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STARS DON'T CRY



Sofiat Ramon
Omowumi

STARS DON'T CRY

Poems

Sofiat Ramon Omowumi



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DEDICATION

For Ufuoma Victoria, and to everyone healing. I pray you find the process as easy as breathing and as soft as the cloud.

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~ Here, I'm a Goddess ~

I'm a flower,

broken and beautiful

INVOCATION

My throat is clogged,

My chest is heavy.

I've swallowed rivers;

more tears than spit.

But regrets are rocky,

phlegm of thoughts

stuck in vocal cord.

I stand on the tip of my pen,

spread paper wings and invoke you,

goddess of muse. Help me maneuver

this turbulence; steady these words

and deliver the lump in my larynx.

HERE, I'M A GODDESS

In my realm,
I'm a demigoddess that
pulsates in taciturn words,
I mould my creatures into stanzas
and listen to them breathe.

Here, I display my flaws.
My scars remind me not to err.
But I'm no Almighty.

Here's my sanctuary, where
I slip from fear's glass
and turn tears into floating light.
I'm a flower,
broken and beautiful;
I no longer hide my broken self.

SPROUT

I

When a quake threatens my nest,
Watch me flap my wings to find new solace.
Watch me glide through life like a kite in search
of paradise.

II

I etch my aches into the wind, where
I won't find it anymore.
I shape my agony into a paper boat and
Watch it float away on the river.
I let my pain fill blank sheets as I cast every tingle into words.
Every night, I shed my skin
and clad myself in a new visage.
At every dawn, I sprout myself evergreen,
progress into the day to embrace the
life cluster of pain and healings.

~ **The Girl in the Mirror** ~

She stitches her wings

re-learns to fly

THIS SKIN

This isn't just a skin

It's a mirror that reveals who I am.

Melanin clay is a haven for those clad in it.

This isn't a scar to be ashamed of

It's isn't a mistake to be enveloped in this skin.

It isn't a veil to take off at will.

It's a pride, symbol that I'm a descent of conquerors—

always a survivor.

This skin is who I am.

DRENCHED CLOTH

Shame is a sore that heals at a snail's pace;
a puncture in one's pride,
a stain that seems to have come to stay.
A hole dug by an error.
A mirage that paints reality a cataclysm.

Shame is also a drenched cloth;
that will eventually dry up.

DILEMMA

The dilemma twirl to the

horizon of your mind.

You're stuck between the holy words

filled with hope and the

glistening metal that can end your pain at a go.

Which would you choose?

Your soul wants to move on,

Your shadow on the wall wants to live on.

You're lost in a dizzy decision

THE GIRL IN THE MIRROR

I see her whenever I take off my smiley facade.

Cracks planted all over her face.

She's a fierce fighter

forever ready to heal.

She digs out sharp incisors buried

deep in her body and crushes them.

She crawls out of life ditches,

raises her shoulders high.

She stitches her wings and re-learns to fly.

She's among the few life conquerors.

She's the girl I see in the mirror.

~ Blank ~

I let you fill this space...

MINE

We're two fluffy clouds floating together
and drifted apart to the edges of the world;
But we're two fragments meant to be one.

Our bond is a beautiful blemish.

We're bound to hurt and heal each other;
To lock heads and lips in intense embrace;
To exchange vows, rings and prickly words.

Mother said I'm a glacial wall and you're a
carpet of magma cascading down the mountain.

Father said his death should commence our union.

But we're clinging on to the fragile rope of risk,
Surfing through a hurricane.

As long as this rope is sturdy,
You're mine, and I'm yours.

ERECTION

I stand between the ruins of us.

The remnants of a future I erected on your slimy promises.

And you built us with frail brick of trust.

Now we're back to the beginning,

Where we were nothing but strangers.

COFFEE

(after Jide Badmus)

The first contact was
on pages of books.

Tasting it was my forever fantasy—
A dream I long for.

When I finally have it,
I won't rush.

I'll take it gently like
my first sex.

BLANK

For the umpteenth time,
I weave words where your name won't exist,
but you keep popping up between each space.

Now, I won't withdraw,
I'll let you fill each line
like you filled my blank heart.

~Stars Don't Cry~

I want to be a star that doesn't cry

A SPLASH OF PAIN AND HEALING

Growing is to traverse mysteries ahead,
become an enigma, to explore new oneself.

A journey rife with potholes,
where boulders lurk ahead in the mist.

Adulthood is a path to be tread with ease.

Growing up can also be brighter,
a potential dawn, full of energy
and natural melodies.

It can be clearer than summer's sun.

Adulthood is not a scam.

It's the phase that moulds your reality.

Growing up stings and soothes
-a cluster of pain and healing.

A PREMATURE WORD...

A premature word kept in
Mouth's incubator till maturity.

A serene whirlwind that erases
Lie's thousand footprints once.

Truth burns, yet heals.
It's the remedy we're scared to seek.
It's the hardest edible pill.

A truth planted
takes eons to germinate.

But it's a halo in an abyss;
a new dawn.

STARS DON'T CRY

Some nights are made of glitters

Some conceive tears.

Every time the clouds gather in my eyes,

it rains regrets and pain,

shoves phlegm down my throat.

Every night, my purpose appears in question marks.

But tonight, I found the stars camping on the sky's forehead,

galaxies glistening.

Do stars cry or grief

Or do they act strong to make the night lustrous?

In their splash of colours, they twinkle.

Stars don't cry;

They only brighten the night for those with ugly days.

I want to be a star that doesn't cry.

ROAD

This path reeks of our existence.

It clads itself in relics of our memories.

This road called life is no foreigner;
always thirsty, forever famished.

Claws, ready to devour the weak.

She reveals shark teeth
and sticks out blood-thirsty tongue.

But it's our path alone; our adventures to traverse,
Challenges to overcome, traps to triumph.

HEAL

(to every soul trying to heal)

I harvest these words from the
lamenting lips of the wind;
She's full of wishes and whispers
Of those hurting.

Sometimes, earthworm crawls faster than time,
yet, healing trots behind it.

To heal is to prepare a stone soup.
To dab your sores yourself.
To yell at, blame and forgive the one in the mirror.
To avoid falling into same ditch again.

To heal is to rise again, and
to flag your scars like a conqueror.

~ **Spring** ~

so, bloom

SPRING

You've endured all days;
Winter, summer, autumn. Now
it's Spring,
so, sprout and bloom.

Sofiat Ramon Omowumi (Ìràwò) is a Nigerian writer. She loves nature and finds inspirations and solace in them. She's a graduate of English and Literature. Her works have appeared in Kalahari Reviews, Lion and Lilac, EWA Literary Magazine, INKspiredng Anthology How To Fall In Love Again. She loves reading and writing. She writes and lives in Ekiti.



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