

How you Died?

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danger is having your room
opposite a woman's room
— she never draws her curtains down.
when her lover comes,
you can hear his muffled moans
penetrating through your window pane
in heavy strokes awakening sleeping palm trees.
when her friends come,
you hear syllables of hushed laughter
jawing about how her lover
is more instant than noodles.
and an automated silence of how
tunde sends her to heaven
on his mouka foam mattress.

when she's alone,
you peek through your window,
to be embraced by her open curtains
revealing her dark areolas sitting
like an oasis in the brown desert of her heavy breasts.
you wonder why she walks naked
around the room with her curtains open.
on an impulse, she drags down her
white panties and winks at you.
your heart skips a beat.
(you were never in an orchestra)

you duck. she smiles. you hear her smile telling you to come over. you also hear the angel on your left unsheathing his pen to write down your impending sin. you shut down the sound. you spent three months memorising her body.

—she has seventeen stretch marks on her
left breast and twenty-one on her right.
her stomach is flat.
she shaves regularly
because of the regular visitors.
you don't need any concealer
to make up your mind.
you land in her room,
lasting longer than her lover
but you are not sure about tunde.

tonight,
the imam will lead the Ishai prayers
and you will not be there.

tomorrow,
the imam would lead the funeral prayers
and you will be there
—laying shrouded in front of the whole congregation.
how you were found naked and dead
in a woman's room would be the sermon on friday.

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