#### POEMS



JIDE BADMUS

#### LUST ALPHABETS

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### A bstract

brush of lips & a palette of fire

i paint seascapes & skylines

beaded lust,pendent breasts& a flaming storm

sex is art on canvass of skin

#### Breathe

trapped between your lips I need air but would rather have more of you

## Crosswords

There's a body in my bed
—a longing mystery
between sheets.
Sensual spaces dying
to be filled,
where words don't count,
with sweet vein & moans...
ecstasy littered in a puzzle
of flesh.

#### 

You used to leave the back door open for me to sneak into shadowy study, grab a quickie with you bent over the desk, gown hiked above waistline.

# E iffel in my

#### Pants

How do you not see this longing for you? Eiffel in my pants, this love towers above all

### F irewood

Dem talk say body no be wood but for dis kain cold I be pako & I go like burn for your fireplace

#### G host Lover

You don't exist outside these shadows.

You breathe in a coffin of memories — discreet

moon in covert beds... You made a spy of me.

We lurk in sensual alleys, share clandestine kisses,

chaste & lurid all at once. We make martyr of desire,

prudent & wild, entomb secret sins in sacred graves.



It's hunting season. Dog of heart sniffs spoor of lust.

My compass of loins points to you.

Are you game?

# Seek the Refuge of Nights

Love me, fiercely, watch me bleed

from fiery cuddles. Bless me, wild kisses

from reckless lips. Bite me, ferocious tongue.

Put night under spell of savage bosom.

Touch me, touch me... soothe me.

Love me, love me gently.

### **J**asmine

you left pieces of memory in dark corners of mind, vestige of a smile, lingering scents, puddles of emotions —your sweet moans still echo in my bones!

## K leptomaniac

Morning stretched *kleptomanic* fingers & pilfered night's cold. The sun cupped my face, whispered warmth & washed my skin with caffeinated kisses.

#### Lust Poem

She is a lust poem,
Found on every street.
Her bosom grins wide —
More than cleavage on display.
I see the smile beneath her dress,
Curves & contours craving attention.
There's a soft tremor, a mild quake —
Beaded waist shakes
& buttocks tremble.
She's a teaser —
I'd love to see the whole show
The lark beneath my fly wants to fly!

### Milk Teeth

You are white as a smile, gorgeous in your wedding dress.

But at the end of this day, like milk teeth, that dress would give way

to the permanence of nudity & that's how we would live the rest of our lives—

naked together, unashamedly reinventing the original sin.

#### □ ight ride

idling in a parking lot, veiled in indifference, purring gently, aching...

curious fingers float across the dashboard, reach for soft knobs

tongue in glove compartment wiper, tender & deft

stereo struggles to find expression in the traffic of supple gears & silk throttles



There are several ways to kill this cold

— the surest, start a fire...

Take a hot bath in a brimming tub of latte or sip from a bottle of rum, lust sacrifice on altar of lungs.

The surest way to sustain warmth is to become a plank in your pube of hearth, cast the weather into coital fires

### P ollination

You are a field of velvet blossoms, craving dawn's kiss. I'm a cloud of wings, wind bearing pollen dew.

### **Q**uickie

I own a chessboard I don't play −I don't have time for games!

Lust is spontaneous & leaves no time to contemplate moves

Imagine a king on knight duties. Imagine us, my queen,

passion pawns, reckless & daring, stumbling to rapid graves

# R isky Metaphors

after Niyi Osundare

Thoughts are eggs longing for sperm of words

# S ex on Plane

so cold this morning that running up these stairs to the 7th floor, JP Cooper's 'too close' booming in ears, feels like sex on a flight

#### Tryst

We meet at the intersection of myths & teething truths, freighters of primal chaos. We cut ribbon of dawn to undress mysteries. A spectrum of metaphors, nothing is what it seems... feelings, fleeting as flowers & permanent as dimples -memories sifting through fingers of time. Today we could be breathing duvets daring harmattan & tomorrow, lazy lovers, skinny sun cowering before a mist.

### **U** nleashed

I now release from my loins, a god, into the wild a language tamed & a love, vicious...

### **V** ampire

A kiss & a kindling.

Brisk flames hug tinder spine

& knees grow wick, surrender to dire fire.

Doused in sweat, we burn & bloom,

crackling & panting.
Angel of death emerges

from the smoke of crimson moans,

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ruthless ecstasy, a gift of ashes

& immortality.

# **W**ild Gears

You pull me into your warm well, into the embrace of fluffy wings. You strap me in the arms of soft, cosy storms & cadent wine.

You pull me into sultry shadows, into deep velvet forests of songs soft as sin & crisp as communion bread. You drown me in silk rivers — sweet blood & fragrant smiles.

You pull me into gear, set me up for the adrenaline! We live for the feral tarmac—the lust for beauty & beastly ecstasy.

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I cum in words

# Y oung Modulus

Desire is malleable & your hands are capable of moulding miracles. You understand the science of arousal. Your hand of yeast swells me, forges me into a sensual weapon, obedient & willing You touch me & leave me hard & vulnerable.

**Z** ..

Lust is a wild thing — ecstasy, an animal that can't be caged.

Jide Badmus is an engineer, a poet inspired by beauty and destruction; he believes that things in ruins were once beautiful.

He is the author of There is a Storm in my Head; Scripture; Paper Planes in the Rain; Paradox of Little Fires; Silk Psalms; and Anatomy of the Sun (and everything beneath). Obaluaye is forthcoming with FlowerSong Press in June 2022. He has a Pushcart Prize nomination

Badmus has curated and edited several anthologies such as Vowels Under Duress; Coffee; Today, I Choose Joy; and How to Fall in Love.

He is the founder of INKspiredNG, Poetry Editor for Con-scio Magazine, and sits on the board of advisors for Libretto Magazine.

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