


■
SHIT,
ANOTHER
LOVE
POEM

Onyeka
Igwe
■




Once, a poem sprung from distracted fingers.
A love poem,
I blushed and turned
away,
I hid the words under the pillow and looked on,
unoccupied.
I wrote a love poem in 2019.
When the exit poll came in, as expected,
I was shocked at your shock
but
not in an up myself kinda way,
unfree.
I never can close my eyes when I read,
detach into the peach mottled light.
I close my eyes,
Allowing the Dolby surround sound ball bearings
to turn into water
I
think we can all do this,
unfulfilled.

Nostalgia:
for the light,
that could have been.
Nostalgia:
for the lives,
I could have had.
Nostalgia:
for the lives,
lived by others;
in the before,
in the now,
in front,
right behind,
by my side.

She calls this alienation.

Did you ever stop yourself from raising your hand
because it was embarrassing?
beg.
I think now of all the ways we discipline ourselves
No, are disciplined.
I am disciplined,
by praise
I hate that I love the rules
That I conform





(hard)

That strictness resides in me
poisoning the well.

Once, I looked down the well of attenuation.
I came back from that reflection,
a wild dream.

Now I force myself to remember
With a procedure,
ritual.

Sunkissed arousal at 5.14am
Fitful, restless half sleep where the world tumbles
in, mixing my mind's eye with those cursed and
blessed images.

So,
that I see scallops served with ice- cream and
plum sauce and
I look only at you,
fiercely at you.

Shit, another love poem.

And then in turn, of course,
I like it.

I like the straight invisible rod on my back
and,
the wavering
that eventually falls into pace.

She laughs.

*I have been called humourless many times but
then I discovered the thing that makes me laugh
is other people's shame.*

I think it's my and our duty to do some thing(s) to
this language,
e x p a n s e.

I think it's my and our duty to say something here,
g r a n u l a r.

My and our duty,

with this


with these words


with the sound I make when I inhale;

when my lips, tongue and teeth glide into forma-
tion to announce the letter 'O',

O,

reminds me of the joke of this all.





O, think,
O, should,
O, must,
O, can,
O, want to,
do more than the sum of the half arsed ghostings
of the alphabet, that my left ankle can muster.
That, would also mean,
I would have to let myself,
crawl,
into you and
admit,
(this is a love poem).

