

We all are slow here

-Agoreyo Oghenemaro ©

We all are slow here

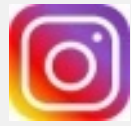
Collection of Poems

by Agoreyo Oghenemaro

*These highly placed clouds weep and their tears wash away our
pains.*

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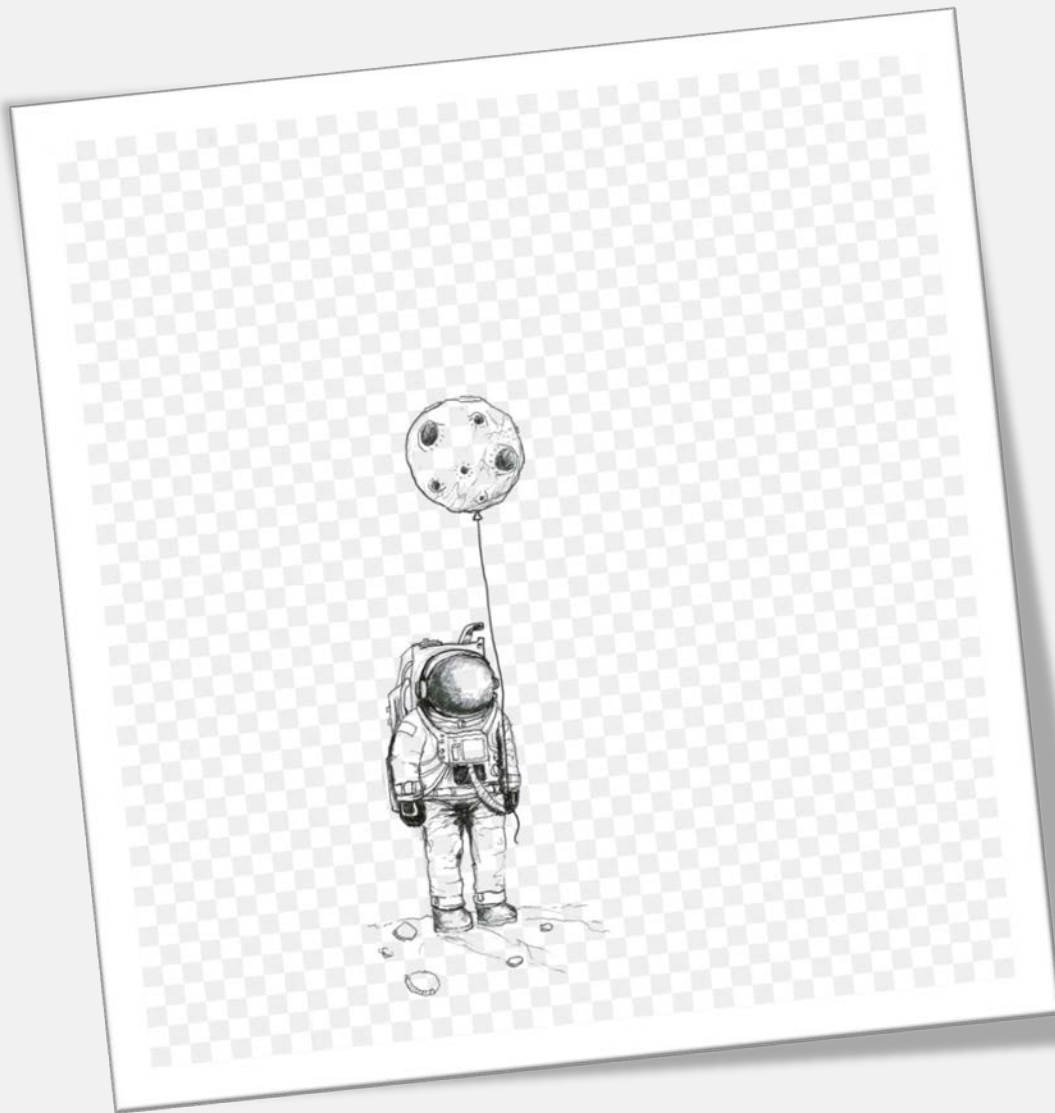
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Drill_rx

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*The heart is the true space and the laws of gravity are likewise defiled; we float, empty and weightless.
...without our spacesuits-love, we float as air filled balloons.*





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*'I gave you all of me to make you stay
And never minded the cost I had to pay
But I forgot to shut the door
So, you had a chance to run away'*



Cupid

Never

Misses

OUR
SOULS
ENJOY
NUDITY'

'ALL YOUR PRETTY CLOTHES
CANNOT HIDE
YOUR
UGLY MUNDANE SOUL'

'WE ARE A SYSTEM OF NAKED SOULS
WALKING AROUND THINKING WE
ARE FULLY CLOTHED AND PROTECTED'

ALAS!
WE ARE MORE NAKED THAN THIS NAKED TRUTH
HUMANS NEVER GRAB THE CONCEPTS OF THIS UNIVERSE
WE ALL ARE SLOW IN HERE!'

ALIENS

*As the earth inhales the stench of organic matter;
Such strong odours
And is mildly irritated by our overrated rules and laws
She is constantly troubled by our wrong doings and flaws
We are just but aliens
Travelers who have pitched tents*

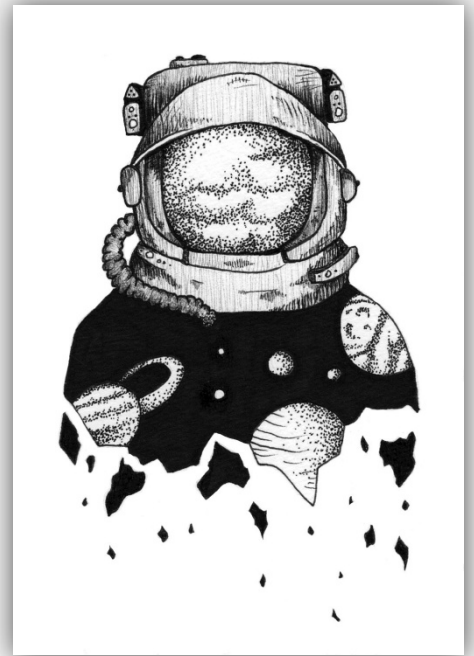
*We look up in the sky and see the stars
The moonlight to soothe the pain from our scars
We silently nurse the thoughts of other strange beings living
In the Venus or mars*

*We do not own the planet
We are as air giving rhythm to the clarinet
We are a galaxy: A collection of millions of stars
If stars make us believe in aliens
By being, we are*



Our Uni (re) Verse

The universe isn't ours!
And as such I can never say that
The stars glitter for us
I am in fact beyond convinced
That nature seeks to swallow us
Ignorant people keep reiterating
That the sun gives us life,
The moon also will guide our way and
It is as a matter of fact easy to prove that
The universe isn't ours
No longer can I say
The universe is our safe haven



READ UPWARDS

We all are slow here

*This planet isn't ours
It isn't our fathers' either*

*New in a pink body
With your only scar from the detachment of an umbilical cord
More scars to come
Physical as you
Emotional, cutting through your spacesuit*

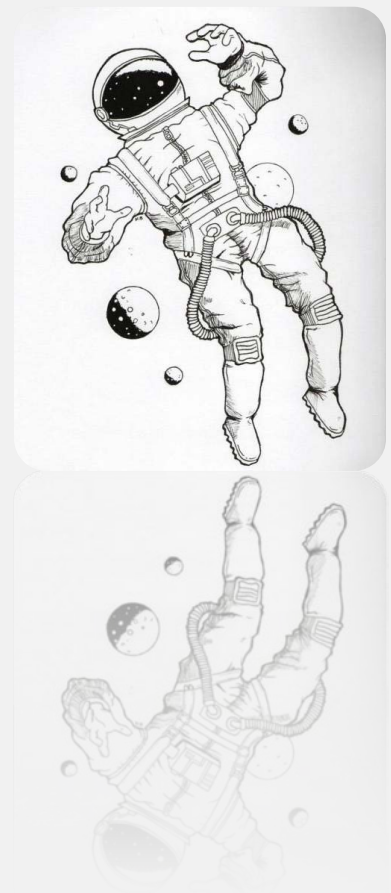
*Scars from your **foolishness**
Scars from your carelessness
Scars from merely existing*

*The scars never stop because we never understand
And when we think to grasp, another swing
Another cut*

*Pink alien
Sleeping somewhere beyond vulnerability
Somehow, strangely, we do not have enough information
to save you from this planet*

*Speedily you might move as your limbs strengthen
Gravity shall pull you down
Fatigue shall pat you on the shoulder*

*Speedily you crave to understand
Sadly,
We all are slow here.*



Curtains Fall

The genesis

Of how together we crossed seven seas

We loved, smiled deeply

So much at ease

licking your ear and never perceiving that as being creepy

One minute passes and yet another

Addiction pushes us further

Every dose of you was seemingly overwhelming

Refreshingly transforming and as comfy as a denim

Here we are

Still into each other

pretending to stare at a particular star

There is a distance between us

As far from us as the glittering light source

Seems like a curse

Let's take a pause

I want everything back to normal

I can't bear my texts being replied with just lol

What would be our fate when the curtains fall?

Heartbroken Tonia

*6 month old Tonia knew she had found love
The moment her glimmering eyes met with his
A cascade of violent emotions
Trickling through her crawling limbs
She loved John unconditionally
Shy to be breastfed in his presence
Adjusting her diapers to achieve a bigger bum
And trying to catch his attention*



*John later caught the fire
Running his hands through her soft curly hair
Telling her both in French and baby language
That she was the only one
And of course, was never shy
to be breastfed in her presence*

*Red handed was he caught
When in the middle of their romantic discussion
He looked back at an ass in transit
Heartbroken Tonia then believed when her mother said
Men are scum!*

Pissed Off

*The middle finger it is
When someone has got you pissed
Express displeasure with just an outstretched finger
And the burning passion of that of a Jazz singer*

*But then, Is that enough?
When sometimes some people call your bluff
To ascertain if you are really as tough
Or If your disposition in nothing but a fluff*

*Too far from your reach
Too many insults in so little time to preach
Go the Nigerian way
With an outstretched arm
Well spread fingers, two arms if you may
Sing like the Jazz singer; Waka! Shege!*



MY SISTER, MY BROTHER AND I

My sister, my brother and I

Partly made up the bridal train that moved with my aunt down that aisle

I could observe very closely, the height of joy on those faces by their very infectious smiles

I then could see that love had travelled more than a thousand miles

As we walked down the aisle

I could see a lot of gifts in piles

I could see that these gifts were brought by the loved ones of the lovers who had just found fresh love.

My sister, my brother and I,

Watched closely as we saw the groom kiss our aunty ahead of time

We watched as they went into a small office to fill forms arranged in so many files

We watched their marriage being blessed on that altar beautifully decorated with marble tiles

Love is indeed something to look out for. It is something that is so fascinating.

I mean, everything becomes more interesting when you look forward to your wedding night, in the absence of light.

The first week passed, so did the second week. The first month passed, so did the second month.

Six months later, my sister, my brother and I

Were called at half past nine

By some caring neighbors nearby

We moved in a taxi as swiftly as possible in order to get there in the shortest possible time.

Blows dodged, such chaos

Red eyes, swollen faces

Someone had been having fun at the expense of the other's heart

And yes, it was on this issue the physical combat sat.

Well, my sister, my brother and I

Looked around in confusion asking the question 'why?'

Love had just been built on a big lie!

ifloat

*There is trouble here, trouble there
Trouble here and there
So many burdens to bear
Knowing different levels of pain
And talking to yourself as though going
insane*



*There is trouble here, trouble there
Trouble in a pair
Double for your trouble
With enough force to make you tumble*

*Tumble here, tumble there
Enough already!
When trouble lifts you up again, don't fall
Lift up higher, go tall*

*Laugh in trouble's indignant face and tell
him 'ifloat'
I float like a boat!*

ADULT NURSERY RHYME

*One two,
Let her know how beautiful she is*

*Three four,
Treat her like a queen if you please*

*Five six,
Sweep her off her feet*

*Seven Eight
A diamond to glint*

*Nine ten
Bull's eye, perfect ten!*



THE BABY LAMENTATION

Ta bu bu miha tamha

Means you are going a bit too far

But then, you are now an adult

*Whose memory of the baby language is at
fault*

*So they attempt sometimes if you would
recall*

*And then they are like, 'fuck it! Your head
needs to be hit with a maul!'*

Eventually they work with expressions

Wail so loudly to express emotions

A smile when happy

A frown when mood is crappy

Still with stringent efforts to communicate

You grow to love more and not hate

You pay attention to the dynamics

Trying hard to decipher the semantics

Do this with your lover

Thank me later, I'm a problem solver



PEACE OUT

*Let bygones be bygones
Invest wisely the money meant to buy guns
And pacify the mothers of the vile sons*

*I am the damned forgiver
And the anonymous peace preacher
The bridge across the river
Creating a link to make y'all richer*

*I am the poetic rapper
Who never shoots a video with an ass
clapper
The world is in chaos
The fact that some of us know is a frail plus*

*Spread love and not hate
Let's see how differently that would taste
Everyone in the world with a smile and
some laughter*

*I can only but hope this plan doesn't go
south*

That being said, peace out



THE POETIC SHOE SELLER

Shoe Seller shouting;

*Shoes! Shoes! Shoes! So many kinds of
shoes*

A scintillating variety from which to choose

Some with intricate laces to loose

Coming in blacks, browns, blues and hues

Good shoes remain a source of confidence

and good muse

Let's go with the infamous oxford

*Giving you an appearance as sharp as any
sword*

Or say, the Derby

Which makes you look a bit heavy

Make wearing the monk strap your hobby

*As you become the cynosure of all eyes,
walking down the lobby*

*The amazing similarity between moccasins
and Loafers*



*With only the former having laces as
hovers*

*Don't forget about the brogues in totality
Intriguing patterns that make you seem
like royalty*

*Sugar cubes don't remain as cubes
in sweet tea.*



SPICY GIST

*There is nothing as refreshing as a spicy
gist*

*One having all its ingredients perfectly
arranged in a list*

*Getting ready to be dished out by a
professional yarner*

*With exquisite explanations, descriptions
and demonstrations hitting you in such an
awesome manner*

'Have you heard of aunty Toyosin?

*The petty little girl who carries herself all
about like a queen?*

*I always knew her seemingly awesome
lifestyle was not real*

Let me at least gist you her ordeal!'

*Just like sudden power supply on a hot
afternoon*

*And the joy of having to dance to your
favorite afro beats tune*

Sweeter than honey

Even sweeter when funny



A little bit of whisper

*Certainly for the parts of the gist which
seem deeper*

*Other parts can freely be articulated to the
ears of the walls*

*Anything that gets you out of trouble and
doesn't defy the gist laws*

Spicy, hot and frying

*Just make sure you are not deliberately
lying*

It's allowed to add a little pepper and salt

But an over salted food is definitely a fault!

BALD

*There is something encoded in my DNA
Something I have to wake up to each day
They say the deeper your hairline, the deeper your thoughts
And the lesser the amount of hair, the stronger your guts*

No matter how much it is sugarcoated, here are the struggles

Having a skin cut to hide this and trouble topples

Of how people perceive you as a frantic

And joke of never seeing a head so gigantic

The English language describes me as being bald

While I constantly get the feeling of my head being unclad

But then, what much can I actually do

Than to transfer it to my children too



*There are two things you cannot avoid;
The laws of nature and heartbreaks*

*The natural laws alone are heartbreaking
Imagine jumping off a cliff and not being
able to float in the dysphoria of your
worries*

Tattoo

*Ink from every fluid in your body
Your words were fine silver, actions rather muddy
Drawing marks from your scratches
You and I formed linen decorated by patches*

*Let's redecorate this
Reform this at least
Erase the marks of the beast
I need the cleansing power of the snow, dew and mist*

*Twitch my skin
Let me be sure you leaving was never a dream
I was the one meant to do that!
Instead, I stayed back, endured as a cool cat*

*Your art is unique and mine, a relic
For each drawing of expression, I felt pain at its peak
I made of you a permanent tattoo
And I ensured I left my scratches so you could have mine too*

Reproduced

*Just in case you question the authenticity of my existence, let me tell you how I
arrived*

*First, I was held in a cell, restricted, put away in isolation where I strived
Tied in slimy fluids to make sure I had no access to friction to help scratch free;
freedom I was deprived*

*But then was my prisoner distracted by the very sights of chemical reactions and
hormones were released from where they were preserved*

*I waited in curiosity, while activities occurred with much vigor
This was a prison break to be taken very seriously, but I heard sounds and a little
bit of humor*

*Suddenly, a force, an acceleration of vigor, it felt like the shower of a meteor
I had come, I had arrived, and my prisoner lay weak as if intoxicated by liquor*

*A race started behind me, I discovered I wasn't alone
I wanted to thank she who had rescued me but that could wait, I had to get
myself early to the indispensable zone
We raced through blood, fluid and bone
I won the race; I reacted and was genetically identical to my prisoner, I was his
clone*

*I had been transferred to another prison, quite pathetic
I really wasn't bothered anyway, this was way comfortable than that dungeon
house that pricked*

*In a few months, I heard that information about my escape had leaked
I was released at last, freed only to see a smiling face of my prisoner while I had
to deal with some huge device adequately milked*

To my prisoner, I was re-introduced

I felt used

I just discovered I had been reproduced!

SHAMPOO MAGIC

Don't you just want to swirl you hair at times?

Wishing you had up to nine lives

Like the mythical cat?

Jump freely and worry not about how time flies

*Row your own boat dear; take your seat on that
aft thwart*



*Anything worth your peace is damn too
expensive*

You are a baby girl and you deserve more

*Something more intense, far awesome and more
extensive*

Do whatever you like, call it 'void and null'

*It's time to explore the depths of what extreme
happiness the world hides in her bra*

Don't you understand? You are a miracle

An outstanding pinnacle

*Why then do you cry over hands that couldn't
hold you?*

A voice which was never in tune

*Eyes which always made you cry
And a tongue molded out of the clays of lies
Toxicity! Toxicity!*

*Look girl, your hair is dirty
Roughed up, smelly and messy
Something great awaits you and you need to
move on to it
Take a shampoo, wash your hair
And swirl like you had nine lives!*

RHYMING MOUTHWASH

*Is it just coincidental that toothbrush rhymes with
rush*

*And its counterpart; toothpaste, rhymes with
haste*

Or that the mouth to be washed has teeth to crush

And also has a tongue to taste



Android Vs Iphone

*Android is a mischievous little being
More dexterous than any being you have ever seen
With skills so sharp you can never undermine
Perfect companion, soothes more than the finest
of French wines*



*iphone constantly reminds us of human nature
Greed and the quest for recognition
Reminds us of the man Adam and his wife Eve
A bitten apple cost us trouble filled lives to live
There's a little secret about how the human race
fell*

*Jealousy didn't end with Cain and Abel
Android with all his talents didn't get as much
recognition as Iphone
He then bit out a piece of his contemporary to
make the market his own*

BEARD GANG

To shave or not to shave

Not to shave!

Facial hair is the new wave

It's time to move on and be a man

So toss that shaving stick into a trash can

Keep a beard like great men as Karl Marx

Believe me; it is but a great task

*Nevertheless, that wouldn't be something you
can't handle*

*Some shampoo, a good cream and a comb to
prevent a tangle*



Give a sincerely broad grin

*And watch the beautiful, lustrous natural
vegetation expand on your chin*

*Let that beard grow to your belt and down to the
floor*

Yes, feel that much energy under your jaw

*Make the ladies feel such love that they've never
felt*

Let each strand radiate perfectly and glow

Let the beard bring forth good health

And elevate 'em when they are feeling low

Join me my brothers

*Except for those beardless who never answered
their call when the phone rang*

*Together we can build an empire; the strong and
mighty beard gang!*

BOYS AND PLAYSTATIONS



*Again, Play station always wins
Over hoes, bitches and slay queens
I desperately miss my home when I'm far away
Simply because I know that at home waits my
lover always ready to play*

*Baby, can you see my dribbles and crosses?
And how angry I get at my loses
That's exactly a depiction of passion and true
love
As hours pass by and I can't get enough of the
smooth curves*



*Love me tenderly, smoothly and deeply
Like the sun so much loves the moon; she finds a
way to fuse during eclipse
Love me with vigor and not feebly
Let every moment be ours to seize
You see girl, play station has cheats*

But you...

There is no shortcut to you

*You are more than a mere fantasy, an addiction
or temptation*

*You deserve a love deeper than such a boy has for
a play station*

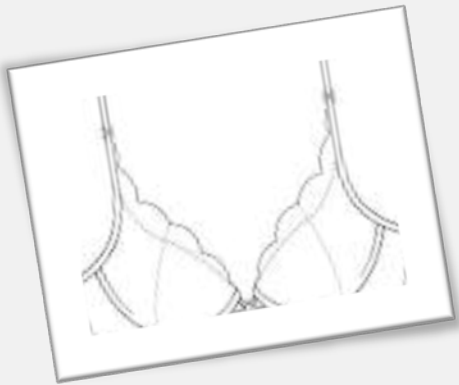
BRA MYSTERY

*The word 'bras' when rearranged gives us bars
And the word 'Strap' when rearranged gives us traps*

Most importantly, there is a hook

And some come with nets to go by

So bars, traps, hooks, net



*There is the hook which is the beginning of great
things*

You are let off the hook

Sadly, into the net

And eventually put behind bars

At last my friend, it all turns out to be a trap

Fine temptation boys, don't yield!

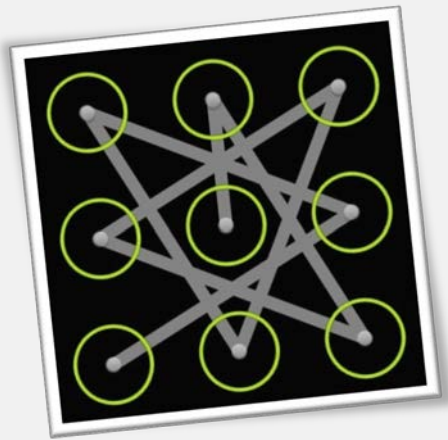
CRACKING HUGO'S PATTERN

*Hugo had a lot of secrets
Secrets that could make any lover completely go
out of her wits
His secrets, hidden in his highly sophisticated
phone
Heavily protected by a pattern known to him
alone*

*Hugo enjoyed the luxury of his games
And though so many, never mixed up their names
His chats were a mystery to behold
His pick up lines never grew old*

*Slowly but surely, suspicion crept in
As Hugo's lover always saw used condoms in his
jean
A slight demonstration of coldness
And how picking up his phone made him so tense*

'I want to make a call, please your pattern'



*Slowly, she observed how fast and smoothly on
the screen his fingers ran*

*She intelligently picked up every twist, shape and
every turn*

And tried out her luck some hours before dawn

Just at the fifth try

*She succeeded in discovering things that would
make her cry*

BBW

Amazing big beautiful woman

They want to twist you in all ways they can

Try to steal away your crown

*And giggle in their mischief as they watch you
frown*



*There are many things about yourself that you
do not understand*

*Everything about you is awesome even to your
heartbeat's sound*

You are the thunder that roars so loud

*You are the rainbow that appears behind the
clouds*

Not everyone can handle you

*You are a special limited edition meant for a
lucky few*

*Don't let anyone abuse, mistreat or disrespect
your body*

Neither should you ever see yourself as a burden

A cup of tea

To sip and see

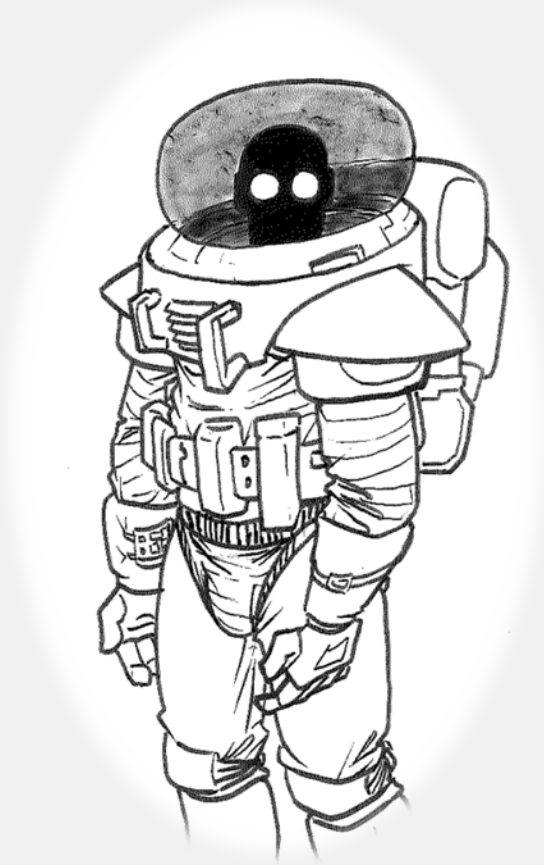
To watch the world

When you're bored

A cup of me

And watch me steal

Your heart and love



OUT OF CURIOSITY

What if roses were not red?

What would the famous poet have said?

The night is always awake while we sleep

*Does she quietly anticipate dawn as she takes a
peep?*

And if we sowed, not aiming to reap

Would we still till the soil as deep?

What causes us to love?

If we could tame cupid with handcuffs

Won't we only just perceive each other as duffs?

I guess the feeling of equality should be enough

Here are a few; there exists more

Out of curiosity

Out of curiosity

Soothingly Mummified Organ Killer Exposed (Smoke)

*One more, this last, this final puff
I know stopping might seem pretty tough
Just because all you see is inhaling, exhaling and
never getting enough
And then, not to forget your minor momentary
cough*

*Let me give you this in details
The papers of cigarettes are the mails of life that
would never get to your soul
They would burn in flames and so would the
knowledge it holds
Your soul shall miss the letters of love from life
and get heartbroken*

*Drier shall your lungs get, till its carcass moves
along with the ashes
Slowly, you shall gasp for air
And just as you long for more as each day passes
No one would ever remember that your lungs
came a pair*



*Now, each time you crave one more
Think of the evil one eating your blood filled
organ raw
Or cutting through it with a chain saw
His name Unknown to you
Because after exhaling, you'd never even have
the chance to ask for a clue*

HARRIS AND JANE

Harris

*Made me rise like dough with yeast
Soothed my emotions like the morning mist
Adequately tamed a beast
Cast away my demons like a priest
In my confusion on complicated matters, you
figured the gist
Had all my good deeds attached to your heart
in a list
And to you, my bad sides didn't exist
And at times when I lost it and raised my fist
You seemed to be so good at dodging the hits
You stared at me deeply, enjoining me to be
calm with a hist
I found solace in weeds, call me a botanist
Constantly wrapping, so addicted I couldn't
desist
And even when you tried to help, I did resist
Till today I'd always insist
That I gave you my shitty life in a pudding to
feast!*

JANE

*Hey you! Glamorous young man
I'd explain this as simply as I can*

*Sometimes I dreamt of how my feet ran
Far far away from everything about you that
seemed so wan
I must confess I was your biggest fan
Each day, I saw you as a celebrity and I was
your Stan
Although I had revolutions of leaving you at the
start of every Jan
I always failed; stayed through March, hung till
December and it always seemed a span
I was your queen
And I always hoped that together we were
going to win
Conquer the world and make it spin
Sadly, you never acted keen
You never wanted to listen
You threw my love, dedication and sacrifices
into a waste bin
I agree with you, you gave me your shitty life to
feast
And forever goodbye have I kissed!*

RIPPED JEAN

*Jacob W. Davis was good at his stitching
But that's not what led to the invention of the jean
His stitching was unique; reinforced by copper
rivets
His invention rather came from the discomfort of
wooden pellets*

*My heart has been shattered and battered
Run down, rearranged and then again scattered
But then, I manage a smile on the outside
A carved out cave for my pain to hide*

*Jeans were originally meant for woodcutters
Then, one of them cut through his jean with an
axe
His flesh torn, with some amount of pain
But he damned it anyway and it became a trend*

*My heart was originally meant for you
Then, a part of you cut through my heart with an
axe
My flesh torn, with an amount of pain
But you damned it anyway, all for me to mend*

SPIDER MAN

*Just like spider man swings across tall buildings
You swing better, as you cannot keep up the
zipper of your jean
Giving a wink, raising a brow, giving a leer
To anything having chest bumps in pair*



*Young, wild and free
With a suit that hides your deceitful eyes from
me
Your senses are sharp enough for your games
Sneaky and dexterous in denying infidelity
claims*

*Sometimes, I think my feelings have reached its
lowest ebb
But then I discover that I am trapped in your
love web
We are connected by a very strong bond
Spiderman you are, but not out to save the world*

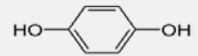
MELANIN MURDER

I am Melanin

*Greek by origin, murdered in cold **blood***

Murder slowly executed, perfectly clean

Simply because I depicted a color as that of mud



*I know Hydroquinone, who disguised as
Hydrochinone*

Then I lost all dominance I had over the sun

Black, as a matter of fact, always absorbs the heat

*This was a situation beyond my control, conceded
defeat*



I am melanin, pigmented

I want my death to be properly heard

Justice must be properly served

*By the time you're reading this, I might have been
probably dead!*



ZERO TO TEN

Adding one to one gives two

However, two is not bound by only that rule

Take three for instance, the number before four

Subtract one from it and same outcome with a little bit more

Now, five is a number that's very fine

Six is an unstable being, sometimes taking the form of nine

Seven is an epitome of perfection

However, adding one to it gives you a being that craves attention

Eight, curvy as she can naturally be

Very attractive to any he

Again, nine is the camouflaged six everyone seeks

Ten is just another liar

One never comes before Zero



**WE ARE JUST ALIENS HERE AND WE
STRUGGLE EACH DAY TO UNDERSTAND
THE PRINCIPLES OF EARTH**

**SLOW WE ARE IN UNDERSTANDING
ALL OF US!**

EACH AND EVERY ONE IS GUILTY!



Females are humans too