

**JUJU,
GUNS
& ROSES**



POEMS

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Dedication

To Ajoke; my first-ever true love. To "Ajoke" with whom I had my first sexual escapades. And to Ajoke, who served me my first "breakfast" and shattered my heart like a broken vase. May we always remember; may we never forget.

INTRODUCTION

As a lonely young boy growing up in the streets of Lagos, I've had my share of love, romance, and heartbreak and it was indeed a telling experience.

Juju, Guns & Roses is a tale of my personal relationship with 3 different ladies who were at a point in my life; my heartthrob.

In this chapbook, I shared in detail some important moments in my relation-ships that are forever entrenched in my memory.

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(i)

The Night an Angel Said "Hello"

Bismillah-ir-Rahman-ir-Rahim. In the beginning, my heart was a chasm of things unbearable

Al-ḥamdu l-illāhi rabbi l-‘ālamīn. But God has a way of lending listening ears

Ar-Rahmaanir-Raheem. One time, a leper folds his mouth in supplication & the rain of blessing washes him anew.

Maaliki Yawmid-Deen. Though a mild man may clutch death in his weary thoughts

Iyyaaka na‘budu wa lyyaaka nasta‘een. & Yet seek help in mumbled verses

Ihdinas-Siraatal-Mustaqeem. A flash of light winks on a lonely road

Siraatal-lazeena an‘amta ‘alaihim ghayril-maghdoobi ‘alaihim wa lad-daaalleen. Hope wears the veil of an angel swaying down my path.

Amin. & My heart coughed.

Illusion

Morning:

A boy, love-starved
fluttered to his inbox
to see glittering letters waking
him to dawn. His heart jumped
into his mouth & a wild grin
carved itself a home on the
lower part of his face. This is how
love welcomes a stranger to his midst
Open arms. Without arms. Devoid of harm.

Afternoon:

A boy dashes off from
boredom with the speed of light.
His legs hurrying to sync
with his mind.
Hand in hand, side by side
Envy winks in the eyes of passersby.

Night:

10:00:01 - Hello, darling?

10:00:04 - I'm missing you.

10:10:19 - Are you busy?

10:30:48 - Loooooove!!!

11:22:39 - Goodnight, baby.

The cup of love runs over.

5:00 a.m - Hey, baby. Sorry, I slept off. (single tick)

A boy hangs his thoughts on the shelf of his mind

6:00 a.m - As-Şalāh

Lullaby

(6th of June, 20** – The first time I saw tears in an unfamiliar territory & my heart went berserk.)

"Are you home?"

"Yes, I am."

"Okay, I'm coming."

see, sometimes sadness swirls like a storm & walks the mind into paralysis.

on a day when the heart was to erect a monument of joy,
salty liquid drooled

down her face. her voice limping into caesura of emotions –
an angel

staggering into darkness. a boy wraps his lover's fears &
dumps it as a peck

on her secluded lips. he says; that's how to kiss sorrow
goodbye. how do

you lull an angel to bed, if not by whispering tickling psalms
into her ears?

"Are you game?"

"Yes, I am."

"Okay, I'm cumm...ing"

PDA

i yawned & a facebook notification greeted me to sunrise.
"XYZ tagged you to a post."

as my fingers staggered through the plethora of comments, a
rose bloomed on the left side of my chest.

boys like me with woven hearts scattered like grains of rice
do not know how to plant affection.

she said: love exists in dual images like two different lions –
dwelling in the abyss of a zoo & a conservative centre.

love is wild & shouldn't be tamed, so like the sea waves we
went with the tide – a boy learning the art of affection

the click-clack of cameras glittering the young souls stepping
shaky feet on poetry soil.

littered epistles painted on the walls of the Blue street,
wishes metamorphosed into gleaming reactions.

a love embracing the wildness of the wildfire; accompanied
by the clapping fingers of the wind. a ship floating on the
ocean of trust.

"If this relationship ends, I don't think I can ever post
someone else..."

"Me too."

Few years later, light fades.

Blue Pill

two parallel lines never meet
but a boy & a girl carved theirs
into an arrow to shoot doubt
in the face – bull's eye.

love does not grow on arid lands
water here, fertilizer there
the young lovers fused their differences
in a cup of tea till it brewed into a storm.

thunder struck into a crossroad but
this boy & girl blindfolded their emotions to aim
darts at the stars, that it may
glitter their path to forever.

Yellow Card

Distance is a tumour in the heart of lovers;
A wild wind wavering the flame of love to oblivion
Affection falters like an old lamp
Silent treatment sending sour
Signals;
A ship headed towards ruins...

Once A Soldier

Once, a wayfarer journeyed
in the thick forest of solitude.
The wind carrying his
feet to a thousand & one places
Though the stream of life may
flow in diverse ways
& memories of yesteryears
shrink into a faint figure. I will
open my heart like a book &
trace through thick chapters
where love was written in golden
fonts. Though the forest may
rain flowers – blooming into a
garden or consumed by blazing
flames; come what may
this love will never fade.

(ii)

Can I Cum into Your Life?

A collage pops its head onto my screen;
a young Miss glitters amongst painters – of words
& the wind of lust blew.

There's a way a sinner knocks on heaven's gate & the angels
roll rosy red carpets at his feet:

Say – a lady's heart is not indomitable.

A *horn-gry* man need know his onions,
sprinkle metaphors like seasoning
& watch affection steam into lustful desires.

"Can I cum into your life, young Miss?"

"Well, the door is wide open."

sEX-chat

A punster I was
Flirting with words
& girls that wield it best
Always striking a virgin sheet
Days when my pen is devoid of rest
Miss & I, stripping each letter bare —
Making love with words; beyond borders.
Mending distance with sizable lust.
Nights when we throw caution
to the wind & bask in fluffy moans.
"I wish you were here with me."
"Please, cum. I want you."
Conversation soft-peddalling
into hardcore tales. Twilight;
glowing nudes into robust
images, clear enough
to usher in a storm.

Hoely Pilgrimage

Her body – my religion
Why would I worship from a distance?
Her thighs – the sanctuary of living spring
Why would I refuse to take a sip?

Miles away the *hoely* land lays
& In it, redemption gleefully lies
So, a boy kicks his luggage into motion
To a city reeking of rusted roofs

Though the path be filled with thorns
& Land laced with wails of gory tales
Half-a-dozen rivers, a boy crossed still
To drown himself in sensual ecstasy

Blow-Job

In the wee hours of the night
When the crickets came chirping
& The sky thundered in freezing might
Her tongue skippered down my body. Unzipping
The hormones swaying in sensual distress
As my thoughts eclipsed into gasps and mo...a...ns.

Doggy

how do you
fight a lust battle
in the city of
red seas and scenes,
if not to bend
your knees in
supplication and
wait till the
rod of blessings strike
you from behind;
little by little till
it gets intense
& joy overflows?

If Semen Could Talk

if semen could talk
and pills cease to work
how old will your sons become?

if your instinct you do not trust
why would you; a man thrust
& seek the pill as last resort?

like a man from years ago
who rode on a bloated ego
'til his cum whispered "here we go"

helter-skelter, he ran around
speaking to self; in tongues, aloud
but Grace & Mercy surely abound

two naive lovers, *lust* in thoughts
till a friend called in & solution taught
Post-in-or... who would have thought?

if semen could talk
and pills cease to work
how old will your sons become?

surely; mine would be twice as tall
semen, old enough to burn-a boy
standing strong like the number "1"

The Road Trip

"I bought your mum a birthday present, let's go give it to her..."

A cock crows & two naked bodies dovetailed under a duvet wriggle. We lock lips till the day breaks into two & the sun creeps in through the window like an unwanted visitor. Soon, we're in a bus – on a road trip to my ma's. She flashes a smile & the journey becomes brighter; blows a kiss & I stuff it into my breast pocket. A man raises his eyebrows as if to question my sanity. She blows a kiss again & this time, I let it escape into the air – to float. We're at my ma's & the wind dances stealthily the way she carries her body. We make eye contact, my gaze undresses her...on our way back, a trader pushes his wares at me & calls her my wife. She shrugs, trying to mask her excitement with indifference. She whispers beautiful nonsense in my right ear & I release my teeth into the air. A full moon welcomes us into her city – the stench of rusted roof rents the air. Our tired feet limp into a mall, she picks an ice-cream that tastes of her lips – vanilla flavour. I flag down a bike that leads to her residence – a haven, where we prepare for another long night.

(iii)

Telephone Conversation

a passer-by mumbled into thin air & the wind triggered specks of memories which growled into a hurricane.

I sneeze, & old wounds reopen – tetanus creeps into a hidden drive to lay bare broken conversation.

"... aside from being my comforter, what else?" the words merged into a raging bomb & an explosion followed,

then silence. a custom blue jersey – spoils of war sits in the comfy of a shelf & minutes later became a

burnt offering. damage control: a fire extinguisher wrapped in deceptive letters whimper, but no rain

can douse a burning storm. a vase falls from nowhere & simultaneously breaks into the shape of a bleeding heart.

anger & pain jostle for attention in a rumbling belly. seconds later a notification pops:

"movies you may like: how to get away with murder."

If Your Friend Falls in Love, Do Not Say It's Not Your Business (for Dahunsi)

"When your housemate eats a bad insect and you don't tell him, the consequences won't let you sleep at night." -
(translated from a Yoruba proverb)

I peered into the distance & saw a confluence of light. I wobbled through the dark corridor to immerse myself in its ambience. My feet kick a bin & its contents spill. I retrace my steps but this time, my head rams into the wall. I stagger back to the room – my hand digs through every corner 'til I find my phone beneath the wet pillow. It's 1:45am: a festival holds in my head – heart takes the shape of a kola & breaks into two. The gods reject it – abomination!

My eyes skimmer through my WhatsApp list// his name emits rays of hope// last seen: 15 minutes ago// I call – he picks// unbutton my emotions – unclad// he wraps sunflowers in words & hits the send button// striped carnations appear on my screen// my face wears the veil of a star// I close my eyes & open it// I glance at the time// the long hand had done a merry-go-round// the demons are back – haunting// hurting// I dialled his number again// "bro, I can't sleep"// ...//

What Quora Showed Me When I Asked "How to Remain Sane After a Break-Up"

(i) A break up breaks you? Really? Are you that weak?

(ii) Patience...my friend...patience!

(iii) Breathe. You'll be fine.

(iv) Boys don't block girls, men do.

(v) Time heals everything.

Etc.

It's easy to shoot down stars with fiery words. Pick an arrow & your fingers grow boils instead of flowers. Opinions litter like refuse on Lagos roads, because a boy went hunting without his shield; he looks into a shattered mirror & a broken figure stares back at him. He seeks solace, but the panel of judges put on a harsh robe of criticism & lash his emotions with blazing letters till a skyscraper grows in the centre of his heart & the apple in his eyes turns into a dagger, awaiting a prey.

Our Love Was A Flower That Withered Too Soon

"Sometimes, I gulp my feelings like they sip whiskey, whenever I remember that what we had was almost love. Not quite. But almost." – Islamiat Bint Abdullah

(i) I offered her my heart on a platter of gold. She took it & dumped it in a bin, picked the gold & offered it to the highest bidder. I tried to carve her into a poem but why write tense lines & stanzas when her body is an effigy of poetry – of beautiful things that sprout fire & ice.

(ii) her heart wears the cloak of a deserter – not here, not there, just an oxymoron of emotions; sweet like candy yet bitter like an aphrodisiac.

(iii) She wanted light & I fetched it from the eyes of the moon. She wanted water & I melted myself into a stream. She wanted wings & I battled with the biggest bird. She wanted a crown & I made her into a god...until she wanted space & I had to press "del".

Last, Last, Na Everybody Go Chop Breakfast

"...Na everybody go chop breakfast.." — Burna Boy (Last Last)

War smirks, seeing scores of men
throw love into the wind & watch it metamorphose into
deceit, envy & everything that brings forth unrest. "Na
everybody go chop breakfast"; why do we nurture wounds
into scars & scare men from fetching for peace in the heart of
those whose abs & bosom is an insignia of solace — of
everything that makes hardship cum into ease. scarred souls
withering on the battlefields, boys & girls swallowing grief
like pills because love holds no water. why do we have to
sieve our feelings & brew *vawulence* in a teacup because love
wears the veil of an illusion? Maybe it's time to raise the flag
of submission that love is the pill waiting to cure the land of
bloodshed.



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