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SOUL OF DARKNESS (An Anthology)

AJIKOBI MOSHKUR OLUWASHINA

DEDICATION

To God almighty.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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PREFACE

If Shaytan prays today, would he be forgiven? There are some questions that do not seek answers. The answers are lurking somewhere in the depth of your conscience. Speaking of the moral sense of wrong or right, there is an important quote about conscience that I find particularly interesting, which is "Guilt means you have a soul. Be grateful for that conscience"

Soul of Darkness is a compendium of words carefully crafted letters, prolonging into sentence, metamorphosing into lines and stanzas. It opens with a prologue that has darkness lurking around before welcoming you aboard with a taste of momentary peace. You're in a mask while tasting that feel of peace before it is roughly yanked off to the reality of how the writer came in quick contact with Shaytan. You won't know what happened during the encounter until you take a few read.

Other titles like Drug, Rape might conjure some kind of "enlightenment" in you before ultimately dropping you in an orphanage. I can go on and on making puns out of all the titles but then, you need time to consume this beautiful work of Ajikobi Moshkur

Ajikobi Moshkur, an alumni of the School of Literary Creativity and one of the most active students during his time, has proven to be a writer who knows his way around his craft and this anthology is a strong testament. Soul of Darkness is didactic yet gratifying.

Abdulhameed Ridwan O.

Author, How You Died I & II Co-author, What The Kitchen Taught Me Abeokuta, Nigeria.

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Ajikobi Moshkur O +2348129185470

Twitter: @almoshkur

E-mail: al_moshkur@yahoo.com

Fb: Ajikobi Almoshkur Oluwashinaayomi.

PROLOGUE

Darkness all around.

In my heart and in my soul.

Like the Prince of darkness, I walk in the dimness with a heart of murky blood and eyes of peeve and feud.

Mouth that bark, bite and backbite in its mite, nose with chains of espionage in lieu of cartilage.

Blood-painted hands and dire legs on sand. No light in my world. Delusions are my words.

I strut the route that'll crush my repute.

WELCOME ABOARD

Welcome to the world of peace. Even though we're still searching for it as we only found it in a piece of word.

Welcome to the jungle where the wild animals are the human beings.

Welcome to the land where only chameleon changes clothes at her leisure time and goat dies in her single cloth.

Welcome to the earth we live in to leave it forever.

MASK

When the world who is my father refuses to show his real face and opts for a bridal mask wherever he goes, is it a crime if son follows the footsteps of his father?

When the whole earth, including its soil, chooses to live like a chameleon, I decide to change my old look and wear another one every now and then

Now, I've surpassed my father.

I hate to practice what I preach as dog hates its vomit.

I pay only lip service to my loyalist.

For that's the norm in the world we live in.

SHAYTAN

I saw Shaytan, wearing a glamorous mini, showing her teeth, covering only the teat with a rope that wasn't strong enough to climb her palm tree with. She flashed with her headlights. I saw the illuminating stars in her baby blue beneath her protracted brow. She signaled with her forefinger, with her half-opened door curtainless door. My eyes captured the picture I wanted to view from all angles. Then, I entered, and couldn't say ta'awuzu behind the closed door.

DRUG

I want to be high like that mountain.

No. I want to be on a high for life.

I want to see others as a cockroach,
running away from a clap of my slipper.

I want to work for a nonstop hours.

Maybe I'll be on Guinness Record someday with my supernatural power no one knows of its secret.

I want to study hard without stress, burning my midnight candle between my fingers.

I want to forget those breakups, heartbreaks, and bitterness in a few minutes, by lightening the wrapped soft paper, by drinking the gentle firewater, by inhaling the happy dust.

What! I will die young?

RAPE

Look closely, she's your daughter, she's your sister, she's your mother.

What! You are blind?
Of course, you are blind
to see how your life is ruined
by the clothes you consulted assault to remove,
by the hands you nailed without hammer,
by the tears you snubbed for your lust,
by the taste your tongue didn't feel,
by the red sea you gave your holy water,
by the stress you drank your sweat from,
by the curse every press-ups casted upon you,
by a virus that invades the immune system.

Tell me again that you are blind to see how you're also a victim of your cutthroat libido.

CONJURER

She's painted a lovely smile whenever the sun rises from mile.

She dares sun to compete in whose laughter we'll love to see; either sun's or her's.

Yes! the eyeball, at noon, is cool and breezes like Haier Thermocool.

She's painted starless black and searches for preys on the pitch-dark. Like a wolf in the jungle, she leaves her scapegoat in tangle.

ORPHANAGE

The land is vast with wide boulevards. big blue rivers, high mountains, boundless deserts, countless houses. men of different colours. men of same blood, yet, there's no place to live, as if this sky is not meant for me to live beneath it and share the same water we paid nothing to get, watch the bright moon as it lights the world that my father once lived in, that my mother just left to meet our ancestors, as I wait alone for my last breath in the vast land that has no room for orphans.

THOUGHTS AND VOICES

[Sigh]

There are so many thoughts running a marathon in my head.
Thoughts that are turning my head into desert.

[Hmm]

Where is this voice coming from?
The voice that enters into my heart.
The voice resembles mine, but... wait...
My mouth is closed and the voice is still echoing.

This must be the beast inside of me whispering again to my ears through my heart.

Oh my dear beast, will you take the responsibility? Or will you blame me again and take your leave after I follow your command?

COIN

Why do I have to bring forth my sweat before you come to me?
Why do you have to come when you're not staying for a long time?

None of these folks are ready to take my two cents worth when they don't see you with me.

Don't you have eyes?
Or your eyes lack field of vision?

I have inside my head what takes you to be my friend, but you chose to be with a lamebrain who doesn't know your friendship value.

Aren't you tired of how he sends you errands?

The errands he sends you with no return inside.

Don't you feel tortured with how he sets you ablaze in the beer parlour?

Don't you feel bad when he deposits you to Prostitute Microfinance Bank?

Are you so stupid to not have respect for age that you place a kid on a man's throne? You give guts to the kid and make his mother bows for him when the case should be vice versa.

Look!

No matter how you deny me.

No matter how you make every second looks like a month in hell by not having you,

I will never cross the line.

I will never sign a friendship contract that would have an expiry date with you.

I would rather wait till you regain your senses and come to stay in a house I built for you with what I stored in my brain.

SHOWOFF

Yesterday was a preferred world

Where sincerity and honesty were signs of modesty and portraits of chastity, painted by the people of integrity.

Where showoff was a feces, despised like menses.
Stoned by the cadet, for being a strumpet.

What a wonderful world yesterday was!

SOCIETY

I want to go back to yesterday, where my life was a rare gold they cherished, coddled and enshrined in a bleeding heart.

Give back the time "Oh sorry!" was not an inertia, but an action to take great pains and pull me out of the fire.

Could you rewind the bygone days?
Days as old as Methuselah.
Days I was a crash program over selfie in the hour of decision.

Please, take me home again—
the home of deliverance and salvation.

PALESTINE

They said happiness is free. But why is it a needle in a haystack?

I found myself in the womb of a mother whose husband had been taken for a ride.

I opened my eyes under the sky that rains genocide.

I hear a thunder that strikes without rain under a building that was once completed.

I wine and dine with death cause I know he'll take me to my permanent address any moment.

XENOPHOBIA

In Johannesburg,
I saw a green bird
with white color in between,
picking up roughages,
with her long beak,
feeding her fledglings
inside a nest she built.

She went out again, she wanted to eat everything, but how could she when her babies are yet to fly. She rushed back home, all what she could see was another bird preying on her babies, setting her house asunder.

She lost in tears, but no one was there to help. She said: "even if my nest was built on your tree, can't we live together? Aren't we the same bird? Can't we flock together?"

EPILOGUE

Let me tell you a story, maybe you'll learn one or two things. In fact, you must learn. Unless you want to overlook as I did and became a victim.

Let me tell you a story of how I arrived at a crying shame that makes some people commiserate with me and makes other people turn away without even taking a second look at me. Their only word of sympathy is "Wetin concern me, na him do himself"

Let me tell you a story of how I really enjoyed watching pornography. It gave my eyes the pleasure words can't express. The pleasure my eyes couldn't find in reading novels, regardless of how creative the author could be.

Let me tell you a story of how I saw those figure eight ladies as a sex toy I always wanted to play with. Since what I learnt from my masters in pornography industry was to only appreciate women's breasts and their rear end, the next thing is to constantly put the lesson into practice in order to be a professional someday.

Let me tell you a story of how masturbation was always the only solution when those *sugar mummy* and those *sweet sixteen ladies* refused to come around.

Let me tell you a story of how I lost my sight. Let me tell you a story of how I repeatedly see doctors on my low sperm count.