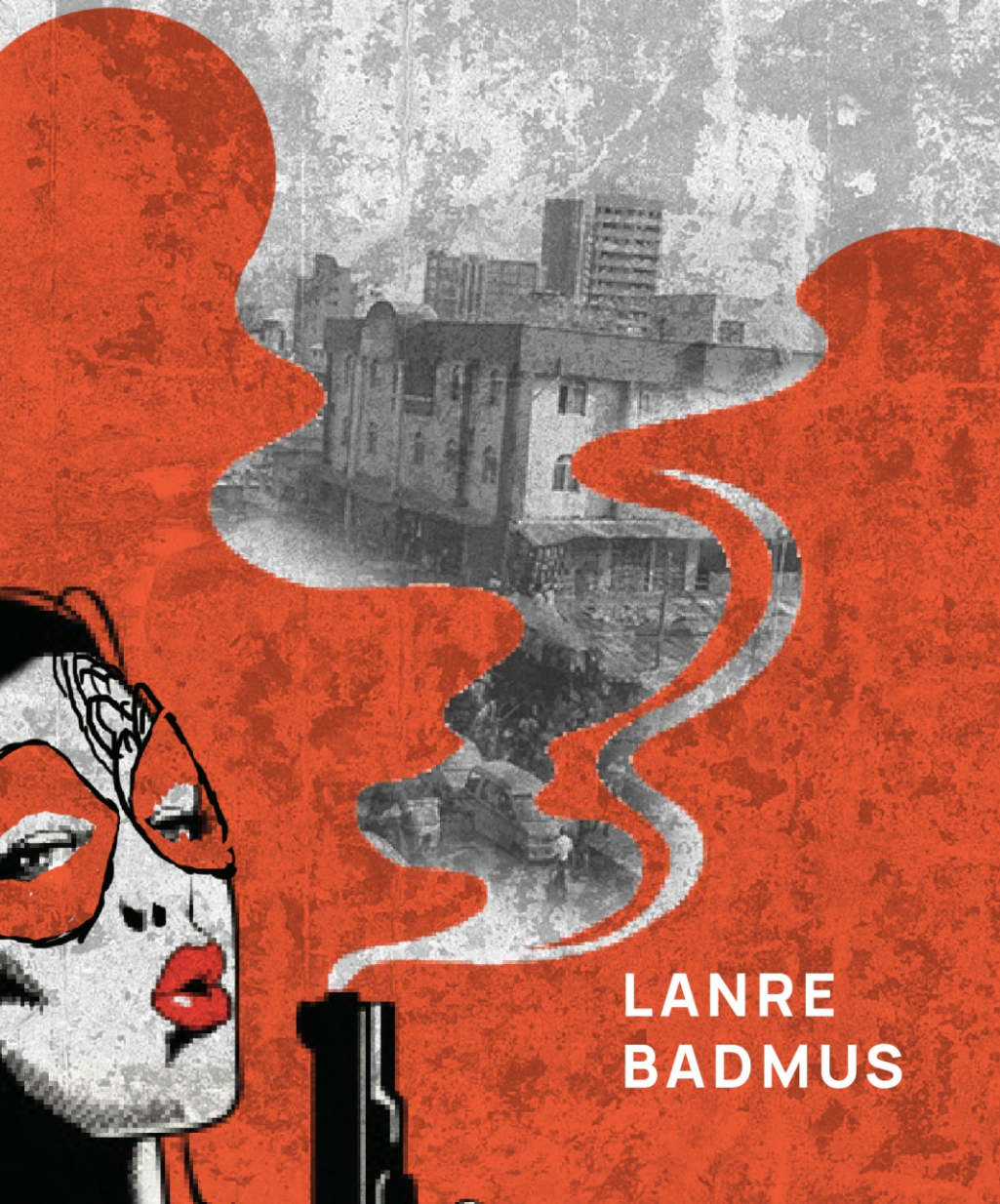


# An Assassin

and his Aesthetics



LANRE  
BADMUS

**An**  
**Assassin**  
and his Aesthetics

**By**  
**Lanre**  
**Badmus**

Lanre Badmus  
The Poetic Assassin  
2021

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# FOREWORD.

## HOTEL NIGERIA.

If you're reading this, it means I didn't get arrested. If I publish halfway, there's a possibility I'm being detained at a police station... possibly at A division, Ilorin Kwara State, Nigeria.

A brother rang me up to meet him at a hotel downtown. When a good brother calls you up on a Saturday afternoon, you're in for the best of revelry.

My wife's eyes sounded so loud, 'baby stay with us, at least this weekend.'

You can trust a stubborn Lanre Badmus; I kissed her arm and bade her goodbye.

At the hotel, I met eleven boys on a long table in the company of Jack Daniel's, Jameson, Hennessy and the likes; no women, just boys wanting to drink and forget their stress.

As we drank and made merry, there was a sudden upheaval at the poolside bar. A guy was missing in the pool; drowned, drowning, or absent, we weren't sure. A pandemonium paraded the arena as we probed for an answer.

A young boy dived into the pool and re-appeared with a dying boy. A crowd tried to resuscitate him, a group kept on watching and another pack continued with their merry making.

In FALZ's voice, 'THIS IS NIGERIA.' Let me paint a picture of three groups within the polity called Nigeria. Forget the fact that a drinking Lanre Badmus is writing; with the Poetic Assassin, wisdom will always



wriggle through your minds.

Let me rename the hotel and call it HOTEL NIGERIA. The drowning boy is the situation of the country. The first group is made up of concerned Nigerians. They swung into action to save the situation. They are concerned about the dying boy and the image of the organization.

The second group are also concerned but they are scared. They took to their heels and ran away at the hint that the police would be around for investigation. A friend on my table abandoned a newly ordered Jack Daniel's. He ran away. This group could be likened to some individuals relocating to Canada, America and Europe. I'm not being judgmental here.

The last group is made up of people unconcerned about the whole situation. They went ahead with the party! This group never cared if the skies changed lanes with the pool. The DJ didn't help matters. He is the best! His playlist ranged from old Nigerian hip-hop to late 90s American hits. I was extremely enveloped! He fingered our emotions and we mimed along like Maniacs! He reminded me of my younger days as a radio disc jockey.

These are the groups present in HOTEL NIGERIA. But irrespective of where you belong know that, like Femi Adesina said, things will soon be fine in Nigeria.

The boy is recuperating at a nearby hospital. Same way Nigeria is. I pray things will get better soon.

You're reading this; I'm yet to be arrested. I'm driving home to my darling wife with great confidence to let the world know that good things still emanate from Nigeria. Read this book and believe the just stated fact.

# PROLOGUE:

## **LAWS AND SCROLLS.**

Silently I seek solace in poetry.  
I'm addicted to this artistry.  
A return to a refuge that straightens ruffled feathers;  
I'm always kept warm within her fine weather.  
With poetry I'll pursue my plans with pleasure.  
I'll tarry at her tabernacle assured of leisure.  
With this genre, I'm guaranteed my peace.  
I can easily eat and still have my cheese.  
Into her sweet soul, I'll take a long stroll,  
Stamp my footprints on an eternal scroll.

# 01

## CHAPTER ONE

END SARS SAGA



## LEKKI AND AN ENGRAVED TRAUMA.

A reasonable revisit through the rearview mirror.  
It's all heaps of haunting horrors.  
On a bed of brutal blades,  
corpses dropped in ceaseless cascades.  
Trauma tirelessly taunts our time.  
We can't forget this hideous crime.  
Sunrise has refused to return in haste.  
Night and darkness have no time to waste.  
The continued counting of cruel losses;  
lost lives and lost causes.  
These memories wouldn't stop to linger...  
a black spot on this year's calendar.  
Pathetic pictures persistently peep.  
Sleepless nights, we've continued to reap.  
Immoral images invade our privacies.  
Tears of sorrow on a daily basis.  
A reasonable revisiting through a rear mirror.  
It's all heaps of haunting horror.  
On a bed of brutal blades,  
corpses dropped in ceaseless cascades.

## A NIGHT FELL ON LEKKI.

Gruesome guns with a gone conscience.  
Brutal bullets that can't prove innocence.  
Lekki is being lowered like a sad flag.  
To safety, fallen brothers are being dragged.  
Monuments of a midnight massacre.  
The display of a dangerous dagger.  
Hearts broken into pathetic pieces.  
Judas and well recognized kisses.  
The swiftness of scampers and safety.  
To run can also be termed as bravery.  
Trouble trolls Lekki's city gates.  
A national diary and an engraved date.  
Rivers of tears and a resounding roar.  
Seems sadness is on a sinister soar.  
Crumbling corpses on a cascade.  
The brutality of a butcher's blade.  
On this day, the night was hit by a bullet.  
A roaring and a resounding regret.  
Blood and her tireless tour on a tarmac.  
Morning is here but her body remains black.

## **TO NIGERIANS WE'VE LOST.**

On these streets, we once played football.  
Now it's all gunshots and fatal falls.  
Small stones served as goalposts.  
Our streets were good hosts.  
No jerseys, still we enjoyed ourselves.  
Inferior trophies rocked our shelves.  
Golden goals and gorgeous celebrations.  
Artistic and attractive animations.  
Now the streets have grown into gallows and graves.  
Death has subdued every 'close shaves.'  
It's all guns, swords and grenades.  
Doom in several tints and shades.  
Our peace has been replaced with protests.  
No more rooms for leisure or rest.  
Riots now rule our streets and roads.  
The polity is about to explode.  
On these streets we once played football.  
Now it's all gunshots and fatal falls.  
Small stones served as goalposts.  
Our streets used to be good hosts.

## THE AFTERMATH.

Still, we seek some sleep  
as time's heartbeat beeps.  
So many nights starved of slumber...  
Willingly, started counting numbers.  
The aftermath of an angry assembly.  
Mammoth crowd like that of Wembley.  
The trauma of a nationwide shooting.  
Lots of illegal lurking and looting.  
Now we rely on a road that leads to rest.  
A necessary nap and an essential nest.  
We were victims of a vehement vigil.  
Extreme experiences that went for a kill.  
A recess from these tough times.  
Hoping for the better isn't a crime.  
We covet a tasty recipe for respite.  
We are citizens with a huge appetite.  
Still, we seek some sleep  
as time's heartbeat beeps.  
So many nights starved of slumber...  
we helplessly counted time by numbers.

## THE SPYING SKIES AND A STRUGGLE.

The struggle wouldn't stretch her legs.  
Recess has become crates of broken eggs.  
This campaign isn't willing to rest.  
I wonder if time will pass this test.  
Parties have proceeded over the battle line.  
The Nigerian flag is no longer looking fine.  
The skies silently spy on the struggle.  
'Endsars' is no more strange to Google.  
This fight is clearly without a favorite.  
This fact is apparently apposite.  
Still the campaign wouldn't take a nap.  
The falling apart of a I map.  
Callings, choruses and clamors.  
Foot soldiers without armors.  
A march and the multiplicity of murder.  
Who owns this blade, who is the butcher?  
Parties have refused to come to terms.  
The movement of surging sperms.  
The crusade has refused to close her eyes.  
A gamble and a pair of rolling dice.

## **CURFEW, FOOTBALL AND WHISKY.**

Curfew on a cross-country race.  
Peace patrols at a profound pace.  
We dread the dictates of the coming days.  
We may remain indoors anyways.  
A weekend with wild wishes.  
The sands would be lonely at the beaches.  
No mistress to come and do my dishes.  
It's all about itches and stitches.  
I've fallen at the feet of football.  
My television stares from a colorful wall.  
With soccer, the days can't be dull.  
It's all fun till the morning calls.  
There's no world without my whisky.  
Curfew without Hennessy would've been risky.  
With these who needs a Monica Lewinsky?  
Football and whisky, the mood remains frisky.  
Curfew on a cross-country race.  
Peace patrols at a profound pace.  
We dread the dictates of the coming days.  
We may remain indoors anyways.

## HAUWA.

And the sun streaked the skies as we slept.  
Gradually we awoke from an unconscious depth.  
My hand remained hinged on Hauwa's right hand.  
A newly birthed intimacy maintains her stand.  
For days, we plied the path of a protest together.  
Our love being the only reliable shelter.  
We've sought after safety from several attacks.  
In protest, we've together moved forth and back.  
We found love in a dangerous place.  
For days we tarried on this trying terrace.  
We hope to stand this tough test of time.  
Finding love at a protest is no crime.  
Her hand, permanently locked in mine.  
We remain as dusk and dawn comes to dine.  
Different ethnicity but one vivid voice;  
We plied the protest with perfect poise.  
Soon, this campaign will lose her life.  
But till Lucifer repents, you'll be my wife.  
I found you where some lost their breath.  
With you, eternity will never experience death.

## PEACE, PROTESTS AND PERDITION.

The world and a wind of change.  
A storm with a sting of surprise.  
There's a hole in the known hierarchy.  
An impending fate and the Berlin wall.  
A rude rush of acute adrenaline.  
Anger and revenge have taken over.  
The wild whispers of a whirlwind.  
Anticipate a new world order.  
A swing of stones against a social order.  
A peaceful protest against a social stratum.  
Apocalypse from another angle.  
Trouble looms around the loins of a government.  
I'm scared for these incoming days.  
The seas may switch places with the skies.  
A protest against the pecking order.  
Sleep is silently skidding away.  
The world and a wind of change.  
A storm with a sting of surprise.  
There's a hole in the known hierarchy.  
An impending fate and the Berlin wall.



## MOROUNTODUN AND A LINGERING PROTEST

Even when the sun stopped to breathe,  
we slept off on the stormy street.  
Darkness and her daunting desperation.  
The conspicuous color of a nation.  
The protest plays it down on a pillow.  
Nature just turned the light really low.  
The once sizzling sun is out of sight.  
Lust lurks better without the light.  
Dusk and the things done in secrecy.  
The damnation and death of decency.  
Covetousness ransacks our tents.  
This lingering lust can never repent.  
By tomorrow morning, the protest resumes.  
But tonight, ecstasy will have to be exhumed.  
Falling for this temptation is my fetish fate.  
A desire and her dirty dictates.  
A black body and her bold beckons.  
With sin, sweetness will always reckon.  
Even the protest is passing away time.  
A time with Morountodun will never be a crime.

## DUECES AND TRUCES.

The rowdy road to a revolution.  
Sad sacrifices on the streets of solution.  
The greed of graves, ready to gulp.  
No light in this tunnel, it's all dead bulbs.  
A climb towards a catastrophic climax.  
No revolution without a bloody axe.  
Never mistake a retreat for stupidity.  
Danger largely looms in the city.  
A message has already been passed across.  
Golgotha will always await the arrival of a cross.  
The government has promised a total reform.  
Now is the time to calm the raging storm.  
Doom and a despicable diagram;  
Dead bodies like pictures on Instagram.  
Let these evils be readily avoided.  
The haunting history of a country that once bled.  
A timely pronouncement of truce.  
A call for recess; the verdict is deuce.  
Let's avert an impending apocalypse,  
This perdition that patiently peeps.

## THE FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN.

Fear frolicked us with fervor.  
It's clearly a tension-tainted tour.  
She follows our faith without fairness.  
A race that has refused going on recess.  
Fear freely foments a discord.  
She strikes our souls like a chord.  
She feeds on the sound of our heartbeat.  
Seems we've all accepted defeat.  
Fear greedily grazes through the garden of our hearts.  
Our vulnerability transcends beyond this earth.  
She's happily held our heart hostage.  
The demanded ransom may spark an outrage.  
The fear of the unknown stare at us in the eyes.  
You can tell from the shivering of the skies.  
No soothsayer can say what tomorrow holds.  
Our hearts have been left naked in the cold.  
We remain a sumptuous meal for fear.  
Our supplication is to survive this scare.  
We remain frightened because of the unknown.  
That's the sinister seed fear has sown.

# 02

## CHAPTER TWO

FRIDAY POEMS

## FRIDAY WORSHIP.

With worship I wander around his wonders.  
Beauty without blemish and blunders.  
With praises I ply the path of his perfection.  
My soul serves the sovereign without question.  
Heaven and earth may pass away,  
God's superiority has come to stay.  
My soul sings a song so sacred.  
More and more, my mind gets motivated.  
A collection of choruses to God the creator;  
The obvious magnificence of an orator.  
My heart hums a harmonious hymn.  
Heaven remains the sole theme.  
My senses are flawless musical instruments.  
My spirit, a living sacrifice with a sweet scent.  
Lord, I offer you the whole of my heart.  
You remain the creator of heaven and earth.  
With worship I wander around his wonders.  
Beauty without blemish and blunders.  
With praises I ply the path of perfection.  
My soul serves the sovereign without question.

## FRIDAYS AND THE TIME ON MY WRIST.

Friday nights and fascinating French kisses.  
Morality brutally broken into pieces.  
Tonight, fun will also be held hostage.  
Morning will send the ransom through postage.  
In another depth of darkness, I'll drown.  
Life is hard, let lust act as a clown.  
When there's no light, no one talks shadows.  
Walls to assume positions, who needs a pillow?  
Envisaged emphatic and energetic embraces  
Seem like fitted sandals, who needs laces?  
I'll expatiate on an explicit experience  
and how Fridays top my scale of my preference.  
Cold can decide to come with sharp claws.  
Our bodies are apparently certified shawls.  
Tonight, we'll tuck in the tide of a temptation.  
An appeal, an arousal and a beautiful affliction.  
Tonight, and another awaiting adventure.  
Vividly I'll veer into another lustful venture.  
Fridays are topmost on my preference list.  
I will keep checking the time on my wrist.

## FRIDAY SINS.

With an enemy I'm in love.  
Into one another, we got dissolved.  
A romantic rift without a resolve.  
A third party need not get involved.  
Wild women, weed and wine.  
With these enemies I've severally dined.  
Friday sins that make me fine.  
Let no peacemaker take the shine.  
There's a new enemy as a lover.  
An old book with a new cover.  
A finger resting fully on a revolver.  
With her I'll be comfortable forever.  
Several sins on a serial spin.  
With this new enemy, I'll always win.  
I'm in love with a new Friday sin...  
We're fused as hair on skin.  
This enemy's identity I'll hide.  
With deep secrecy I'll always confide.  
Forever we'll stalk darkness side-by-side.  
To you I'll never introduce my new bride.

## FEW QUESTIONS FOR FRIDAY.

For Friday I have few questions.  
Truth with certain suggestions.  
Accurate answers with an awareness.  
Let wisdom be a willing witness.  
Tonight, should I ply the path of parties,  
playing my part in the patronage of panties?  
Or should I go home to my wife;  
avoiding trouble and her wielded knife?  
Can Friday guarantee a fun-filled night,  
or should I return home and avoid a fight.  
I wish darkness can be a companion  
but I need to hear Friday's opinion.  
I'm drowned in a dam of dilemma.  
In me, thoughts are acting a drama.  
I need to make a decision really fast,  
Make indecision a thing of the past.  
Still, I'll summon the sincerity of today.  
To know if it's safe behind the sunrays.  
Whether I can drink and still drive,  
or stay at home and remain alive?



## FRIDAY NIGHT

Sun-stained smile...  
her satisfaction can't be defiled.  
Star-soiled stare...  
contentment laid bare.  
Sweetness strokes her silence.  
Everything seems to make sense.  
The beauty of her reflex blinks...  
I couldn't help but wink.  
Body drowned in sweat;  
the beauty of a sexual duet.  
Perfection in her nudity.  
Beauty blessed with purity.  
Desire lingers in her look;  
the calmness of a brook.  
Her eyes whisper for more.  
Please don't call her a whore.  
The sound of her heartbeat...  
only my soul can interpret.  
A sensual sight to behold.  
An encounter never been told.

## FRIDAYS AND OUR WIVES.

A feeling I can't explain...  
Friday has fallen again.  
Still, we rise with a sinful smile.  
An anticipated wildness that'll take a while.  
Night will reign without a repentance.  
The devil will dictate from a distance.  
We'll blow along with a wind of enjoyment.  
An affinity with an accurate assessment.  
Another opportunity to cremate morality.  
Immorality with an imitation of immortality.  
The evils men perpetrate every Friday night.  
To us, our actions are vividly alright.  
Darkness will surely keep us company.  
All we want to do is spend the money.  
Make the music a little bit louder.  
Wild women to wrestle my shoulders.  
The candid cascade of the night's waste.  
Some remnants for morning to taste.  
This is the way we live our lives.  
Fridays are never in good terms with our wives.

## A FRIDAY WITHIN.

Though it's another fateful Friday,  
I've wound up my wayward ways.  
I'll wrap myself around my wife.  
The streets are dangerous as a mallam's knife.  
I'll sternly stare into her sweet eyes.  
Her smile will certainly suffice.  
Loudly I'll lavish my laughter.  
To her perfect peace I'll surrender.  
Before her I'll become a child.  
I'm safe and faraway from the wild.  
No liquor to be let loose tonight.  
Running around the room will be alright.  
Our bed, a beautiful playground.  
Acrobatics will apparently abound.  
An inciting and intimate interaction.  
It's a slow stream of satisfaction.  
My mattress wears a mask made of satin.  
With my wife there can't be a sexual sin.  
I can confidently do without these clubs.  
What I'll do is switch off all the bulbs.

## NO POETIC ASSASSIN, NO PARTY.

A Friday undergoing a new circumcision.  
Nature with an invincible incision.  
Another night down for an initiation...  
parties and priceless provocations.  
Sweetness approaching with a salutation.  
Damsels to be down for dirty deliberations.  
Pals, please prepare for another participation.  
For you, I'll make this conscious revelation...  
beauty breathes behind today's anticipation.

## FRIDAYS, FICTION AND FANTASY.

Friday with a fresh feeling.  
My soul seeks beyond the ceiling.  
An expectation of explicit ecstasy.  
My Fridays are far from fiction and fantasy.  
Fun remains the fabric of this Friday.  
We seek the submersion of sunrays.  
The display of a dangerous darkness.  
Lust is all about temptation and weakness.  
Tonight, my home can't hold me hostage.  
It will be immorality's incision and image.  
Slowly we shall seek sweetness and her soul.  
Darkness that'll see better than an owl.  
Parties, power and privileges.  
Satisfaction and soft sacrileges.  
We will live even if light looks lost.  
Morality making way for us is a must.  
Friday with a fresh feeling.  
My soul searches beyond the ceiling.  
An expectation of explicit ecstasy.  
My Fridays are far from fiction and fantasy.

## ANOTHER FRIDAY SHALL FALL.

Friday shall freely fall—  
the irony of a dead ball.  
Ecstasy shall trample on her walls.  
Through her night, we will crawl.  
Today shall be our slave...  
the persistence of parties so brave.  
We'll raise the roof with raw rave.  
It's certain, we will willingly misbehave.  
On top of our game, we shall remain  
as we cremate Friday's pathetic remains.  
Come sunshine, come the rain,  
tonight, no conversation with our brains.  
Today shall fall on her back  
like playing cards in packs.  
Monies stash in several sacks...  
expensive liquor arranged in racks.  
We are warriors of the nights.  
We conquer every gyrating fight.  
With us, Friday nights are always bright.  
Tonight, immorality may appear right.

## I'LL TAKE FRIDAY OUT.

A flavored feast with fate...  
with this night, I'm on a date.  
She's my weekly love, no doubt.  
Tonight, I'll take Friday out.  
Friday with a flirty face.  
A weekend with her wayward ways.  
Through darkness we'll drag each other.  
Other days need not bother.  
I'll take her to a place of her choice.  
Tonight, money has regained her voice.  
It's a night made for me and Friday.  
An impromptu relationship has come our way.  
My whereabouts no one should ask.  
Water is always safe in a flask.  
Till morning, home is forbidden.  
Tonight's history shall be well-written.  
Tonight, I'll take Friday out.  
She's my weekly love, no doubt.  
Deep descriptions with dirty details.  
Sobriety will surely not enjoy her sail.

## HANGOVERS AND AMALA.

A Friday night and an aftermath.  
My mind is still trying to do the math.  
A hangover harasses the wrong spots.  
I need a plate of Amala so hot.  
Memories making jest to my face.  
Friday nights will always excuse your disgrace.  
Another smile sailed across my mouth.  
I candidly had fun, no single doubt.  
A headache hides beneath my head.  
Amala beckons at me to leave my bed.  
The healing that African food brings.  
I need to go out, my stomach stings.  
I crave the cooking of a canteen.  
Iya Kudi has been there since my teens.  
When a cook becomes your savior,  
hangovers will always appear inferior.  
A Friday night and an aftermath.  
My mind is still trying to do the math.  
A hangover that harasses the wrong spots.  
I need a plate of Amala so hot.



## FRIDAYS AND A MILDLY MADE MARTELL.

With a maneuver, morning moved in  
as sunrise remains a visible next-of-kin.  
Another Friday with a colorful feather.  
The weekend has arrived with a warm weather.  
This night remains the only teasing talk.  
Soon, afternoon will take a long walk.  
Darkness seems like an expected redeemer.  
Night time with some gorgeous glimmers.  
Another season to seek sincere satisfaction.  
Fun remains our most beloved faction.  
Gently, we await another coming of the night.  
Definitely, noon will soon be out of sight.  
Friday nights are always cherished chattels.  
Luxuries within the confines of mild mixtures of Martell.  
With cocktails and tequilas, we would be fine.  
Surely, satisfaction will come and dine.  
A reasonable revelry that'll keep us responsible.  
Now I've learnt that troubles are always avoidable.  
Tonight, we'll crawl with caution and calm.  
Wives should get used to reading the Psalms.

## RETURN OF FRIDAY NIGHTS.

I'm familiar with the frontal view of Fridays.  
Wild parties are not only about birthdays.  
Tonight, we'll crawl the clubs without a conscience.  
Carnality and a cruise armed with vehemence.  
Fridays and our fate of falling into a frenzy.  
Light will longingly look at us with envy.  
A darkness destined for dirty duties.  
Surely the stars will stand as sureties.  
The return of Friday nights can never be rusty.  
My dancing shoes will leave the realm of being dusty.

## SIN AND SENSUAL SESSIONS.

And Friday fulfilled the vanity of my flesh.  
Sin apparently appeared in a body so fresh.  
The beauty of a berating blemish.  
The help of time to achieve a dirty wish.  
An extreme experience I can't explain.  
Lust got lost in the lobby of our veins.  
I just can't put the episode into prints.  
All I'll do is give you some hints.  
Darkness also played a perverted part.  
From her dirty teachings I didn't depart.  
The obstinacy of an obscene obsession.  
Sin strictly supervised the sensual sessions.  
Immorality with ill and illegal images.  
Perversion piled up across pathetic pages.  
No mild words to describe a sexual encounter.  
I've got no explanations for you doubters.  
And Friday fulfilled the vanity of my flesh.  
Sin apparently appeared in a body so fresh.  
The beauty of a berating blemish.  
The help of time to achieve a dirty wish.

## FRIDAY AND HENNESSY.

The week actually went messy.  
Now it's all Friday and Hennessy.  
My ride on the road was really rough.  
Now with whiskey, I can't say it's enough.  
The cool crawl of an expensive Cognac...  
the night is capsizing without a crack.  
Peace plies the path of my throat.  
With satisfaction, I've taken an oath.  
Merriment is solving the math on my mind.  
Hennessy will always prove so kind.  
With whiskey I'll forget my pains.  
Satisfaction will never leave sad stains.  
Tonight, I'll pull the trigger twice.  
Tell the waitress to bring me more ice.  
Liquor will always live longer than the liver.  
But Hennessy will never bring you fever.  
And since my wife has warned me against women,  
tonight, I'll save my sacred semen.  
I'll drink and never try to get drunk.  
But in serenity I'll certainly remain sunk.

## RAMADAN AND A FRIDAY NIGHT.

Just had a chat with Tonight.  
An evaluation of what's wrong and right.  
This may sound like my own opinion.  
These are reasonable reasons from religion.  
It's a sober season to set records straight.  
A fasting period that's always worth the wait.  
To God I've made up my mind to return.  
Time told me morality will often have her turn.  
For a moment I want to mop up my mess,  
Distance my destiny from the den of darkness.  
Sincerely some seasons are simply solemn.  
Still, I remember the execution in Salem.  
Since this season has been said to be sacred,  
Tonight, I'm not going to paint the town red.  
With my family I'll frantically fraternize.  
To my readers, this will amount to a surprise.  
Seasons and the scope of sanctity.  
Tonight, I'll do away with vanity.  
There's no mathematics without signs.  
Tonight, from every sin, I'll draw visible lines.

## FAROE ISLANDS.

Friday fidgeted as we flew first-class into Faroe Islands.  
Till forever, boredom we will always reprimand.  
Infatuation and an immense immoral intimidation.  
Friday fell for our financial frivolities from every indication.  
Our destinations were two private Arabian yachts  
Beauties were bundled in more than a batch.  
Perversion remained our persistent plea.  
No one really cared about the staring sea.  
It's all life leaning on the fastest of lanes.  
Let go off fast cars, we are talking airplanes.  
A nefarious network of nasty nudities...  
Faroe Islands can always boast of great cuties.  
Friday wouldn't forget our activities so early.  
Dirty diagrams the city will hold so dearly.  
A party that practically penetrated the polity.  
Boredom was apparently a nullity.  
Friday fidgeted as we flew first-class into Faroe Island.  
Till forever, boredom we will always reprimand.  
Infatuation and an immense immoral intimidation.  
Friday fell for our financial frivolities from every indication.

## SEA FEVER.

Another Friday with filthy feelings.  
My mind drowned in dirty dealings.  
Accompanying actions armed with lust.  
This Friday will be mine from dawn to dusk.  
Dust to dust, ashes for ashes.  
Lust with long lasting lashes.  
Another Friday must be laid to rest.  
Today immorality is an august guest.  
Beautiful bodies laid on a yacht.  
Seemingly smooth skin without a scratch.  
Luscious ladies with loose lingerie.  
Nudity with arousing accessories.  
I'm the master, Friday is a slave.  
Tonight, morality must misbehave.  
Livers drowned in a pool of whiskey.  
Who needs a life jacket beneath the sea?  
Sexual sins to ease the sea fever.  
With lust there can be no shivers.  
My first Friday on waters so wild.  
A journey with sanity totally defiled.

## FRIDAYS, FRATERNITIES AND VANITIES.

Friday with a fresh fraternity.  
I am veering within the versatility of vanity.  
No Rolls-Royce, still we roll with poise.  
We may be naughty but we don't make noise.  
Darkness, still we drive through destinations.  
We are fine, saints need not seek salvation.  
Through corners of clubs, we curiously crawl.  
Beautiful ladies remain our competent shawls.  
Longing for liquor, we lurk beyond our limits.  
Quality queues of meals, we won't call it quits.  
Tonight, will surely be our favorite night.  
We will forever love to linger without light.  
Totally aroused by the ambience of an adventure.  
Satisfaction is the name we call our culture.  
Sins are the seeming seeds we sow on our streets.  
Our dictionary is devoid of the word discreet.  
Friday with a fresh fraternity.  
We will veer within the versatility of vanity.  
No Rolls-Royce still we roll with poise.  
We may appear naughty but we don't make noise.



## FRIDAYS, MONACO AND A PRIVATE JET.

Friday nights and private jets.  
With fun forget the fastening of belts.  
Liquid and leakages, still I have a large account.  
Sure, my banker knows I hate to count.  
Friday nights are all about debits.  
It's all becoming a bad habit.  
I boast of a better breath than bankruptcy.  
I've never fancied our local currency!  
I know party women worship wastrels.  
I'm one. I only do international five stars hotels.  
To Monaco we'll move tonight with no hindrance.  
Money and exuberance just gave me another chance.  
A candid cascade of cash on this journey.  
All you'll be hearing is the voice of money.  
Good life has given me another opportunity.  
Till Monday, you won't see me in your vicinity.  
Of my expensive whiskey, I remain proud.  
I've learnt that liquor doesn't make you loud!  
Baby, come on board and you can't be bored.  
Spend my money, for these I labored.

## WHEN SIN BECOMES A SAINT.

Friday nights with flimsy excuses to flirt.  
Another seeming season of skimpy skirts.  
Moderation just moved many feet below the ground.  
A famous filth is now freedom bound.  
Darkness and a determined dirty dream.  
Our wives need not cry over spilled cream.  
Tonight, and many moments of messing up.  
Queues of atrocities before morning pops.  
This night, sin will put on the garment of saints.  
A canal cruise with colorful buckets of paint.  
Every misbehavior will be without a blame.  
Pervert practices and old Roman games.  
The restless time and arrant anticipation.  
This night has promises from every indication.  
Helplessness as we await darkness to come.  
We'll drink some, eat some and smoke some.  
Friday nights with flimsy excuses to flirt.  
Another seeming season of skimpy skirts.  
Moderation just moved many feet below the ground.  
A famous filth is now freedom bound.

## GUCCI SNEAKERS 1.

A Friday with golden glitters.  
Today we'll test new waters.  
An alluring anticipation...  
ecstatic reality, no hallucinations.  
We'll arouse the wetness of a weekend.  
Wayward ways without actual amends.  
A privacy with pleasant possibilities.  
An anticipated accumulation of atrocities.  
Gyration that will gradually conquer the night.  
My choices of sin will always be right.  
Parties packed with perpetual pleasure.  
Let's let loose a long-lasting leisure.  
Good music from monstrous speakers.  
I'll solely depend on my Gucci sneakers.  
Let the west get wild on pure whiskey.  
With the girls, night rides are not risky.  
A naughty night strapped with nudity.  
We are talking money, you're talking sanity.  
Bring me beauties beyond just a batch.  
My client owns this luxurious yacht

# 03

## CHAPTER THREE

POEMS ABOUT MONDAYS

## TIME AND FASHION.

The calendar changes clothes  
and my diary takes more notes.  
Monday is her newly found garment  
and in it her day will be well spent.  
Time can't help but appear attractive.  
With her admirers, her day will be active.  
Time will always be a lovable fashionista.  
You can we'll be assured of a 'Buena Vista!'

## A FALLEN MONDAY.

A new day fetched from the well of a calendar.  
The month of May remains a good usher.  
A new sunrise with something to say.  
We pray good news will come our way.  
Time with another simple story to tell...  
the manner with which another Monday fell.  
We'll wait as new things will be unraveled.  
On the back of hope, we're well saddled.  
Let's move with the motives of many waters.  
We'll run down barriers and we wouldn't falter.

## MOVING MONDAY.

Morning with opened eyes...  
the sweet stings of sunrise.  
Invaluable inscriptions of my intention.  
Still seeking answers to our questions.  
Willingly we wish to walk with wisdom.  
It's a needed virtue in this earthly kingdom.  
Monday morning, another moment to move.  
Setbacks can't have our zeal removed.  
If there are hindrances to our walk,  
we will crawl as we've refused to sulk.  
Johnnie Walker and his popular theme.  
Success remains a motive supreme.  
Please forget the fear of another fall.  
On fours, a giant will still stand tall.  
Though the roads can't always be smooth.  
Surely, we've formed a formidable firm foot.  
Even if it results in chasing of shadows.  
At least we moved, we may just appear slow.  
Positivity hardly remains in a single position.  
Making it on a Monday remains our mission.

## **AN ASSASSIN AS A PREACHER.**

Monday is the music of the moment.  
Still don't forget nothing is permanent.  
Less than a hundred of hours she'll be gone.  
Because time will still never be done.  
Periods will purposefully pass away.  
No session will forever come to stay.  
Seasons must always suffer seizures.  
Learn from the lifestyle of leisure.  
Time is about opportunity and chance.  
It doesn't tarry as long as a trance.  
The triplets called future, present and the past.  
None remains the first, none is the last.  
Time vividly goes beyond the virtual.  
She also seeks solace in the spiritual.  
Reasonable reasons to support reincarnation.  
Please allow objectivity some visitations.  
Learn never to put pride to play.  
Today's Monday and tomorrow is Tuesday.  
I've seen success suffer setbacks...  
The Berlin Wall later suffered some cracks.



## RAINFALL AND THE FIRE WE MADE.

Rainfall and a resounding roar.  
Beyond the skies the wind soared.  
Nature made the mood on a Monday morning.  
A libido set on fire; it's now burning.  
She brought the beast out of my bones.  
From her mouth I made out moans.  
Her body, a home for happy hormones.  
You can tell from the gestures of my groans.  
A covetous combat behind closed doors.  
From the bed, to the walls, then the floor.  
An emphatic and ecstatic encounter.  
Satisfaction clearly became an all-rounder.  
The curtains couldn't help but copy our calisthenics.  
You could tell from their constant back flips.  
The rain continued to run riot.  
In the room, our hearts suddenly became pilots.  
Rainfall and a resounding roar.  
Beyond the skies the wind soared.  
Nature made the mood for a Monday morning.  
A libido set on fire, now she's now burning.

## LIBERTY OF THE SUN.

With Monday we'll make more histories.  
Desperately we'll deaden the cells of difficulties.  
We'll ply, pursue and we will possess.  
Perfection is the only possibility we profess.  
The morning sky is starved of every shine.  
But we know the clouds will soon count to nine.  
The sun will soon regain her lost liberty.  
Mondays are made of more than a mystery.  
Reality shows' risks are never reasonable.  
But we're tired of just putting food on the table.  
Believe me it's not yet a season of rest.  
We want records to reveal that we've tried our best.  
Still, we will hold this new day by the jugular.  
We'll veer from English language to vernacular.  
Struggle seems not to come in one style.  
Anyhow, today we'll stand upon the aisle.  
Hustle is truly an arm of science.  
Observe and achieve in total silence.  
With Monday we'll make more histories.  
We'll deaden the cells of all difficulties.

## **IF.**

If life were all about lewd and lustful ladies,  
Mondays would've been about parties and panties.  
Work would have been an abomination  
and indolence would have ruled this nation.  
But life is beyond wild and wasteful women  
that seek satisfaction in sex and semen.  
So, we can't fold our hands and be slothful.  
Rather, we will till the ground and remain hopeful.

## A MONDAY MORNING IN NIGERIA.

A Monday morning armed with mobility.  
Another movement with a mature mentality.  
Still no suggestion or plan to rest.  
These struggles will bring out our best.  
We dream of diligence this December.  
Success is a song we will always remember.  
We will bounce to the rhythm of the day.  
Excellence will soon have something to say.  
We'll hit the road with all our strength.  
Who cares about the tarmac's length?  
Wisdom will be our watchword...  
success silently sharpens her sword.  
We can't be victims of the street's intimidation.  
We are wild warriors from every indication.  
With confidence we will fly our flag.  
When we get tired of walking, we'll drag.  
No stones will be left unturned again.  
We'll move through the storm and the rain.  
Apparently black remains our color.  
The vehemence of vigor and valor.

## DREAMS OF DARKNESS ON A MONDAY.

After the day's death, darkness dances.  
Time will always allow her take her chances.  
This Monday, light tarried for a long while.  
Now she's gone on a journey of many miles.  
Darkness now determines the dictates of time.  
Taking once opportunity is never a crime.  
She's seemingly not allowing any illumination.  
The moon and the stars engulfed by frustration.  
Definitely the day will return at the death of darkness.  
Life is simply a brilliant game of chess.

## NEWSPAPER CAPTIONS.

We'll move to the maneuvers of another Monday.  
Pure purpose must have a role to play.  
We'll desperately drive with determination.  
A flight faraway from every frustration.  
We'll stroll with the spirit of sunrise.  
Wriggling through the week, we'll remain wise.  
With confidence we'll crawl the crooked paths.  
Life is a puzzle but we'll solve the math.  
Fear for the lightning, we stand fervent.  
The echo of success is getting frequent.  
We ditch our despair, we remain hopeful.  
Beneath earth's underwear, life is beautiful.  
Itches are immensely inevitable.  
But with courage we remain capable.  
We fall, we crawl, still we stand.  
Our zeal is a peculiar firebrand.  
Optimism, the only obstinate option.  
Our success will be newspaper captions.  
These incoming days will be our witness.  
Success with little or no stress.

## CHANGING LANES.

There's a history behind a monument.  
Now Monday is the music of the moment.  
Soon, hours will herald and hail a new day.  
Simply put, your sad situation will soon go away.  
Please don't dwell on days of depression.  
Stand up and make a long-lasting impression.

## TIME IS A PROSECUTOR.

And mystery made a new Monday.  
A place where possibilities can play.  
You just can't afford to be idle.  
Life is a boat; success is her paddle.  
There are new grounds to be broken.  
Try a new task and give your token.  
Aspire and approach the sky.  
I now know some snakes do fly.  
Brother, feel free to fail.  
Someday your success will sail.  
Not doing anything is a crime.  
Surely, you'll be prosecuted by time.  
Risk remains a road to success.  
Mondays are not made for recess.  
Find something doing and be active.  
Monday's mood mustn't be festive.



## AN EROTIC MONDAY.

Pace, power and precision.  
An organ making invaluable incisions.  
Desperation, diligence and drive.  
No honeycomb without a beehive.  
Aggression with an acute accuracy.  
An involvement in an illustrious intimacy.  
Skills simply super and sacred.  
The defilement of a matrimonial bed.  
Explicit expression devoid of exhaustion.  
A pertinent and a provocative position.  
The beauty of a deadly diligence.  
An exaggerated enchantment is of essence.  
Satisfaction with a vivid voice.  
You can tell from the feminine noise.  
Silence seems to be on an exile.  
Temptation remains a tender textile.  
Pace, power and precision.  
An organ making invaluable incisions.  
Desperation, diligence and drive.  
No honeycomb without a beehive.

## METAMORPHOSIS OF A MONDAY.

Minutes metamorphosed into a Monday...  
the obituary of every single play.  
Here are hours of hard work...  
laziness should be without a word.  
To the rhythm of a new day, we ride.  
In us, courage and confidence can confide.  
We see no obstinate obstacles.  
Smartly, we'll spread our tentacles.  
Gradually we'll break new grounds.  
Our sweat shall drop with supreme sounds.  
We'll do dirty jobs so far it's legal.  
Honesty remains a road really regal.  
Hard work is a game with no shame.  
Silver sweat without blemish and blame.  
There's always a time of golden rest...  
when success can't be called an incest!  
Real money and wealth live in dirt.  
I've been told this from birth.  
We chase cool cash not illegality.  
I desire a taste of Solomon's vanity!

## MONDAY WORSHIP.

I'll tirelessly tarry at your tabernacle.  
It's freedom from every shackle.  
I will bow before your glorious throne.  
To your praises I remain prone.  
From my soul I'll sing several songs.  
My spirit will speak in several tongues.  
My heart is a spring of adoration.  
I'm in awe of your candid consecration.  
I hinge unto the hands of humility  
to worship a God armed with longevity.  
The sweet sailing of divine sacredness.  
Your name I will forever learn to bless.  
In you, purity plies with persistence...  
the only reason for my existence.  
I'll worship you till the death of eternity.  
You're the definition of peace and serenity.  
To the high places I channel my praise.  
To the heavens my hands remain raised.  
Creator of heaven and earth.  
An adoration races across my heart.

## A WEEKEND LAID TO REST.

And Monday moved in like a maniac.  
Vividly vibrant and full of vigor.  
Seems she's taken some aphrodisiac.  
The sole definition of a confident figure.  
Time has threatened us with another Monday.  
Seems like struggle will always stroll our way.  
Still, we say a big no to every intimidation.  
Success doesn't believe in vacations.  
The weekend apparently laid to rest.  
There's obviously no room for jests.  
It's another opportunity to hit the streets.  
There's no ample time to even breathe.  
Our big bags behind our backs.  
By weekend, money must be in sacks.  
It's clear we ply a path of pressure.  
Soonest, we will earn our leisure.  
Sweat is gold in a liquid form.  
Soon, we will survive every storm.  
This Monday is absolutely here to motivate.  
With success, we will soon have a date.

## **DAWN.**

Morning breaks  
like a plague.  
Light not harmful.  
A scene so beautiful.  
Cocks crow really loud.  
It's a new dawn, no doubt.  
Poise persistently peeps...  
illumination calmly creeps.  
The beauty of sunrise;  
nature with a sumptuous spice.  
The perfection of a portrait...  
a charm that cannot faint.  
Night and sorrow just eloped.  
Dawn just assured us of hope.  
The coming of a miracle...  
earth as a sacred tabernacle.  
The beckon of a mild breeze...  
a soothing sail that cannot cease.  
Another Monday has come our way.  
'Thank you, Lord' we can all say.

# 04

## CHAPTER FOUR

**TIME, SEASONS AND SHORTER VERSES.**

## 5 AM

Darkness drags along the destiny of dawn.  
Into obscurity, she'll soon move like a pawn.  
Morning will march on with all her might.  
We're announcing the obituary of a night.  
Shadows are surely with a short lifespan.  
Dusk remains a disgusting flash in the pan.  
Light will live longer than we always expect.  
The beauty of sunrise and its effects.  
Willingly I watch a morning approach the noon.  
It's still all brightness at the arrival of the moon.

## HISTORY AND DATES.

Without the soil, there are no flowers.  
We forget the former and applaud the latter.  
With no foundations, there can't be towers.  
No wound, no role for medical plasters.  
Believe me nobody thrives as an island.  
Time always tells us the benefit of teammates.  
Without an offence, who needs a reprimand?  
History would've been useless without dates.



## **ART ADDICT.**

Art and her antics around my life.  
Literature has finally become my wife.  
Apparently, I've fallen in love with an addiction.  
My rehabilitation is all a work of fiction.

## MUSINGS.

Dusk will always dream about darkness.  
The period of the night regardless.  
Light will never like the look of twilight.  
To her, all shades of black can't be right.  
Time will always talk about team play...  
night needs a nap for morning to have her way.

## THE FUTURE AND IMMORTALITY.

The future is vividly getting younger.  
About her age, I will always wonder.  
With her, nature seems very fair.  
The future will never grow grey hairs.  
I wonder why she wouldn't have wrinkles.  
All I can see is her beautiful dimples.  
Let's always learn to appreciate the future.  
Immortality has become her sole culture.

## WHEN TIME TALKS.

When waters wriggle away with a wink.  
It'll come back irrespective of what you think.  
A towel shouldn't be an object to throw.  
Water is an art with beauty in her flows.  
At times abundance do abscond.  
Like a prodigal son, she'll return in seconds.  
Time tirelessly talks of the theme of patience.  
Please do no rituals and burn no incense.

## PARABLE OF A WHIRLWIND.

Eyes could see from many miles  
as the whirlwind wandered for a while.  
Turbulence with a terrific taste.  
She wanted to turn our works to waste.  
A storm with a seemingly severe strength.  
The voice of violence vividly vehement.  
Time leaned back as she threatened.  
We watched as our courage got deadened.  
But a whirlwind has a short lifespan.  
It's all fries in my mother's frying pan.  
Respite is forever a soothing balm.  
Time later allowed us to be cuddled by calm.  
Surely the whirlwind stuck out her ugly head.  
But with patience, that period was pronounced dead.

## **SAD MEDIA.**

Cruel captions crawl around our media.  
Chaos like the many words of an Encyclopedia.  
Good news given a befitting burial.  
Sad stories from State to Federal.  
When will God start to heal our land.  
This seems more than a reprimand.  
Time, with an indestructible horsewhip.  
Where goes the destination of this ship?

## **DIFFERENCE IN TIME.**

A poem can't accommodate all words.  
A song will never entertain all chords.  
For the words and chords that were neglected,  
learn to believe that you weren't rejected.  
Just be prepared for an incoming opportunity.  
Poems and songs are arts beyond eternity.

## MONTH OF JUNE.

June came in like a thrown javelin.  
It silently pierced through the calendar's skin.  
Another month marches in majestically.  
Life can't help but count numerically.  
Hope still hangs on the hinges of this year.  
Miracle still has many moments to spare.  
Gradually, this season is also getting old.  
Time still has a lot of tales to be told.



# EDEN.

Without darkness, night will not have a name.  
Without light, morning will lose her fame.  
Reciprocity is the golden rule of the game.  
No Eden, no reason for the word 'blame.'

## DAY AND NIGHT.

With a whip, dawn has chased dusk away  
like a calendar will do to the month of May.  
But like a stubborn goat with thick horns,  
darkness is always prepared to return.  
Just as futility cannot help but fail,  
night will always come back to sail!  
Obviously light will not also let go.  
About her return, no mortal can say no!

## **TIME IS A GOD.**

Time turns without a single talk...  
a teacher doing her job with a chalk.  
Time tells a tale without her voice.  
Diligence isn't about making noise.  
She's a traveler with no destination.  
Your guess is as good as my insinuation.  
Still, we all look up to her every now and then.  
Time, a god unconsciously worshiped by men.

## TOMMOROW'S PAST.

Yes, yesterday never dies.  
It's all periods packed in piles.  
Histories made into heavy heaps.  
Life will always have her for keeps.  
Yesterday is a bestselling book.  
Readers are never left off the hook.  
No one can neglect the past of tomorrow.  
Without yesterday, the future can never grow.  
Past has a precious place in the heart of time.  
Without a starting point, there's no place for 'Prime.'  
There's no success without a humble source.  
Graduation will always pass through at least a course.

## MORNING MUSIC.

A routine that can't experience rust.  
Morning music remains a must.  
The heart and a healthy habit.  
Many melodies and an ear to knit.  
Several songs with soothing sounds.  
Rest and relaxation of countless rounds.  
The leniency of a long-lasting leisure.  
It's always a profound period of pleasure.  
A soul and a serenade by sweetness.  
Music is clearly a coveted weakness.

## **MANY WATERS.**

Time and the death toll of days.  
Still, the waters wish to find a way.  
Periods purposefully ply in packs.  
The roar of waters is not cutting slacks.  
An abundance approaches my domain.  
Definitely I'm ready for the rush of the rain.  
The wind appears a capable compass.  
These waters will soon succeed en masse.  
Blockages may insist not to compromise.  
We all know waters would always improvise.  
An assurance of the arrival of many waters.  
A sea and a movement that will never stutter.

## TIME NEEDS TO KEEP QUIET.

Some truths need be told to time.  
Curling back into my shell is no crime.  
It's just a season of sober reflections.  
Remember a chameleon has no certain complexion.  
Seasons will surely sail back and forth.  
No precision when it comes to the word 'north.'  
Time need be told some crucial facts.  
Today will often need tomorrow to interact.  
A present predicament is a propeller to the pinnacle.  
It's a conclusion that needs no spiritual oracle.  
Time need not taunt me with my pathetic plight.  
The future is a rainbow with colors really bright.

## **AN OPTIMISTIC OCTAVE.**

Still, we seek the crown of success.  
A consistent competition that won't go on recess.  
The profound pursuit of a place called peace.  
Definitely our diligence cannot decrease.  
We're ready to pay the price to attain the pinnacle.  
Success is an uninteruptible cycle.  
Rome was never built in a day.  
Patience also has something to say.



## **HARDWORK.**

No workout without sweat.  
You can call it a collaboration or a duet.  
The persistence of a pummeling pain.  
Ahead lies a golden gate of gain.  
Hard work will never hunt you down.  
Tell the town crier to inform the town.  
There's beauty in diligent labor.  
Your time is often different from your neighbor's.  
Indolence is never a virtue of importance.  
Never engage laziness in a romance.  
Your sweat will soon invite riches from Arabia.  
I still covet the monies of mafias in Italia.

## **SOCIAL MEDIA AND JUSTICE.**

Social media is a court of confusion.  
It's a jungle justice that jumps into conclusion.  
She's never in need of a cogent evidence.  
Always fine with what I call common sense.  
Misinformation coming from many mouths.  
No one cares about proof beyond reasonable doubt.  
Several souls with sin, still they throw stones.  
Legion of dogs pouncing on fresh bones.  
Judgments without good conscience and equity.  
The going into extinction of the term 'integrity'.  
That dirty desire for human damnation.  
We've become a slave to such a temptation.

## DREAMS AND FAILURES

A dying dream is a dirty drape.  
It's often avoided like a rotten grape.  
Fangs of futility feed on an unfulfilled dream.  
Setbacks and her scary silent screams.  
A dried-up dream is dinner for death...  
a glutton and the sound of her breath.  
Hope hides behind the hands of time.  
Failure becomes guilty of another crime.  
A dead dream refuses the reality of a resurrection.  
Some wrongs are clearly without a correction.

## TUESDAY MORNING AND A POET.

Day and night with a continuous altercation.  
Sunrise welcomes dawn with an ovation.  
Dusk, definitely destined for another break.  
With the wind, morning intends to stay awake.  
Time and the true color of a Tuesday.  
Last night is experiencing a decay.  
Another attention stolen by the active sun.  
It looks like light is living and having fun.  
And a poet peeps through a perforated wall...  
Apparently, morning aggressively calls.

## MURDER WEAPON.

Weapon tossed into the lake.  
The water is eating and having her cake.  
Police working hard to nail the culprit.  
For one reason, futility has failed to quit.  
A desperation for a detailed discovery.  
A long and lingering investigation is no luxury.  
A sincere search for the sadistic slayer.  
The chess game isn't only about the players.  
Invaluable time invested in an investigation.  
The public points fingers in castigation.  
Persistence of the police without being perturbed.  
This time the police are actually not disturbed.  
An assailant is apparently on the loose.  
The police are left with no other excuse.  
The crime scene with little or no evidence.  
A federal intelligence is now of essence.  
Under the lake, a gun still gasps for breath.  
It's devastating the victim still drowns in death.  
A criminal at large and the police on the lookout.  
Not forgetting the doctrine of proof beyond reasonable doubt.

## AN ASSASSIN'S SONNET.

Darkness stared as I wrote.  
She must be taking down some notes.  
My lantern just lost her life.  
Death will not always use a knife.  
Still, I continued to write in the dark.  
My pen couldn't help but make her mark.  
Words wouldn't wait for one another.  
Survival is selfish enough to forget a brother.  
Perfectly they fell into beautiful places...  
papers with tattoos on their faces.  
Willingly I continued in the absence of light.  
My staring students included the night.  
Poetry is always a place of perfection.  
It's all purity, no allowance for infection.

## TO BE A CHAMPION.

Still, I chase a chance to be a champion.  
In search of success that'll drown every opinion.  
I want to hunt down a hall of fame.  
I'm tired of time playing a patient game.  
Still, I ply a path that pursues the pinnacle.  
I can't help but move as I expect a miracle.  
Diligence and desperation as a determining factor.  
Purposefully I pursue popularity like a predator.  
Ferociously I've fought the person of fear.  
Skillfully I've survived more than a scare.  
I can hear the approaching sound of success.  
An absolute wish is to be allowed an access.  
Awaiting a marvel, still I'm walking.  
I won't stop even if victory complains of stalking.  
The road may be rough but I won't relent.  
Success will always come with a sweet scent.  
Still, I chase a chance to be a champion.  
In search of success that'll drown every opinion.  
I want to hunt down a hall of fame.  
I'm tired of time playing a patient game.

## PAPERS AND POETIC TATTOOS.

The breeze rode on the back of a river  
that shivered like a victim of fever.  
Willingly I watched as she wriggled.  
With her back, the wind wittily fiddled.  
Shrubs shrugged shoulder to shoulder as they looked.  
By the riverbanks they're forever hooked.  
The river's destination I still do not know.  
Feeling feverish, she couldn't help but flow.  
Silently the sun also sat on her back...  
darkness would soon brag about being black.  
The wind never worried about the river's pain.  
She wasn't scared waters could suffer sprains.  
From a balcony I kept watching the wisdom of waters.  
A seeming stern stare that can never stutter.  
With poetry I painted a picture of nature.  
Supreme writings will always be my signature.  
Still on the back of the river, the breeze rode.  
Their destination I wouldn't ever decode.  
A poem about them I couldn't help but write.  
Poetic tattoos on a paper; plain and white.



## CONSPIRACY THEORY.

The gruesome gut of guns...  
it goes beyond this poetic pun.  
A courage that crushes a country.  
Corpses like countless clothes in a laundry.  
Bombs and her brutal bravery.  
Peace has been sold into slavery.  
The clashes of conspiracy theories.  
This nation is going out of batteries.

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## SACRIFICES.

For you I'll go against the tide..  
if that's what will make you stay on my side.  
I've learnt life isn't all about jolly rides.  
For your joy, I'm ready to lose my pride.  
For your beauty, my body will take bruises.  
I'm ready to be stranded for your dream's cruises.  
Like thorns, I'll protect the petals of your roses.  
They can call me a fool; I'm used to the abuses.  
I'll trade your weakness with my strength.  
I'll go all the way like a perpetual length.  
From my profits, I'll give you more than a tenth.  
Not expecting any return for all I've spent.  
I'll take a walk while you enjoy the wheels.  
I don't want to be happy while you hurt your heels.  
I'll starve so you can savor a sumptuous meal.  
I do not mind to feel the hurt while you heal.  
Read all over again for emphasis' sake.  
Need you to eat and still have your cake.  
On this matter, irrespective of your take,  
for your comfort I'll take every single ache.

## JOHNNIE WALKER.

Waiting for a warm weather, still I walk.  
Success does not sit, neither does she sulk.  
Candidly I have always coveted a golden crown...  
I became as restless as a prostitute's gown.  
Since my purpose is to ply a greener pasture,  
I've learnt never to totally lean on leisure.  
At night I may sleep just like a village stream.  
Still, I've decided to be active in my dreams.  
Waiting for a train, I still consider other options.  
It's never a crime to put your mind in motion.  
I've learnt that merit may decide to be mute.  
Thus, to announce myself I'll pick up a flute.  
I'll still take a walk even as I vividly wait.  
Staying put is often poisonous bait.  
Time will later tell if I'm not up to the task.  
But in the euphoria of trial and error I'll bask.  
Waiting, still I wish and hope for the best.  
I'm apparently dreaming as I take my rest.  
Waiting doesn't mean I should be idle.  
I can be a noun and a verb like the word 'paddle!'

## HUMANITY HAS NO COLOUR.

Never rate your relationship by religion.  
Religions are mere human opinions.  
No one fell from the skies with a faith.  
What if all these stories are just baits.  
Exempt me when it comes to preference for ethnicity.  
Count me out of the catastrophic complicity.  
I have no bias towards no particular tribe...  
Only to humanity I will always subscribe.  
I've deleted discrimination from my dictionary.  
I have included all races in my directory.  
Color is a creation of the mind...  
a fact known to even the blind.  
My conscience will always call me to order.  
Your religion will not make you less a brother.  
Humanity is the first of all attributes.  
To good conscience I'll forever pay tributes.  
Never rate your relationship by religion.  
Religions are mere human opinions.  
No one fell from the sky with a faith.  
What if all these stories are just baits.

# EPILOGUE

## LITERATURE IS A DRUG.

Darkness dotted over my dark hair  
as I put down another poem with flair.  
Apparently, I'm getting addicted to nightfall.  
That's when poetry persistently calls.  
All I do now is abuse literature like a drug.  
I'll silently smoke and sniff without a shrug.  
I'm a poet with a passion for the pen.  
I've been devoted since I clocked ten.  
Now all I do is write in the company of twilight.  
I mean dusk with a body absolutely bright.  
Darkness is getting obsessed with my poetry...  
that connection between Catholics and a rosary.



# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lanre Badmus is a Nigerian author and legal practitioner. Known internationally as ‘the poetic assassin, Lanre holds a Master’s Degree in Common Law from the University of Ilorin, Kwara State, Nigeria. His published books include *The Gorgeous Murder*, *Green White Green*, *Love in the Mirror* and the 2020 poetry collection *The Poetic Assassin – COVID-19 Series*. Lanre presently resides in Jackson, Mississippi, USA with his wife Olufunto Badmus and his kids Dara, Tiwa and Fola.