

EN
JAMB
MENT

**ABOSEDE
OGUNDARE**

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INKspired



Dedication

To family; our constant soft landings
through life.



“In the end, what matters is this: I survived.”

—
Gail Honeyman



TOUGH

This smell of blazing
furnace is familiar
My terracotta skin is a souvenir
from icy fire
I have survived
the deadliest circumstances
I smile amidst decoys
My beautiful nightmares
would terrify your sleep
What I have survived
would hit a bullseye
on your forehead

DUE DATE

The number sits on a slant glossy paper
A king in its own right
in a bent kingdom
You check the date again
between a sea of numbers
clinging to a curved calendar
and with every tick, the clock above
draws your baggy eyes to themselves
Sweats lace round your neck
Like stringed pearls
till they tow themselves down your pulsating chest
You cringe as the clock sound slashes through the silence
You are no stranger to this
deadline has always been the number as king
giving you terror.

WOMAN

A book with several pages
bound by the strength of heaven
A glory of hues
each tells of an experience
She is a dedicated book
telling a story of how she lives
with stripes and lines
from scars only her mind knows
She is a book constantly
flipped
folded
and tossed
Yet she never wears out
She is a book made for seasons and times

“At the temple there is a poem called "Loss"
carved into the stone. It has three words, but
the poet has scratched them out. You cannot
read loss, only feel it.”

—
Arthur Golden

TRAPPED IN MY SOUL

To existence, I am unknown
I watch my body wheeled around
fed fluids and needles
It flows into feet
becoming alien to grasses
And my soul, prayers
I scream for revival
for I am lost in a field of memory
My face, to the touch of sunshine
Mouths feed on scripture
Yet I lay trapped

HALO

When beloved ones depart
and leave us questioning the heavens
people whisper words of strength to our souls
beseeching us to carry on

We sink inside ourselves
crawl around our pains
oblivious of our beloved
spread across the night sky
like stars smiling
at us in their halos

FAITHFUL JOURNEY

When the day comes
my feet no longer fold
my heart no longer beats
my mind no longer moulds dreams
That my life be a faithful journey
To the wind that
billows when my spirit
is deep in Sheol
Faithful to the whispers of divine
when my voice is broken
and words don't sound as mine
I hope when the day comes
When time rolls me up
and confines me in space beneath earth
my spirit will be found worthy
to sing Hallelujah.

“Man declines to earth and calls it ageing”

-

Abosede Ogundare

STRANGE HORIZON

Yesterday, after the funeral
Nana made a bonfire at the courtyard
wheeled her wrinkled body to the dead man's room
And emerged with an album
cloaked in dust
A lonely stereo had its first meal in years
She stared long into the moody evening
As her old frail fingers
sang along with the grieving stereo
Quietly, she tucked a betraying tear
in her knitted cardigan
And clutched onto retrospect
For she has become a necklace without a pendant
A soul with dead companion

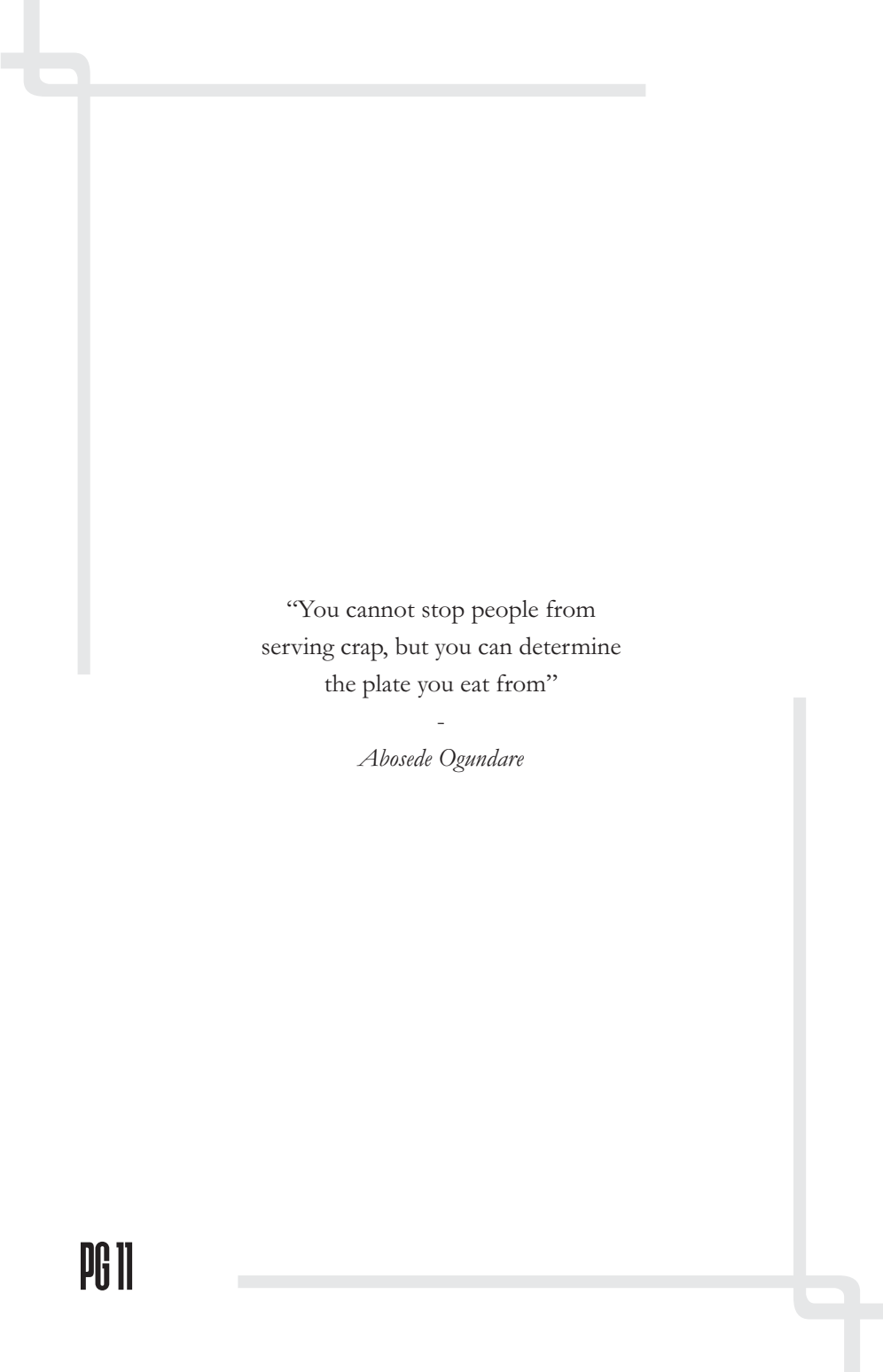
YOU WERE A SOUL WOVEN IN HAPPENSTANCE

You were a soul woven in happenstance
and for the last time tonight,
we carried you in your golden urn
for your last sail
You've always been enchanted
with the misery of water

When your body started losing its strength
And your memories filled with sore
Your constant wish was to spread
your dust across ocean

When your melanin began to fade
Old maritime stories were our evening ritual
We found joy in singing old sailor songs with you

And tonight, we pay our last respect to you
Fulfilling your wish to swim
across eternal oceans



“You cannot stop people from
serving crap, but you can determine
the plate you eat from”

-

Abosede Ogundare

IMPERFECT

He is a thorn round her roses
A pain she wishes to lose
He is the fragrance around her soul
At times he burns her like red coal
The good is wrapped in the bad
And no love story is perfect, she says.

STEREO

You played me
Till my soul cracked
And became a record
Of brokenness

“Love comes as many times as
it finds us”

-

Abosede Ogundare

CONFESSION

My body is a convent

My soul, a Chapel

My desires are like communion wine

Sacred yet intoxicating

Ecstasy erupts within me

And my veil conceals it not

MEMORIES AS DAFFODILS

Someday we'd tell our story
With giggles and laughter
Flipping through memories
Of how I said 'hello'
And 'I do'
How whispers turned moans
and tiny replicas smiled like petals
someday, numb tears
shall summarise happy years
and bliss shall spread
on our wrinkled faces
as blooming daffodils

FERVOUR

I'm your smoking desire
a dark angel garbed in deep lust for you
I'm your greatest addiction
the one with a cold eye
I'm the incontinent lover
you yearn for
even in your darkness
I'm your deadliest desire

INNOCENCE

Your feet will walk this path
The ancient way
Your mother too, innocent, walked
here barefooted
Your eyes shall weep
as you sing a farewell song
Your feet shall beat the soil
on your father's ground
With a chant of the old bridal verse
Arewa, enjoy this beautiful night, it comes just once


FOREVER

Tonight, when you look
you shall see the stars
dancing on the sea
The waves rocking them
In pure serenity
and me, holding you
till the death of time

TINGLE

You are my sunshine
I laugh at your words
And smile at your actions
Even in your absence
I feel the warmth
of your eyes

At dinner
I break the silence
With a chuckle
I say to questioning eyes
“a crazy girl resides in my head”



“A wandering self is the most delicate”

-

Abosede Ogundare



YOYI

He wandered like clouds,
Drifting skies atop our roofs
He hung laughter around
Our homes like Christmas light
A soft boy with a vintage soul,
His eyes were a sea's depth
His mind, Earth's wealth
Once, he set his Kente on fire
In exchange for our money
To watch him burn
At dawn
He fetched gossips
To sell at the town hall
We called him YOYI
Because we dissolved into laughter
Whenever we rolled his name in our mouth.

WAYFARER

How do I tell mother

I am like father

whose home was in the barrel of his rifle

How do I tell a widow her home is a cage

to my fragile dreams

and her embrace, a crushing grip

How do I tell mother

I have found home

behind a wandering camera

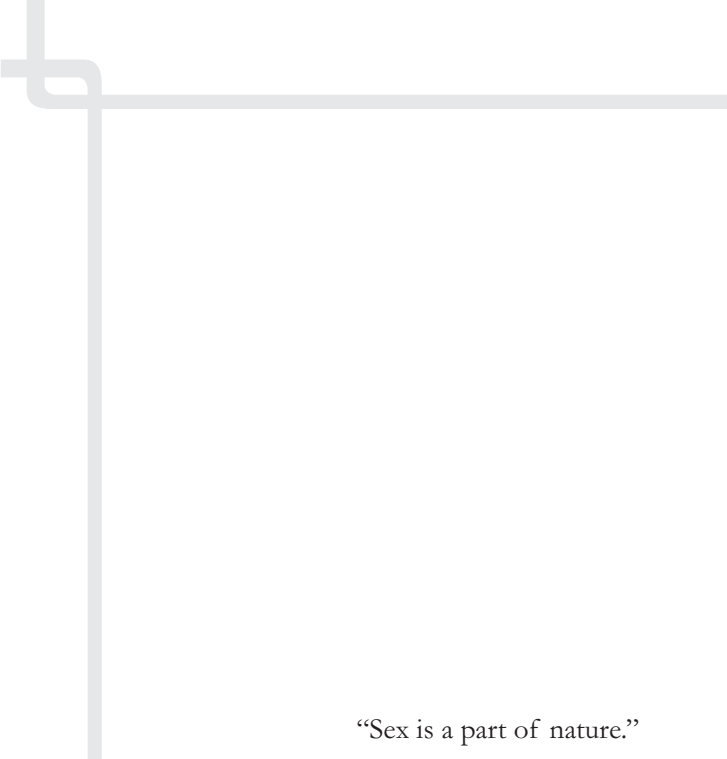
How does one say goodbye to a museum of memories?

VOID

There were days I hunted for happiness
in places too dark
to contain conscience

There were times I waited for dawn
In places where day never breaks
I have inhaled death on bodies
that once smelt of heaven
still the collateral for life is death

we live to be wrapped in wreath
and housed in urns
we are all wanderers
holding onto dews and
this is how nothing feels:
not knowing
where home really is



“Sex is a part of nature.”

—

Marilyn Monroe



BROWN ALTAR

I lay before you like a peace offering
A brown fertile soil
To be ploughed by lewd hands
I am wine
freshly brewed waiting
sip me gently
stir me hard
Pour creamy seeds on this wet altar
And let us unfold into fluttering moans

VERGE

On this night of baptism
I am sin-bare before you
as cathedral calling you to worship
Holiness flows
Between my thighs
You shall submerge as moans
rise as hymns
and your wrongs shall be washed
Dip
Darling
You are on the verge
of redemption

KARMA

“You cannot do harm to someone because someone has done harm to you. You will pay just like they will”

-
Ericka Williams

One day,
The twig shall let go
Of your flat frail form
You will switch colours:
Green
Yellow
Brown
Till you are out of
Offering, only rustles
Do not worry
The stem shall give
Off its branches
And the soil, roots
The earth shall recline
Into itself
for what is done to you
shall be done to them all

WOMAN

Knitted in love for humanity
Is an enchanting vessel of beauty
The blazing symbol of hope
She awesomely weaves pacifism and resilience
Around her like a beautiful local fabric
In her eyes is a deep shallow ocean of tenderness
Her mouth whispers words of upliftment
Her mind is filled with cheerful colours of the rainbow
Her soft palms have become a sweet companion to the soul
Her thick palms sowing, tending and harvesting
Watch! For her hands can never be desolate
She gathers and mould souls into beautiful pieces
She constructs assurance with tender love
A bridge of uncertainty, she turns into infallible path
Her arms bear strength untold
She is a stream that never runs dry
She is a woman!

ENJAMBMENT

Run-in-lines

That's who we are

Not just dreams that wander

A coastline without

the feel of a sail

Run-in-lines

A soul connects to another

We are not a stand-

alone story

But a synergy of history

A generation,

A lineage

I HATE THE SMELL OF BURNT RUBBER

I hate the smell of burnt rubber
It reminds me of my late aunty
How her still, petite body
laid on the tarred road to her mother's house

I hate the smell of burnt rubber
it reminds me of
lucid dreams that melt till
they became interjection of sighs
from an angry mob
chasing a reckless driver

I hate the smell of burnt rubber
it is a reminder of dirge without chorus.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Abosede Ogundare is a poet, playwright and a screenwriter. Her works have appeared on Word Rhymes & Rhythm, Longlist Nigerian Student Poetry Prize 2017 and elsewhere. She draws inspiration from books, history, music, paintings and nature. She is also a lover of country music.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Enjambment is a book that reflects life. How life doesn't give us a pause. We feel the rush of glee and ecstasy in one minute and in the next our minds are dressed in black.

I hope we always remember, in our moments of love, loss, happiness that we are just run in lines.