



INKSPIREDNG CHAPBOOK SERIES 2024

ANOTHER

CUP OF YOU



ADEDEJI IBRAHIM SALVATORE

Another
cup
of
You

Adedeji Ibrahim Salvatore



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Cover Design by Adekunle Idowu

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Another Cup of You

(after Sir Jide Badmus)

caffeine has me smitten
by mornings, like

you, last night, sprawled
graciously in a saucer,

a cup of espresso expressing
dire need to be sipped

& how your taste still stayed
with me till dawn—

a dark-brown brew eternally
ready to dish out delight.

mornings make me take
a liking to coffee, but

it's dusk & the long,
rainy day had me longing

—awaiting yet
another cup of you.

Bathroom

beneath the shower,
passion splashes

you kneel & i become
soap in the mouth of
water—dissolving into
foamy warmth.

faucet of emotions is turned on &
liquid excitements come in spurts

there's enough streak of antiseptic
to lather your face with

—the very first step
to your daily skin care
routine.

Alagbafo

call me *Alagbafo*—
your favourite washerman
for the chores
underneath.

Iftār

[n. dusk. the period of time during when muslims break their fast]

habibty,
your face breaks
into smiles & the world
takes pause.

i can see the calmness
& clemency of sundown
reflect in your eyes

& this moment feels like
my first chilled sip
after a hot, stressful
day in ramadan.

Ìdìbò

[inspired by the 2023 Nigerian general elections— one of the most controversial electoral exercises since the country's independence]

in conflicting moments,
you rested my mind on
fluffy floors—a softer

place to articulate your
desires—lustful manifestos
before a crowd of emotions.

i heeded, my obedience
clouded my thinking
beyond the box, so

i placed my wet index on
this part of the sheets

—a ballot sign of my trust
in you as i made a thrust like
everyone who had come before.

may the tales of your body count
regale our gathering of victory.

Holy Grail

in the end,
all that'd make sense:

the butterflies—
warmth of loved ones

—captured moments
a splendid collage of sunset

& the peace in knowing
you've just completed a piece.

Crossroads

when love hands you a camera
to face the dilemma, whose
radiance would you capture first
—the sunset or her smile?

the taste of caffeine on
her lips leaves me wondering
which one is steamier:
the coffee or the kiss?

this feeling is a metaphor i know
not how best to express—
should it be crooned in your
fav songs or be read as a poem.

Placards of Questions

[for the #EndSARS Protest]

this city now bleeds—
clenched fists raise voices
brandishing placards of questions:

since tattoos have become taboos,
why must i have to wear fear
as a second skin?

why mix the colour of crime
with the blond tints of my hair?
—not all who is dreaded keeps locks
& a beard.

only the gadgets you seize
wash away the stains of laziness
that you taint me with, so

what makes my phone
a devil's workshop?

this city now bleeds—
clenched fists raise voices
brandishing placards of plea:

beyond the bullets of your words,
over the length of your rifles are
my dreams.

can i leave?
can i live?

September 7, 1996

(for Tupac Amaru Shakur)

i knew my time would be up soon,
even before the car pulled up next to mine.
i'm not scared, been shot at many times—
bullets from bulletins still hit me on a daily, but
i've long made peace with the media with
my middle fingers stuck in the air.
my only worry is afeni—realizing
mama's miracles couldn't save the blooming
rose that she's watched grow from the concrete
is soul-wilting. i understand that
the curtains are about to be drawn when
the cadillac's window slides down.
so, i rejoice, relieved, like it's time
i took moments alone, building
my kind of paradise
in god's hands.

Caffeinated Nights

(For Salvatress).

night like this,
i stand by the window sill
a cup of coffee in hand.

only thoughts of you keep
me warm after every sip

your steamy lips
brewing smiles

caffeinated memories are all that's
left curled up on this rumpled bed

may sleep never take me
until your touch comes tender
—tingling this cold off my body.

Lover's Media

let the world have
a proper view of
our daily canoodling

let our lips lock,
here, on these platforms
making loners wish they were us.

let's go live,
feeding hungry eyes
with our romantic lies.

let's give them
some kind of goals that
can only be real on their phones.

maybe in the end when
the whole show ends,
we would know whom to tell

or how could they know
it was the delusions we cooked
that set their screens ablaze?

Asylum

(after Olivia C. Powel)

this head is entrapped
in a dungeon of
a thousand thoughts

plots twist & twirl
around my locks
—they dread even me.

or how does one's body make
a fine abode when the world
feels a little less like home?

even the shut bars of Alcatraz
aren't as firm as the knots
in my chest.

i need sanity,
i need freedom.

Puffs of Love

maybe a stick or two
—one for me,
the other for you...

so i may puff out into the air
the toxins in the thoughts
writhing inside my head.

the steamy temptations we
shared, the goodbyes that
are yet to be said.

but amidst this mist of smoke,
can we take a drag
before you go?

All of You

with you,
forever is like
tomorrow.

without you,
tonight lingers like
dawn will never come.

i wonder how you can
be enough & i still can't have
you—all at once.

How Did It Last That Long?

i trusted her more
than i had faith in myself.

& she was in love with me more
than she took a liking in herself.

Vulnerabilities

(inspired by Temiloluwa Oluymi)

love stories,
poetry, coffee,
sunset, laughter...
you.

Shoot Your Shot

i learnt you take a liking to
men who make bold to
shoot their shots, so

i stopped being a goalie—
ceased catching feelings for
every beauty that comes my way

your heart—spherical in shape
—is worth every bruise & blister
when chased after, after all

in the game of love, there are schemes,
dribbles & players but i choose
not to go off the sides, so

when they say you're always eager
to connect with men who
gave it all to take shots, i wonder

why you're quick to leave
the pitch for the VAR screen
after every hit.

Shut Down

[in the early months of 2023, Emeifele happened]

darling,
in you, i've saved up
all that's left of my dreams

hope you won't shut
the door to the vaults
of your heart on me?

Souris: Smile

they say your smile
is the delight
of the neighbourhood

that without it,
mornings would mourn
& the sun would rise with

swollen eyes—
too lazy to get out
of his bed of clouds.

they say if your sulking lips hadn't
been hoarding joy, no one

would have cared
about a power outage.

Curiosity

habibtyy,
is it you i see
in my dreams?
or it's my dreams
i see in you?

Sunset

before we bid goodnight
let's wrap our arms around
the days memories...

lips locked in amber kisses
—our tongues hold
what's left of the sun.

the twilight—a solemn witness
of two fond fingers entwined in
promises of passion

—these vows shall again be renewed
when we are greeted by day anew.

Pills & Potions

darling,
for you, i know
love is a bitter pill, but

how many cups of
me do you need
to swallow your pride?

Cook-A-Thon

it was the lies in
the meals she
never stopped cooking
that set our love afire.

Obinrin

she wears allure like
a second skin over
a delicate structure

sleek & slender,
fleshy & tender
she's the poetry of light
& many colours

a metaphor for butterflies &
flowers that bloom in
a prosaic mind.

man's first home
& remains his only place of
worship when

the world of his body
is burning.

Menu

(after Sir Jide Badmus)

how do you like
your coffee—
dark, smooth,
brewed with a
plenitude of
beard?

After The Rain

it was windy outdoors
the curtains billowed
rejoicing gently

deep red flowers witnessed
my lips slip into yours

chandelier dangled
candlelit glow glinted on
the sleekness of our skins

as we undressed the stress
of being alone on most nights

soft mellifluous songs from
the gramophone sank warmth
into rustling sheets

& moans chorused, resonating
the affections being consummated.

Scarcity

darling,
it's the scarcity of
your kind that makes

boys
like me hold
on to kegs

struggling for a refill of
what fuels our hearts.

Tipsy

habibty,
alcohol—according to
the holy book—is haram

i don't fancy it, in fact,
i have not raised a glass in years, but
i can say there's no difference

between a sip of liquor &
the bottle of passion
that you serve:

one gets you tipsy
in the head

the other turns the
eyes from the heart.

Alive

(inspired by Farhan Akhtar)

if it feels like your shoulders
are the bed on which
the universe's difficulties lie,
you are alive.

if you need no pair of spectacles
to project the pains in your eyes,
you are alive.

if those tear drops are
all you have to express
the burdens of your heart,
you are alive.

if this is reaching you in a safe spot
while the world around you is on fire,
you are alive.

Maami

mother is the one
whose eyes are
a soft reminder of
the greatness
tomorrow holds.

Baami

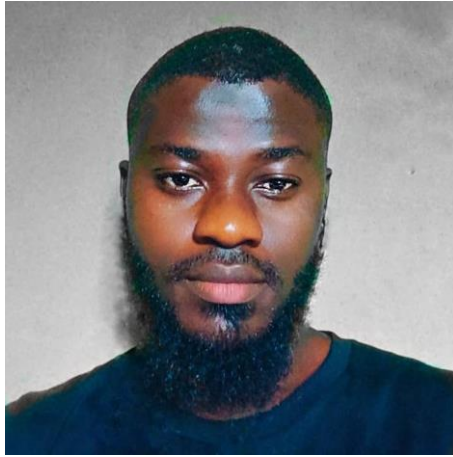
mother is our boat, but

father is the sea
into whose waters we
look out &

the stormy voyage
gets calmer &

the mist through
the journey
gets clearer.

About The Author



Ibrahim Adedeji Salvatore is a poet and a literary enthusiast who is inspired by the beauty and therapeutics of the art of creative writing. Although his works revolve around a variety of themes, they are centred on subjects of passion and memories.

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