

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

STLK PSALMS



JIDE BADMUS 

ALDZOR MICHAEL IKECHUKWU

STIK PSALMS



a collection of poems

Jide Badmus &
Alozor Michael Ikechukwu

INKspired



Copyright ©InkSpired, 2021

The right of InkSpired to be identified as the publisher of this work has been asserted by them in accordance with the copyright laws.

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, retained or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. The scanning, uploading, electronic sharing of any part of this book without the written permission of the authors will constitute unlawful piracy and theft of the author's intellectual property.

Book Layout & Design: Togra Designs
togradesigns@gmail.com



INTRODUCTION

I do not know why it is difficult for me to write introductions to my own works. It always feels like I'm trying to denude the work of its mystery. And I do not want to do that. I do not want to point the reader in any specific direction—I think poetry loses its magic that way. And I do not want this work to lose its magic. I would later learn that Michael, my co-author, has the same *wahala!* We had to shelf our plan for separate introductory notes and settle for this.

In Uche Nduka's words, *it's terrific when the sacred meets the profane*. Poetry is a blend of fabrics—it gets more interesting when it is a knit of seemingly dissimilar fibres. *Silk Psalms* is a mix of minds, a blend of themes, a blitz of wit, grit, and flair. This little collection is an intersection of the sensual and the mystic.

Inspired by Michael Faudet's brief, simple and authentic introduction to *A Cult of Two*, I think this will suffice as worthy usher into the haunting miracle of the next few pages...

Jide Badmus



JIDE BADMUS



SUNRISE

dawn slips
out of night's
gown
a rooster crows
inside my pants
i watch you come awake
—fledglings chuckling
fluttering on your bust
night is a fond
metaphor for intimacy
but these rays blaze
with desire that has
no reckon for time



A NEW DAY

Morning lips,
soft on my eyelids,
broke a smile
on my face &
the sun rose
between my legs
—I've got a hard-on
to take on a new day.



MORNING BLESSINGS

The sun wears
a condom of dawn

A rooster climbs,
ushers in psalms

of dew &
a cum of light

—brimmed dreams,
winged vigour, light soles...

Amen.

MORNING WATER

I.

The sun unwraps
mist of longing

Eager lips await
kiss of dew.

Unfold, bud of desire,
spread your petals—

this proboscis
seeks fresh nectar.

II.

Fill your pot with
sweet morning water

Fill your gourd
with the first sap

from this curved
lust stalk.

The pleasure we seek
reside in our palms—

I need your consent
to strip these fronds,

to break the kernel
in your plate & fill

your calabash
with morning wine.



RAINY DAY

Come to me,
half-clad sun,
& kiss sleep
from eyes.
Take me into
the bosom of day.
We have no use for
forecasts,
tropical lover, we'll rain
all day.

TOURIST

There's a journey I long to take,
see scenes of you in your skin,

dip my fingers in your black sea
of hair, drink from spring of lips.

This is where I want to sit,
nap in the valley of breasts,

trudge through desert's belly
& find succour in its deep oasis

This is where I want to end up,
at the pyramid sitting on its

head between your legs...

TIMBER

every time you look at me,
day breaks & a cock stands
with thunder brewing in throat

every time you touch me
wild flowers sprout
on my skin

every time you kiss me
timber muscles break
through earth's loins,
stalk aiming for the sky
at your intersection of thighs
in search of a ray
in search of lustre
tap root in
search of love
buried in your core

HEAVEN

At the entrance to
the church of gold,
aching bones kneel
in meekness.
The flesh is weak,
our lips confess...
The goal is heaven
—a tryst of thighs.

ELYSIUM

This room was built
from Jacob's dream
—your bed is a
floating stairway
to God's throne.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE

Lead me to
the beautiful gate
—we have no use
for silver or gold.
Just a miracle
of sated flesh.

WE PRAY DOWN FIRE ON MT. CARMEL

...& the God who answers by fire, he is God —1 Kings 18: 24

Let's break
night's wooden silence

with confluent mouths,
incite rebel rain

with clattering teeth
& ferreting tongues...

I'm a lamb, ablaze,
on your altar of water.



THE POWER OF TONGUE

I heard God's voice
when you spoke

Speak to the rock, you said

But I wanted to strike,
I wanted to use the cane...

Then I remembered Moses,
how he lost his ticket to Canaan

Speak to this public diamond,
bring forth water from my core, you urged

Who says No to the Lord
who parts the sea?



ANointing

this body, propped on
your altar, lungs ceded
to longing, waits for fire.
raise a choir of emotions,
charge this ambient pulpit,
bring down carnal cherubs.
congregation stands in awe
—this flesh, all tongues,
waits for your anointing.

GOD'S GUN

There's an orgy in my head,
thoughts nodding to rebel music
—awkward questions
like why we cover
the most attractive
parts of our bodies.

I came out of the bathroom
and you saw the mutation
beneath my waistline
Oh my God, you gasped
I wanted to tell you in Will's voice
Who do you think sent you that
weapon? That is God's gun"
But you know this
—you are the trigger!

STENCIL

I used to sketch as a kid.
I can't recall when
I stopped or why.

I used to sing too,
sweet tenor in shower &
in my church's youth choir.

Perhaps I hid these talents,
like that dude in the Bible,
for the master's coming—
'cos, babe since you came
these gifts have resurfaced!

I draw you into my embrace
whenever you're with me.
I become a brush of tongue
& lips, painting you in kisses.
Between these sheets, your
body is a stencil &
I skilfully trace out
yearnings embedded
in skins & marrows.
We become a choir of two,
pitching sopranos & falsettos...

Unlike the Biblical master
you won't have to ask
what I did with my talents
—I saved them for you.



AIOZOR
MICHAEL
IKECHUKWU



SOULMUSIC

Plethora of sounds
Escape your lips
Like a radio's knob
I tune your nipples
Loosening hell
Below my belt
At night's heart
When my bed
Is bereft of warmth

HANDLE WITH CARE

Glass of wine nestled
Between slender fingers
How your supple lips
Caress the rim
Tribute to a worthy cork
Bringer of fine wine

Hold my parting rod
Tenderly, squeeze it
Lovingly, tongue it
Lavishly till I cream
A fitting confirmation
Of its corky nature
Beyond wetted lips.

OVERDRIVE

Your ride gives impetus
To my drive, how you
Engage me, purring
Slowly, accelerating
Home, shifting gears
Feline grace, serpentine
Wriggle, in right place
Oiling me, oily you
Lubricating you
Hastening me
To burning caps.



LIP SERVICE

You relax your guards
To permit my tongue
Charge through your lips
With equal velocity
It escapes my lips.

The tip of my tongue
Caress your inner walls
Trace crazy patterns on the outer
Your squishy warmth
Washes over me.

You gibber in tongues
Convulse under my ministrations
My lip service intensifies
Your fingers burrow the sheets
As you gush anointing unto me.

PLANTAIN

I peel myself off the bed
Like an unripe plantain
Parts of me stick to the sheets
As I sway to the day's rhythm
Like a resolute tropical tree
In the eyes of a storm
Plantain ripe for a whisking
Dangling between my legs.



TUMULTUOUS

There is a war
Raging in my briefs
A heavy cloud
Hovers over my waist
Threatening like lightning.

Knead me all you want
Take me into your curves
Bury me in your lush meadow
Let torrents of me rain into you
Till you explode like thunder.



GUN MOUNTING

I am not a soldier boy
In love with war games
I am but a mounting
I train without warning

I litter the ground
With armour plates
So they are handy
When you're on ground

For each time
There is fire in the hole
You say you want no
Combat scars, yet

You're always on ground
To do battle, and get hit
By my raging warhead
Until your legs fail you.



PREGGIE

Last night
My muse snuck
Into bed, beside me
She cupped my balls
Stroked me lengthwise.
I spilled my seedlings
On my sheet, lavishly
Communing bodily
With my muse
Last night.

Yet
I am
Heavy.

HOW I FIGHT

To test my muscles
I pick on skinnies
The chesty ones
For I'm huge.

Their endless depth
Is not a myth
Their homely warmth
Is no fable



HOLY MOUNTAIN

My tumescent burden shackle me
At the mercy of its asphyxiating vice, I lay
Let your comeliness rise me to my feet
Like the rising tide of my surging libido.

Hold me, lead me, guide me
Through the untrodden path
Leading to your holy mountain
Let me cast my cargo.

Into the glory of your presence
Usher me, a willing worshipper
Seeking no answer to his prayers
I wish to worship till tomorrow wanes.

Fast! I have. Let me pray ceaselessly
Rising and falling in frenzied worship
Like your untampered altar deserves
Born me again on your holy mountain.

AGAIN AND AGAIN

Eyes dilated, body trembling
My loads come off like a dam, broken
Warm. I cascade on top of you
Your fingers digging into my bum.

Still, I rise

To earn whimpers with each drive
And moans with each tap from you
Wrapped in tremors, I gyrate
Till I shudder and collapse on you.

Still, I rise

Like a raging tide, into your
Lush mellow sheath, I slide
You arch like a bow, I fly off
Like an arrow, to rest in you.

Still, I rise

Like the sun after a storm
I stand tall, nodding in approval
You take the helm, ride till I explode
And go flaccid, drained of life.

Still, I rise

But all you want to do now
Is hold me and never let go
Do I still need to tell you
My tap never runs dry?

PUSH AND START

I see the path
An intrinsic pattern
Holding all the homes
Mapped in your body!

I warm up
To the sight of your cylinder
I long to fire from all burners
Fuel me up!

Stroke me to life
Gently. My pen. Is Dead.
Wake me. I'll rise
And travel these paths



ZERO HOUR

Time really freezes
And light falls to naught
Lessons learnt face spread
On the junction of your thighs
Tongue probing your nest
The bridge of my nose
Grating your jewel.

Reach down, touch me
Rub me, stroke me
Squeeze me, tug me
Pull me up into you
Where the world
Falls far from sight
As your quivering jewel
Grates my throbbing essence
Saturated with manly milk.

DANCE

If you open the floor
You'll get to know
I'm a dancer of repute
Alone in my league

I waltz and grind
In slow and quick time
My ligaments have no rival
My waist is perpetually oiled

As long as I break sweat
I keep dancing, pouring
I remain firm and standing
No matter my count of coming

And if you want me to rest
Only when you want me to rest
Sprinkle the floor with your juice
But let me dance till tomorrow comes.

THE SECOND COMING

In the white of your eyes
I gleaned the distance
You shudder, a pay loader
Quaking on a weak bridge

Muffled moans, sharp breaths
Curly toes, arching back
Trappings to urge me on
Enticements hurrying me home

I cup your mounds
Steadying self
You cup my butts
Lending hand

I thunder on, each stroke
A step into helplessness
And endless spasms
Leading me home again.

JIDE &
MICHAEL



STLK PSALMS

My lips will learn
oriki of your chest,
milk psalms from soft nubs
& inspire lush throbs.

My tongue will overflow
with panegyrics, melodious tunes
escaping my lips, adulating
your heaving bosom.

I will tell testimonies
of piercings, rings, ileke
—dance to supple rhythm
at your altar of flesh.

You will fall in step
whining in unison,
quaking orb, poised
to shower me anew.

SILK PSALMS



ABOUT THE AUTHORS



Alozor Michael Ikechukwu is a civil servant who hails from Umumbo in Ayamelum LGA of Anambra State. His poetry, inspired mainly by his life's experiences, has been featured in local and international anthologies. He is the author of *Echoes and Shadows*, a collection of poems. He is married and blessed with a child



Jide Badmus is an engineer, a poet inspired by beauty and destruction; he believes that things in ruins were once beautiful. Jide is the author of *There is a Storm in my Head*; *Scripture*; *Paper Planes in the Rain* (co-authored with Pamilerin Jacob) and *Paradox of Little Fires*. *Obaluaye* is forthcoming by Flowersong Press in June, 2022. 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, a literary platform, poetry editor for *Con-scio Magazine*, and sits on the board of advisors for *Libretto Magazine*. He writes from Lagos, Nigeria.