

lonely boy and other poems...

by abiodun david ogunrinde

Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: So I'm told, there are over 500 native languages spoken in Nigeria. Ogunrinde expresses himself beautifully in this one, though I wonder if he draws from others enhancing ours: "maybe, i should try and smile, maybe i should worry less," "my hands wrapped all over me, coiled, twinning and climbing like vines." "when you open my mouth, you will find a garden". HS (Formatting and titling are poet's own.)

i close my eyes, and disappear into myself, my hands wrapped all over me, coiled, twinning and climbing like vines. i want to create a home inside me, and stay there.

-lonely boy

i allow myself to feel fear, i worry and pace. i do not know how long it stays, or when it goes. maybe, i should try and smile, maybe i should worry less, but i am hollow, a pure vessel of emotion and she is a part of me.

-time is passing

i am a late bloomer, slow to grow, slow to know, slow to speak, and slow to bloom. i did not realise i could have so much words. when you open my mouth, you will find a garden of words. i am still slow to speak, still blooming. i am a festival of words.

-late bloomer

THE POET SPEAKS:

my poems were inspired by fear, anger, and loneliness, but most especially fear.

-the fear of never saying the things that ran through my head and told me that they made sense, one of non-conformity, and doubts of finding reasoning with anyone, or even becoming a book.

-an anger with myself, people and a culture in my environment that had, has, and was still cultivating silence.

-a loneliness, that drove me to my limits and asked me to speak, to write anyway.

style for me became clearer, after reading the poems of rupi kaur, nayyirah waheed, and rumi. the softness and freedom they brought with their poems made poetry seem all the more at ease for me. it made me explore that plainness in concepts, a sense of honesty and vulnerability, without trying to concoct any form of mystery with my poems, one i didn't want or had at the moment.

poetry is important for me to familiarize myself with a world of individuals who see the human emotions, in words and colours, stories and depth. i want to read them, to think, to feel and to become detached from a reality that can be too conclusive sometimes.

it has become a tool of expression for me, but beyond that, a process of documenting my life. i want to age, being able to also allow my words bloom, mature, be free, and tell stories of a life the way that i saw it. i want to be dark, cryptic, sweet, layered, honest and many many shades of things and i want to use words to do this.

AUTHOR'S BIO:

my name abi, full; abiiodun david ogunrinde. i write from lagos, nigeria. i started to write as a way to express my fears, my thoughts, my pains and ask the questions that i've always plagued me openly. this has given me the chance to explore myself more, while responding to whatever i feel. i like calm, beautiful spaces, a lot pastries and ice cream