impossible
ERBEST OGUNYEMI

desire is a delicate thing. & sometimes
a dangerous thing. it could heal wounds, but also
open fresh eyes in the body. a man once offered
his palms to the sky to kill thirst & was buried by
the sea. another man, finding food for his belly,
walked into a forest to hunt game. crouched atop
a tree, he sighted an antelope in an okra farm—
he fired, only to find the bullet burning in the body
of his woman. every time I have dreamed myself inside a shawl-soft boy, it has ended with beauty bruised:

my body translates to a smoking house, his

body: a mug filled with cold water & ash.