

Once

upon

the

ordinary

By dozieokk

To life. Thanks for being possible.

A study of ordinary days, reality, activities, emotions, rest, and realization.

A study of the ordinary.

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Splash Splash Ibadan

gusts of sunset rain

I hurry towards an eave.

ripples in a pothole

blind procession Ibadan

aircon cool –

random light beams

blind at night

Communal lullaby Ibadan

evening clear rain

draught for boneless sleep

a mango tree whistles

Dull Dull Continent

satellite wind –
above dark continent
a weightless chime

Golden Future Past

In iron's plasticky mirror

Nose shy of a balloon

Inflating with age

Face, beading

Droplets in its pores

Grey, orange, then red

I wonder, will ours be known

As the electric age

Hello Strange Number

I recall with humour

She said hello

Murdered my name

With sing song voice

I said yes this is him

She said we've been informed

Of a tragedy

Of metal and high-speed objects

We hear you were damaged

When engines crumpled

And tires screamed and tar

Ran red

I said no

She said memory is fickle

Swooned by reality to be

Left single when

On a silent night

A lock clicks

Recall the unreal

I said no

She said no more

Anger

paper calm... plop

splash of blood

silence

Elusive Nirvana

My heart a perilous volcano
Tremulous lava imprisoned within
Scorching with contempt
Emanating destructive intent

My tears death throes of a dying storm
Powerless against the searing heat
Deaf to tremors of destructive intent

Sentience is Banished

depressions where
 elbows ankles butt-cheeks
 meet harmattan dealt foam
 one's head

 languishes
 in pillow's softness
 a patterned ceiling
 where

eyes roam
 dusty air funnels
 where
 lungs expand

something seeps free
 of a sedate form
 It's insentient eyes gaze drowsily
 about it

Its whole being
 an ephemeral shawl
 of windy motion

it ventures to explore
 through woodwork furniture
 stuck in a wardrobe
 freed to whirls

of a ceiling fan
shot out the ceiling and
into the night
sentience comes with moonlight

Sentience is Awakened

all is still

under heaven's most

luminous orb

gift of sentience is received

eyes

once aloof

crystallize with piercing

intelligence

intense sorrow

throbs

in once non-existent heart

I... have been banished

the moon looks on with pity

the night nods with understanding and

that special time—completely different to daytime

—slumbers by with indifference

Sentience is Reunited

in cold night's room
 sedate form stirs
 even night-time piques
 with eager anticipation
 the moon
 with calm warmth
 the night
 with relief
 they know
sentience is about to return
 stirring even more
 a force of creation and
 destruction to
 depressions beneath it
 in a moment of calm when
 upright, driving night
 out its eyes, and
 night's mattress lays empty
 sentience soars home
 it gives up itself and
 memories
 to the moonlight—never to regain them

 returns sentience and

memory

to its master

my sorrow finally ebbs

sunlight bursts forth and

that special time — completely different to night-time

— rushes by with indifference.

This Monster

This Monster

Each time I try my body revolts

It claws tears and scratches

Rips roars and growls

rages in fury

in longing yearning and craze

and I wonder

when did I allow this monster to grow...

Life's Contract

Slaves to

Our

Expectations of one another

Our

Selves

Never to

Until

Death simply be

Until

We simply be

About the author

A night owl who thinks the world is more beautiful when more attention is paid to the ordinary things in life. Ordinary things in constant flux to remain ordinary.