

Ripples s s s s

By chukwu chisom

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Chisom has a fluidity of language that makes sadness joyous; still a love of poetry cannot be confused with the vicissitudes of love poems themselves. And what new love is not irresistibly accompanied by a lustfulness of re-freshened faces, as all the while we disguise to distinguish them. "For the thought of failing comes even before my trying" "' we are two sides of coins that can't face each other'" Even her expressions of a most abominable act echoes more poignantly by the searing phrasing she chooses, 'Trust Me' (Spacing is poet's own.)*

Ripples

Endless

Surrounded by loud cries of laughter, yet lonely.

Trapped in a cave of isolation

Seeping through my veins and bones

Gnawing at the very core of my skull

Are dancing masquerades limps in my very soul.

Still I sought for a company

Shouting loudest as halos of joy encircles

My thoughts and dreams.

But reality plays a different game

Of which I constantly loose even at the verge of victory.

And so I drew up my knee to my bossom

For the thought of failing comes even before my trying

Yet the constant bangs to be that I dream

Drums against my limps. As much as I try to grasp,

It just fizzles right before my eyes:

An endless triad of becoming which never comes.

Ghost Love

I saw the markings of Love on his face,

Read the lines of desire in his deep dark eyes,

But his parted lips reminded me of my first kiss under the mango tree,

The first time I had sucked the succulent fruit of the tree

He called my name in a language so distant but assuring

Told me how ' Obim' meant my heart in Igbo

And took me down the light of his heart which swims with tiny crystal balls of rainbow colour

He told me what they meant but hushed me to keep it as a secret.

All these I saw through his other eyes when he held me close as his nostrils breathed hot

Embers of desire on my flesh.

I wanted to swim in those ocean of wholeness

But he moved away so fast from me, like my fingers are the fangs of the heinous vampire

That sucks human blood.

I tried to use my tongue, he shrieked like it were made of fire

I tried to pushed my body and his in an embrace but he held me and screamed

' Let go! We aren't meant to be'

' But why?'

He tried to speak but ended up muttering something I couldn't hear .

' I thought love conquers all? I asked with tears streaming down my cheeks like a falling wall.

' I thought so, but...'

'But what?'

' we are two sides of a coins that can't face each other'

Trust Me

'Close your eyes, you will taste an ice'

'No Uncle, I want to touch the skies

And plant my print on the cloud'

'Then trust me to take you there.'

'Trust you?'

And so I trusted with closed eyes,

Till I felt a moist. Oh no! Another mouth right on my mouth.

It's tasteless. Not like the ice.

It burnt my breathe.

I opened my eyes sharply. Blinking hard:

To see uncle K's mouth drawing maps on my lips.

I pushed him off.

But his arms chained my waist like a cage,

And his lips sucked my mouth, so fiercely,

Like a hungry child does to a lollipop.

I lost my breathe. Gaspd for air. But he still held it, till I strutted:

' U...n...cluu...

He withdrew, my lips felt free yet so heavy

Like a sore, quivering speedily till I felt a drop_ of tears.

'Trust me' again he said.

I felt my heart drop in my stomach

For the first trust me rusted me.

I made to run, but he held me. And pulled my skirt,

And used his hands to squeeze my orange

Till I felt a shiver down my spine.

He place his lips on my lips and sucked deep

Such I could not shouted till he thrustd through.

And then it flowed. Down and Down from me

And shot a thrust to my soul.

THE POET SPEAKS... *As a poet, I draw inspiration from quietness and tranquility, because when the faculty of the mind enters deep silence that the eye of the soul can open to deeper reflections in which the invisible becomes visible and the unheard becomes the loudest voice the soul hears.*

My style of writing comes basically from the way the words shaped themselves as they come to me. Also, the poems seeks a kind of home to project itself because the idented stannza (s) or words shows their insistence to speak even in silence, just like a women about to give birth, the baby is in her but seeeks to come even through the tiny hole in her.

Poetry becomes the rhythm the soul beats in words, coats with emotion and produced in its finest outcome. I love reading poems because it speaks to my soul, writing them gives me the joy of a mother with her new born child. I cherish my poems because they are much alive, they speak and they touch anyone that comes in contact with them thereby leaving an edible mark that reminds a reader of a great encounter with something and not just anything

AUTHOR BIO: I'm Chukwu, Chisom Loretta. A young aspiring writer and an undergraduate student of the University of Nigeria, Nsukka; precisely in the department of English and literary Studies. I have a poem published in the Muse, the oldest surviving journal of poems and critical works in West Africa.