

godwin nket-awaji



*sexperimenting
verses*

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verses

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verses

poems

godwin nket-awaji

INKspired

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praise for sexperimenting verses

First a spectrum of emotions and a celebration of desire, *Sexperimenting Verses* is the needed projection of love that fuels the party mood and permits healthy eroticism. So much eloquence, boldness and candor expressed in naked lines. Nket, I must say, has not only been a boatsman of desires, stalking the mysticism of humans in their pristine forms, liberating afflictions, but also he is a leveller of thirst and hunger, a provider of succour and pleasure. On his lines I feed and I am satisfied.

—**Aremu Adams Adebisi**

Editor, *ARTmosterrific*, *Newfound*.

Godwin's stronghold of the utility of eroticism in *Sexperimenting Verses* transcends the experimental impression of the book from the title and surface. With his tight and symbolic dictions, bedroom risqueness assumes a posture of inexhaustive echoes of lust and love. Nket-Awaji Introduces himself into the ratchet literature with a subtle demand for your raunchy spectacles for the sexual flows to manifest as you read and get aroused.

—**Tukur Loba Ridwan,**

Poet, Literary Critic and Author of *A Boy's Tears On Earth's Tongue*.

The poems, though carrying different auras of simplicity, are heavy, limping, and leaping. The poet has learnt that mastery is in the richness of metaphors. The book comes alive, each poem breathing into the other. The book is both a devotion and a booklet for love.

—**Wale Ayinla**

author of *"To Cast a Dream"*

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introduction

In Lieu of An Introduction: Towards An Erocriticism

The tide of erotic literature coming out within the contemporary literary practice is enthralling. Erotic poetry is slowly growing and permeating the wall of contemporary Nigerian literature. Some of such poets are: Jide Badmus, author of an erotic chapbook entitled *Paradox of Little Fires*; Kukogho Iruesiri Sampson, author of *Words of Eros*; Dami Ajayi, author of *A Woman's Body Is a Country*; Amu Nnadi, author of *A River's Journey* and of course my debut, *Sexperimenting Verses*. There are many beyond the above mentioned names.

This increasing interest in *eropoetry* calls for a critical theorem towards an ero-centred discourse that would study literature—these nascent dialectics—beyond that cultural dialecticism of "love-soused poetry (literature) being a medley of emotional rhetoric". It's interesting to note, as Vladimir Moss intends in his *Theology of Eros*, that eroticism is not an abstraction or a holy land that does not require a discourse; rather, an essential concept used in discoursing an important fragment of our being-ness, which is sex. Sex, it should be stated at this point, is not a narrow concept—as far as erocriticism is concerned. More often than not, the dialectics of the sensuality of man in relation to love is narrowed down, either to religious and cultural lane, or ethical and moral etiquette perspective, which in most cases is not supposed to

be. These, if erocriticism is to be ideologically centrifugal, are what such theory/criticism should further pontificate.

The ensuing interest in eroticism in Nigerian poetry, it is to be emphasized, calls for critical paradigm. This is beyond the cultural practice that has been. There, however, have been different theories and critical concepts from which literature is interpreted; discoursed. Theories and criticisms like: Aestheticism/Romanticism (which espoused the theory of "art for art's sake"), Russian Formalism and New Criticism, Reader-oriented or Reader-response Criticism, Modernism/Postmodernism Criticism, Structuralism, Stylicism, Post-structuralism, Deconstructionism, Psychoanalytic Criticism, Feminism, Marxism, Cultural Poetics or New Historicism, Post-colonialism, African-American Criticism, Queer Theory: Gay and Lesbian Criticism. However, none has taking literature on tour of this aspect of our being: sex and sensuality. Thus, there exists a looming (nay, yearning) lacunae, a sort of dialectical fissure on the wall of literary discourse. Thus, with the increase in eropoetry—more like a novel approach to subject matter—there lies also a need for a theoretical paradigm.

godwin nket-awaji

Ignatius Ajurn University, 2021

dedication

*to angela,
whose tongue lingers
beyond sun's snail-lip
beyond rain's eroding broom
on the earth of the heart*

foreword

Priest by Priest, Reviving Scriptures for Erogospel

*E*ro*poetry* in today's literary scene has been a puddle that's sparingly utilized, admittedly because of its sensitive subject matter—a topic widely believed should be private, especially in the Afro-cultural landscape.

Some moral gatekeepers suggest the topic should be reserved—not forbidden, but the reservation is gradually sweeping it under the carpet. But eropoets are of the opinion that since this topic is an integral part of our existence and day-to-day experiences, the topic should be unreserved.

Personally, I grew up watching Yoruba movies—the war, the romance, the comedy; and in the midst of some warring scenes, we would see how an artist praise the beauty of his/her lover, describe how he feels at the curviness of her hips whenever she wriggles her waist, the black beauty of her pupils and the heatwave that happens in his heart whenever she smiles. *Ko ro is in* —a seed of a typical fruit that is black and glossy—was the cliché to describe beautiful black ladies, palm oil for the fair ones.

All these expressions were rendered in well-guided language and dictions that are devoid of profanity. This subtle yet lustful expression characterizes the poems in this debut

collection of Godwin Nket-Awaji as he joins the few practitioners of the art in preaching the gospel.

At times nostalgic and humorous, at other times raw and startling, *sexperimenting verses* is a thought-provoking odyssey of a lovebird's romantic journey: the longing, the lust, the traumas of absence, the joy of presence and the bliss of sex, all transformed through poetry.

He doesn't go without embracing the tradition of eulogizing one's lover as it is in "paradise regained:"

*"your face reflecting / the penchant of flowers / your
voice like early birds / on the boughy shoulders of
adam / give back my lost paradise"*

He continues in "trying to get on" and reveals that *"there are tomorrows / that will not come/ if today's devoid of you."* In *ima*, the poet praises further: *"ima / the air of your grin/ brings butterflies to roost on bud."*

The title of Godwin Nket-Awaji's chapbook, *sexperimenting verses*, not only signifies the act of testing the water of eros, but also wading into it without looking back or listening to side talks. *"I can dance masquerade-wise/ hoisting but not breaking plank/ (to your bed-thralldom)/ on the podium of night,"* says Godwin in the poem, "Song of Induction" which seems like an invitation or a welcome gizmo.

In a generation where *Borontace* and *Kayanmata* —sexual arousing herbs or talisman for male and female respectively – have become popular commodities in the market, I think we should go the more natural way – the way of words; lines from

eropoetry lustfully rendered in your partner's ears would do better stimuli, and spark. Check the following:

*"man knows how to sift moaning from mourning
a woman doesn't mourn but moans
the mal(e)treatment of sheet"*

As a part of foreplay, if grabbing or cuddling is a key, touching lips, then, is act of entering the temple. This entry is sacred and its sanctity is invoked in the first poem "tonight" where the poet underscores the necessity for its abundance:

*we shall flow
through rivulet of lips*

It's like taking an appetizer which on its own is voluptuous, as we see in "food" where we read *"your lips luring lingering longings— / drapes my appetite."* And in "a kiss," he laid it bare that *"a kiss is a coital bug of lips/ wishing to birth flame/ a flame that combusts two bodies/ like moses' holy land."*

As if everything evolves round the mouth, we read *"pat me by the nipple / with your current-spewing tongue."* And this sexual electrification is mutual, as evident in "how to light a man," when the poet persona enlightens the woman that *"your body/ is an alchemy/ to man's optical crucible/ your fingers are matchsticks."*

In the poem "designed," he takes us further into the act but deeper into its significance:

*"tonight
i will be the proud pestle pounding
you my mortar
the echoes from our depth*

*shall keep god awake vigilant
for the ritual of creation”*

Such revelation does not only emphasize the essence of our existence as human in the universe, but affirms that this bedroom ritual is what keeps man from extinction in the planet.

Throughout the book, Godwin writes with honesty about all aspects of romance, both the peripheral and the deep. Through simple poems, *sexperimenting verses* charts the tumble of erotic moments that make up one's romantic life, including subtle lines of eulogy that bring joy to lovebirds.

Finishing this book, and while reading "warship," I was reminded of the mantra "Fridays are for Worship" or, sometimes, "Whoreship," by Nigeria's leading Eropriest; "Jide Badmus." Be that as it may, as you read *sexperimenting verses*, look out for "resolve," "you are a journey" and "the girl next door;" and you'll agree with me that one of our finest Eropoet, Godwin, makes us all appreciate Pablo Neruda a little more.

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Aswagaawy)

Author, *Tongueless Secrets*

tonight

tonight
caught between
strait of oath
on this river-bed
we shall flow
through rivulet of lips
and fill rib-streams
with trout of love



food

i bear a bowl of hankering
at the sight of the banquet
of your supple body
the scent of your breath—
your lips luring lingering longings—
drapes my appetite

my hands are spread
a spoonful of hugs
eager to scoop spiced hips
i long for grapes
between cleavage-hedge

a mouthful won't slake
this prisoner's cravings
how do i savour?
do i gulp as desire gushes
or nibble slab by slab
slogging with the night?



the girl next door

i feign no fervour for her
i crave a scrawl
her body is cosmic postcard
flaunting raunchy graffiti

i swill night's bile murk
not to bring her flowers
i lure lies to lewd ears
to screed her flawed floor

i feign no flair for her
i hanker flesh's treasure trove
and an arithmetic of youth
the sham karma of age



your body is *poe-tree*

you bear alchemy
of aesthetics
on those contours
where i read a thousand
emotions at a glance

your metaphor
soars my brain moonward
while i lurk still
in a room unlit

i nod to silent rhythms
of your cleavage
...and succulent rhymes
between metered tits

your body is god's art
a piece of spoken word
whose echo sprouts trees
grapes flowers... and me

your body is *poe-tree*
i cleave on your-branch
dangling still on a verge
of eternal fruits from your stalk



bonfire

our bodies are...
fuel matches woods
cinders thatches embers
harmattan shrub—
all thirsty for a spark

four dart-tangled
log of legs lured
to a lewd hearth
are what we need
for this bonfire
burring burning

the altar is made
of twelve incendiary
kingdoms of emotion

let's burn...burn slowly
not to quench
the flame in our voice
lest ghoul s shall film
this room within



song of induction

your voice is a slab
of sound clanking
the abyss of my ears
only its meaning oils
my swivelling waist-wheel

so echo on and on unremitting
push bough and hip-fronds
to the rhythm of your song

i can dance masquerade-wise
hoisting but not breaking plank
(to your bed-thralldom)
on the podium of night



spelling hearts

these days love
spikes to spell
perhaps there are shorter words
like "s. e. x."
sins enjoyed till sun x-rays
(not long over-vouched endurance)
and we run out
for more hunts
as chicks litter the lawns



ima*

ima
the air of your grin
brings butterflies to roost on bud

your smiles are lush
resplendent like firefly mug
of my nocturnal bank

they light dark shadows
of meandering longing
in the breast's sagging sky

your rays are milk
to my chlorophyll of blossoming
radiate these roots lest i rot

** the word literally means "love". However, it is used here as a name for an imaginary lover. The same wherever the name appears in this collection.*



with rose

with rose
i rose
a dew-draped rose
on the flowered hedge
of season of age

with rose
i fell—a *thorned* rose
gale-blown lame to rise
from life's love-bough
and turned soil's dough



rain

rain a kingdom of beauty
on the earth of my eyes
let me bathe you bare
like trees in a wilderness of desire

rain and reign in my epoch
queen of beauty—monalisa
whose kingdom is a hive
for men's bees of longing

rain my season of beauty
the wheat of dream
sits far too long unyielding
sprout me anew with your water



your lips...

are tranquil blue sea
waiting for the spirit's wrath

i am israel chased
out of egypt of lust

part but do not clamp
this galloping horse

and lead this urge
to the promised land



a kiss

a kiss is a coital hug of lips
wishing to birth flame

a flame that combusts two bodies
like mooses' holy land without blister

a kiss is a stereo
to listen to lyric of moaning sheet

a kiss is a cable for transmitting
two lovers' nocturnal spook

a kiss mulch for seed of touch
is a banquet of the gods on coverlet

a kiss is how to spell love
without sound but stenograph

my love let's stencil our faces
on the wall of night with kisses



moon

while we wait for the moon
in the palm of god
and in our murk-dripping breasts
we can light firefly sparkles
in the sky of love

pat me by the nipple
with your current-spewing tongue
run your hands
gentle water on hill
through erogenous horizon

turn away from the world
to the firmament of mood
and eden of ecstasy
and see us full in the beginning



i will sing your body

this night caught in these pages
a bed under the counterpane of verse
i will sing your body
to the rhythm of dart

i shall string nipple chord
with the finger of tongue
hit gently erogenous drum
and wiggle waist-wise to your moans

tonight in this verse
i shall sing you bare
veiled only in starry night
and in glints of metaphors

i shall sing the beauty of your body
with a private tongue to public ear
strip you bare in aesthetics
yet ornament in metal fur



prayer session

this altar which we are votary
shall split us from earth's third party

pray hard on my body
cast the daemons of longing
roaming waiting for a heart
to sever away and slake thirst

he that is in us
is greater than theirs



all i need

night mourns the moon
its eyes are dank and lone

i'm the night mourning moon
hungry for your noon

lit murk of my craving hue
all i need my moon is you



let's bathe in the rain

puddles of romance
heap in me
come nude let's bathe
under the voice of patters
in the rain of yearning

we will fall
a deluge of desire
and flood our continence
we will fall stream and boat
and run through runnel



how to light a man

I
woman your body
is an alchemy
to man's optical crucible
your fingers are matchsticks
the flesh is incendiary

II
tonight
i'm a harmattan log
tinder for your spark
send me flaming in reverie
with your fellating tongue



welcoming

i have been
a prisoner of continence
with your absence

tonight
i'm set loose
a wild dog roaming
with your bare scenery

my throat whets
for your waters
o alchemic stream

wet with drizzle
then a deluge
till this whetting is dry
for a momentary trance

we welcome anew
our prisoned appetite



riddle

i still can't come off
this riddle you bear
the magnetic hug
between your face
and my steel eyes
my inside w(h)ets
for your foetal water
with just a sight of you



paradise regained

a bait of apple
(as god would conjure
a cause for his course)
hooked men away from eden

but with you beloved
your face reflecting
the penchant of flowers
your voice like early birds
on the *boughy* shoulders of adam
give back my lost paradise

i won't trade you my trove
for another eve
god let me live in this eden alone
and do not set another tree nearby
so i can be bare like clay
bare in the brain and breast

let me accomplish
your dream of my love-being
in this resplendent land alone



twinning rope of hope

my morning is fast spent
like dew on the lips of shrub

(i still long for your hazy
embrace on the sepal of my heart)

afternoon vulture-claw
is still on my skin of desire

drawing scavenging blotches
of despair on carcass of yearning

my hope is tied on the girdle of night
when nature's beauty—you my desire—

shall come home to roost in my arms
lest my feathering sorrow shall soar



trying to get on

i know there is love
like holy rains from yonder
only your sky can spout

there is life
like sweater to brave the weather
only your skin can be hewn with

there are nights
that only your form can reflect
and dare forlorn ghouls

there is romance
like kissing stenograph
only the ink from your lips can draw

there are dreams
like plants and soil
that will only sprout with you

there are tomorrows
that will not come
if today's devoid of you

knowing all these
i have only gotten on
in patches and vagueness



designed

tonight
i will be the proud pestle pounding
you my mortar
the echoes from our depth
shall keep god awake vigilant
for the ritual of creation

tonight
we shall grind
these limes of lust
for the sake of love



the myth of night

you weep for the whip of waist
still your hands thrust firmly
passionately for a feigned mourning
round my innocent whipping waist

who cries with tongue and fingers
caressing the whipping baton?
who desires freedom but tells
the master she's not running away?

your cries are enchantments for your god
(the god that my coital exertion is its votary)
your tears are kegs of ritual wine
for the spirit of night

your crying voice says
"man know how to sift moaning from mourning
a woman doesn't mourn but moans
the mal(e)treatment of sheet

"the unscathed palm of cunt
is a totem to the threat
of the whip you flaunt like a deceived tutor
do not think a woman ever cries in vanquish"



warship

the enemy accompanies
our sights to the worship
hall of flesh where
demons sing with saints

our bodies are arrows
of prayer points
a tongue-scraping nipple
releases thousand missiles
of orgasmic cartridges
aimed at luscious forehead

let lust lock lips/bodies
in *illinguistic* tongues
vanquish the enemy



season intersection

you my season have been away
and i became harmattan
luscious yet dry

now you are one with my skin
and the clouds are teeming
in the pore within laps

the seasons turn with fellating mist
i'm ready to pour
and fill sheet-vat

the tarpaulin is brittle
it can hold the rains less
being eager let's let it fall at will
and bear the blame of earth



resolve

of all the deaths
i died from the strayed
bullets from the rifle
on your chest

on the edges of the streets
in lecture halls
in the markets
on my lust-tarred lawn

i shall lie seven feet
between your thighs
my head buried
within your navel

for a body does not
lie distant from the bullet
from which it died
your earth bears this bond



for love

ima
i have resolved
to writing love poems
to write your name
in everything i find
and tell it to
whatever finds me

poems that say
be my sun against this reign
and be my reign
against this sun

but the metaphors
to grace your love with
are locked in the pocket
of the reality we wear here

now you know why
i cannot write of you alone
without the love
we cannot find here

when i say i'm your student
returning home
as an abducted parcel
this is the love i write of you



your grin ray

glows with the green
of a pregnant palm tree
i know you are brim
with wine for my gourd

your verdant vivacity vies a verve
for my go(ur)d
thirsty for the wet of wine
i shan't hesitate to climb
morning or night
through the glare of moon
and the shortening of night



you are a journey

i step out on the threshold of your face
hit my right foot on a block of beauty
saunter through berry-hedged path
on your *wildernessed* chest
how you lure me on through misty logic
into labyrinth of love and lust
(one must slay my ego or be slain)
now i'm lust in the thick of the forest
in murky places between the gate
that forms when you walk sit or stand
still scouring my way home or on
in the adventures you embody



dreaming beside a calabar girl

I

we were mystical two:
you were a flower and a sky
i was a flower and earth
both with open petals
like supplicating palms
calling on each other

suddenly...

II

we were logs
in dream flare
smouldering with the flair
of mooses' myth
only spirit whispering
the holiness of flickering oath - lust
in the earlobe of flesh

"tread the pathway
on my chest with bare fingers"
a voice adorned the mystery
"and walk your tongue
through creation-fashioned fissure
to lapse hallway
but wear no glove on tongue-sole
hence creative wrath be invoked"



i heard me in-between moaning lap:
"i have fallen - tongue and palms
(a captive of concupiscent freedom)
knees buried in your earth
to the might of your form
my savant is lost to your service
walk me the length of your might
so long i do not blister
the sole with which i walk
like the miracle of this burning bush"

"your godhood is proclaimed
upon my manhood



layson

not my turning you into *ókpót**
when we fly on you my jet
into love realm through orgasmic cloud

not the number of times
i climb down the sky on your belly
and go back in zest

nor the phallic brawn
with which i lift your body and spirit
towards a coital cusp

but the names i earn from you
the *ubon*** you adorn me with
that wears the night's memoir

those nights prowling under my breath
as i jungle you i earn your lion
king of the forest of your flesh

when i earn your elephant
the *trampler* of your tree
the trimmer of your erogenous branches

those are the clothes of memory
i crave to wear with your flesh
hewn into mine - as you make for home



Seaperimenting verses

godwin nket-awaji

**a wooden gong*

***chieftaincy title*



i know...

why you return always
with the night
like mullets on the rippling
lips of tide to sleep
on my phallic ford

i know even before
you tell the truths of your lies
of how you couldn't lie still
your body sinking in the arms
of your furry counterpane

my lips and fingers are pen
pensive in placating forlorn plight
and your body is a page
how i squander time to draw
you into perfect mood
and not scribble nor blotch
a woman's ego as most
men are wont... endears you

i know why you often
come like owl to nestle
on the eaves of my continence
singing tones hauling guise
i hold not their response
i know like fish and faith in water



and their fate in net
before i'm snared
...and still snared



merging voids

the air is stiff suddenly
we are counting time
like centrifugal waves
coming to the shore
we have exhaled much void
from distance and silence
(the night arbitrates truth and lie)
each is suspicious to the other
like famished tiger and prey we balance
lascivious paw on the earth of flesh
slowly intently as though not ours
recollecting distance-stolen time
through dried pores within flesh



as the waters—sweat and sperm
find their commingling places
this air will not choke
until acquaintance is equipoised
at the cusp of mood





godwin nket-awaji is a poet, critic and essayist. He is a level 300 student of English and Literary studies at Ignatius Ajuru University of Education, Port Harcourt, Rivers State. He considers himself as one of the wandering voices of the generation of social media literary evolution. Such literary activities contributed to the birth of *sexperimenting verses*, his first collection of poems. His works are featured in *Repostes of Lockdown Voices*, *Chinua Achebe: A Man of the People*, *Towards a Beautiful Becoming*, *Citadel of Words*, *Concio Magazine*; *Sixty Seconds Silence*, *The Best of 2020: Poets of the World*, etc etc. He considers poetry (literature) as an escape and a re-entering into reality. He writes from Rivers State.



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