



Temiloluwa Okanmiyo Oluyemi



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INKspired



Of love and loss

Temiloluwa Okanmiyo Oluyemi



For Oluyemi Iwalola Ifejola, there's an
assurance that you'll never stop believing in me,
never stop loving me



I wake up from this dream
& you're no longer here



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Acknowledgement

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On Losing You

I once dreamt I was a vine
In the dream, I'm wrapped tightly around you
I don't care about who's held this body before
I don't care about your back breaking
I don't care that you can no longer tell me you
love

As long as you don't leave me
& I'm not searching the ends of the world for
you

.
. .
.

As long as I'm not failing



Falsetto

You're not love
You're just everything
I Thought love to be



For We Who Dread Love

(After Michael Ace)

today,
my lover visited me in my dreams/ told me he
loved me/ but even in my presence/ i see
myself absent in his eyes

i do not know how to tell him/ that love is a
foreign language my tongue cannot speak/ i
do not know how to recite it/ i do not want to
know how

cause i've learnt/ love is a plot device that knits
a girl/ into a heart break story/ & drugs her
heart in a sea of red tears



so/ i've learnt the art of uncaring/ & how to
unlock faster than the speed of light/ i've
learnt to lock my heart behind closed doors/
say to love/ stay away/ you're a criminal here



On loving you

The stage opens on you and me. Centre light.
It's just us here nobody else matters, they all
fade into the background. I recognize my
reflection in your eyes

This is what love looks like,
This is where I want to be forever

In your arms. We dance beautifully but not to
the tune of the music. Our love is music
enough

Everybody's favorite song
We're perfection



Of love and loss

The best love stories they say, have sad
endings.

Somewhere, we're painting a beautiful ending
for ours

You call my name, I turn back, I smile

This smile is reserved for only you — we both
know this

It's the one where I let my emotions spill
through my eyes

My own special way of saying I love you —

I tell you I'll be back soon

I won't though; we both know this



I'm done searching for home in the back of your
throat,

I keep losing me there.

Loving you is not enough to bring the heavens
into my belly; I know this now

I'm off searching for home

& one day when I find it,

I'll pour the ashes of our love in a paper boat

Set it on the sea,

Maybe one day, when it reaches you, we'll be
in love again.



AUTHOR

Temiloluwa Okanmiyo Oluyemi writes



from the Western part of Nigeria. Most of her writings revolve around human experiences and the pains surrounding them all. She hopes to use this means of escape to open paths for

others who are locked in their own pains.

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