

Coffee

(Poems)



edited by Jide Badmus

Coffee

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FOREWORD

Many said it would keep me awake; and that was what I needed, something to keep me alert through the night so I could study for an exam. I made myself a cup of coffee, set to keep vigil. The effect was the opposite, I had the deepest of sleep in a long while. That was my first experience with the beverage and from that time during my first year in the university, I became a coffee lover.

When I set out to write the poem that birthed this anthology, I had one thing in mind: to write a love poem that was not conventional. I searched for a personal metaphor for lover and came up with coffee. And in my habitual approach to poetry, armed with ambiguity and brevity, I decided to write about my love for the sensational brew.

Thus, Coffee was birthed; a poem that, without the title, speaks alluringly about a lover. One would wonder if the title is really a metaphoric representation or the poem actually eulogizes the caffeinated beverage. And that's the beauty of the short piece.

It was however amazing, how responses poured in like flood when the brief lines were shared on my social media pages. I was overwhelmed when in less than three days I had seen more than two dozens version of Coffee, mostly sensual in nature. It was then I realized the potency of a good piece.

Creativity procreates! A brilliant piece of poetry is the best muse for other poets. The experience of Coffee was like an intellectual orgy. It's a confirmation that the pen is still potent as an influencer; that the mind of man is humus, and literature can be a tool to plant ideas that would change societal mind sets.

One poem got more than fifty poets pregnant and this anthology presents to you the beautiful progenies. I appreciate all the poet's who contributed to this amazing collection and for those who could not send in their versions, there would be more opportunities for creative intercourse (and more anthologies).

Enjoy this blend of love, lust & caffeine.

- *Jide Badmus*

COFFEE

Jide Badmus

Pour me a cup of you.

Come to me, beloved,

As delightful aroma—

Hot fragrant brew.

Fill these cheeks

With creamy smiles.

Let my tongue relish

Every drop of you.

A MUG OF YOU

Osbo Tunde

The mug, steams with you—
Hot like the skin of sun.

A sip of you, a slice of bliss.
My tongue holds the weight of heaven.

This fluid of longing
Filling my belly—
This three-in-one is waking dozing head.

It is raining. Come out
Of your covering into the mug,
Let me gulp you to the last drop.

COFFEE

Kolawole Samuel Adebayo

Black coffee
Is your body,
Is the smell
Of your skin;
& the milk
Is in your eyes,
& the sugar
Is upon your lips.
& when the cold night comes,
I cup you. I stir you. I bring you
Towards my lips.
The coffee rises with heat.
Into me, you come into me.
& I drink till my body is
Same temperature with yours.
On a cold night,
I & my coffee—
We become one.

COFFEE

Korede Kakaki

after each sip of you, i revive
memories
by this,i mean my grief tastes like you
& everytime,i exit my body & gulp
silence in a teacup/though no glass is
enough to hold my grief/

there is no better way to express
my feelings,
meaning that i misplace my joy
somewhere i couldn't place
because it *ain'ta* sweet thing to hold
remembrance on your tongue

i measure loss the same way i measure
the lack of sugar:
i mean this coffee is black like
the colour of my grief
i mean this coffee is sour like the

taste of my depression....

CASANOVA (the hand giving you the coffee cup)

Uwen Precious Ogban

i.

clad in that swooning scenery,
you're blinded by the kind of
romance that is brought you:
like the way they stir the cup's
content, & lick the remains
from the spoon like they're being
gluttonous.

they roll their tongue around it
slowly, giving you a wink,
& you are made to believe love
is them to you.

ii.

you are blinded, by this allurer,
you are unconcerned if it's truly
love they wish to give,
or have misplaced theirs in trying
to please everyone.

iii.

you find that too hard a riddle,
so, as they hand over the cup
of coffee, you collect:
oblivion grips your consciousness,
and you don't blow off the heat

first, you take it in, & burn your
own tongue.

COFFEE

Muhammed Sulaimom (MMS)

Grainy & golden,

Honey & creamy,

Smoky & foamy,

It orbits round the edge of the mug,

Sings in ripples on its golden lake,

Sways left, flutters right,

Dances its way out at the kiss of lips,

& glides like a plane onto the turf of the heart.

COFFEE

Taofeek Ayeyemi (ASWAGAAWY)

a cream angel burnt into black,
a black god basking in the coffin
of a seduced mug

let this god bless my morning
& send seventy-seven angels to
breathe warmth on my cold night
let this god do some *rukya* on my soul
& burn the enigma roaming my world

coffee! let me sip you &
cough in a wind of pleasure
as you wear a milky *abaya*

COFFEE

Pamilerin Jacob

all I know of burning, I learnt from kisses

so I have a theory about madness—

you break a bone

over & over to test the limits

of healing

& should we embrace the anarchy

of exchanged breaths, I would be left with a mouthful

of sparkles: tongue sharpening tongue

sharpening speech...

a moan is the precision of language—syllables

gathering like crows, to tear into silence air so heavy

it unweaves the geometry of glass. the first rule of coffee

drinking is addiction. cannot untie

my heart from yours. cannot

unbraid our bodies without fracturing

the sky

the only word t a u t

enough to carry this affection is

infinity.

COFFEE

Naphtali Festus Adda

A gulp of its bitterness

Brew emotions with steamy sweetness—

A soft kind gifted to its kinds

With an aroma that sits at the shore of thoughts.

COFFEE

Nket Godwin

My night is as sodden as the shore,
My morning as damp as dewy awning—
Everywhere, coldness nestles like kite...
A mouthful of you, my warm brew,
Will spur sun's lips in my wet inside!

RAVISH ME, OH SWEET HOT COFFEE

Yusuff, Uthman Adekola

Lay me like a rectangular tray

& make me sweat inside-out

Like chilled *Maltina*...

But, first,

Seduce my appetite

With the cat-walking vapour

Of your curly steam.

Then find a road

Through my spread lips.

With your gallant hotness, and

With the dark hue in your darling complexion,

Walk across the red carpet in my oral castle

& stroke my throat with your flavour.

Tingle my brain cells

With the prickly fingers of caffeine,

So, I'll lie awake in bed

As I traverse the steep thoughts

Of my rocky *nay-tion*...

COFFEE

Samuel Junior Irusota

Your body is flesh
& blood
& your body is spirit & life
Your body is a river I drink from in the morning
& a sea I drink from when I'm cold
Serve me a cup of you,
Tasty delicious brew
Pour me a cup of coffee
& let me be

COFFEE

Adeniran Joseph

white water mixed with emotions
sweet words dropping like cotton
i can feel the sweat in my lips
it says: come in & stay.
you bear the image of waters
everything in you, tasteless.
it's good, not bitter not sweet
at least you're still undefined—
but your bitterness is sweetness
maybe I should cum in &
not just come in to gist & go.
this rain is our relationship:
the cold is the benefit
but when the weather changes
we take some sips from the cup
I'm different, I promise to
drink responsibly.

HER LIPS TASTE LIKE COFFEE

Jaachi

it's how the taste of coffee lingers on my lips

whenever she pouts

that draws me into her tulips

like a butterfly craving nectar

it's how she holds my hands

whenever mine clasp hers,

her long ebony fingers

nestled in the fair warmth of mine,

that makes us blend like milk drops

in a cup of coffee black, when lips locks

it's how we moonwalk back and forth

on the wings of creamy bliss,

savouring the bitter sweet of our heat

that flushes hues of gold & scarlet

that makes every sip a trip to the moon & back

it's how time takes a break

& reality fades away,

with every gulp drowned out by the bubbling of a stream of coffee hot

that reminds me of Solomon's songs

her lips taste like coffee—

thought I should let you know

COFFEE

Oshafi Abdulrazak

I will give anything

For a cup of you.

Let me sip you directly—

From the kettle.

Place me on your wings of

Steam as I float into perfect

Contentment.

Tonight,

I will lust after you

For a perfect mix.

COFFEE IN BED

Okeke Precious

The cup is coloured red with passion

The inside full of wetness

Let your fingers trace the curves of this cup

& find me!

Wetly part your lips

Make a sound while you gulp me down

Drink of me!

I am your coffee in bed,

Come have a full taste

COFFEE: MY STORY

Opia-Enwemuche Maxwell Onyemaechi

Come, let me tell you a story
Of a man who fought his fears
Not alone in the cold of the night
For he never lost his ways, his insight.
A storm raged upon his loins
but with a hot coffee upon thy thighs he became normal.
That man is me
& that hot coffee is you.
I long to see you again
To stir you hot as we sing endlessly
into the rhythm of forever
Where great men become humble
in need of more coffee.
There is a fee in every coffee
I know mine because I mine & mind my business.
My coffee is sweet
& her pleasure can trend on tweets.

CAFFEINATED

Martins Deep

Whispers at eve marry wisps of steam over red eye

& beneath the table my feet find yours for a *footsie*

Where we vainly hope God's seven eyes will not see,

No wide-eyed moon to witness, nor the barista to pry.

The moonbeam smears you silvery whipped cream

To be licked off greedily by my tongue too stunned to weave a poem.

& Caffeinated by your darkly roasted coffee—

Skin I will on a grand piano serenade you on a whim

Are there words you secretly crave I should know

Such as the zephyr tells the shrubs of coffee *Arabica* that they dance gaily in the skies?

Would they be served well-expressed in my eyes

After the sixth emptied demitasse of *espresso*?

BEVERAGE (it's Coffee Season)

Tukur Ridwan Olorunloba

like a caffeine effect,

my nights are dark

& devoid of sleep.

i feel bitter like raw black coffee,

craving your sweet sugary touch

—your diabetic beauty.

i need your creamy curves

across my brown skin

ride & glide over me

like a coffee vendor on his bicycle

& change the colour

of my mood for good,

like a cream does to the black beverage.

you can be bad like insomnia,

killing my sleep from this addiction.

be my honey—sweeten my heart
with your drippy taste on my tongue.

& let us overflow this cup of love,
hot or cold.

COFFEE: A TABLE FOR TWO

Tukur Ridwan Olorunloba

sometimes, a date starts

with just a table for two

at an exotic roadside outlet

like the ones in the metropolis

of lagos. it comes in unique tastes

like sweet *convos*.

we talk & laugh, accompanied

by cups of *Nescafé*—your sip

swallows my heart each time

you stare, your brown eyes

dilate to the light of the sun

under this daytime shade.

you cream the thoughts in

my head like this milk

& I can't wait to cream your caramel thighs

with my milk-white teeth—nimble

& tongues of sugar on your soft skin.

does this not look like love to you too?

if it is not, milk & coffee wouldn't be

a perfect match, like we are before

the scenario of a picturesque moment.

hot, or cold, we can both sip to this

heavy mood, like we do to these

light cups of coffee.

my adrenaline rushes to hit you

right at your spot, while we

lose our sleep to this caffeine.

RICH BLACK COFFEE

Alozor Michael

Whiffs of you
Stirs me up
Like the sun rays on flowers
Each dawning day
Making me strong
Like rich black coffee.

Can I sip
A taste of your warmth?

A shawl of cold
Is hugging my marrows
The scent of you
Is loosening my senses
The warmth of you
Is opening my veins.

Can I sip
A taste of your warmth?

Welcome my spoon
As I dip into you
To stir you too
The feel of my palms
As I hold you dearly
& my lips
As they seek your rim.

Permit me to sip

Endless warmth of you.

IT'S BREWING

Ajayi Oluwabunmi Boom Boom

It's brewing

I saw steam coming down from your thighs.

I'll grind you into powdered coffee.

It's brewing

The table is set for a crisscrossing moment.

We'll make black coffee

With no additives

I'll sip you raw

Savour your taste

Till your cup goes dry

It's brewing

Let's make coffee.

COFFEE

Abbas ibrahim

They brew you saucy,

Stirred you to soothe routine.

Let my flesh savour the fragrance of your creamy steam.

I fortify my vigour in your presence &

Smile with my heart within your warm gush.

Be my guest while I, your host—

Gently swim through my pipe

& usher warm fuzzes into my soul.

COFFEE

A.A Ibrahim

hot, dark brown, creamy beans,
here i am, an ardent worshipper at
your coffee bar - an addict to your
sweet taste

brewed from the finest beans,
pour me a cup of you, let me quench
my thirst with a glimpse of your hot,
for my steam

oh the queen of beans, let your
creamy taste linger on my lips & your
delightful aroma fill my nostrils, &
when that's not enough, i'll gulp you
whole & snuff every mist of hot
fragrance emitting from your skin

come close my beloved, let me stir
& sip every bit of your soothing, tasty,
creamy drip & clear my throat of
every toxic substance

COFFEE

Abioye Samuel Akorede

You know. Like this cup full of milk

My body holds a storm of you.

& You may not know

That your body is like a purified river

That I look through to *restitute* my emotions.

You are like thunderstorm

Shipping sweetness into my lustful heart.

& right here, I wish to cum into your nature.

Because. Having you as a coffee I

Want to tame this thrust to know no

Other home. Except your thighs.

& sweetness, except fluids and moan

Till the heat of this coffee goes off.

THE COFFEE CUP

Johnson Victor Oluwatobi

The cup is pregnant again
With vapour of emotions.

Beverages like winter kisses
Infusing the lips like apple is to Eve.

I'm in pursuit of the seven rainbows
When darkness copulates with loneliness .

But the moon is also short of stars
The rivers have swept away the tales.

No one can brew a wine without a winery
But coffee can be brewed in a dark room right in bed

Egg yolk is yellowish
But coffee yolk is pleasing to the lungs.

Even when the moon is shy to shows his face
I will always wait for the coffee.

COFFEE

Muhammad Kabir

Some will praise the black,
Others will hail the brown
But to me what really matters
Is finding a cup of coffee
Lying on my bed anytime of the day.

The sight of her turns me insane
& her smell leaves me ecstatic.
The sound she gives is sensational,
Whenever I stir the base of my coffee cup
With my fully erect stick.

Whether front or back,
Whether morning or night,
Whether quickie or marathon—
I just want to get lost drinking my coffee,
Whether black or brown.

JUST ADD SUGAR

Ilami Princess Chineye

I'm a zombie staring down to cup
Tea or Coffee? She said

Your coffee turns me on,
The caffeine intoxicates.
It's now a habit—a ritual
That gives my erection direction

I don't need coffee maker
You brew me into fine pieces
With aromatic freshness
That leaves me swimming in goodness

You decorate my lips with the
Creamy milk from your lips
Massaging my thighs with the
Warmth of your foreskin

But whether or not
We like our coffee pitch black
When it gets down there, just add sugar.

COFFEE

Adeleke Babatunde

You are black, I am white
This is no racist charge
It is an attestation to your beauty.

You are night, I am day
Not timing but a truth
The very rest to be desired after toil.

Allow me lay on you, complete you
Like milk does to coffee
Let's make each other better.

COFFEE

Julius Tunde

So pumpkin, I've had endless trance of your lips
colliding with mine. Causing a jam in the flow
of emotions which rises from beneath
our minds to touch the doors of heaven.

So pumpkin, after endless talks of winning your love
that seemed priceless, my heart was left in a funny state
as to why and how the mighty 'heart' fell
to agree with the silly words my lips spilled.

So that day our lips came to an agreement in a close meeting,
My tongue felt something strange—something unusual.
At first, it expected strawberry & a mix of vanilla
but it tasted milk undiluted coated with chocolate in your tongue.

So it's been years since my lips once tasted that experience.
Until last night, when the unexpected happened again.
This time, I didn't taste milk, chocolate, strawberry or vanilla
I tasted something that changed my system
For you have lost the sweetness you once had
To embrace the bitter taste of coffee without milk.

Though I'm energized, but my spirit is still down casted

As to why your sweet flavour would be swapped

To match with the bitter taste of the coffee.

COFFEE MUG

Maryam Gatawa

I took my coffee mug
& watched the sun rise
Gazing inside the mug
I watched bubbles glow
In a bright chocolate colour
You smelled like coffee
& glowed like the sun ray
That fell on the coffee mug

The bubbles loosely floated
Like the gentle ocean foams
I smelled the coffee
And blew the bubbles
A w a y
The gentle wavy liquid
I s i p p e d
Gulf by gulf not gulp by gulp
S a v o u r i n g
It's smell travelling to my soul
As I s t a r e d
The mug getting so hollow

I smelled the mug again
Which smelled of emptiness
Without beams of light
You smelled of emptiness
Like the mug of coffee
With its bubbles all gone
Away with the calm winds
As I watched the sun set.

WAR AND CUPS OF COFFEE

Ayobami Kayode

There is crack at the bottom of my coffee cup

Crack caused by sounds of bullets, deflated laughter of bombs

Now, it leaks of coffee drooling down my shaky hands

A cup of three satisfies not a figure anymore

The past years showed me vapour romancing the air, cold, harmattan

I witnessed hot, thick coffee caressing my teeth,

struggling with my tongue, as it journeyed down my throat, bringing my nerves more life

This Era, the villagers inhabiting the depth of *Zamfara, Borno*—

Carry a day coffee for weeks

The streets show vapour from fresh killed

Instead of vapour oozing out of coffee's pot

How do we assure *maishai* that his new cups with coffee will last decades

When the roads out there are unforgiving

When the blood on the street smells of zero hope of liberation.

COFFEE (threesome)

Adeyeye James Olumtobi

My head is filled with rooms
Of pleasure
Maybe a cup would do.
But I ordered for two.

The first is my addiction
Tall. Eight figured. Black.
My body is pregnant with desires
It will rain on you (baby)
Till your dry river is filled with the water of desire
(till I fling your lids open)/& swim into your moans:
a warm taste of coffee.

The Second is like poetry:
Deep. Cool. Strange. Wild. Great.
Your smile would spice my feelings again. Tonight.
I will rip off limitations & cut you into lines of poetry,
Lyrics would form from the clasping of our lips & I will ride on your skin
With the tip of my tongue caressing you till we glow
With excitement.

I'm at crossroads
But I have carved a home holding thirst
In my throat. So, I will suck both dry
& lick my cup like a poor kid relishing rare sweets

We'd have a threesome again—
Maybe tomorrow—& I will write lullabies
From the beauty of their screams.(coffee)

COFFEE

Chukwudi Phoebe

As I looked down at the hot coffee in my hands I saw her
The steams taking the shape of her beautiful face of scars
The aroma of the strong coffee reminded me of her perfume
I lost my grip as I saw her pains through her violet eye balls
My tears ran down my face as my appetite for coffee was gone
Yes coffee was my best but it has a bond with *loral*
My dead *loral* took my love for coffee with her
Now, in every coffee I see she is there watching me
Her eyes showing no love but pain
My coffee is a misery & no history because
She would be fresh in my memory like my fresh coffee

CUP OF COFFEE

Odinaka Christian N

Dip me

Slowly in your body.

Let me ooze drops of honey

& have a rest in you—cup of coffee.

Let me, sequence by

Sequence, enumerate the taste

Brewing in your holy city

As we swim in a river of caffeine.

COFFEE: HOT

Dawn Baridor Dick

My lover is the colour of rich honey,

Of attractions.

Beautiful as melanin

Dark as coffee

My palms simmer with a fever that eases when

I grind my longings into his skin—

fine powder.

I brew him with sizzling kisses

Into a thick juice of desire

I pour me a cup of him &

Stir his depths till his wildness diffuses & rises into fragrant vapour

That becloud my senses

Trapped moans escape my parted lips

In each sip, he dances on my tongue & lingers on my breath

I become an addict

Melting with the raw taste of him

COFFEE

Tega Greats

Let your aroma lift me off this bed

Let your taste linger on my lips

Let my mind be heady with thoughts of your warmth.

Embrace me with your essence

As each sip spreads through my skin

Leaving my insides warm & ready for minutes to come

I love you like you are

Black thick and natural

Allow me a taste of your goodness

Refill my mind with the pleasures of your taste.

COFFEE

Temidayo Opeyemi Jacob

Wouldn't you like

To have your vanilla

Filled with nutrients

From my coffee?

Allow me send hot steams

Into your body & soul—

Filled with desires craving

For amorous pleasures—

& I'll make your thighs

Become pathways

Leading men to tasting

Different satisfying flavours.

COFFEE

Nwokeabia Ifeanyi John

Rush not the gulp

Or suffer a tongue burnt.

Sip gently and gently,

Until the appetite is satiated.

With heart full of hopes,

Seek more and more—

Through its darkest colour

For in depth lies the food.

Let the coffee spill down, unceasingly

Upon helpless heads bent in supplication.

COFFEE

Olaniyi Ololade Moses

Your body is sizzling coffee–

Honey, I want to have a taste of you.

You're a steaming beverage brewed with sweetness,

I want to gulp you till you rouse the fire in me.

Beloved, pour yourself upon my body,

Let us embrace warmth & set the night ablaze.

Lose yourself upon my boiling soul

As we unravel the mystery of dark & nude.

COFFEE

Patience Agada

Fish he said,

How do you like your coffee?

With the fresh flawless smile of a full moon, I said *Black*.

Knowing that it might sound like blackmail to a black male.

I shrugged my soft slim shoulders slightly,

To avoid the creamy touch his spoon-like fingers carried.

Hot milk could make you sleep,

So I slipped my honeyed lips into the cups of his mouth,

Using my tongue to savour the taste of tea goodness.

The more I took sips from the cup of his lips,

The more I strongly salivate for more tips

On how to brew hotter drinks from the kettle of his arms.

I took a long steaming deep breath of satisfaction & said:

Fish, this is how I like my coffee—black!

COFFEE

Inu Jeff

Beloved,

You're sharp. Sweet. Hot.

Cup me when the cold falls

& I'll stir you round & round

Feeling your body boiling,

Inhaling the vapour that emits

Through your brown skin

As your lips clatter to my spooning-up & down.

Let me drink on

Till my flesh boils in sweetness—

Till my sweat evaporates to meet the cloud.

COFFEE

Bola Funmi

I'll take you bitter

Add a little cube

To make you sweeter

Crave a little warmth

I brew you hotter

You touch, I burn

We're hot together

I like you dark(er)

Add my creamie right

To make you brighter

Stay in me

I'll be your shelter

Live with me

We're brown together

COFFEE

Opeyemi Oso.

See,

When I ask a sip of you,

It's not like I can't make me a cup

But, there's something about you

—mug

At the exact spot, I kiss

Something in the steam on your lips

Alluring, inviting, begging the warmth in me.

Just a sip, a gulp of you

& I can tell the dainty taste of eternity.

MILK FOR COFFEE

Wisdom C. Nwoga

Blazing desire, he unhooked.

Night, hands grope.

Longing for irrigation—two tasty lips,

Hot coffee for two.

He tore into brown nipple

Like coffee bean;

Soft, dripping milk.

He sipped. Milk for coffee.

She, a miller too,

Milled the milk of the scrotum

Into her *thighous* cup

Then made her own coffee.

Hot as she desired for the lonely night.

WHY CAFFEINE?

F. O. C. Ikwemesibe

I remember coffee,

It was cupful,

& I heard stories.

Boys & boys' *tingos*,

Then I drank, & swallowed.

That night, in dorm,

Bucket drumbeats resounded,

So hard, & long, that

did you see my books?

That's how we greeted tomorrow!

COFFEE (to my foreign lover)

Poet

dearest,

spread your cream, white,

over my black skin,

& in this porcelain

let's become like coffee—

blend of lovers,

country of colors.

cold found a home

inside my marrows,

hold me still in your

grace,

warmth.

pray me in your tongue

let's brew in steam until

we dissolve in space of

ecstasy,

appreciation.

COFFEE (an erasure poem, after Jide Badmus' Coffee)

Abosede Ogundare

You come to me

With fragrant aroma

As my tongue relishes beloved brew

Pour me a cup of creamy smile

BIOGRAPHY

JIDE BADMUS is an electrical engineer. He is inspired by beauty and destruction; he believes that things in ruins were once beautiful.

Jide explores themes around sensuality and healing. His literary philosophy is wrapped around ambiguity and brevity.

He is the author of *There is a Storm in my Head*, *Scripture*, and *Paper Planes in the Rain*.

PAMILERIN JACOB is a Nigerian poet & mental health enthusiast. His poems have appeared in **Barren Mag**, **Agbowo**, **DWARTS**, & forthcoming in **Rattle**. Author of *Memoir of Crushed Petals & Gospels of Depression*; he is a staunch believer in the powers of critical thinking, *Khalil* Gibran's poetry & chocolate ice-cream.

TAOFEEK AYEYEMI fondly called Aswagaawy is a lawyer and award-winning writer. His works have been published in **Tuck Magazine**, **100Bardsof2019**, **The Quills**, **Frogpond**, **The Mamba**, **Failed Haiku**, **Akitsu Quarterly**, **Presence**, **Seashores**, **Wales Haiku Journal**, **Under The Basho**, **The Quills** and elsewhere.

MUHAMMED SULAIMON popularly known as MMS. is a 400 level student of the prestigious university of Ibadan who engages writing, sees life in poetry and believes the broken chains of humanity can be glued and mended using the ink of creativity

MARTINS DEEP is a short story writer, editor, literary critic and a seasoned poet/spoken word artist. He is deeply consumed with touching hearts as words could travel through the arts. He hails from Delta State, Nigeria. He has his enriching literary works featured on tushstories.com, www.poetrysoup.com, www.allpoetry.com, www.stefnsylvester.com, and a book *'Flower Forever'* by Joseph Atim. He is on his forthcoming poetry collections *Woes Unspoken*, *If I do not say goodbye* and *Dance Of The Forbidden Tree*. He is a student of Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria.

KOLAWOLE SAMUEL ADEBAYO is an old soul in a young Nigerian body whose poems seek to awaken the human consciousness. His poems have appeared on **Glass Poetry, Button Poetry, Burning House Press, Anti-Heroic Chic Magazine, Mojave Heart Review, BPPC 2016 and 2017 Anthology**, and elsewhere. He likes to connect with his friends via his Twitter handle, @samofthevoice.

OSHO TUNDE is a songbird that hails from orita-aperin, a town in Ibadan, Oyo state. He is a finalist in the apprenticeship of Accountancy. The Lagos-based poet whose poems have featured in a few literary blogs and forthcoming in a number of literary magazines, is often caught somewhere writing and footballing.

KOREDE KAKAAKI is a young poet searching every nook & cranny for himself. He likes to explore the concept of boyhood, godhood, grief & depression. He believes writing is an escape route from depression. He hopes to find himself one day.

UWEN PRECIOUS OGBAN (Precious TR on Facebook) is a writer with strong believe in writing's ability to mend broken parts of society, and that it also has the ability to rend ills for the good and development of society.

IMMACULATE CHUKWUDI PHOEBE is a young woman of ideas. She uses writing to speak for herself & the issues of womanhood. She is still breaking waves but she hopes to get better with time & hope to carve a niche for herself.

ADEYEYE JAMES OLUWATOBI is a young creative writer who hails from Omu-Aran, Kwara state. A humanist, poet. He writes with purest emotion being married to the gods of words (that's how he hears unspoken words) and unveils mysteries hidden in every song.

NAPHTALI FESTUS ADDA, is a Poet/Writer. He is student of Pure and Applied Physics at Federal University Wukari, Taraba state. He has published and unpublished works to his credit. To him writing is the passion that drives him.

NKET GODWIN hails from Andoni Local government, Rivers State, Nigeria. He attended Government Secondary School, Ngo before proceeding to Ignatius Ajuru University, where he is currently studying English and Literary studies. He is an ardent writer and lover of both African and world literature. He has most of his works (mostly poetry) published in both print and online: **ACEworld Magazine, Nibstears Poetry Cave, Pengician, Poemify Publishers, Words Rhymes And Rhythm** etc. He believes in the power of the pen in the salvation of humanity.

YUSUFF, UTHMAN ADEKOLA writes to reflect his society. His works have appeared in a few literary/non-literary journals and websites.

He has performed his poems in a few events across Nigeria and has made the shortlist of or won certain poetry contests. He believes in the use of art for social change.

SAMUEL JUNIOR IRUSOTA is an award winning poet, writer, essayist and currently a final year Law student at Ambrose Alli University in Ekpoma in Edo state Nigeria. He is also the Lead Rep of poets in Nigeria initiative (PIN) Ambrose Alli University. He is the author of *Myriads (a collection of poems)*. His works have also appeared on various literary magazines and anthology such as **Tuck Magazine, Praxis Magazine**, amongst others.

ADENIRAN JOSEPH— poet, writer, budding photographer, critic, author and a student of Bowen University, Iwo, Osun state. He spent more of his time in studying about himself — he believes in the power of words — healing.

JOHNSON VICTOR OLUWATOBI also known as Broken Glasses, was born in the earliest 20th century. He is an Alumni of the great Olivet Baptist High school, Victor is a young poet and Novelist, that have featured on many Anthology and online Journals.

MUHAMMAD KABIR Also is a 200L student of Department of Social Science Education, Faculty of Education, University of Ilorin. He is an aspiring writer and also a poem enthusiast who has written some unpublished poems and essays. He wrote this poem Black or Brown Coffee having been inspired by Jide Badmus's Coffee

JAACHI is a poet & publisher kneading creativity with poems and redefining African literature by writing stuff about things and things about stuff. He's the author of '*Diary of a Broken Poet*' and '*Sweetness*', both collections of his poems. He's known for his editing skills, creative writing and pun'o'graphy.

ABIOYE SAMUEL AKOREDE, Poet and 2018 Chrysolite Writer of the Year—First Runner-up. He is a 20 years old undergraduate student of University of Jos, Nigeria. Some of his work has been featured in or forthcoming from magazines such as **Parousia & ACEworld** respectively.

MARYAM GATAWA is a young poet and a graduate of Economics from Bayero University Kano. She lives in Kano, Nigeria. She is a passionate lover of arts.

When she is not writing poetry, she is talking to her parrots or playing snooker, watching Netflix, or reading other poets. She can be reached on Twitter @meegat12.

OSHAFI ABDURAZAK, is an animal scientist who discovered his passion for creative writing in 2004. He has however written a couple of short stories and poems for blogs. He has passion for stories and poems that deals on intelligence, crime, romance, and love. He is currently working on his television show titled "*Literature and life*".

OKEKE PRECIOUS OZIOMA is a female human being from Anam in Anambra West Local Government Area of Anambra State, Nigeria. She is a 200 level student of Nnamdi Azikiwe University, Awka. She is studying English Language and Literature. She is also a lover of literature and other forms of art.

JULIUS TUNDE IGE is a contemporary poet who centers on issues that concerns the society and humanity and has published two anthologies to his name. 'Coffee' is a poem that talks about how a once sweet taste of love has turned to be the bitter taste of coffee

He is from Oyo State, Ibadan. He is presently studying literature in English at the most peaceful university in Nigeria, Usman danfodio university, Sokoto.

IWU JEFF is a creative writer who hails from Imo state, Nigeria. He is a graduate of Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria. His poetry and short stories have appeared in literary magazines and anthologies and few have garnered awards. His novel *FILES OF THE HEART* won the Words, Rhyme and Rhythm Publishers' Green Author Prize (2017).

PATIENCE AGADA otherwise known as WORDS DIVA, is a spoken word poetess and a writer who derives joy in stitching broken words together and breathing peace into microphones, an on-air personality at Rit-Online radio and ICEFM 96.1 in Jos the plateau state capital. She is always adorned in poetic smiles.

OLANIYI OLOLADE MOSES is a Poet, Writer, Fashion Designer and author of *Flames Of Love*, published by ACEworld Publishers. He hails and writes from Omu-Aran, Kwara State. He believes someday, his poems and other writings will be instruments of change for Nigeria and the world at large.

NWOKEABIA IFEANYI JOHN is a creative writer from Nibo in Awka South local Government Area of Anambra State. He holds Nigeria Certificate in Education (NCE) in English and Bachelor of Arts in Education (BA.ED) in English. He is a lover of literally works.

TEMIDAYO OPEYEMI JACOB is a Nigerian writer and photographer, with the pseudonym 'Mayor Jake'. His works have been published on some literary journals and anthologies.

A.A IBRAHIM is a literary enthusiast, a native of New Bussa and a graduate of Biological Sciences from Usman Danfodiyo University, Sokoto

HOSARY, ABBAS IBRAHIM is a resident of Bauchi state; a law student at Bauchi State University Gadau faculty of law. Fondly called Prudence of Law, Abbas remains a vastly experienced writer and debater. His writing career began the day he was born and he palpably believes that he was born to write. If you don't find him reading or writing a piece, you would definitely catch him debating with his fellow colleagues.

ADELEKE BABATUNDE is a passionate writer and speaker. He is also a student of the Federal University of Technology Akure where he is studying Agricultural Extension and communication Technology. As a budding poet, his works have been across several media, including blogs, newspapers and a few anthologies

ALAZOR MICHAEL IKECHUKWU, the author of *Echoes and Shadows*, a collection of poems is personnel of the Nigerian Navy in his mid-thirties. He hails from Umumbo in Ayamelum LGA of Anambra State and is happily married. He is inspired by everything around him.

TUKUR RIDWAN ISHOLA OLORUNLOBA, a Nigerian poet, literary critic and essayist who hails from Lagos State, attained his B.Sc degree in Political Science; University of Ilorin, Nigeria. His love for writing (poetry especially) has landed him a contributive role in the Nigerian literature since 2013 when he began the journey of writing. His works have appeared on online literary platforms such as **Sprinkle Storiez**, **Our Poetry Corner**, **ACEworld Magazine**, and **Words, Rhymes & Rhythms**. He is currently a freelance writer, with special focus on poetry on any theme, any form.

ILAMI PRINCESS CHINENYE is a girl in her early twenties. She hails from Abua in Rivers state, Nigeria, an officer and a student of the University of Port Harcourt. She is a poet and a writer. When she isn't glued to her pen, she embraces solitude for out of it births her creativity.

DAWN BARIDOR DICK is a graduate of the University of Port Harcourt where she studied biochemistry. She hails from Bane community in Khana Local Government Area of Rivers State. She writes from her inner whispers. She's inspired by nature, music, beauty in its variegated forms and the idea of love.

ODINAKA CHRISTIAN N is a playwright, poet and short story writer. A Kano state based secondary school English/Literature-In-English teacher from Ebonyi State, Nigeria. A publisher, editor and CEO **The Potters Press**. Odinaka's love and fine works on literature can never be understated. Odinaka has written many literary work; such as, *The River Boy*, *A Countryside Music*, *Ora's War*, *After School*, and others yet unpublished.

ABOSEDE OGUNDARE is a mass communication graduate who has a great love for poetry and play. She is inspired by nature, people, artwork, good music and movie. Her work has featured in both local and international anthologies, which include *MIXED HISTORY*, a long list anthology of Nigerian Students Poetry Prize 2017. Abosede writes under the pen name Mopelola Abike.

OPEYEMI OLUWADARE OSO is an Assistant Superintendent of Police, a writer, poet and art enthusiast. He works currently in Ile-Ife, Osun State Command, a staunch law enforcer and a lover of nature and Art in its generality. He has been dubbed Officer of Poetry for his keen interest in promoting the art.

BOLA FUNMI is a phenomenal human who sees life through art. Her journey through poetry has been quite an adventure as well as therapeutic. She tells her story of pain and hope in simple flowing lines that captivates her reader. She is a budding painter and an activist who is passionate about the girl-child.

WISDOM C. NWOGA is a Delta State born Nigerian writer. He also teaches English language and literature. His works have appeared on some major national and international anthologies, journals and magazines. His writing focuses on Futility of existence, political disillusionment and moments that have really moved him. He has won several awards and accolades as a literary artist.

POET is culled from **POROYE EZEKIEL TOBILOBA**. As an economist, he is stingy with words. His works have appeared in anthologies like *Vowels Under Duress*. He writes from Ijoko, Ogun State.

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