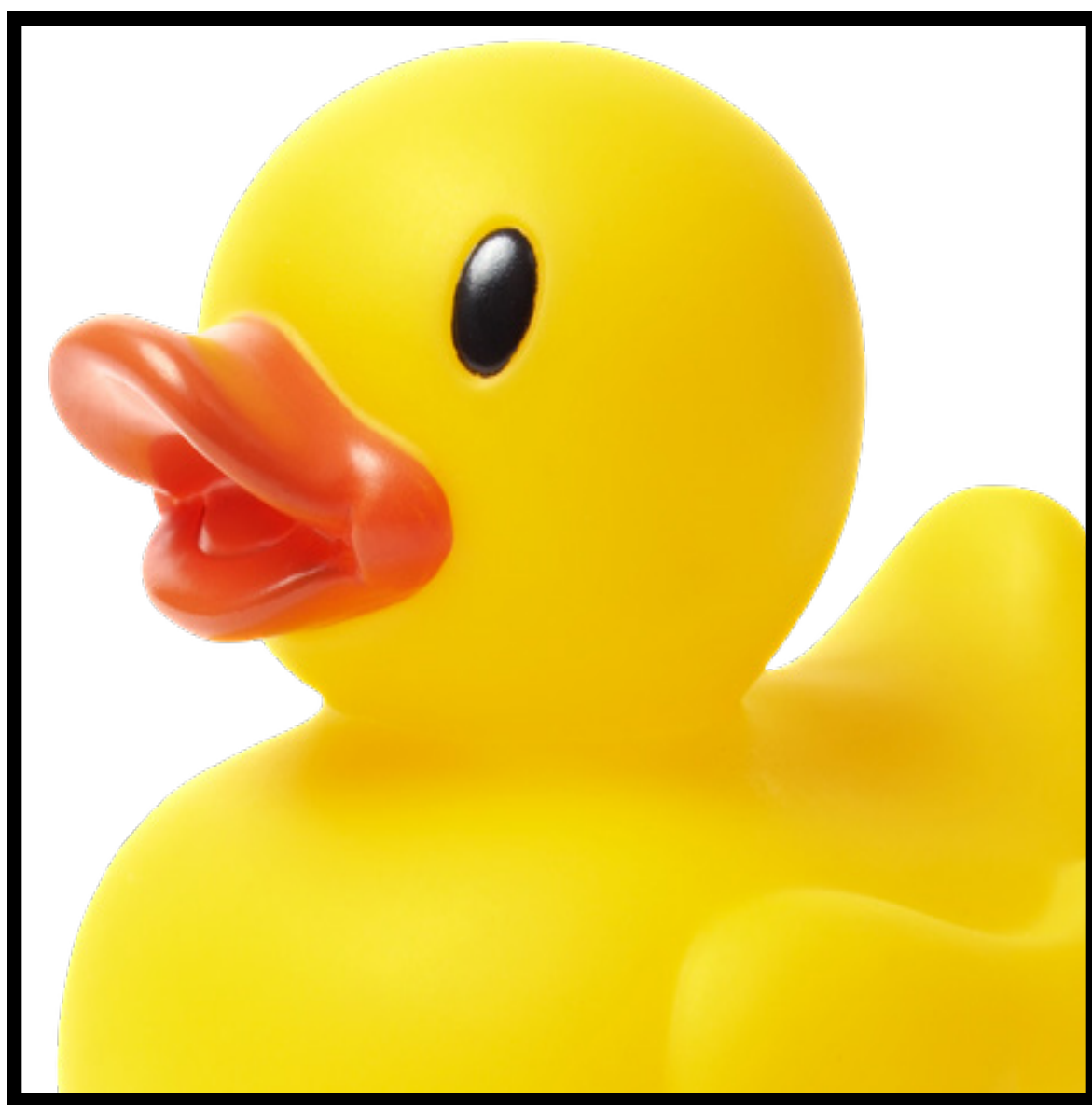


# THE MUNDANE



By the homies

## **This is a intro**

To steal letters  
Dream in whitespace  
Bleed identity on memoirs  
To rewrite and revisit each clot,  
Imprinting experience and inexperience,  
Eternity drips with every revelation.  
I'm past pondering,  
So I lightly insist that you,  
Give each page your grace.

# A New Day For A Homie

The day came with all it's promises  
Staggeringly I awaited by the horizon  
See I have been here, alot  
Most of the time eager  
So hopeful

I have left here more times than ever  
With bloody hands  
Swollen lips  
Loose scabs

See the day was honest  
but loved a good a fight.

The blood wasn't mine

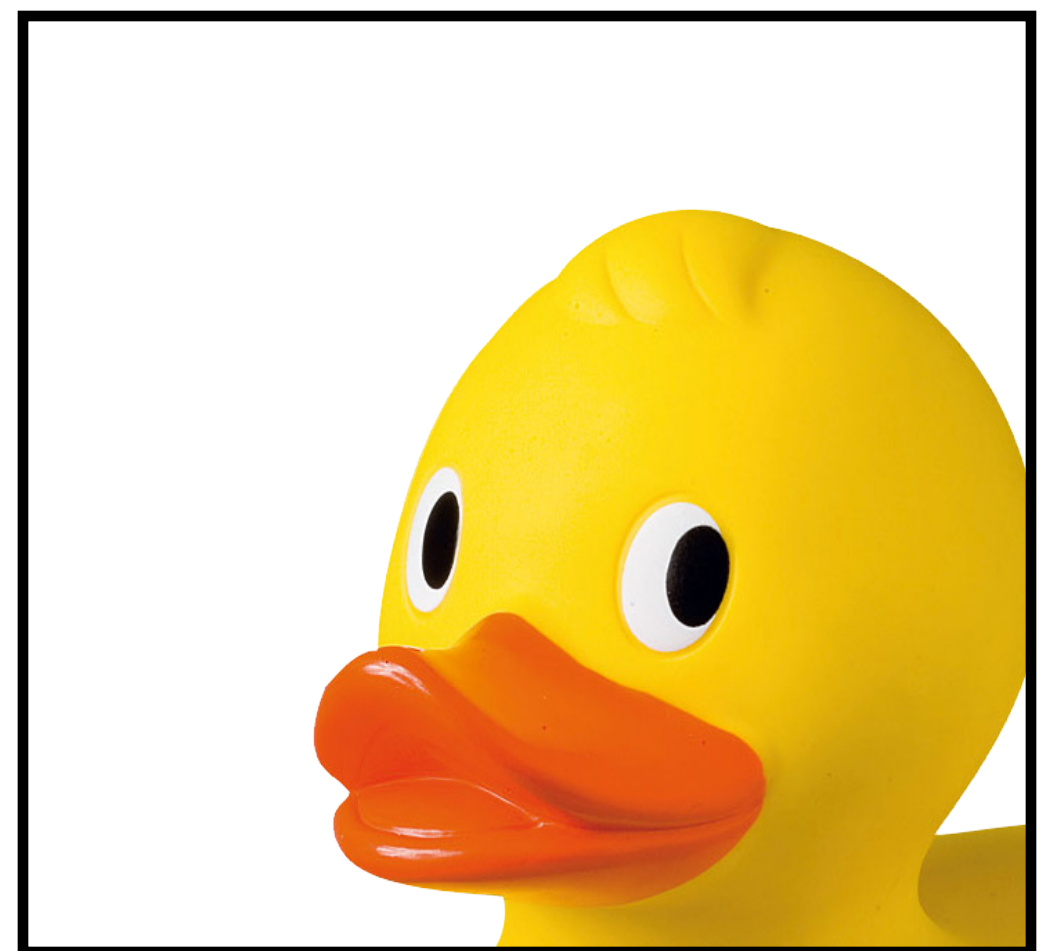
# Thoughts From A Homie

I don't understand everything I see, so why would  
I expect everything that sees me to understand  
me.

# The Homie Does Not Like Dishes

sometimes i  
wish washing dishes felt like magic  
i wish every plate cleaned itself and  
Every cup told pans not to be extra  
i wish the only grease i knew was the one that i  
could dance to.  
i wish the only water i'd feel was ocean like pool.

Sometimes i wish washing dishes felt like magic.  
But watching mama drop another plate in sink  
after thinking i was finished clearly makes  
wishing wishes like that extreme sport for fools



# A Homie Lost In His Thoughts

(WHILE DRIVING)

I began to wander  
I lost myself in long drives  
I always seemed to find my way  
‘When in doubt go straight’ I would say  
I never knew where straight led to  
I just knew I didn’t want to go back  
....

HOMIE

**vents**

part 1

you remind me of a feeling that i  
strongly believe i have not had the  
chance to feel in this life time yet.

# A Homie His Love For Coffee

I hate how eager coffee is to turn cold.  
How the satisfaction lasts only while your hands are  
warm.

How abruptly heat retreats

leaving you disappointed and unsatisfied, at times dis-  
gusted.

Terrifyingly similar to post nut clarity.  
If I've learnt anything from coffee and orgasms  
It's that clarity is overrated, it kills the fun.  
So keep your head in the clouds and muddle your  
thoughts.  
And look forward to good coffee and a great nut.

# A Homie And Sunshine

The sun kissed like a lover with leaving love  
Oh, baby, the sun had it's lip on me  
My face smeared by blazing warmth

To feel fire so brittle  
Is enough to make a kid smile  
(so the kid smiled)

The sun is a passionate unfaithful lover  
Saw everyone else with her shade of lipstick  
Oh the sun, for the sun I will be a fool

She cuddled me in at noon  
Smothering in heat  
Is a blissful way to go by life

# Son of Oshun

## part i

To be honest I am tired of riddles and tongues, I'm tired of holding my breath out hit with a blow of light, my lungs have run out of air mother. Not drowning but plundered, gasping for air, grasping at love.

The tides seem very low, my waves are shallow, like the words, I speak, the words I've written a year or two, the words I love, distained and grim like the gallows.

My heart is tired and is sore, much like my mind, somewhere in between forever in between right and wrong. Life is dealt and choices kept, like a punching bag and the fist itself I felt everything at once, doing everything to feel it all.

The love beneath the sea of it all, under the voice of the thunder, lightning and balls of life's moments & curves mama, that's it, that's always been it. A figure or the spirit, the flow, the easiness of it all...I don't want to be tired anymore.



# A Homie Is Nostalgic About Playgrounds

Remember feeling with love,  
In the ultraviolets...  
Before complication and connotation,  
The Mona Lisa was a sky blue rusty car frame,  
Painted with yellow orchids...  
Spider-Man bags bathed in pots of gold,  
Feverish from frantic joy...  
Secretly wishing for cooties because,  
Deep down we always thought they were cuties...  
Patinas on preschool pieces,  
Powdered with purity...  
With every 24 hours,  
There was always a newer, shinier silver lining,  
Everyone was right and wrong,  
There was a magic in the mistakes...  
Monkey bars spasmed with clinks of wonderland,  
These are heavenly sounds...  
They were astronomical for a while,  
Punctured Kool-Aid packs,  
Unflappable imagination,  
Concerts for little bundles of joy all day long,  
I saw heavenly clouds...  
Seasons spinning as furiously as the merry go...  
They were where we first felt storytelling...  
They were the...

HOMIE

**vents**

part 2

something nostalgic about a past life  
i may have lived. you remind me of the  
greenery of september's haze.  
the sun gently kisses your dark  
skinned tone with grace.

# The Homie Wants To Be A Leaf

To be a leaf on a tree  
To change every season  
To be weak and brittle in some  
To be strong and healthy in others  
To be forced to let go  
To fall out of my comfort zone  
To cover the streets in gold and brown  
To turn grey roads mosaic  
To mark autumn in colour  
To grow again next season  
To never stop being a leaf on a tree

# Just A Tired Homie

Think my iris has a filter now  
Mandem stays glue to these screens  
All you lots be looking like DP's  
Let a mans eyes breathe

Let them lungs see freedom  
Im tired bruv. Eyes feel tied and dyed  
bruv  
Bloodshort, merky tings, i'm tired bruv  
Just tired.

# Son of Oshun

## part i

I don't want to be tired anymore...exhaustion  
manifested into restlessness, jagged slumber with jaws  
clenched & shoulders hunched, spirits crushed and a  
soul that silently suffers.

Heartbreak & trust pains always lending an ear,  
informing each other every night. Whispers of the last  
time and times  
before that.

Frightened as I was to leap and jumped first with no  
thought to think.

Perhaps when I am better and practiced in caution,  
careful and more content, cordial to my own love, not  
forcing or taunting, placing it on auction.

True connection may find me better but for now  
my ocean will live as a puddle, as I sip from my well,  
pray for clarity within thoughts muddled.

Aromas of passions scent picking at my chest, loves  
feast seducing my tongue, living between  
breaths of pain and rest.

Signed, Your Son.

# HOMIE

**vents**

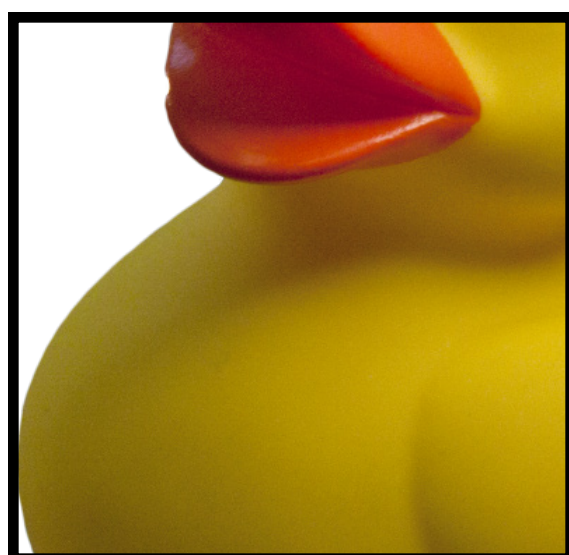
part 1

i'd split  
the sky in half and share it with you.  
you remind me of the sun,the warmth  
of your body on my skin,your kisses  
the breeze.  
butterflies flutter with eagles'  
strength whenever you're near me.

i'm like

moth drawn to your flames and i would let  
your love scorch me up into ashes.

my love,your icarus.



There is  
I promise  
There is beauty  
Beauty beside of you  
Beauty above you  
Beauty below you

There is beauty in endings.

**THIS IS THE END**