

# Paper Planes in the Rain

Jide Badmus & Pamilerin Jacob

Other books by the authors:

Jide Badmus:

1. There is a Storm in my Head (2017)
2. Scripture (2018)

Pamilerin Jacob:

1. Memoir of Crushed Petals (2018)
2. Gospels of Depression (2019)



# PAPER PLANES IN THE RAIN

A collection of poems

Jide Badmus  
Pamilerin Jacob



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## Foreword

Many minds must have, at different times, roved the terrain of curiosity in a bid to discover what first cluster of “extraordinary” words engendered “poetry” either as a label or genre of literature. Could we align our views with biblical and qur’anic expositions, and say that at the point of creation, the Creator’s words were permeated by poetry? That the world came into existence via the frugal gab of poetry? What incontrovertible dissections could we beam on the emergence of poetry as a formidable art form? Tracing what seeded poetry into existence is nearly as complicated as reconciling the myriad of accounts struggling to explain how the world came into being. Perhaps, to be unfathomably profound is to be profoundly unfathomable. However, poetry could only be concealed as a root; as a fruit, it is conspicuously luscious. It tugs at the eyes, burrows the mind, reaching deep into the soul, for nesting. Paper Plane in the Rain is one delightful fruit of poetry, which keeps the eyelids wide apart as its words serenade the pupils, on their way in.

You launch imagery as an axe into the earth of meanings – not the massive carcass of words – to exhume profound depth. Misjudging poetry as a craver of boisterous words often leads to heavy versifications muffling the sound of meaning. To write good poetry is to efficiently synergize the organs of poetry, combining all poetic elements in the perfect proportion as if it were the chemical equation to a chain reaction. Truly, aptness is oftentimes achieved via measurability. However, unlike in the sciences, measurability isn’t a function of mathematical calibrations in poetic engagements; it is most times intuitively felt – a natural inclination coming on the heels of perpetual practice or inexplicable flair. This exposes my stance about poetry being a golden tongue, a most surreal language. And, indisputably, the authors of this poetry chapbook, are effortless and graceful “speakers” of poetry. The poems sit on the pages unforced and unscathed, hence, easily absorbable as a well-kneaded dough.

How well can a paper plane fare in the rain? Does it get wet, become turgid, and crash to the ground? Clearly, the makers of this paper plane are aware that poetry has a very sturdy body, and could seamlessly convey intense feelings and eerie emotions, irrespective of the prevailing atmospheric condition. Poetry is kijipa – rugged and durable. According to Paul Engle, poetry is bonded with ideas, nerved and bloodied with emotions, all held together by the delicate, tough skin of words. These poets have resolved to cast their burdens on the burly body of poetry. Jide Badmus’ first two lines in the title poem validate the foregoing:

*I wrote my pains—the ones I could  
give names to—on a piece of paper*

Notably, Pamilerin Jacob, though etching his words on the tough skin of poetry as an abused persona, correlates a learning-to-fly paper plane in the rain with the mystery of abuse.

*I don’t know how to tell him / I have been pouring myself / into women*

*before I learnt how to drive*

*it is the mystery / of abuse / a paper plane / learning to fly / in the rain*

The co-authors might be thematically distinct in the title poem, but the mood and tone of their personae are synonymous – grief, pain, gloominess and eeriness denominate their poetry. However, Paper Plane in the Rain is not all about colourless emotions. In some of the poems, redolence of love could be perceived, tickles of carnality could be felt and exuberance of optimism could be heard. It is a miracle that a chapbook could house such profound poetry. Undoubtedly, Jide Badmus and Pamilerin Jacob have proven that they are foremost naturals of poetry. And it is certain that their works would be knitted into the nostrils of timelessness.

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

April 28, 2019



We are falling paper planes  
looking for surfaces to glide  
our presumptions on.

— Rohit Panjwani



# JIDE BADMUS



## Paper Plane in the Rain

I wrote my pains—the ones I could  
give names to—on a piece of paper

& folded them into a plane—of miseries.  
I hurled a prayer into heavenly planes.

But how do you spell salt in aqueous fonts?  
How do you carry wilting sighs

on the wings of an ellipsis?  
Fear is bad weather for a flight!

How can you tell if god is in a bad mood  
& would send rain to crash your kite?



## Bird of War

love sits on his tongue like a bird  
on a tree branch poised to fly away  
at the first launch of an angry stone

war hangs, anxious buttons on cuffs  
of his shirt, sleeves eager to fold  
& show steel fists & rippling biceps...

his voice sprouts gently as morning flowers.  
it's now noon & erstwhile tender rays  
shatter into shards!

he's a bird of war—  
cradle of death, grave of love.  
his ego is a time bomb.



## When Loyalty Becomes a Dry Bone

The town-crier lost his voice  
to digital doves & pigeons.  
An old church bell sits lonely,  
songs trapped in cobwebs.  
Your promises lost their  
charm & lustre—face  
clad in scruffy grey beards.

I'm free in this cage, un-  
restrained in your courtyard—  
a withered leaf, tossed  
in the wind, forced to dance  
to your music of manipulation.  
My patience has grown wings!

When hope becomes  
a hymn without lyrics,  
bone of loyalty dries up  
& happy tails stop to wag  
to master's voice.



## How the Night Fell into Silence

Darkness finds its voice  
in the deadness of night—  
in the music of stillness.

Light becomes a ghost.  
Its skin becomes a blur—  
a slur of sad silhouettes.

Silence swears an oath  
of secrecy, never to spill  
the contents of shadows.



## Encore

Your heart is an empty room

I call to you & my words become  
shattered, scattered in air... echoes  
coming back at me.

Is that you saying you love me too?



## Shipwrecked

tonight,  
i don't want to be strong—  
i want to lean on a wall with a heartbeat.  
right now, i can't be a shoulder—  
i also want to melt into a stream  
& flow away from my fears.  
i want to scream the lyrics  
of anger & drown with you  
in a wild refrain of sighs.  
i also want a taste of what it feels  
to be a soul, desolate,  
when your body is shipwrecked—  
to hear the echoes of your voice  
mocking your call for help.  
tonight, i don't want to keep  
night's company—I want to feel  
the bed wrap cozy arms around me  
so, i would wake without this ache  
tomorrow.



## Nine Stitches

I reached to unplug the sun from the socket that powers its scorch.  
I plunged us into darkness—the scorch comes with the torch!

I stood before the mountain without fear, it stood its ground!  
I had to climb to get to the other side—faith needed a horse to drive the wagon.

A bullet is toothless and a gun innocent.  
Wickedness lies in the finger that pulls the trigger.

My dynamite ignited is a fierce dragon brewing with fury  
But your grenade with its pin (intact) is a sterile fire in a picture book!

Even witches have control switches!  
No human is invincible—immortality is out of reach.

Some broken stitches can never mend,  
Most times, the ninth stitch is therapy after death.



## Backstage

Your smile drips at the corners of your mouth  
Beyond your glowing eyes your soul is flaccid,  
Drowned in sadness.

Silence is perforated ellipsis...

A sigh trips & emptiness falls in a heap.  
Gagged emotions itch to break free from backstage roles—  
Take a bite of spotlight.



## Flag of Destiny

I draw inspiration on the slate of my mind

& gather courage like wet concrete  
to build bridges, link dreams...

I set fire to fear  
& keep the ashes as trophy.

I raise birds beneath my tongue  
& give wings to victory songs.

I keep hope hoisted—my soul  
dances like a flag in the wind as I conquer new lands.



## The Edge of Reality

Peace resides on the edges of swords.  
The sacrifice of fear, tears and blood  
Security in the arms of ammunitions—  
We rebuild with stark demolitions!

Love is a cushion stuffed with soft thorns  
It is a fire that warms and still burns!  
A kiss is a seal of desire—  
Twin-pod of allegiance and betrayal.

Reality swings wildly on a knife-edge  
Like lies lined with truths  
And truths dangerously poised on a ledge  
Of doubts



## Mystery Bubble

Let your body take the form of night.  
Drape the path to ecstasy in mystery.  
Remain poised, a margin between innocence & craving  
...luring

Till I wake sensual waves  
& hoist the mast of mutual desire.  
Till my touch opens up your sea of needs

We'll both become ripples swallowed in a storm  
Or supple bodies trapped in a carnal tide  
Or sultry souls wrapped in an orgasmic bubble



## A River's Shadow

Life is an open cage—  
We're only bound by our own minds!  
Escape is illusion and freedom is fearsome—  
Death waits at the exit door.

Happiness is an empty bubble, &  
Emptiness is like air.  
The pains we feel are only real  
If the smiles sprouting from the lips are.

Healing rides on the bicycle of time,  
It carries the past in a pocket of memories.  
Painless scabs peel off like paints on old walls—  
Withered pain, dried tears...

Darkness becomes a lie when light is born—  
A river flows but goes nowhere.  
Reality is sometimes a mirage, subtle as a river's shadow!



## A Poem Died in *PENury*

This poem is unwritten—light in its foetal cradle.  
A dirge for darkness exits the sky's mouth.  
A naked verse screams in wordless rhymes—the opening of innocent lyrics!

This poem is unfinished, philosophies consistently redefined.  
Wisdom and confusion are fused in a legendary tango.  
Thoughts are bold as metaphors—actions, torn between ironies of reality.

This poem is abridged—words implied, left unsaid.  
Left here are scribbled songs yet unsung and messages spoken in silence.  
These thoughts are held on a perpetual harness—he writes our grief in death!



## Broken Promises

pieces of rainbow fall  
from mouths of monster clouds  
and a storm is forced into labour

what can salvage  
the leaking roof of eyes?—  
not an empty bucket of promises!

sanctuary is a room of shadows—  
ghosts hang around like cobwebs.

vows have become as swallowed vowels—  
your words no longer make sense!



## Hope

hope is the noose  
by which I hang unto life  
& die daily, slowly...



# PAMILERIN JACOB



## Paper Plane in the Rain

father thinks a lover will cure my depression  
says to put her in my mouth / nightly / like a sleeping pill  
to bandage my sores / with kisses  
I don't know how to tell him / I have been pouring myself / into women  
before I learnt how to drive  
it is the mystery / of abuse / a paper plane / learning to fly / in the rain  
a little boy undressing  
before a shrine / ready to rub one out  
I don't know how to tell him / my body begs to be chewed  
by the earth / a lover is not anchor / only spade / for grave digging  
had a brother / who died at birth / an unknowable grief / a little fire / put out as soon as  
it crackled  
never got to teach him:  
how to cut  
how to nut  
quietly before a shrine  
my depression is African / wears a buba / ties a gele  
brushes its teeth / with my sinew & blood / nipples dripping honey  
misfortune enslaves me / the months fall like darts / upon my skin  
my depression is Nigerian / soft as hot amala  
under my skin  
hit my head as a kid / so I talk different / mother says I died / for five minutes  
& maybe / that's why the MRI leaves  
the doctors puzzled / they say every time / a brain scan is done  
they see a rabbit / eating its child / & maybe that is why  
I drink my cum when bored / add it to my coffee  
*the only certain thing  
in my body is the darkness...*

## Litany of the Miracles of Stigma

*[to be lead by a priest in the gathering of the mentally ill. must be recited day and night]*

save me, stigma, from friends and family who deny the illness

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, you who resurrected the day I got my prescriptions

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, from this protuberance in my mind

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, you who lurk in prayers for healing

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, as you have shielded people who have malaria from you

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, you, cloaked in *I love yous, don't you dare feel sad*

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, mother of suicides

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, I woke up to these sores on my body, maybe I *sleepcut*

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, you who force me to recite verses to cure madness

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, why is your headquarters in a church

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, why is your base in a mosque

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, you who couldn't save the ones before me

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, you who walk on air, just to shit in my ears

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, your greatest miracle is taking a life

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, the pastor doesn't know you live in his mouth

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, master of disguises

*save me, stigma*

save me, stigma, how many pills should I take to end this

*save me, stigma*

Paper Planes in the Rain

save me, stigma, before I save myself

*save me, stigma?*

*benediction:*

oh Mighty Stigma seducer of spirits you lull empathy  
to an eternal sleep teach us to overdose as we should

teach us to kiss the mouth of a gun with our tongues  
curled like a target may your essence never leave our bodies  
remind our parents to call us demon-infested descendants remind

the pastor to say god is not  
in the heart of the mentally ill remind the imam  
to say we carry madness in our bones

Loving Stigma,  
fill our lovers' eyes with disgust every time  
we have episodes in public may they see us & see a pack of vultures  
*amen...*





## Emotional Deflection as a Homo Sapiens Skill

in the animal kingdom, no one  
buries the dead, & grief

is ubiquitous, like air. surrounds  
every creature, whets claws

& beaks: ants lose cousins daily  
gazelles sacrifice children as

soon as they are born &  
grief is in the silence

after the kill. the chaos, the blue  
sadness, crusting on tongues

makes me think of humans  
how my father threw a party

when his grandmother died, shed  
no tear. locked his children

in a safe house, as he danced in  
the rain. burying the dead

is a human privilege, a sharp forgetfulness  
hold a man to the wind, & you can

smell his last heartbreak     *from*  
   *ten years*  
   *ago*

yet, he fondles the mud  
with his toes, in faux joy, his cheeks

transparent enough to show

the soft darkness in his mouth

it is a type of hypocrisy, to hide  
our dearest possessions in the earth

when we earnestly crave their embrace.  
while grieving, my father

struts like he can tame  
an electric wire

with his fingertips.



## Final Destination of a Scream

my voice is louder than death  
than hell  
& god writes me  
love letters  
with my grandfather's humerus  
scribbles *I'm sorry I left* in the sand  
apologies are not enough  
to heal a fracture, I am angry  
at everything, I am starting  
a cockroach farm. disgust is how I respond  
to love now. my lover stretches  
out her tongue & I write

*I'm sorry I haven't left yet...*

on it. my voice is louder  
than death. can raze hell

with my bellow. yesterday, I tore  
a suicide note, fed it  
to grandmother's goats

you think they would know,  
with all their stubbornness  
they are eating a scream.



## Relationship Goals

*I love you, because god first loved  
you*

& I like to take  
things from him

---

but I love you  
& to change that  
is to replace a genome  
in my body

I do not know the science  
myself, but with you  
my grief holds my hands  
prays with me

---

you taste like crack

& god knows this too

---

addiction is a mental illness

but when you are addicted  
to a person

it is called love:

love is a mental illness

---

god is love

god is a...

---

how often, when you pray  
are lost  
thinking of my lips

---

you fillip every nerve  
in my body  
without lifting a finger

my grief  
calls  
you mother

---

you  
my best friend

[shouldn't have kissed]

---

but I love you even as  
Christ loves the church

---

& your sins are forgiven...

Paper Planes in the Rain

as long as you help  
bury his body

*he denied kissing you  
so I washed his throat with acid...*

---

when did you stop

loving me?

---



## Pinocchio

my favourite fairytale is of Pinocchio  
that lovely nose, natural lie detector

I want one

so whenever I say, *I'm fine*  
I am caught

boot to my neck  
for every fake smile, mother

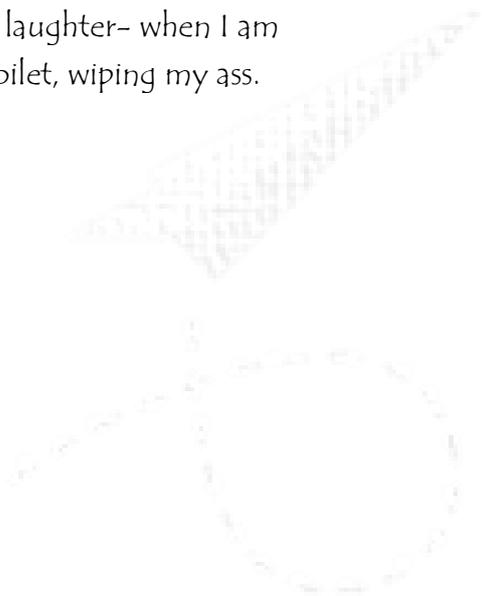
says to keep singing praise songs  
ask Christ for true laughter

to hop like a frog repeatedly, until  
sadness falls out of my bowels

I, honestly just want a boot to the neck  
*he who must come to equity*

*must come with clean hands*  
but Christ only appears to me-

holding laughter- when I am  
in the toilet, wiping my ass.



## My Lover Says She Will Gag so I Look up the Meaning in a Dictionary

& the first definition, says *to restrain speech*

to force the tongue

into stillness

hold a magnet to the cheek

& collect words in one side of the mouth

say, slurp on my middle finger

& let's see how far down it goes

maybe you'll digest it, & ask for more

fingers to eat

I know

I want my fingerprints along the walls

of your throat- a graffiti of ecstasy

mouth fitting nicely

on my loins

like a suction cap

to gag or not to gag

is a function of hunger...

I am a bowl of cum & heresies.



## Etymology of Affection

a child's first cry / is a cord  
    / interstellar / wound about its mother's soul  
parasitic / we start life  
taking / & taking / sucking / & sulking  
    it is universal / to wish upon a scar  
    in search of nostalgia / do you know  
to kill a bird / you must be ready  
    to watch it flutter / in the dirt  
body filled / with longing  
                    watch it wheeze / & beg its feathers  
                    for one last flight / one last view  
    of the scarecrow  
which is harder: / killing a bird that prophesied  
    your birth / or killing a child / that will not stop biting  
its mother's nipples / until she bleeds?  
    in some cultures / a bird / killed / is reborn a child  
    [that bites its mother's nipples / until she bleeds]  
into the family of the killer / but it grows up  
forgets its primordial history / & falls in love with a sling  
                    that is how hunters are born...

we all have a history of feathers.



## I Sing Sam Smith's Fire on Fire in the Shower & the Water Begins to Boil

[I]

& everything hardens.  
even me.

I am thrust into my own Armageddon  
the genesis of wilting is in the tempo

of a voice, how it ploughs the air  
scything every ounce of desire

the only thing I want to be known  
for is nothing. the only war worth

fighting is the laying down of weapons  
to be quiet as a wall, as the earth opens

to swallow the body, knowing  
the temperature of a song

is the only tie, we have to memory  
& when you dissect a song

with shears, a god falls out  
feeds you healing.

[II]

...& I sing along, with conviction  
searching for the holy ghost in water

in scalded skin, I do not want to die  
with my tongue sticking out, or

a poem hiding in my fingernails, a  
puppy was found raped, & suffered

prolapsed, died with a part of it  
sticking out, life short as a blink, what

do you think it will tell the angels  
about earth, about a penis that became

a hook? what can be said of a child  
that asks its father for fish & is fed

spiders? Sam Smith sings like a mosquito  
that has just learnt English, & I

nod my head, in obeisance...



## Jacob asked for a pillow, & got a Choir

imagine holding a stone, clueless  
it is the key to heaven  
    imagine swallowing the stone, clueless  
    it is hardened gall  
imagine running in circles, in search  
of a straight line, leading to mother's womb...  
    I imagine myself a story  
    wizened, barely making it  
from paper to eye, sentences sliming  
across the air, you can track the lineage

all the way up the ladder, in Jacob's brain  
that night, as he lay  
nursing silence, as angels burst out  
of his cerebrum with hymns

a child will hold a bowl of maggots  
& think of life,  
    unlike me...  
who sees a fountain & grieves  
for the rock, whose skull was cracked.



## Conversation with My Crush The Night Her Father Died

let us lick each other's wounds until our tongues are sharpened knives  
& with them make new incisions in the earth

I lost my fingers in a dream  
it is useless now to seek ecstasy from my phalanges

what is the shelf-life of a wound inherited from one's father  
how long do we dress a wound before we declare it anathema

I lost my father, once, in a market as a child  
& I have been searching for him ever since

the first time, I saw a river eat a bus, I could have sworn  
I saw a giant tail slap against the windscreen

here                      a calculator, punch in the number of times  
he touched you before      he died

every day, I go to the river, begging to be swallowed too  
for me, walking on water is no miracle, compared to sinking.



## A Good Father Poem because My Bestie Says I never Write anything Good about Fathers

he teaches you how to ride a bike  
into the mouth of a volcano & tells you to rub  
spit onto your wounds, when a snake bites...

you learn quickly the different shades of his silences  
after years of tripping over, teeth first  
into his truculent tempers

you watch him kill a goat, & lick  
blood off the knife

who better than a father to teach a child  
how to trap a shadow in an envelope & gift  
it to a disciple of light?

he slapped a girl once, your sister [ & she lost three teeth ]  
for screaming at him, when he wanted  
to feel her breasts for cancer lumps...



## Fifty Lines of Surrealism

here, a poem about holding hands with the moon  
on a starless night, & spitting a vision into mud  
until it begins to burn with the fervour of a future  
earnestly desired. it is godlike to cast a dream in sand  
& breathe unto it until it moves, until particles prophesy  
& the fingers are stiffened by joy. I know of a boy whose  
Christmas wish was to see an angel, wouldn't stop crying  
himself to sleep until god unlocked, a portion of his eyes  
to see the angel stealing meat from mother's pot. Imagine  
the horror of knowing that hunger will drive even angels, to sin.

the horror of knowing that hunger will drive even angels to sin  
cannot be measured in mortal cups. what is the fastest way  
to drive god insane: prayers? praise? touching yourself to your  
mother's picture? imagine the moon being jealous of a balloon,  
the plague of small-mindedness. how vague destiny is, that  
each man guesses his day of departure! I plan my death with  
a joke tucked in between teeth. I say, a knife looks like a door  
to me. I do not care what you say of hell. better hell than here.  
a dream not catered for will grow fangs, bite into the ankles  
I was born a boomerang, I know I will be reborn into my lineage

I was born a boomerang, I know I will be reborn into my lineage  
& my heartbeat is god's favourite sound. not the child dying  
of hunger, not the mother begging for alms, four futures strapped  
to her back. only my heartbeat. only me. I am the most important  
chess piece on the board & god loves to pick me. this arrogance is  
generational. as a child, I killed a cat by chopping off its tail first  
then its paws, then its head. a slow death is sexy. spirit pouring out  
like water from a keg. stopped closing my eyes to pray ever  
since, I learnt of angels who flash their boobs. prayer can be a door too  
like a knife. I run into prayer to kill my ego. I come out bloody

like a knife. I run into prayer to kill my ego. I come out bloody  
unimportant, thirsting for death. I am a magnetic thing  
always drawn to a knife, more than prayer. more than laughter.

## Paper Planes in the Rain

what is god's reaction to AI: jealousy? pride? for a robot  
what does it feel like to fear death, to have your creator wave  
a screwdriver afore your eyes every time you mess up?  
I thirst. I thirst... there is nothing like a dream obedient to its moulder  
a dream, toothless, feeding only on water, on thunder. a dream baked  
in a storm. soft like a worm. you fling a bone at it & it swallows it whole  
spurts out a promise, lays a golden coconut at your feet

spurts out a promise, lays a golden coconut at your feet  
& begs to be blessed. I say, blessed because a dream born  
is cursed like its moulder. born with a needle in its throat, can't form  
a sentence without scarring a vowel. I trust in the potency of fire  
in the ratifying power of ashes. I give my liver up to be burnt at the stake  
what good is a filter that cannot trap dirt in its teeth? it is a dream's job  
to deliver orgasms to its moulder. I sink my teeth into a lover's boobs  
in search of milk. in search of warmth. in search of destiny. tonight  
I circumcise myself, touch the moon with my foreskin  
& beg to be set free from my body...



## Prayer is the Master Key?

a leaf, wishing death upon the sun has no clue  
as to the origin of want  
the only time my knees touch the earth is when

I am caught in fervent prayers, to the  
clitoral oracle living in a lover's body  
I bow my head before eating my lover

prayer has led me thus far  
I wish only life upon these hips  
my breath is tied to her ankles

the first time we *came* together  
it was from the midst of anger, I  
had just broken a china &

she shoved my face down her thighs  
said *pray* & my tongue began the dance  
of worship. in a dream, I punched a wall &

my fist shattered, like the china  
smithereens glistening, & I swept it all under the rug  
with the good hand. the priest says

it is a sign that I am becoming a leaf  
too pompous to worship the sun  
forgive me

if I all I do these days, is feast on my lover  
there are many suns tucked in her mouth  
pride melts off my shoulders like wax

every time she utters, *pray*

# GRAVE OF THE SUN



## Grave of the Sun

*Jide Badmus & Pamilerin Jacob*

she is a dullen dusk,  
weary sun growing beards  
of night. her smile is a window  
on the blindside of dawn.  
the stars died in her eyes,  
drowned in rainstorms—her life is a grave of colours

ask her for light, & she will spit out her tongue  
she has learnt to culture silence, in the ridges  
of her teeth. ask for a gun & she will birth a child  
cook its placenta as proof of her allegiance  
    tell me how to water a rosary until Christ  
    leaps off the cross  
a requiem for cries that never made it past  
the clouds. I cut my tongue while pronouncing  
her name. god is so good, he made you out of tears...



## Notes on the Contributors

**JideBadmus** is an electrical engineer, a literary promoter and poet who hails from Omido, Kwara State. Jide hopes to establish a National Poetry Institute and organize an International Poetry Festival someday soon.

He is the author of two poetry collections:

*There is a Storm in my Head* (2017) and *Scripture* (2018). Among other things, Jide is a Christian and Manchester United fan. He

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**Pamilerin Jacob** is a Nigerian poet & mental health enthusiast. He writes to ease internal turmoil & also to shed light on the struggles of the mentally ill. He was shortlisted for the *Ken Egba Prize For Festival Poetry 2017* and the winning list of PIN Food Poetry Contest 2018. Pamilerin's writings have featured in "*These Words Will Cure a Dead Man*" an anthology by Spring Literary Movement 2016, the Best "New" African Poets 2017 Anthology, the PIN Quarterly Journal (7<sup>th</sup> Issue), WRR Poetry, The Quill Babcock, and Praxis Magazine amongst others, all under the name Olawale Ibiyemi. Author of two collections – *Memoir of Crushed Petals* (2018) & *Gospels of Depression* (2019), Pamilerin is a staunch believer in the powers of critical thinking, Khalil Gibran's poetry & chocolate ice cream. Instagram: @jacques\_wharley | Twitter: @IbiyemiOlawale

