

My BECOMING - Spirit of the Masquerade



[Github.com/obinexus/](https://github.com/obinexus/)

Tick, tap! The clock's hand crawls towards midnight.
Tock, tap! I tap my pen against the till, impatient in the crowd.
A voice guides me, a soulless song further darkens the night.

Tick, tap! Waiting for the last of the crowd to leave,
I mutter, frustrated, sighing, disengaged.

Tick, tock! "Midnight, at last!" I cry with excitement.
Grappling for my native attire, I race to catch the night's final glimmer.
Exiting, locking the shop with desperation.

Sunlight kisses my skin, waking my body.
"Ya! Cha-Cha-Cha — Kwenu!" chant the people, waking my soul.
"Ya! Cha-Cha-Cha — Kwezuonu!" I scream back.
Tumbling, twisting, I transform into the majestic masquerade.

One with the chant, I dance, spinning with the wind's intricacy.
One with the people, children's laughter ignites a fire in my soul, warmth in my heart.

Twirling in a vibrant array of colours, I lift dust into the air.
I am caught by every lens, preserving my spirit from every angle.
Uplifted by curious children, I breathe new flames into their souls,
Filling them with awe, breathing new life into their eyes.

"Whoa, Wow, Ahh!" they scream in excitement.
Their joy fills the air, and they shower me with native gifts.
Chased by their voices echoing in broad daylight — "GINI? BIA!"

Moving with grace and precision,
I am admired, adorned, a living treasure of tradition.
Never in spite, never lacking spirit —

I am fuelled by culture, heritage, and time-honoured tradition.
I am timeless, energized by our values.

Adored by the crowd, celebrated by the children, I give life to culture.
Always masquerading within the crowd, for what is young and yet to be, I became.

Now go, tell the tales that gave me life.
Do not let our history fall and fade — forgotten, lost.
Instead, cherish it, rejoice in it, and share it with open hearts.
Now, GO! Pass it on, from one generation to the next.
With the spirit of the Masquerade, we belong — together.

— —

My Becoming — The Spirit of the Masquerade

Mr. Obi Nexus Nnamdi Okpala — The World's First Polyglatic Design & Technology, Health and Social Care Constitutional (Life First, Work Next) Sector

The Child Who Sole Needs the Biome

I remember the child who needs to use the biome connection to feel:

- The sands beneath bare feet
- The earth's charge running through my spirit
- The current of ancestral energy
- The heart of Igbo land pulsating

This analogy should shape the fun — the running in the cold, when we fall on the ground and can't get back up easily. The sole of the shoe is the problem because it is not charged, it is rubber, not the earth.

This is why I, Nnamdi Michael Okpala, could play for day and night with my friends, running in bare feet because my charge was the Igbo land in Nnewi Nigeria or Onitsha Biafra. Looking for one day straight and two days sometimes with different friends, different games, different times — fun all night as a child.

There was no masking because the soul was not the sole of shoes. The soul was the charge when I was on the earth.

The Earth Was Charging My Spirit

In those moments of barefoot freedom:

- The earth conducted my joy directly to my heart
- No insulation between my soul and the soil

- The biome was my playground — not separated by artificial barriers
- My spirit charged by direct contact with ancestral lands

This is the essence of OBINexus Biome — creating clothing and technology that doesn't separate us from our biological connection to the earth. Where the sole of the shoe doesn't disconnect the soul from the soil.

The masquerade spirit lives in this connection — where tradition, earth, and technology merge to preserve the authentic self while allowing for transformation and growth.

Nnamdi Michael Okpala

Prince of Nnewi • Founder OBINexus Constitutional Computing

Life First, Work Next • Heart-Centered Design • Neurodivergent Innovation

Nnamdi Michael Okpala