

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.