifice,
the orchid of the seasons,
it ran red an endless rage of red:
backstabbing the Virgin of the era
the Love of God the Love of ages,
heartbreak of the world.

To You whom I try to know in the shrines of light,
the Florist of heads,
make me bouquets to take to the ones I love.
Flowers out of the shining,
Ikemefuna...

Hemorrhage on the earth,
the heart of the universe was the meeting place,
the earth was the conclave of the gods:
they had their conscience soaked
in the relentlessness of the wound of a heart,
no stain could be purer,
nothing pure could be purer:

the laurels of the first Virgin
haunted the gods...
They washed their feet
in the blood of light
and the everlasting contingency
was that the thought of light
became their shadow of agony.

Chosen from the laymen
the high ones across...the lambent petals
harrowing deities.

You and I came after a heartbreak,
the heartbreak of the world.

The gods ran, but tell me who can abscond
from their shadow?

They abandoned their portents, their amulets
their charms
and now the literal meaning of their runes
run free...

A disturbing consequence higher than their thoughts:
earth heart earthearteorteortheheorteethe.

In transition her first man was not supposed
to be with the help of the LORD,
hence an original condemnation:

a burden of ashes
upon your head.
Comfort took me in,
noctambulo in twilight...
Ah! half-awake, a gardener,
I rake shrubs of rosemary...

Now that the solar-pens
have undressed the earth
myeyes are opened,
and vague recollections of the dream
upbraid me with their fragrance

as I watch a snake uncoil
across the heirloom.

Our beginning was a broken-heart.

...

Daggered of lips
You are the oblation of heaven...

I follow the cadences of your mingledness
to the bald...
the Sun has led me to the lily
to the rosary of the trance.

This is my medal this is the cross I bear,
the rosary of the trance
a crucifix of your hallmark...
Son of Man come at twilight
with a lace of lilies for me...

True possessions are the ashes beyond inheritance;
ashes from the sun dropping on the laps
of the crashed prophetess...

Your good friday o Maid,
dusk herding owls on a field of lilies...

Eucharistic disharmony,
the fractured-flare perpetuates
in cosmic hecatomb:
the victims..., the martyr, the criminal,
all over...

Lillian boulevard crowned with daggers...
wreath with the petals of God...

I leaned hard on a shank
and a spring of grapeflowers from the bottled neck
blotches my white in the vine atonement:
Prisca I am crimsoned beyond the bleach.

Fathom the ram
and let the vinyl race bleach the stain.

At the twilight of the Shepherd,
in my feeble combat
Judith do not forsake me at table
while you impale the tragic song at the throat...
for this blemish bleaches you.

At the sacrifice of the heart
hope we shall not hear the cry of the forsaken.

The oblation I offer you leaves me with a broken heart, this is my Good Friday:
flowers of my broken heart

the sacrifice of my heart makes you whole;
the vain outcry of the martyr in disenchantment of love as he adorns the forte
with a garland
of the carnation of innocence.

...

My nudity is covered
with leaves of a love
that could not resist lightning...

Your unassailability is the sacrifice
of the world:
the world has tribalized
your innocence
and now they set out
to consecrate the bleeding secret.

The world has rubbed salt
into the lacerations of your love
sprinkling tears on the incisions of your heart;
this is how your secret is consecrated.

With the incense of your cry
you uplift my soul.
A herb for your anguished soul,
a leaf of my rented secret.

As we tarry indefinite for daybreak to encroach our sleep
and these eyes from our dream to yield to realisation,
for morning to blackmail the Oro concomitants,
Songbirds sing an aubade for the heart
a dubious premonition of the rise of the sun
against the bats on the altar...
Hostile wings at the dream of the plum,
crepuscules at the seeds of truth.

Aubade is the lullaby
of nightbirds
for under the sunlight
they are averse to flowers,
the flowers of our broken heart.

Mermaiden for me come with the hyssop,
and a hand full with skeletons
to scrub to absorb... me after a sceneful age...

Await by the bank of the river of life, I wait,
to come inside be reconciled then withdraw
after the deposit, saving seeds of my life with you
lathering me with the inbirth of your shrine mother earth...

You are the monstrance
with the flowers of benediction...
Take me to an island and foretell
of the depression
that I may come into my beginning in projection...

In harmony let's disarm the quivers
and allow the promises of love into your heart.

The third leaf of the rose runs the eschatology of Mercy:
your tongues demand new forms of runes
if we must comprehend them.

O Joy in plenty, your fondest memory
was I eucharial with a distress call
and Victoria was our witness...

Tonight I shall wear the desert a crown,
tonight you shall make soldiers out of me,
tonight you shall make me drunk
tonight I shall leave your soul
like the portrait of Jude...

Between you and I who is at the offering?
In love we share the sacrifice.
The ultimate paradox of holiness:
I am made pure with the blood on my limbs...
I am absolved by the guilt I should feel.

The sentry of beauty is a martyr in likelihood.
Unlike I at your nape daughter of the fisherman,
we neck the mint to a fido.

And what does martyrdom purify?
it seems to be the betrayal of my purity:
the cosmic cry of the earth,
the bleat has been stripped from the heart.

For the defaced coin
a saline cadence;
your eyes providing the solution to
my tied tongue.

Saint at the passage
you are the victim of love.
Our newborn you are no more pastoral...
for you abnegated your fold...
What kind of shepherd would do this but
the herdsman who is well as the offer at jeopardy...

The irreverence of love at the sentinels of truth,
crosses of light running into exile,
o run, run o material sain into the cave
where I will meet you uprightly.

At the rainy season daylight is weak
and tended to forget the promise...

I have offered you the flower of my heart
in the sake to make love,
for the fruit of love is life.
The glorious call is the razor at your throat
o lamb at the rose.

The altar blossoms
as the nations bloom...
and love is messy at catholic menses...

Another decapitation,
the earth is born again...
a queer baptismal union of humanity.

Love is a sing song of solidarity
the revelation and hour of grace
the demystification of the heart...

Sacred bond of perfection,
the armageddon of the truth,
strikes worthy of the latest covenant...

...

Faces out of sight
suppressed in twilit leaves,
lying in modus vivendi
unlike the secrets discovered among the pines.

My eyes are granted comely epiphanies
deserving to be picked, condemned
to be stars drowned in sunlight.
My seeing is granted seeings not allowed,
truths that are worthy of sight:
our outer comeliness!

Secret broken by man and woman,
discoveries made in an orchard.

There is an illumination in the soul
withheld like a woman in purdah:

a burkha withholding your loveliness
like the force of the sun if it were
captive at first light in a pall

A woman in purdah
a twisted simulation of the mystic china rose.

Dresses cannot undress themselves off us,
we would have to undress ourselves of them
else we restrain the truths, and nights with
their birdly sights sabba the altar of flowers
and beauty peep at the world from behind
the veil...

Love behind the veil
even a fido
they will not allow to be spent
on you...
I must earth the ashes...

I meddle with the inbirth of light.

Shadows in a dream,
shadows know not what to believe.
Shadows are always sad,
mourners on the fringes of truth.

And the eyes extinguishes by sleep,
dream is inborn with sleep,
an interim among the shadows...
a void of feeling,

Your heart ache like the
aching of shadows
for blood to bleed...

I can hear the sighs of the loving sea
by the hem of the curtain sweeping
the threshold...
A tide of shadows tidying
the threshold of the earth;
ah! Shadows long to be embraced:
hope makes females of shadows
but barren ones... drudgery with brooms
threshing grains on the mouth truth.

A sea of seized flowers
neither here nor there:
chaperones of light, furies at the passage.

In the light of shadows fear is splendid;
that which prostrates a righteous response is fear.
The night is caught in a torrid hunger
in a way of speaking at these black auras...

In the light of things afore
are the heroines in four plays:

mother you weaned me from this nimbus and this halo,
but by a maid they have fed me.

To all whom have left and shall leave my heart in two

the healing of my wounds yields nothing but life and light...

And to whom I have broken and shall break their heart
may you be healed in the name of God in the name of Love;
but if vengeance suits you, do,
otherwise forgiveness is godly.

Salty flowers,
tears fresh on the roses.

Daughters of the hills of Idanre what wind did I still
when you made me drunk in memory of the fishbone?
the beacon gone renegade into the arms of her foe.

When the sun must wine in malice
the duplicity of the mantis is called
and the gongs of exile resounds for the seal.

The fires of a flock
foretells of the bread of the earth...
O stars of rapture
take me to the clear waters of truth,
send out lightnings of epiphany across
the suns of my expression...

...

For what feet and
what paths do the stars
light...?

Torches in the dark,
as if the stars are come to
earth, approach...

A shadow, a scene hanging, a mystifying drapery,
a nightmare promissory with a rose
over this self
who swiftly returns to the place of
dreamy miscellany... Nightmares and roses...

Are there miseries after the dust
my furies?

My furies
if I eventually tell where I picked this pear
you wouldn't know where it belong,
would you?
See how these short-changing boughs marries
and what sweaty smells they give off,
their jazz of ignominy.

Look at your sister; can you not see
the collapsar has become her shadow.
War is a monstrous sacrifice,
the war fields are a tower of silence.

From that where the owners
were accused of not wanting to close,
of never wanting to put an end, I come
into the food of the oracle, or could be
the blood of the oracle, and this was a segue
from rainpour into a peripheral flax sprinkless of salt.

The head of the albatross
has been circumcised,
the prepuce of the ramus in rites of passage
of the match consumed by its passion,
an irrevocable unrequited burning.

How are the heavy hearts
tonight?
The hearts that bear loneliness
inadmittable... how are they?

A pack of green hearts through a gaping roof
invades the private grace...

Eyes half-closed in a space switched to invoke gifts,
drawn into a place within where the hands cannot feel,
filling with a babel of tongues
and the only recall from down there was my name,
called and called in fleeting gasps,
and I heed to my call in a vision of blood
and I see the headless presage full of thunder on a silverware.

In the rituals of love
a thunderstorm is seeking
to uplift your skirts to rub against your tough thighs,
the shadows of the stars are seeking
for the incense of your burning hair,
the souls of the silver doves are singing
the song that was abandoned by the lantern of your nakedness,
the radiance of your nipple makes the night darker
and the rose cannot convey its message at the presence
of your consecration in the rituals of love.

My eyes are seeing beyond the laughter of your grave,
my feet cannot stand at the funeral of rivers of your mordant screams.
You refused to tell me what I did in your dreams
you should not have told me you dream about me...
Why will you bring me to witness your secret
only to betray me on the morrow?

The dry evening wind wears a cologne of your smell
the thoughts of the virgin are resplendent with hibiscuses
and around the thoughts of the exile are arising
the towers of acardic possibilities.
Wear the exile the thorny scents of your painful memories
and he will paint your nails with the carnations of his fresh wounds
and proffer the tears of his eyes as solutions
to your spirit drenched in a torrent of disappointment.

In the dance of sacrifice
the songs of a dispossessed dawn
leaves our tongues bereft of songs,
the blood soaked laughter of the hyenas
drapes the door that leads into the wound of your happiness
in the dance of sacrifice.

Anarchy is taking shape, violence raw on the nape of the town;
the sun views itself in a mirror of blood
sunlight is reflected by mirrors of blood,
all in a dance of sacrifice.

In a sanctuary of inflorescence
the priest risked his life with a serpent,
he washes himself under a midnight rain, lightning

and thunder heavy upon him and they look towards
the fortnight.

Moonlight glimmers in awe of your oracle
moonlight is helpless in the sacrifice of the virgin;
o maid let me scrub your feet with the moon
let me wash you at dawn with seven handfuls of Osun
and allow me in the sanctity of finest gold.

...

What wind did I stay butler,
filling me from the grace of the calyx?
And earth what celestial orgy is this
by the wreaths of your leaves?

What have you eaten, friend,
what have you eaten?
A spirit it is, my spirit...

Now I must call you beloved,
I must! singer amongst the papyrus.

What have you given me
Beloved, what have you have you given me?
Bay of the rose,
garlands of your heart.

In love we share the sacrifice.

Here is where lovers find individuality,
the indivisible dual
so it begins; here nothing you see
shall find voice in the ordinary;
'behold, how good and
how pleasant it is... to dwell together
in unity'.

Hey! Hope you know you are
more than a friend?
What we just did is the next stage
after friendship.

Between times we shall bring

together gifts of our beautiful potency,
so we make solemn organization,
loving your neighbor as yourself.
The sun must be left much
to imagine about the renewal of ourselves.

O daughter, o sower,
the members of the union
are parables of faith.
O son, o Earth,
the members of the meeting
are fucking idols...

Out of reasons
deep cries,
formless expressions out of the secrets.

You and I are the consequences of love:
the promise of love is life.

Sunrise
is the lullaby for the bats,
sunset makes them watchful.

At night these ordinary eyes
become stars - our eyes.

The stars lie apart
side by side
like lovers exhausted;

now we lie flung aside like two stars
having made love.

With who are you flung
Mother Earth,
the bolts darting for the highmen...

Regardless of the costs
at the tables of love we expose
ourselves...
Do not be selfish:

as you would yourself do
to your neighbor.

In sorrow I have faced my wildest flower
and stood before its annihilating presences
and afterwards washed my face with tears.

Let no one know of this place...

We criminal with the meeting places
for their unaccountable value
innumerable as the stars... therefore
we cover them like sins that cannot
be forgiven except for a sin offering of life,
sins hard to forgive, the things that must
be buried and musn't take bath lest
they begin to hear.

Why are we here?

Under the light we organize
to dispossession;
for of all things lofty
love is supreme
but so mysterious in the origins
that like evil
the making is restrained to the comfort
of places off sight... a cringing
from light.

Let no one know of this place
after I do
lest love begin to heed...

Why are we here?

Under the light love making
is dispossessed.
By light evil cringes from truth
but the acts of love cringes from sacrilege.

In here we are in the light of life:

love and truth
is about the dead dwelling in ripeness.

Amnedated,
fires have been medina to the moths
in pilgrimage to a lodestar,
pilgrims in whose eyes
fire is truth,
and irresistibly are tempted to it
to reach love.

Twilit is the kernel of the oneness;
love is night time
the precipitation of beauty,
cinders after the fire.

The deed most hid;
love is the pith
of the sun, truth is fire.

I hold a seed,
death in my palm,
the source of beauty, death, ah!
the implausible seed of life.

We do not reap what we sow
for we do not reap seeds
so it is abominable to bury the living
for we are come together
for the sake of life
for we shall reap life by the seed...

In unity love is made
and creation is the force of love;
child you are the proof,
by this force we refrain from the frontiers
of the end.

We overcome death
and every grave you see
I have tasted is the burial...

Beauty is the fruit thereof

of love the egg of light,
the death of life, the core of truth,
divine, the essence of the sun,
the deed innermost,
the doing of potent beauty.

...

What sort of love would be this
if death would be love?

If you cannot live without him
that means all you have is to die.
If your life is in your hands
that means you have no business taking it.
For the suicide his life had left his hands
and all he had to do was take it
lest he be miserable in hopelessness.

The hope of love is in rebirth...

But this hope forebodes with an oedipal preordination:
if Ile-Ife is to us as it is to the homo with the stigmata
ah! The light of our eyes... Demystifying the sun...

The recreative measures are homage to our home...
Earth we call mother, and we are man;
life seems one big sophoclean matrimony,
the consequence of the Prometheus's theft
the guile of Lucifer in the garden.
We must be heaven's children
and are here to erect the emasculation of the Earth.

...

To come drink a cup of flowers
you shall find me in the sun's secrecy
castabeckfor an incisive ascension...

I have no idea where you are coming from,
so I cannot tell the original distance between us;
I cannot tell you how far away you are from my heart
from the altar of the sun, but take a look at the milestone you would know how
far you are away
from my heart.

Any way to my heart
shall come to an inevitable crossroad
where there are no arrows for the stranger.
On the ways to my heart
look at the milestones
and you would know how close you are getting...

The sheep's retained votive is for the goblet
to pass by like the shadow of death
by the doors marked fleur de lys:
the tragic aria of the membrane
unheard in the descants of martyrdom.

Maybe I musn't make contact with the fleece of your fold,
though we hope in the eve of the marriage there shall be
no overture of the assassin...

Maid of honor
is this the adumbration of death?
Disinfect me with the mints,
singing me the overtones of the Passover.
Shall this supper be my last
o Maid of honor?
Would this be the final hint to the cross-road...?

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Simpa Omoluabi

The Requiem

Tell the vendor that for every paper sold
to strike out the unworthy headlines,
give every pretty passing girl a bleeding heart
for her hair; a heart boned with love is broken.

How could we know that one day
love would become a time to recall,
a ghostly thing to remember?

How can I forget when I squeezed out groan
after which I am asked if I want, to see blood?

'Do you want to see blood? '

She would never know my private wanting
for the waning moon to hone into a scythe
to reap her endless land:
now a dream out of reach.

I am not comfortable and only the stars
would do to...
I cannot wait on the clock of this world,
so fling the forest of the Congo,
a deep dark towel, over the sun,
then the stars would come imprompted
to share a grief for dinner, to attend this burial
and see that as a corpse love becomes a thing to bear:
and I hope the pallbearers lay down the burden of love
against the rainy day...

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The Starlings Make Way

The starlings make way
for I come, post with mutable music,
to be emasculated, abiku, in brimstone.

As time lets, Eurydice flickers
before my eyes.
Orpheus slumbers among black sheeps
and Eurydice, the sun gone down,
allows night to rouse my lamps.

And sometimes in lassitude or solitude
I am an irreceptive flower in the downs of
darkness. My lights unstimulated,
not as obtuse roses,
the wrongly aroused fishes whose signals
are tonight's travestied breaking news:
law maker in paedophilic conjugal bliss,
militancy a coiled serpent elementally
motivating by amnesty benefits,
bokoharam bombings, under-employed
and unemployed graduates a buoyant tenant
of the economic glut, unendingly explained
as tentative, while senators pretends a dubious constitution
the foster child of immutability etcetera...etcetera...

Night should be my woman concomitantly
to arouse and etherify... but when sleep
is outcropped by vigil to queen the night,
a woman outqueened, travestied before these eyes,
sleep having lost her appeal, then I am the fickling price
ampersanded to vice with virtue.

Now the receptiveness of the rose
in a fine excess shocks beauty
in ways...

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The Timid Shepherd

While the fields are blessed by the dew
and the stars rosary the firmament
a Shepherd against the curfew
attend an intimate moment.

In the morning, full with sunlight,
in dilemma he finds his heart inexpressible
over if it deems impermissible poetry
for a Shepherd to recite to his Muse:

On the way to yon plains
could I bring of the sheepfold
my fleecy lambs,
that you permit them via your aspects
to tread innocently on your charms?
For spells are harmless before innocence...

Stealthingly from the appointment,
tonight the watchmen sought him out
and he cries monotonously:

I have seen the Muse play the lyre
I come from watching a Grace picking olives
and all you see is the enchanted...

They find him an inexplicable condition of being;

the Shepherd would not say more
for the source is illicit, and he would die
keeping it inviolate.

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They Prepare Their Nails

They prepare their nails to crucify me on a double-cross
These sons of witches in chicanery
And their affected pietism of astral travels
Always preparing their nails to cruciform
I prophet and founder of the religion Morningstarwitness
I Black Lamb of God
On their double-crosses
I a second to none for all time in the world of poetry
I taking the Minotaur by the horns
'In the world of poetry
Olodumare knows things at my feet
Like sons of bitches nose for things'
I Black Lamb of God a second to none for all lifetime
In the world of poetry.

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Time Will Kiss

Like it or not, time will kiss and tell... the truth
Where angels feared to tread the need whose eye
Was put to sleep and blindly led
With the foolishness of envy, avarice
Covetousness and its attendant paraphernalia

And you who say you are at the end of your tether
You are at the end of your rope
For you've been waiting so long for that time will tell...
For that the pain imprisoned within every cell of the heart
Shall be released...
You must know when the time is right for the next act you are destined.
And only if your tether or rope were a tunnel
You would be such a light at the end of it.
And maybe you think wrongly if you think
Your pain can ease my pain if I know the full dose of your pain□
But this I am quite sure of that only
If your pain were a guess it would be as good as mine.

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Simpa Omoluabi

To Eunice.F

Hello Eunice.F, how are you doing?
Eunice.F how well is education?
Eunice.F how are things in school going?
Eunice.F please remember your mission.
Eunice.F how do you find the teachers?
Eunice.F do they make good schoolteachers?
Eunice.F how about balanced diet?
You know about that I can't be quiet
I like food you know; tell me who does not
But it's got to be balanced, cold or hot.
Eunice.F do you lose sleep over sex?
Teen peer pressures make it seem the apex.
Eunice.F your examination is
Vital, failing not, shall bring enough peace.

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Simpa Omoluabi

To The Play Adam And Eve And The Marriage God

That Adam refused to slay Eve
That Prometheus failed to snuff the life of Pandora
That Prometheus or Adam absconded with Yemoja
That Adam did not destroy Eve
The gods sought revenge without repentance.

And Adam gave the gods a wound for a heart
For they were heartless, they were the lord, the slavemasters.

The gods menstruated without cease
And the ultimate crime was that Adam refused to kill Yemoja,
Adam refused to kill Eve.
Adam is Prometheus caught in the put out paradox.
And Adam gave the gods a wound for a heart
A wound that bled like a woman with an issue healed by Christ.

The gods on flashback told themselves a fancy,
A fancy of Perseus beheading Medusa,
Wishing they could reverse the irrevocable
Wishing they could revoke the irrevertible
Wishing Adam had destroyed Eve, instead Olokun Adam slew.

Adam rode into Babel with Eve
Adam drove into the towers with Yemoja
Adam or Prometheus drove in with the source of light
And by an indescribable beauty, a mornster, an enslaved nation
Were electrified, lightened up and enlivened
They ran amok in ecstasy into a freedom of expression
In a freedom of speech, and the towers
Like breasts peaked and arranged against the sky
Was brought to collapse for Babel tower was the tower of imperialism
The story of the tower of Babel is the story of primal slavery
Into which Adam rode in with the beast, for Eve was the beast.

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To Think Of Justice Beyond The Grave

To think of justice beyond the grave is delusion
The best of heaven is in the grave yard
For there the flesh yearns, thirst, feels and wants for nothing
After that the soul if you believe in such a thing
Recycles for rebirth back here or for the next phase.
Heaven is the comforts and joys of living
That is limited by laws made just by righteousness
Justice is duty upon man and woman to seek
Justice is a calculated institutionalized tooth-for-tooth, eye-for-eye
There is no guaranty of justice beyond the grave.

The kingdom of God which is heaven on earth
Must be dictated by righteous deeds and actions
The kingdom of God which is paradise on earth
Must be dictated by upright actions and deeds
Satan has the high chair in paradise
If paradise on earth abides not by uprightness
Satan is the LORD, queen and king and principalities of corruption on earth
That allows not meritocracy to prevail among sons and daughters of the earth
Satan is not some winged lizard
Some winged lizard may be Satan somewhere else but not on earth
Lets stay clear eyed and make no cocktail of our beliefs,
Spiritual beliefs and reality
Millenniums before Siddhartha Buddha was born
The craft of meditation had been perfected by witchcraft
There is nothing of clairvoyance by which most men
Acclaimed prophet can perceive that witchcraft cannot
For they use the same medium it is called 'astral projection'
And it is not objective reality it belongs to the immaterial realm of beliefs
Justice belongs to the realm of materiality and not beliefs and immateriality
I know of justice and not belief in justice
Righteousness belongs in the realm of reality, actuality
and materiality
And righteousness is not in the realm of beliefs.
A man and a woman can believe all they want
But their beliefs does not make anything true for a fact.
No form of belief makes anything true, and that's reality
The hunger in my belly is for real
And not as some immaterial flight of meditation no Different from the infamous

flight for which witches have been stoned and condemned to death
The injustice in this land is material, it is for real and not some immaterial flight
of witchcraft
Some immaterial marine spirit sits not on the judicious sharing of the
commonwealth
It is men and women in matereality that materially make scarcity of the
commonwealth

The practice of righteousness for heaven on earth is most material
For it is reality and the righteous is the holy
The upright man is the holy man
The upright woman is the holy woman
Righteousness is not the devoted worship of a deity or God
Righteousness or uprightness is simply doing that which is
Upright or just
The righteous is that to whom justice and vengeance belongs.

The practice of uprightness for heaven on earth
In Nahila is enough for it absolutely suffices
Per adventure there is any such thing as a hell of fire
On the aftermath of death.

Founder of a religion that I am
I could mumble a few words
Lay my hands on you and take your pain(s)away
But this I would like much to give the face of reality.

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Torrid Curfew

I will not restrain these moans, the yearnings of the night:
masked as fiends certain shadows
are here to balance in ableism... for they want
these voices to suffer mute, stranded forever
in the treasure of the soul.

Chorus of the intimus.

Connivent flower who's at the centre?

Petals embraced, what is the nexus?

A rationale of long shadows

tries the rebel to throw away a bucket,
a crux for the rejustification of the self.

Only if they are aware they were mere homeopaths:

I shall be forceful in possessing the future...

Before a sign post, a pigeon looks at a vane and a vane,
a compass tries to make her blench, and if the clouds drop,
and there be nothing areolanimbus, then that shall make
the bird feel guilty the remainder of her days,
so she follows the one charnel eerie.

Having come to the heavenly place,
hoping to make it to the ideal,
the wild breaks the spirit, nothing here last.

Dreams are silent like the unborn;
there is no denial of nociception, you shall
awake from them...

Malicious counsels; beware of poley devils,
of motives to enervate your soul,
and be free to romance the obvious buds.

In receipting sequestrance towards an attested
serration I spin that these deficiencies be ionised:
is it a rouleau that rowels against the ribs
or a mythical possession, or a depuration in crosswise of sins,
penetrating hyperbolic pupils?

I am not shadowed by immaculation,
for even the sun has its islands.

Enjoying a private showing of the primus-veneris;
the days are justified for the sun transverses the

celestial scales. I see the prime flowers, I give
the first kiss to the spring in vernissage.

In-peregrine the medulla is immured
by herbaceous borders. Petally integuments
inscrutabilise the lamp before the familiar,
the establishment of the daredevil is illusive.
I shall die intrust with the brooding nidus in my
nether, that the noetic shall deaden some sense
to awake a new sense to catch a swift vista...

Black veins abase,
a delicate progress that a pismire
on away cannot permit a kibla
except it is thrown off, compromises
aside and concession is a shit of a blender.

Tenebrous lanes spiting leprous spectres,
out-blazing flares with blows reminiscent
of the logged broad smiles.

The brilliance of terrorists, paid with crates of fido.
What is the teind of a pyx of fido?

Hallways smelling of raisins, lions with sunrays
for mane are bound to the pillars here.
A ruler suffering a painful tussis bringing up blood,
holds to the arms of the throne unresigned.
And unresigned
I sit in the parlor woolgathering,
listening to your footfalls on the steps,
waiting for you to arrive home.
Talk about handovers;

a critical handover is anticipated;
the statician shall be snatched on a
golden and burning quadriga, and it
has to be witnessed if the vis shall be thine,
shall be mine.

After a seemingly vacuity came
paranormal coercions of defiled hints:

God! I have realised my uprightness
having freed inside paradise and I crawl
out of the canopy to let you fashion me.

Unfamiliar faces in union of me
are come to a strange duel.
Finally one bears the name of the other.
The loaded gun of he whose heart was
eaten is with me, but Cain is unaware of
this, the younger actually but older in vaguity.

You guarded my scaffold
from needing repairs:
cerulean units breaking into circles,
bringing together the crocks, the hour
of the crisis is clocked.
Master your flesh in extremis,
it is tipping point.
The plough is committed, and the plower
shall not become a pillar of salt, he shall
never ask for forgiveness.

Fallen on a pile of books for pillow,
I awake from an afternoon dream all tensed up.
Melanous characters, all silent and sinister
watch me walk in
to pick a nut in a receptacle and they
sigh their inability to get rectitude
as I leave.

The overflow was an opportunity that slowly led
to prodding the bed of expiation:
why should I be vindictive over her
when she was only chosen among the dippers
to effect the sooth said in the upper room.

Possessions given up, as the blood of the heartbreak
lifts its voice. How is your heart broken,
like a crock or like a femur?

The ball hidden by balls is lonesome:
I defy the intent of the petals remote in mystery,

so I fly from the likelihood of the misbegotten.

Thirteen frigging in antipathy.

Do not flounder at the hours of floccillation,
for you would let the cup go by treasonable
against the divine.

Pigeons precede home with news and tell
them to bring out the baskets full with tipplers.

Flit companies once ferly, whiskeys
the rete with feral timeousness, feeding
me from a corbeil. The marksman is aplanatic,
reticularly aplomb at the core.

Faceless jinxes:

the hangman wears a mask because death is faceless.

This is my revenge; to recreate to what adverse leagues
dread propended, recall what dissimulate mates,
prodigals inflected from the compass of promises,
ban as superficial with verdigris.

Who would understand why the black widow
would chose to self-induce her status:

the line, the crux is crossed.

Shall I have to pick before the starets,
or remain remote?

Staves cut into stean for wafers:

staves for sacrament.

The quails suffuses the forerunner,
and the deliverer sees it as blood over
a bandage: a fight to retain the haecceities.

Wheels get me awake, or better,
make me know I am not sleeping.

...

Come among the goatsuckers that discusses the
white poplar, and understand the tristesse of

the tri sestry.

The dismissed ab initio in sororial heptet
remains to the public baked, but beyond
the crust a revolution brings alive.

Temptations and steps;
some of us found grace, after a misstep,
to reattempt the gauntlet.

The future blackmails
in moments of crisis,
and the ab ovo for a decision
could be such a remote "why?";
The probation is a moment
when you can do nothing over
the trinkets in a city under hail.

Having wept before the three,
mercy, mercy is the appeal.
And the calls came, they came
and they cannot understand.

He could smell the blooms on the carriage
of the cold morning breeze passing by the
the window, and it only heightened an
adumbrate feeling, for the passage was
tacit with a tacet phrase.
So the skylarks won't pick those suns
while you suffer like the thwarted between nuns
forget these lines. I am here to hear your voice,
the words are superfluid, just your voice...

Hey! you on the white chiffon, they are amaurotic we are not;
you are the bride on a black wedding dress, you cannot come
among the goatsuckers, for you have been murdered.
How come the nightingale sang that owl to kip
the very night Hermes came to rob the cameo of its honour?

The scar left on him is evident on his shadow;
an abused rite of passage, and now daylight contrive
to be somnifacient upon him.
The awareness of nakedness is a form of shame known only to humans.

It is a token of secret
and exposure is a sign of dishonour.
The primal desire to secretly fraternise is an ode to death and the afterlife;
a rite of indignity, a way of rebirth; under the shadows we find it tolerable.
But the Bacchanalia with the Nigerian charter under the sun is a ludicrous
practice of more than thirty years:
PhDs and professors polishing shoes with their tongues,
the shortchanged undergraduate, the legs over which Janus have no say,
to progress has to yield right of way... and this is the Nigerian customary
and so far fraud has been an export.
Indignity is a mind whose haecceity is in the archaeological.
The wind is not the freest thing known, but the human thought;
the human mind finds no gate inviolable; Janus would tell you so.
Only if we could believe we could break free and through.
The human thought as a galactic spirit is uncensored.
Human nakedness, the origin of our drives.
Vestiality is a symbol of the novice, the novice wears the cordon;
the soil from the sc??, this is the price in microcosm of the initiation.

This society lives an abused rite of passage;
the marriage god was assaulted,
for the biggest establishment in this society
is the industry of bribery, the legacy of two generations
of politics, by far our original sin, for we have an ethos
of coming handy to fulfil our rights...

The act of original sin: masturbation;
bribery the mastupare.
The proclivity to secrecy and shame are the sexes,
and the original sin is theimmemorial discovery of nakedness.
The dawn out of innocence should not arouse compunction,
but ours in nationhood does. How are a people free in an ethos
of turpitude? Freedom without pro-vital purpose
is the restless despair of the winds, the abortive pursuit
of life. Cherished things, the claustrophobic synopsisized
clarifications: coat of arms of the ovi, largely the
ellipse is despicable. An abused rite of passage.

The poet anabaptismal, as the myth of a woman
before the man, 'naked I stand', keep my mystery
that whichI bare before you. Our mysteries are our pride:
there is a shame conceived in mysteries.

By the squalor of consciences unrepentantly gone in search
of the grail we are exposed. Let us remystify
for they demystified us, they fed our figs to the goats.
I return from the burial place with my agleam
like a mantle covering the moon, having been mourned
and transmuted into an ovum. The crypt has become
embryonic, misty lectures at the chapel and I the pedestrian
gamete come.... Ikpoba was my surrogate, for by proxy
any river would do: the milestone augury...
I come a demivierge of sort. My first Sabbath of the wafer:
the room is aroused in Magnificats,
'Nothing but the blood, nothing but the blood...
In awe in these awakening minutes of fleeting rapture
I had my heart alight in a purity, an aura unto which

I likened the beaming of an afternoon sun sparkling
in a dangerous whiteness within a mirror.

...

For the maiden this is the last day in Eden.
Only the vile and priceless prove unspeakable,
that is why secrets are easy to keep.
You must partake so that what has entered
through eyes would not leave through the tongue.

The land of the burning tomb is full of pride...
The stranger is abased before the quintessence,
the tarnishing is the hearth: a far surreal enacting
of the day paradise was lost, when the god of the
wedlock is sacrificed. The songwriter unavenged
after the self has been offered supine
is integrated into the soul.
The image of freedom executed after the pledged
is an emblem of courage, the uncompromising.
They that fear no fall should understand...

...

There is always a leftover in the passing,
the Passover, bread and wine:
bread and wine, these cannot follow the spirit

beyond death, for they are undigested.
The Passover is an immortal meal...
Your blood is required of you...
In what way have you offered yours?
It is only just if it is as la vierge, for
she offereth not her sister's.
How have you offered your own flesh and blood?
Are you the one cut vicaria on a council table?

I got to the British Empire bridge,
a trap I turned back against, and the apprised spirits
remained in their pupil, I know disappointed: it is of me
to traverse the limit.

Christ is the limit of dates,
romantic appointments, sweet dates,
of the palm, palms with stigmata,
now I am across, I have set the palindrome on fire
and this woman is yet unaware. Now I see,
unbound from the familiar, I bound fiducially...
Once before now, out of a leap of fury
Adonai played an acciaccatura aphonising the songs of a goat
for I whom should have been cast out, but placed
on a lamp stand...

Now it is a leap of faith...
and do not listen when fear threatens to tell.

I'm curious why he, - don't mind who - why he
did not create something... or was a piece of chicken
uncovered in his maigre. A wariness of blackmail,
impotency? I am certain there was a raised spot,
something not to be made a prostitute.

...

Glossolalia!

Beneath a leap of fury a grim attendant,
but an angel caught me; I know,
for once in my life I have seen the shadow
of an angel.

For food men chose captivity
than freedom in the wilderness; and the leash
is their doubt of every next meal.
Men hear from God with their eyes.

What a sweet reprise, heard with my heart:
now that this is made I cannot improve it.
I was shown the detour in the spirit,
and I am foreknowingly on away...

Kaleidoscopic doings of dreams and beams at times-square,
the rivers of the kingdom are burning, fire on the rivers,
the mountains are conquered, peroral communions
between a lioness and a lamb. A saddened primipara
speaks to papa pigeons; a mat laden with seeds sticks stubbornly
over a hundred unbelieving crowns for the infertile.

Fates!

The gods are prophets whose lyres
play to the songs of the goat,
their vanity is tragal, the gods are mantic playwrights,
and the height of their interest are the sons of God.
Translucent armpits feeding on the quintessence
of the passion of the unrequited, raining bountifully
on an impassioned quartet.
Closet votives sigh beneath grindstones
so that the fire harvesters would quarrel over pigeon shite.
The bats are not coming out tonight, nor the next...
The child with a bright tattoo on the forehead
sits on a vortex, drinking juice off twisted cords
and he wishes someone would sing an elegy meant
for the stillborn born under a foretoken star in October.
Destructive midnight blue eyes,
a laurel of kisses woven on the head of a broken private
loving the generals wife on the white piano.
That's his best memory of the war.
Pastures of hell! Feed for dragons. I am a miracle.

Tongues of black rivers,
righteousness proved on the organ,

panes floating on the salt of fears
when the whispers of comradeship beneath petals
freezes the heart. I see red on some letters, maybe blood
or red busses they are. New arcs are beneath those eyes,
the shattered winds are calling for sapphires,
what are you calling for? What are you demanding
giving up so much in infidelity?
Could we be closer? Look at how you
face away mumbling. It is impossible like
sneezing with the eyes open for you
to watch my eyes and mutter, murmuring
to the left wing. What mingles impossibly inside your mouth
in vocable metamorphosis? Woman with a bunch of grapes for
necklace I perceive, you like the vampire. The sandpiper is silent
in the caisson, and the label of sooth, a flag of the checked colour
of the iris wraps the shame of the harlot, and she struggles with
the fingers of shadows pulling at the hemline.
White doves nesting on the cremains of aromatic poets
embalmed in tenebral silks stumbles on the tenebrous
way of the cloverleaf. Consequence of the god mated...
Bloody Simons, and I say they should go backbiting:
the aculea of deceit. Twilight is falling about like flakes of snow,
and the macerating throbs of the heart are buried in them.
A promise tussling with preclusions, wills refusing a fatality that
evokes the tipplers. Attractions in salt-waters; you are lured.
Face not the light in darkness for light is a mask in the dark,
a screen for the bearer, but approach with a shield.
He who suffers the hero's blues,
it falls on him to make the holocaust of sundews.
This child comes from a place where perfume is what
clothes nakedness, and he also knows the taste of the
rainbow. He has a sister, whom he says is missing
and she scavenges for broken visions.
Violet aves in the hand of a corpse;
he died hailing a saint dazed with a dozen stars.
The express of the soulless, salvation in wilderness,
a gory coin, a bloody medal for an incestuous ring.

The windows of heaven open at a moth's tragic affection to fire;
so vulnerable when the right music is played.
The shards of defeat lies like broken kernel shells
and the curves of victory beleaguers me...

In the state of whims tragedy smiles with charms,
and the fold falls away when the path to the superman
has become like an utterance, just as the effluence of crystals deludes humans
and then comes the fits when at silent hours the shards of victory flickers in a
haunting whisper. Joy.

Heaven must be quintessential joy. In this world
pain is the touchstone for joy, the edges of heaven hid
like love in a mist, the basis of pain. Music is a baseless reason for joy, but that
in us there is so much joy to be used up and
interpreted based on our pain: joy is the luteus of pain,
pain is the nucleus of joy. Joy is the astonishment of pain.
And talking about astonishment, a government's magnanimity
towards corruption astonishes me... As for the governed,
my neurosis and theirs, their ego massively shredded,
mine and a few bandaged and their superego has become
a thing of paradise, so the id rules by the prevalence of egunge.
These branches and their leaves are like shadows left behind
scuds. Persuades above the sockets, ardent kisses
of the eyebrights, dalliance of the moon in sopor,
cannibal of the unquenched hidden in maroon wimples.
The vision is unclear when the focal is uncommon.
Aphotic resonances of yelling skeins in a nightmare,
in a nightmare scared by a vertex of sopranos and floral
scents intermingled is uncovered to the helot, he looks
towards Christmas to make permanent the reverse of the tables. For a time the
nightjar had it lights, the one with a passage on the edge and the other through
the centre, selfishly
parallel against the principal point.
Decay on a priceless bed, I bear two calves going home.
At the reason I am clung passionately,
a rim is pulled and I know I am making a point.
I still can hear pendent epidotes beating,
still can educe sly wiggles, soft urgencies in the belfry

filled with judgemental notes, the ash of a thunderbolt
collected in a sun-beaten skull, applied on a bruised love:
sweet sunburst on the high point. Thunders for clues:
o oriole what does thunders warn of?
The licker birds of the dry woods espial the burning rave,
alloys of the past, lickspittles whom abused the light regulator
believing their thoughts confirmed with Anubis.
I see the matches in mirror images,

a greenish fiend beholding a cobra...
In minutes the twist of fate shall band him with a seal.
The inmate whose dream made enemies,
and for a time... Time is the distance we cover by waiting.
I can hear the summons, faint and afar,
the warnings... Half-moon radiating blue, shivering
in the rippling stream of hope, and dark sweet words in my heart
I wash with gluhwein. I almost cannot bear, finding the intent of
my foes: it frightens me, a wistfulness of suicidal quittance:
designs to crucify Shiva. A century is a moment in eternity,
and in ours we have to come to terms with forgiveness
and revenge, I do have to, for the purpose of destiny
and the moments test is a grain of sand
in the grand scheme; true it is light, truth is light.
Are these demons delusional?
Delusion is the cockerel that believes its crows
seduces the sun... The quest for potency in a city
narrowly passed, a strait that compels to madness,
popularly a fantastic quest. What is done is done,
and one wishes one could submit to amnesia, the loss.
For personhood I say do not be fixated with what's behind
for you shall become a caryatid of salt.
Look to the future, for obsessions with the past
haunts us from destiny, for even a past
in other ways would aggrandize by your
lodging fears and cowers you to take the Broadway,
but if this way insists, by the way of a whale,
to vomit you on that shore... I command you,
take it. The labyrinth that conspires a man

to the road he avoided has redeemed him.
In synchrony of retaining grievances against
the evil antecedents and holding in
the delicacy of hope, forgiveness holds the lamp.
Forgiveness is the act of mercy,
and it has to be meaningful to the forgiven.
For nationhood we are obsessed with the past
for vengeance when the immorality of yesterday
is precedent with us; when corrupt symbols flagrantly
exhumes the abortive past, the offended is dispossessed
of the remit to forgive. The power to forgive
exists by the ancestral opportunity to revenge:

and if we shall forgive these, then how shall we be,
for we must be possible ancestors to vengeance.
Should we hope to be appeased, for appease is a word
popular with a cliché for gods; it is rare for gods to
concede making offerings to their community and that is
having made an abattoir of them. Asaad would tell you
this is true. By the myths only gods are appeased.
To see the sun rise again today has to become a forerunner.
To boldly want where tradition and government
demands modesty, is wanton; we've wantons of sorts.
Revolution seem to me a maternal thing
for to be bold with beauty is wanton, a customary
feminine attribute and this is the world of the
stigmatised, the kumkum, a stigmata on the fore head...
Desires make me burn, grand-mother in me:
beauty at the wiles of treachery,
that which makes the custom inadequate,
the insult the gods respond to treacherously.
Whenever you open these pages,
know that the doors of my seraglio are opened to you.
That a woman remotely seem a bloom to humanity,
for every flower has its arcana, a male
carried away in his urges is pricked in the ear
by an inaudible sigh to his surrounding to know
if what he heard is true, looks for lines in the face,
the twists of the mouth... accruing to secrets locked up:
an atavistic weakness recognised by the women,
untold, knowing that their utters would bolster
their men's self-esteem, hence faking pleasure,
a little thing considered in selflessness to give a man
something to boast about... I utter dreams, and you just
have heard the selfless sighs of my climaxes, unfaked.
The atavism of poetry in the carmine waters of humanity,
as seashells, ancient buttons of the ageless oceans:
behold and fathom, seduce and see how much the
flowers yield of their sancta and you would find
what beauty yields. The kingdom of God is beauty:
you should know, in beauty is the heart of God
for beauty is the treasure of God. By the virtue of
uprightness all shall stand not shamefaced before
the flowers... In its degrees beauty is God's reward.
You shall come naked before the portal of heaven;

present not your ghost unrighteous for in that
you shall suffer the spiritual agony of impotency:
the emasculate distress before glory.
Before heaven's portal we stand without gender,
and the PASSPHRASE is NOTHING BUT RIGHTEOUS-
NESS, the 'WATCHWORD' with the 'WATCHMAN'.
I AM THE STAR FORESHADOWED.
What is man? For we are yet men. This is man:
THE RECONCILIATION OF RIGHTEOUSNESS & BEAUTY.
You may be upright before the roses
but only the beatific deserves the heart.
I have sinned and come short...
O Lord, thou art the rock of my salvation.
To be impotent before heaven is the fall...
the soul's disgrace before the ineffable secret of God.
One knowledge sacred in carnal knowledge
is this: coitus without the ring is the irreverence against
the sublime preconceptualities of beauty and uprightness,
the quintessence of love.

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Simpa Omoluabi

Understanding (Upright-Ones In Birthplaces)

Birthplace of materiamystic
One whole gate
But many a one whole gates
Many a one whole barren gates
Many a one whole fruitless gates.

One whole upright gate for fruitful life
One whole righteous gate for heavenly life.

If the one and whole are largely upright in openheartedness
One whole righteous gate shall make a mastoid overflow
For nourishment of the future
In fertility of milky foreshadows of a new life
Free of worries of old
To embrace challenges anew for growth.
If the one and whole is straightforward and widely forthright
One whole upright gate widespread
Makes for all-round fruitfulness and satisfaction
Bellywise against hunger and inequality.

Materiamystic heavenward
The righteous one straightforward goes via unseen hairways
In hairflight through hairspace
Materiamystic heavenbound
The upright ascends through hairway unseen
Via hairspace for heaven in flesh and blood materiamystic.
For heavensake
The high rise of robber natured ones aiming at birthplace
For heavensake.
No matter how hard still I try hard and long
Too much to be upright and straightforward
For not to find comfort coated like a robber even in a dream
Aiming and gunning at birthplce for heaven on earth.
For I find it unworthy of my upstanding nature to be dressed as a robber
Aiming at birthplace for heaven on earth;
So first from this unseen self now outstading at birthplace for heaven on earth
Revealed in outstanding desires
In movements quick and fast amid heavenly flight for heavensake
I take and make outstanding actions and moves

To sharply tear the coats of robbers from my understanding
Cause I'm gunning and aiming against barrenness
Sharply tearing the robber coats that my gunning is not in robbery
For that I sow seeds of uprightness and openmindedness
For a new life heavenly to come on our earth.
No matter how hard I try hard
To have robbery nature from my understanding sharply torn.

Since storylines of God got out of hand
We have managed malice in wonderland

Though things grow hard but moving in movement tough and forceful
I slough the robbery nature
From the toughness of my understanding for my uprising dreams
For heaven on earth
For your understanding suited with robbery forms and nature
Makes your strongheartedness sterile against fruitfulness.
For the sake of heaven agunning at places of birth
With an understanding in the nature of robbers
Amounts to barrenness.
Ones aiming at birthplace in robbery nature for heavens' sake
Amounts to fruitlessness.
In uprising in uprightness never for once wear coats of robbers
Do not for once dress in robbery in your upright uprising aiming
For heaven to manifest on earth.
See many ones in robbery dresses gunning for heaven on earth
See many ones in robbery coats in coats of robbers aiming
For heaven on earth.
In a world where truth is for sale
In worlds where money precedes righteousness in importance
In worlds where money takes preeminence
Before straightforwardness
Where your financial power is more important than uprightness
Robbers are in great supply robbery coats are worn constantly
For paradise on earth
Many which were once plain and upright become robbery coated
Coated as robbers wearing robbery coats aiming and gunning
For heaven on earth.
In a world where money power is prized than uprightness
In such worlds there is great supply of robbers
In a world were money is firstly received regardless
Of uprightness

Robbers are readily available for heaven on earth
In unending availability of robbers
And they do seem like ordinary, plain looking souls
Although dressed as robbers.

Fortitude to you you whom I see
Seeing you beaten and soaked, drenched in the latter rains
Under the latter rains pouring hard
Beneath the latter rain fall falling hard.
How easy shall one find it to be outstanding without robber nature
For heavens sake,
For it is deadly risk for one to be outstanding not robber natured
At birthplaces where nomisma is exalted beyond the most high.

There is greater heavenly joy over one soul whose understanding
In heavenly entrance is not in robber nature.
There is boundless heavenly happiness
Over one soul that is not robbery natured in aiming,
Gunning and coming into heaven,
For the aiming and gunning for heaven
In uprising of a soul whose understanding is not robber natured
Promises fruitfulness of uprightness
And all round bowels of the many
Shall be uprightly filled and and righteously fulfilled
But when a soul whose understanding is geared in robbery,
Souls whose understanding are geared in robber nature
Aim and gun for heaven there is no all-round fulfillment
For a million souls in robbery nature gaining heavenly entrance
Souls coming into heaven with their understanding in robbery nature
Amounts to wide spread unfulfillment and stark empty bellies.
More potent than a million robbery natured souls
Is a single soul whose understanding is not robber natured
That uprightly rises in aiming and gunning for heaven
For a soul not robber natured defies
The widespread barrenness of hunger, starvation
And unfulfillment of righteousness.
There is greater heavenly pleasure, greater heavenly ecstasy
Over one soul whose understanding is not robber natured
In movements for heavenly pleasures
Than the joy derived from
A million robber natured understanding souls
A million robber coated souls aiming

And gunning in entrance into heaven for heavenly pleasures.
There is greater heavenly delight
Over one soul whose understanding is not robber natured
In aiming to come inside the kingdom of heaven
Than when a million souls whose understanding are robber natured
Are gunning and aiming to come into heaven.

In the middle of things upon the initiation of the soul
One stormy night of astral heavenly intercourse
The underworld monarch of heaven would not tolerate
My soul natured as a robber
Would not tolerate me as a soul coated as a robber
The grave monarch of heaven would not have my soul
Gain entrance to heaven in robbery nature
Would not have my soul understand as a robber
And the monarch of heaven in the place of spirits
In the state of the spirit the monarch of heaven fiercely
Undressed my soul from been robber coated
In the state of the ghost the grave monarch of heaven
Fiercely slough
All hint of robbery from my soul's understanding was torn away
And as plain enough as my soul could be in rising up
For the kingdom of heaven aiming and gunning for heavens sake
My soul in uprising my soul in ascendance in heavenly flights
Through the unseen hairways of the monarch of the kingdom of heaven
Making the monarch of the kingdom heavenly
To express joy inexpressible in inarticulate tongue
The monarch of heaven expressed joy in glossolalia
In voluble consecrated speech over my soul in rising up
For that my soul dressed not in robbery
Plainly gunned and aimed
In righteous uprising for heaven on earth
My soul not robber natured in aiming and gunning
For the heavenly to sow seeds of uprightness at birthplace.

Regina de caelo descendi meo caelo in terram
Beatus qui una descendente in inferi
Beatus beati qui Regina de caelo.
Regina de caelo ecce venio velociter.

...

Degrees of nightshades
Of the climactic hairspace of the monarch of heaven

The nightshades and hairspace of the monarch of heaven
Via which in the-mystifying world of dreams and astral theft
Ancestral souls and prenatal souls make foreign exchange
With half-dead souls in the-mystifying heavenly hairflight
On mystifying hairplanes through-and-through
Mystifying heavenly hairspace
And giveaways at the hairports of the monarch of heaven
Where there is bargaining of dreams
Dreams are figuratively bargained
Bargaining and selling of souls
Until there is nothing left but for the flesh to give up the ghost
And some of the ghosts are given up in the half-dead soul state
But the many in the mortal realm of materealty by materiality.
When in materiamystic inversion
The inverted climactic hairspace of the monarch of heaaven
Appear to mere eyes in varying shades of storm clouds
Of hurricanes and volcanoes, all in their materiamystic figuratives
The inversions of mother nature, constellation of disastsars falling
To a manifest of disasters, not forgetting
The inverted climactic hairspace of the monarch of heaven
That materiamystic the hairspace yawns to a mass grave
That to mere eyes are mother-earthquakes in anticlimax
Of beloved ones, but they are ones like we all shall come to
Chip in or completely robbed of soul chips
With nothing left to bear this state of life after the astral duplicities
And forex between the ancestral, the half-dead and prenatal
At the materiamystic intercourse of dreams.
Woe to witchcraftiness woe to the witchcrafty.

Iustos verba potestatem non timor malus.

...

When one in robber nature is outstanding
At birthplace, it yields heavenly barrenness
When one is outstanding in robber nature
At places of birth it yields heavenly fruitlessness
When ones are widely outstanding in robber nature
At birthplace
The seeds and fruits of righteousness are largely hindered
When ones are largely outstanding in robber nature
At places of birth
The heavenly fruits of uprightness are unmaterialised.

As the monarch of heaven would not have
My soul understand as a robber
I stand sharply and strong enough making my movements
There by ripping robber nature from my understanding
From my uprising soul risking my soul in movements
Highly probable with poisonous contract `gainst my soul
A soul not robber proof
For greater heavenly pleasure over one soul whose understanding
Is not robber natured in aiming to come into heaven
In a world where wadmoney is given highest regard
And preeminently considered before uprightness
Where money is given highest regard than the most high
A world where many ones without inhibition
Are ready to be and are already coated as robbers
Plainly coated as robbers aiming and gunning for heaven on earth.

Souls in and out of robbery nature at places of birth
Robber proof souls aiming and gunning for heaven at birth places.
In crippled flights heavenward
Fantastic, spiritistic and scientific, even cabalistic
From one birth place to another birth place
Materiamystic
Heavenward through believable and unbelievable hairways
Souls make heavenly contact
From one place of birth to another place of birth
Heavenboud via unseen and mystifying hairway of heaven
Souls make heavenly contact
The hairway of heaven the heavenly hairway seen and unseen.

Let ones largely be outstanding without robber nature
And you shall see the potential of wide spread heavenly fruitfulness
Shall manifest on this our earth.

Soul communications
Souls communicate through heavenly hairwaves unseen
Through the heavenly hairwaves of the monarch of heaven
Earthward and upward and straightforward for heaven
Without provision of angelic wings but iron wings
Materiamystic
The spiritualist and scientist promising heavenly attainment
Materiamystic
Through believable and unbelievable heavenly hairwaves

Seen and unseen
In flights ecstatic, scientific, spiritistic and cabalistic
Heavenward through unseen and unbelievable
Hairways and hairwaves of the monarch of heaven
Without provision of angelic wings
But iron wings and soul-felt wings
Souls in and out of robber nature
Making heavenly contacts at birthplaces.

How easy is it
To be an outstanding one without robber nature
At birthplace for the sake of heaven
When all around the clock the time is hard time
When all around the clock it is tough time.

When souls in robber nature prevail at places of birth
Our birth places shall yield
No fruit of righteous posterity
When many souls in robbery nature
Keep aiming and gunning for heaven at birth place
Our places of birth cannot yield
An all-round heavenly life
For us, for souls aiming and gunning in robbery nature
At birth place simply make our birth place
Yield the barrenness of wide spread hunger
And unfulfilments against justice and righteousness.
Let ones largely be outstanding without robber nature
And you shall see the potential of wide spread heavenly fruitfulness
Shall manifest on this our earth.

A world where money is considered before the straightforward
And upright hearts for to gain simple pleasures of heaven
At birthplace.
A world ramified with bribery
For bribery is payment to enter heaven in robbery nature
In robber nature as a robber for the heavenly at place of birth.

But when souls that are not in robber nature
Aim and gun at birth places for the heavenly life
Aim and gun for the life from heaven
The heavenly pleasure is greatest and birth places
Are truly hopeful to be fruitful for an all-round good.

To yield the fruits of uprightness which is the life from heaven
When souls arise, without robbery nature, uprightly aiming
And gunning at places of birth for heavenly life
Our birth places all round shall yield heavenly life
When our souls aim and gun not in robber nature at birth place
All round heavenly life and heavenly living
Shall be yielded by our birth place.

At intercourse with the host of heaven
When the soul and the whole of heaven are in soul to flesh contact
The one is whole and the whole is one
Through heavenly hairways my soul not in robber nature
My soul in flight through the hairways of the monarch of heaven
I rising up for upright deeds to sow upright seeds
Though in a world where only robbers are allowed in heaven
I risk my soul to stand out sloughing my soul of robber nature
In my heavenly flight
Through the hairways of the monarch of heaven
And it gave the host of heaven greatest of joy
That though in a world where money is esteemed
Than being straightforward and upright, esteemed than the most high
Where robbers prevail in heavenly entrance
Where been robber natured is largely the way you play safe
At birthplace to enjoy the heavenly
My soul grew too mature for robber nature
My soul could not stand been robber natured or coated
For the robber nature got torn off from my soul
For the understanding of my soul grew too strong and mature for robber nature
Like a snake in ophidian circumcision
Amid my aiming and gunning for heaven
Having proved my soul too mature for robber nature
For the sake of heaven, for heaven's sake
I succeed through hairlines barely seen, hairlines materiamystic
With my jets at heavenly airport
Jets at the monarch of heaven's hairport
In delivering a stone aged old message with a mornstar tale
Of righteous seedlings uprightly implanted at the birthplace
That upright seeds get number one tickets first of all
For entrance to heaven at birthplace
For far more than a million robbery coated and robber natured ones
A soul, one, plainly upright and straight forward
Whose understanding is not robbery natured

Ascending through the monarch of heaven's heavenshairport
Gives greater pleasure to the whole of heaven
Gives unutterable joy to the heavenly whole.

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Weaver

From the trees, from the grooves, from the fountains
the brides are compelled to a weaver's shed.
Who are you with queer workings that detains
ghosts, leaving chores, to observe you instead?
That a deity find challenge in your eyes,
has contingencies: by feats are gods made.
What has a goddess to prove 'gainst a maid
that she appears disapparent in lies.
Official idols are prometphobic,
and have their stooges whom pry for the proud:
should the gifted be apologetic
that an areola aureate does becloud
her senses, his brain, that a fate tragic
in such a dubious way appeals poetic.

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Who Sees The Wind?

Who sees the wind? Who has eyes for the wind?
But still the wind suits its nudity
With leaves dead and dry quick through the city.
Let the wind suit itself though we see her with eyes blind.
Who was is it that fell asleep at Olokun's waterhole?
Who was it that fell asleep sitting on the bamboo pole?
Who would it be but the great Alamu
Who sweetens with palmwine his akamu.
He who gathers honey gathers a good thing,
He who gathers falsely is the vulture that invites
His community for a feast of carcass.
If you come to visit me remember not to bring
A feast full of lies, but bring of truthful rites
For the wine of truth is gift to heaven's pass.

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Wounded Maenad

White dove silenced
with a leaved olive stem,
standing on a fissured headstone,

watching a chorus drunken
in the act watching

a Maenad dancing out of text.

Grains shipped on windy transits,
Maenad dancing into me,
to make conceive.

Life goes on since we are
addicted to breed;
the eye does not get accustomed to sleep,
man cannot get used to the wonder of the loin.

As your eyes cannot watch over sleep
Maenad you can't watch over 'gainst me,
withhold against me.

Bleeding salt searching for wounds,
Maenad, salt of a world, painfully inspired,
you salt your wounds.

Salt makes sweet, preserves, but cannot heal,
instead deepens the bright wound.
Taste and see my wine is good.

The injured cannot love you,
so I relinquished an earnest hope
to even a past for to be fit for love.

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Wrest Inpeace (W.I.P)

For living dead Lazarus to wrest inpeace from the 'bokor'
Martha and co wear their broken hearts on their heads
For the dead rest in peace
The living dead must wrest inpeace wresting peace from the bokor
Lazarus living dead
Imminent is the resurrection day of the living dead
When the supplications of a Lazarus shall raise moon dust
And the shadow of a hunchback briefly touches the moon
Dear Martha a second coming always takes longer
Have no fear my coming is imminent
The son is coming soon with sonlite
To clear nite and sleep of Lazarus living dead and all living dead
For soon comes 'the third day' of my rising
From the grave place of the living dead
I shall resurrect in uprising with the living dead
For the zombie slave to massacre the 'bokors
On zombie resurrection day
When from stormy heaven angels of twilight that alight
Shall have their mouths muffled with salt
And Martha shall wield a song of flames through
The moon's ebony doors and strengthen her heart on a Fiery spear
I bokor slayer I for the living dead'
In the hell of chains of the 'bokor4'
The living dead must wrest inpeace from the 'bokor'
That is must wrest a state of self peace.
On the day of the resurrection of the living day
The zombie shall come awake in zombie uprsing
From their living dead sleep
And gross shadows of miscarried promises
Shall haunt the visions of the god Isis
And Isis must not break down in that dog pound
Till those visions are purged of the bad-blood hounds
For the living dead must wrest inpeace from the 'bokor'
Wresting peace from the 'bokor'
From the 'bokor' the zombie must wrest inpeace
That is wrest a state of self peace
Towards a total self peace for all
For on the day of the living dead resurrection
There shall be an all-night replete of mating dogs at the heart of crossroads

A vigil of mating bitches thirsty for purple blood
And in the daylight the owl flying blind shall crash into the trees
On the resurrection day of the living dead
For living dead Lazarus must wrest inpeace

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Your Foveola

Into your foveola gathers the evenfall;
I eavesdrop on it, odd it appears
for foreplay.

It is the keyhole
to the conversations of a sabbat,
I want to know about the unrealistic,
for to know the eon of possibilities
towards a boundless release.
Freedom ain't a gift,
you don't receive it just take it;
the dance of the moths is the dance for fire,
a fierce dance makes you free.

She, Freedom, smears a murder weapon
with philtre for curare,
to kill those that could decide
on this suicide portion,
and they are better dead for it.

Sew me a pillow of kae
and white-dove stuff,
let me rest in the mystery of peace,
that violence does beget peace, that
there isn't peace when bellies famish,
and you fight to keep peace.

Suffered time when men bear fruits of antipathy,
strange passions of extermination;
and there was no accord
after the infernal carnage, so let's fire on when the law
opens its orifices for ejaculation.

First you have to realise
you've got wings
before you can fly,
and witches do not exactly fly.

Forgiveness takes away pain,

but love should know it is vulnerable to hurt.

Vengeance festers, but truly it deifies;
why else would God desire
all of it?

Lots of humans believe in a higher order
because of the uncertain feeling for earthly justice,
and the weight to revenge, so heavy, make
them hope by proxy that there are supreme
beings watching, that shall avenge them
divinely.

No amount of thunder
can put the cloud asunder:
I have seen a goddess in the toilet
and my sights be perfect.
The morning breaks at her feet like
a shattered clay pot, making me feel cymose,
inflorescent with abstractions.

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