

A COLLECTION OF POEMS  
STILK PSALMS



JIDE BADMUS



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# STIK PSALMS



a collection of poems

Jide Badmus &  
Alozor Michael Ikechukwu

INKspired



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# INTRODUCTION

I do not know why it is difficult for me to write introductions to my own works. It always feels like I'm trying to denude the work of its mystery. And I do not want to do that. I do not want to point the reader in any specific direction—I think poetry loses its magic that way. And I do not want this work to lose its magic. I would later learn that Michael, my co-author, has the same *wahala!* We had to shelf our plan for separate introductory notes and settle for this.

In Uche Nduka's words, *it's terrific when the sacred meets the profane*. Poetry is a blend of fabrics—it gets more interesting when it is a knit of seemingly dissimilar fibres. *Silk Psalms* is a mix of minds, a blend of themes, a blitz of wit, grit, and flair. This little collection is an intersection of the sensual and the mystic.

Inspired by Michael Faudet's brief, simple and authentic introduction to *A Cult of Two*, I think this will suffice as worthy usher into the haunting miracle of the next few pages...

Jide Badmus



JIDE  
BADMUS



# SUNRISE

dawn slips  
out of night's  
gown  
a rooster crows  
inside my pants  
i watch you come awake  
—fledglings chuckling  
fluttering on your bust  
night is a fond  
metaphor for intimacy  
but these rays blaze  
with desire that has  
no reckon for time



# A NEW DAY

Morning lips,  
soft on my eyelids,  
broke a smile  
on my face &  
the sun rose  
between my legs  
—I've got a hard-on  
to take on a new day.

# MORNING BLESSINGS

The sun wears  
a condom of dawn

A rooster climbs,  
ushers in psalms

of dew &  
a cum of light

—brimmed dreams,  
winged vigour, light soles...

Amen.

# MORNING WATER

## I.

The sun unwraps  
mist of longing

Eager lips await  
kiss of dew.

Unfold, bud of desire,  
spread your petals—

this proboscis  
seeks fresh nectar.

## II.

Fill your pot with  
sweet morning water

Fill your gourd  
with the first sap

from this curved  
lust stalk.

The pleasure we seek  
reside in our palms—

I need your consent  
to strip these fronds,

to break the kernel  
in your plate & fill

your calabash  
with morning wine.



# RAINY DAY

Come to me,  
half-clad sun,  
& kiss sleep  
from eyes.  
Take me into  
the bosom of day.  
We have no use for  
forecasts,  
tropical lover, we'll rain  
all day.

# TOURIST

There's a journey I long to take,  
see scenes of you in your skin,

dip my fingers in your black sea  
of hair, drink from spring of lips.

This is where I want to sit,  
nap in the valley of breasts,

trudge through desert's belly  
& find succour in its deep oasis

This is where I want to end up,  
at the pyramid sitting on its

head between your legs...

# TIMBER

every time you look at me,  
day breaks & a cock stands  
with thunder brewing in throat

every time you touch me  
wild flowers sprout  
on my skin

every time you kiss me  
timber muscles break  
through earth's loins,  
stalk aiming for the sky  
at your intersection of thighs  
in search of a ray  
in search of lustre  
tap root in  
search of love  
buried in your core

# HEAVEN

At the entrance to  
the church of gold,  
aching bones kneel  
in meekness.  
The flesh is weak,  
our lips confess...  
The goal is heaven  
—a tryst of thighs.

# ELYSIUM

This room was built  
from Jacob's dream  
—your bed is a  
floating stairway  
to God's throne.

# THE BEAUTIFUL GATE

Lead me to  
the beautiful gate  
—we have no use  
for silver or gold.  
Just a miracle  
of sated flesh.

# WE PRAY DOWN FIRE ON MT. CARMEL

*...& the God who answers by fire, he is God —1 Kings 18: 24*

Let's break  
night's wooden silence

with confluent mouths,  
incite rebel rain

with clattering teeth  
& ferreting tongues...

I'm a lamb, ablaze,  
on your altar of water.



# THE POWER OF TONGUE

I heard God's voice  
when you spoke

Speak to the rock, you said

But I wanted to strike,  
I wanted to use the cane...

Then I remembered Moses,  
how he lost his ticket to Canaan

Speak to this public diamond,  
bring forth water from my core, you urged

Who says No to the Lord  
who parts the sea?



# ANOINTING

this body, propped on  
your altar, lungs ceded  
to longing, waits for fire.  
raise a choir of emotions,  
charge this ambient pulpit,  
bring down carnal cherubs.  
congregation stands in awe  
—this flesh, all tongues,  
waits for your anointing.



# GOD'S GUN

There's an orgy in my head,  
thoughts nodding to rebel music  
—awkward questions  
like why we cover  
the most attractive  
parts of our bodies.

I came out of the bathroom  
and you saw the mutation  
beneath my waistline  
Oh my God, you gasped  
I wanted to tell you in Will's voice  
Who do you think sent you that  
weapon? That is God's gun"  
But you know this  
—you are the trigger!



# STENCIL

I used to sketch as a kid.  
I can't recall when  
I stopped or why.

I used to sing too,  
sweet tenor in shower &  
in my church's youth choir.

Perhaps I hid these talents,  
like that dude in the Bible,  
for the master's coming—  
'cos, babe since you came  
these gifts have resurfaced!

I draw you into my embrace  
whenever you're with me.  
I become a brush of tongue  
& lips, painting you in kisses.  
Between these sheets, your  
body is a stencil &  
I skilfully trace out  
yearnings embedded  
in skins & marrows.  
We become a choir of two,  
pitching sopranos & falsettos...

Unlike the Biblical master  
you won't have to ask  
what I did with my talents  
—I saved them for you.



AIOZOR  
MICHAEL  
IKECHUKWU



# SOULMUSIC

Plethora of sounds  
Escape your lips  
Like a radio's knob  
I tune your nipples  
Loosening hell  
Below my belt  
At night's heart  
When my bed  
Is bereft of warmth



# HANDLE WITH CARE

Glass of wine nestled  
Between slender fingers  
How your supple lips  
Caress the rim  
Tribute to a worthy cork  
Bringer of fine wine

Hold my parting rod  
Tenderly, squeeze it  
Lovingly, tongue it  
Lavishly till I cream  
A fitting confirmation  
Of its corky nature  
Beyond wetted lips.

# OVERDRIVE

Your ride gives impetus  
To my drive, how you  
Engage me, purring  
Slowly, accelerating  
Home, shifting gears  
Feline grace, serpentine  
Wriggle, in right place  
Oiling me, oily you  
Lubricating you  
Hastening me  
To burning caps.



# LIP SERVICE

You relax your guards  
To permit my tongue  
Charge through your lips  
With equal velocity  
It escapes my lips.

The tip of my tongue  
Caress your inner walls  
Trace crazy patterns on the outer  
Your squishy warmth  
Washes over me.

You gibber in tongues  
Convulse under my ministrations  
My lip service intensifies  
Your fingers burrow the sheets  
As you gush anointing unto me.

# PLANTAIN

I peel myself off the bed  
Like an unripe plantain  
Parts of me stick to the sheets  
As I sway to the day's rhythm  
Like a resolute tropical tree  
In the eyes of a storm  
Plantain ripe for a whisking  
Dangling between my legs.



# TUMULTUOUS

There is a war  
Raging in my briefs  
A heavy cloud  
Hovers over my waist  
Threatening like lightning.

Knead me all you want  
Take me into your curves  
Bury me in your lush meadow  
Let torrents of me rain into you  
Till you explode like thunder.



# GUN MOUNTING

I am not a soldier boy  
In love with war games  
I am but a mounting  
I train without warning

I litter the ground  
With armour plates  
So they are handy  
When you're on ground

For each time  
There is fire in the hole  
You say you want no  
Combat scars, yet

You're always on ground  
To do battle, and get hit  
By my raging warhead  
Until your legs fail you.



# PREGGIE

Last night  
My muse snuck  
Into bed, beside me  
She cupped my balls  
Stroked me lengthwise.  
I spilled my seedlings  
On my sheet, lavishly  
Communing bodily  
With my muse  
Last night.

Yet  
I am  
Heavy.

# HOW I FIGHT

To test my muscles  
I pick on skinnies  
The chesty ones  
For I'm huge.

Their endless depth  
Is not a myth  
Their homely warmth  
Is no fable



# HOLY MOUNTAIN

My tumescent burden shackle me  
At the mercy of its asphyxiating vice, I lay  
Let your comeliness rise me to my feet  
Like the rising tide of my surging libido.

Hold me, lead me, guide me  
Through the untrodden path  
Leading to your holy mountain  
Let me cast my cargo.

Into the glory of your presence  
Usher me, a willing worshipper  
Seeking no answer to his prayers  
I wish to worship till tomorrow wanes.

Fast! I have. Let me pray ceaselessly  
Rising and falling in frenzied worship  
Like your untampered altar deserves  
Born me again on your holy mountain.

# AGAIN AND AGAIN

Eyes dilated, body trembling  
My loads come off like a dam, broken  
Warm. I cascade on top of you  
Your fingers digging into my bum.

Still, I rise

To earn whimpers with each drive  
And moans with each tap from you  
Wrapped in tremors, I gyrate  
Till I shudder and collapse on you.

Still, I rise

Like a raging tide, into your  
Lush mellow sheath, I slide  
You arch like a bow, I fly off  
Like an arrow, to rest in you.

Still, I rise

Like the sun after a storm  
I stand tall, nodding in approval  
You take the helm, ride till I explode  
And go flaccid, drained of life.

Still, I rise

But all you want to do now  
Is hold me and never let go  
Do I still need to tell you  
My tap never runs dry?

# PUSH AND START

I see the path  
An intrinsic pattern  
Holding all the homes  
Mapped in your body!

I warm up  
To the sight of your cylinder  
I long to fire from all burners  
Fuel me up!

Stroke me to life  
Gently. My pen. Is Dead.  
Wake me. I'll rise  
And travel these paths



# ZERO HOUR

Time really freezes  
And light falls to naught  
Lessons learnt face spread  
On the junction of your thighs  
Tongue probing your nest  
The bridge of my nose  
Grating your jewel.

Reach down, touch me  
Rub me, stroke me  
Squeeze me, tug me  
Pull me up into you  
Where the world  
Falls far from sight  
As your quivering jewel  
Grates my throbbing essence  
Saturated with manly milk.

# DANCE

If you open the floor  
You'll get to know  
I'm a dancer of repute  
Alone in my league

I waltz and grind  
In slow and quick time  
My ligaments have no rival  
My waist is perpetually oiled

As long as I break sweat  
I keep dancing, pouring  
I remain firm and standing  
No matter my count of coming

And if you want me to rest  
Only when you want me to rest  
Sprinkle the floor with your juice  
But let me dance till tomorrow comes.

# THE SECOND COMING

In the white of your eyes  
I gleaned the distance  
You shudder, a pay loader  
Quaking on a weak bridge

Muffled moans, sharp breaths  
Curly toes, arching back  
Trappings to urge me on  
Enticements hurrying me home

I cup your mounds  
Steadying self  
You cup my butts  
Lending hand

I thunder on, each stroke  
A step into helplessness  
And endless spasms  
Leading me home again.

JIDE &  
MICHAEL



# STLK PSALMS

My lips will learn  
oriki of your chest,  
milk psalms from soft nubs  
& inspire lush throbs.

My tongue will overflow  
with panegyrics, melodious tunes  
escaping my lips, adulating  
your heaving bosom.

I will tell testimonies  
of piercings, rings, ileke  
—dance to supple rhythm  
at your altar of flesh.

You will fall in step  
whining in unison,  
quaking orb, poised  
to shower me anew.

SILK  
PSALMS



# ABOUT THE AUTHORS



**A**lozor Michael Ikechukwu is a civil servant who hails from Umumbo in Ayamelum LGA of Anambra State. His poetry, inspired mainly by his life's experiences, has been featured in local and international anthologies. He is the author of *Echoes and Shadows*, a collection of poems. He is married and blessed with a child



**J**ide Badmus is an engineer, a poet inspired by beauty and destruction; he believes that things in ruins were once beautiful. Jide is the author of *There is a Storm in my Head*; *Scripture*; *Paper Planes in the Rain* (co-authored with Pamilerin Jacob) and *Paradox of Little Fires*. *Obaluaye* is forthcoming by Flowersong Press in June, 2022. Badmus has curated and edited several anthologies such as *Vowels Under Duress*; *Coffee*; *Today, I Choose Joy*; and *How to Fall in Love*. He is the founder of INKspiredNG, a literary platform, poetry editor for *Con-scio Magazine*, and sits on the board of advisors for *Libretto Magazine*. He writes from Lagos, Nigeria.