

godwin nket-awaji



sexperimenting  
verses

*sexperimenting*  
*verses*

*sexperimenting*  
*verses*

*poems*

*godwin nket-awaji*

**INKspired**

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*praise for sexperimenting verses*

First a spectrum of emotions and a celebration of desire, *Sexperimenting Verses* is the needed projection of love that fuels the party mood and permits healthy eroticism. So much eloquence, boldness and candor expressed in naked lines. Nket, I must say, has not only been a boatsman of desires, stalking the mysticism of humans in their pristine forms, liberating afflictions, but also he is a leveller of thirst and hunger, a provider of succour and pleasure. On his lines I feed and I am satisfied.

—**Aremu Adams Adebisi**

Editor, *ARTmosterrific, Newfoundland*.

Godwin's stronghold of the utility of eroticism in *Sexperimenting Verses* transcends the experimental impression of the book from the title and surface. With his tight and symbolic dictions, bedroom risqueness assumes a posture of inexhaustive echoes of lust and love. Nket-Awaji Introduces himself into the ratchet literature with a subtle demand for your raunchy spectacles for the sexual flows to manifest as you read and get aroused.

—**Tukur Loba Ridwan,**

Poet, Literary Critic and Author of *A Boy's Tears On Earth's Tongue*.

The poems, though carrying different auras of simplicity, are heavy, limping, and leaping. The poet has learnt that mastery is in the richness of metaphors. The book comes alive, each poem breathing into the other. The book is both a devotion and a booklet for love.

—**Wale Ayinla**

author of "*To Cast a Dream*"

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introduction

**In Lieu of An Introduction: Towards An Erocriticism**

The tide of erotic literature coming out within the contemporary literary practice is enthralling. Erotic poetry is slowly growing and permeating the wall of contemporary Nigerian literature. Some of such poets are: Jide Badmus, author of an erotic chapbook entitled *Paradox of Little Fires*; Kukogho Iruesiri Sampson, author of *Words of Eros*; Dami Ajayi, author of *A Woman's Body Is a Country*; Amu Nnadi, author of *A River's Journey* and of course my debut, *Experimenting Verses*. There are many beyond the above mentioned names.

This increasing interest in *eropoetry* calls for a critical theorem towards an ero-centred discourse that would study literature—these nascent dialectics—beyond that cultural dialecticism of "love-soused poetry (literature) being a medley of emotional rhetoric". It's interesting to note, as Vladimir Moss intends in his *Theology of Eros*, that eroticism is not an abstraction or a holy land that does not require a discourse; rather, an essential concept used in discoursing an important fragment of our being-ness, which is sex. Sex, it should be stated at this point, is not a narrow concept—as far as erocriticism is concerned. More often than not, the dialectics of the sensuality of man in relation to love is narrowed down, either to religious and cultural lane, or ethical and moral etiquette perspective, which in most cases is not supposed to

be. These, if erocriticism is to be ideologically centrifugal, are what such theory/criticism should further pontificate.

The ensuing interest in eroticism in Nigerian poetry, it is to be emphasized, calls for critical paradigm. This is beyond the cultural practice that has been. There, however, have been different theories and critical concepts from which literature is interpreted; discoursed. Theories and criticisms like: Aestheticism/Romanticism (which espoused the theory of "art for art's sake"), Russian Formalism and New Criticism, Reader-oriented or Reader-response Criticism, Modernism/Postmodernism Criticism, Structuralism, Stylicism, Post-structuralism, Deconstructionism, Psychoanalytic Criticism, Feminism, Marxism, Cultural Poetics or New Historicism, Post-colonialism, African-American Criticism, Queer Theory: Gay and Lesbian Criticism. However, none has taking literature on tour of this aspect of our being: sex and sensuality. Thus, there exists a looming (nay, yearning) lacunae, a sort of dialectical fissure on the wall of literary discourse. Thus, with the increase in eropoetry—more like a novel approach to subject matter—there lies also a need for a theoretical paradigm.

**godwin nket-awaji**

*Ignatius Ajurn University, 2021*

dedication

*to angela,  
whose tongue lingers  
beyond sun's snail-lip  
beyond rain's eroding broom  
on the earth of the heart*

foreword

**Priest by Priest, Reviving Scriptures for Erogospel**

**E**ropoetry in today's literary scene has been a puzzle that's sparingly utilized, admittedly because of its sensitive subject matter—a topic widely believed should be private, especially in the Afro-cultural landscape.

Some moral gatekeepers suggest the topic should be reserved—not forbidden, but the reservation is gradually sweeping it under the carpet. But eropoets are of the opinion that since this topic is an integral part of our existence and day-to-day experiences, the topic should be unreserved.

Personally, I grew up watching Yoruba movies—the war, the romance, the comedy; and in the midst of some warring scenes, we would see how an artist praise the beauty of his/her lover, describe how he feels at the curviness of her hips whenever she wriggles her waist, the black beauty of her pupils and the heatwave that happens in his heart whenever she smiles. *Ko ro is in* —a seed of a typical fruit that is black and glossy—was the cliché to describe beautiful black ladies, palm oil for the fair ones.

All these expressions were rendered in well-guided language and dictions that are devoid of profanity. This subtle yet lustful expression characterizes the poems in this debut

collection of Godwin Nket-Awaji as he joins the few practitioners of the art in preaching the gospel.

At times nostalgic and humorous, at other times raw and startling, *sexperimenting verses* is a thought-provoking odyssey of a lovebird's romantic journey: the longing, the lust, the traumas of absence, the joy of presence and the bliss of sex, all transformed through poetry.

He doesn't go without embracing the tradition of eulogizing one's lover as it is in "paradise regained:"

*"your face reflecting / the penchant of flowers / your  
voice like early birds / on the boughy shoulders of  
adam / give back my lost paradise"*

He continues in "trying to get on" and reveals that *"there are tomorrows / that will not come/ if today's devoid of you."* In *ima*, the poet praises further: *"ima / the air of your grin/ brings butterflies to roost on bud."*

The title of Godwin Nket-Awaji's chapbook, *sexperimenting verses*, not only signifies the act of testing the water of eros, but also wading into it without looking back or listening to side talks. *"I can dance masquerade-wise/ hoisting but not breaking plank/ (to your bed-thralldom)/ on the podium of night,"* says Godwin in the poem, "Song of Induction" which seems like an invitation or a welcome gizmo.

In a generation where *Borontace* and *Kayanmata* —sexual arousing herbs or talisman for male and female respectively – have become popular commodities in the market, I think we should go the more natural way – the way of words; lines from

eropoetry lustfully rendered in your partner's ears would do better stimuli, and spark. Check the following:

*"man knows how to sift moaning from mourning  
a woman doesn't mourn but moans  
the mal(e)treatment of sheet"*

As a part of foreplay, if grabbing or cuddling is a key, touching lips, then, is act of entering the temple. This entry is sacred and its sanctity is invoked in the first poem "tonight" where the poet underscores the necessity for its abundance:

*we shall flow  
through rivulet of lips*

It's like taking an appetizer which on its own is voluptuous, as we see in "food" where we read *"your lips luring lingering longings— / drapes my appetite."* And in "a kiss," he laid it bare that *"a kiss is a coital bug of lips/ wishing to birth flame/ a flame that combusts two bodies/ like moses' holy land."*

As if everything evolves round the mouth, we read *"pat me by the nipple /with your current-spewing tongue."* And this sexual electrification is mutual, as evident in "how to light a man," when the poet persona enlightens the woman that *"your body/ is an alchemy/ to man's optical crucible/ your fingers are matchsticks."*

In the poem "designed," he takes us further into the act but deeper into its significance:

*"tonight  
i will be the proud pestle pounding  
you my mortar  
the echoes from our depth*

*shall keep god awake vigilant  
for the ritual of creation”*

Such revelation does not only emphasize the essence of our existence as human in the universe, but affirms that this bedroom ritual is what keeps man from extinction in the planet.

Throughout the book, Godwin writes with honesty about all aspects of romance, both the peripheral and the deep. Through simple poems, *sexperimenting verses* charts the tumble of erotic moments that make up one's romantic life, including subtle lines of eulogy that bring joy to lovebirds.

Finishing this book, and while reading "warship," I was reminded of the mantra "Fridays are for Worship" or, sometimes, "Whoreship," by Nigeria's leading Eropriest; "Jide Badmus." Be that as it may, as you read *sexperimenting verses*, look out for "resolve," "you are a journey" and "the girl next door;" and you'll agree with me that one of our finest Eropoet, Godwin, makes us all appreciate Pablo Neruda a little more.

**Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)**

Author, *Tongueless Secrets*

**tonight**

tonight  
caught between  
strait of oath  
on this river-bed  
we shall flow  
through rivulet of lips  
and fill rib-streams  
with trout of love



## **food**

i bear a bowl of hankering  
at the sight of the banquet  
of your supple body  
the scent of your breath—  
your lips luring lingering longings—  
drapes my appetite

my hands are spread  
a spoonful of hugs  
eager to scoop spiced hips  
i long for grapes  
between cleavage-hedge

a mouthful won't slake  
this prisoner's cravings  
how do i savour?  
do i gulp as desire gushes  
or nibble slab by slab  
slogging with the night?



## **the girl next door**

i feign no fervour for her  
i crave a scrawl  
her body is cosmic postcard  
flaunting raunchy graffiti

i swill night's bile murk  
not to bring her flowers  
i lure lies to lewd ears  
to screed her flawed floor

i feign no flair for her  
i hanker flesh's treasure trove  
and an arithmetic of youth  
the sham karma of age



**your body is *poe-tree***

you bear alchemy  
of aesthetics  
on those contours  
where i read a thousand  
emotions at a glance

your metaphor  
soars my brain moonward  
while i lurk still  
in a room unlit

i nod to silent rhythms  
of your cleavage  
...and succulent rhymes  
between metered tits

your body is god's art  
a piece of spoken word  
whose echo sprouts trees  
grapes flowers... and me

your body is *poe-tree*  
i cleave on your-branch  
dangling still on a verge  
of eternal fruits from your stalk



## **bonfire**

our bodies are...  
fuel matches woods  
cinders thatches embers  
harmattan shrub—  
all thirsty for a spark

four dart-tangled  
log of legs lured  
to a lewd hearth  
are what we need  
for this bonfire  
burring burning

the altar is made  
of twelve incendiary  
kingdoms of emotion

let's burn...burn slowly  
not to quench  
the flame in our voice  
lest ghouls shall film  
this room within



## **song of induction**

your voice is a slab  
of sound clanking  
the abyss of my ears  
only its meaning oils  
my swivelling waist-wheel

so echo on and on unremitting  
push bough and hip-fronds  
to the rhythm of your song

i can dance masquerade-wise  
hoisting but not breaking plank  
(to your bed-thralldom)  
on the podium of night



## spelling hearts

these days love  
spikes to spell  
perhaps there are shorter words  
like "s. e. x."  
sins enjoyed till sun x-rays  
(not long over-vouched endurance)  
and we run out  
for more hunts  
as chicks litter the lawns



**ima\***

ima  
the air of your grin  
brings butterflies to roost on bud

your smiles are lush  
resplendent like firefly mug  
of my nocturnal bank

they light dark shadows  
of meandering longing  
in the breast's sagging sky

your rays are milk  
to my chlorophyll of blossoming  
radiate these roots lest i rot

*\* the word literally means "love". However, it is used here as a name for an imaginary lover. The same wherever the name appears in this collection.*



**with rose**

with rose  
i rose  
a dew-draped rose  
on the flowered hedge  
of season of age

with rose  
i fell—a *thorned* rose  
gale-blown lame to rise  
from life's love-bough  
and turned soil's dough



**rain**

rain a kingdom of beauty  
on the earth of my eyes  
let me bathe you bare  
like trees in a wilderness of desire

rain and reign in my epoch  
queen of beauty—monalisa  
whose kingdom is a hive  
for men's bees of longing

rain my season of beauty  
the wheat of dream  
sits far too long unyielding  
sprout me anew with your water



**your lips...**

are tranquil blue sea  
waiting for the spirit's wrath

i am israel chased  
out of egypt of lust

part but do not clamp  
this galloping horse

and lead this urge  
to the promised land



## **a kiss**

a kiss is a coital hug of lips  
wishing to birth flame

a flame that combusts two bodies  
like mooses' holy land without blister

a kiss is a stereo  
to listen to lyric of moaning sheet

a kiss is a cable for transmitting  
two lovers' nocturnal spook

a kiss mulch for seed of touch  
is a banquet of the gods on coverlet

a kiss is how to spell love  
without sound but stenograph

my love let's stencil our faces  
on the wall of night with kisses



**moon**

while we wait for the moon  
in the palm of god  
and in our murk-dripping breasts  
we can light firefly sparkles  
in the sky of love

pat me by the nipple  
with your current-spewing tongue  
run your hands  
gentle water on hill  
through erogenous horizon

turn away from the world  
to the firmament of mood  
and eden of ecstasy  
and see us full in the beginning



## **i will sing your body**

this night caught in these pages  
a bed under the counterpane of verse  
i will sing your body  
to the rhythm of dart

i shall string nipple chord  
with the finger of tongue  
hit gently erogenous drum  
and wiggle waist-wise to your moans

tonight in this verse  
i shall sing you bare  
veiled only in starry night  
and in glints of metaphors

i shall sing the beauty of your body  
with a private tongue to public ear  
strip you bare in aesthetics  
yet ornament in metal fur



## **prayer session**

this altar which we are votary  
shall split us from earth's third party

pray hard on my body  
cast the daemons of longing  
roaming waiting for a heart  
to sever away and slake thirst

he that is in us  
is greater than theirs



**all i need**

night mourns the moon  
its eyes are dank and lone

i'm the night mourning moon  
hungry for your noon

lit murk of my craving hue  
all i need my moon is you



## let's bathe in the rain

puddles of romance  
heap in me  
come nude let's bathe  
under the voice of patters  
in the rain of yearning

we will fall  
a deluge of desire  
and flood our continence  
we will fall stream and boat  
and run through runnel



## how to light a man

I  
woman your body  
is an alchemy  
to man's optical crucible  
your fingers are matchsticks  
the flesh is incendiary

II  
tonight  
i'm a harmattan log  
tinder for your spark  
send me flaming in reverie  
with your fellating tongue



## welcoming

i have been  
a prisoner of continence  
with your absence

tonight  
i'm set loose  
a wild dog roaming  
with your bare scenery

my throat whets  
for your waters  
o alchemic stream

wet with drizzle  
then a deluge  
till this whetting is dry  
for a momentary trance

we welcome anew  
our prisoned appetite



**riddle**

i still can't come off  
this riddle you bear  
the magnetic hug  
between your face  
and my steel eyes  
my inside w(h)ets  
for your foetal water  
with just a sight of you



## paradise regained

a bait of apple  
(as god would conjure  
a cause for his course)  
hooked men away from eden

but with you beloved  
your face reflecting  
the penchant of flowers  
your voice like early birds  
on the *boughy* shoulders of adam  
give back my lost paradise

i won't trade you my trove  
for another eve  
god let me live in this eden alone  
and do not set another tree nearby  
so i can be bare like clay  
bare in the brain and breast

let me accomplish  
your dream of my love-being  
in this resplendent land alone



## **twinning rope of hope**

my morning is fast spent  
like dew on the lips of shrub

(i still long for your hazy  
embrace on the sepal of my heart)

afternoon vulture-claw  
is still on my skin of desire

drawing scavenging blotches  
of despair on carcass of yearning

my hope is tied on the girdle of night  
when nature's beauty—you my desire—

shall come home to roost in my arms  
lest my feathering sorrow shall soar



## trying to get on

i know there is love  
like holy rains from yonder  
only your sky can spout

there is life  
like sweater to brave the weather  
only your skin can be hewn with

there are nights  
that only your form can reflect  
and dare forlorn ghouls

there is romance  
like kissing stenograph  
only the ink from your lips can draw

there are dreams  
like plants and soil  
that will only sprout with you

there are tomorrows  
that will not come  
if today's devoid of you

knowing all these  
i have only gotten on  
in patches and vagueness



## **designed**

tonight  
i will be the proud pestle pounding  
you my mortar  
the echoes from our depth  
shall keep god awake vigilant  
for the ritual of creation

tonight  
we shall grind  
these limes of lust  
for the sake of love



## the myth of night

you weep for the whip of waist  
still your hands thrust firmly  
passionately for a feigned mourning  
round my innocent whipping waist

who cries with tongue and fingers  
caressing the whipping baton?  
who desires freedom but tells  
the master she's not running away?

your cries are enchantments for your god  
(the god that my coital exertion is its votary)  
your tears are kegs of ritual wine  
for the spirit of night

your crying voice says  
"man know how to sift moaning from mourning  
a woman doesn't mourn but moans  
the mal(e)treatment of sheet

"the unscathed palm of cunt  
is a totem to the threat  
of the whip you flaunt like a deceived tutor  
do not think a woman ever cries in vanquish"



## warship

the enemy accompanies  
our sights to the worship  
hall of flesh where  
demons sing with saints

our bodies are arrows  
of prayer points  
a tongue-scraping nipple  
releases thousand missiles  
of orgasmic cartridges  
aimed at luscious forehead

let lust lock lips/bodies  
in *illinguistic* tongues  
vanquish the enemy



## **season intersection**

you my season have been away  
and i became harmattan  
luscious yet dry

now you are one with my skin  
and the clouds are teeming  
in the pore within laps

the seasons turn with fellating mist  
i'm ready to pour  
and fill sheet-vat

the tarpaulin is brittle  
it can hold the rains less  
being eager let's let it fall at will  
and bear the blame of earth



**resolve**

of all the deaths  
i died from the strayed  
bullets from the rifle  
on your chest

on the edges of the streets  
in lecture halls  
in the markets  
on my lust-tarred lawn

i shall lie seven feet  
between your thighs  
my head buried  
within your navel

for a body does not  
lie distant from the bullet  
from which it died  
your earth bears this bond



## **for love**

ima  
i have resolved  
to writing love poems  
to write your name  
in everything i find  
and tell it to  
whatever finds me

poems that say  
be my sun against this reign  
and be my reign  
against this sun

but the metaphors  
to grace your love with  
are locked in the pocket  
of the reality we wear here

now you know why  
i cannot write of you alone  
without the love  
we cannot find here

when i say i'm your student  
returning home  
as an abducted parcel  
this is the love i write of you



**your grin ray**

glows with the green  
of a pregnant palm tree  
i know you are brim  
with wine for my gourd

your verdant vivacity vies a verve  
for my go(ur)d  
thirsty for the wet of wine  
i shan't hesitate to climb  
morning or night  
through the glare of moon  
and the shortening of night



## you are a journey

i step out on the threshold of your face  
hit my right foot on a block of beauty  
saunter through berry-hedged path  
on your *wildernessed* chest  
how you lure me on through misty logic  
into labyrinth of love and lust  
(one must slay my ego or be slain)  
now i'm lust in the thick of the forest  
in murky places between the gate  
that forms when you walk sit or stand  
still scouring my way home or on  
in the adventures you embody



## **dreaming beside a calabar girl**

I

we were mystical two:  
you were a flower and a sky  
i was a flower and earth  
both with open petals  
like supplicating palms  
calling on each other

suddenly...

II

we were logs  
in dream flare  
smouldering with the flair  
of moses' myth  
only spirit whispering  
the holiness of flickering oath - lust  
in the earlobe of flesh

"tread the pathway  
on my chest with bare fingers"  
a voice adorned the mystery  
"and walk your tongue  
through creation-fashioned fissure  
to lapse hallway  
but wear no glove on tongue-sole  
hence creative wrath be invoked"



i heard me in-between moaning lap:  
"i have fallen - tongue and palms  
(a captive of concupiscent freedom)  
knees buried in your earth  
to the might of your form  
my savant is lost to your service  
walk me the length of your might  
so long i do not blister  
the sole with which i walk  
like the miracle of this burning bush"

"your godhood is proclaimed  
upon my manhood



## layson

not my turning you into *ókpót\**  
when we fly on you my jet  
into love realm through orgasmic cloud

not the number of times  
i climb down the sky on your belly  
and go back in zest

nor the phallic brawn  
with which i lift your body and spirit  
towards a coital cusp

but the names i earn from you  
the *ubon~\*\** you adorn me with  
that wears the night's memoir

those nights prowling under my breath  
as i jungle you i earn your lion  
king of the forest of your flesh

when i earn your elephant  
the *trampler* of your tree  
the trimmer of your erogenous branches

those are the clothes of memory  
i crave to wear with your flesh  
hewn into mine - as you make for home



*\*a wooden gong*  
*\*\*chieftaincy title*



**i know...**

why you return always  
with the night  
like mullets on the rippling  
lips of tide to sleep  
on my phallic ford

i know even before  
you tell the truths of your lies  
of how you couldn't lie still  
your body sinking in the arms  
of your furry counterpane

my lips and fingers are pen  
pensive in placating forlorn plight  
and your body is a page  
how i squander time to draw  
you into perfect mood  
and not scribble nor blotch  
a woman's ego as most  
men are wont... endears you

i know why you often  
come like owl to nestle  
on the eaves of my continence  
singing tones hauling guise  
i hold not their response  
i know like fish and faith in water



and their fate in net  
before i'm snared  
...and still snared



## **merging voids**

the air is stiff suddenly

we are counting time

like centrifugal waves

coming to the shore

we have exhaled much void

from distance and silence

(the night arbitrates truth and lie)

each is suspicious to the other

like famished tiger and prey we balance

lascivious paw on the earth of flesh

slowly intently as though not ours

recollecting distance-stolen time

through dried pores within flesh



as the waters—sweat and sperm  
find their commingling places  
this air will not choke  
until acquaintance is equipoised  
at the cusp of mood





**godwin nket-awaji** is a poet, critic and essayist. He is a level 300 student of English and Literary studies at Ignatius Ajuru University of Education, Port Harcourt, Rivers State. He considers himself as one of the wandering voices of the generation of social media literary evolution. Such literary activities contributed to the birth of *sexperimenting verses*, his first collection of poems. His works are featured in *Repostes of Lockdown Voices*, *Chinua Achebe: A Man of the People*, *Towards a Beautiful Becoming*, *Citadel of Words*, *Concio Magazine*; *Sixty Seconds Silence*, *The Best of 2020: Poets of the World*, etc etc. He considers poetry (literature) as an escape and a re-entering into reality. He writes from Rivers State.



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