

WRITERS' SPACE

A Community of Writers and Readers

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**Unmasking the Monster in Nigerian Polity:
Reflecting on Two Poems in Tayo Olafioye's
The Parliament of Idiots**

Olushola Omogbehin

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Editorial

Welcome to writers' Space - an innovative platform where published and upcoming writers meet and interact. We are a monthly digital literary journal that promotes writing and writers. Packed for you this month is a variety of publications from all around Nigeria and beyond. We have shorts stories such as Seasonal Epidemic, lots of poems, an essay titled, 'Unmasking the Monster in Nigerian Polity: Reflecting on Two Poems in Tayo Olafioye's The Parliament of Idiots', the usual Lovespeak column with Saka Junior, and a host of others, including an interview with a priest who is a writer and mentor.

Remember that your work can be featured in the May edition of this publication which is read by lots of people worldwide. Visit us at www.writersspace.net or send an email to publish@writersspace.net.

We also run a virtual book club on WhatsApp. If you would like to be added, simply send 'ADD ME' in an SMS to 08052136165.

Let us continue to write... and read.

- *Dumebi Okolo - Editor, Writers' Space*

Editorial Team

Anthony Onugba - Chief Editor

Dumebi Okolo - Editor

Susan Dimka - Creative

Saka Junior - Contributor

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The Desk

I saw my daughter sketch my writing desk,
The desk was without me,
The desk was me.
Life's an empty desk. ■

Ogunranti Oladimeji Ayodele (Oládélé Ayò Qasoomah) was born in Lagos Nigeria and currently studying English language in Obafemi Awolowo university Ile Ife. he Writes in English language, Yoruba and Nigerian pidgin English.





Writers' Space

THE GATHERING

Abuja, Nigeria | December 9, 2017
www.writersspace.net/conference



O, Come You little Bird

by Awuah Mainoo Gabriel

(African-spear)

Bleaker nights gently fade away
Upon th' mountain chest
And th' beautiful days gladly vacate
O'er th' soundless clapping waters
A sweet hymn simmers right th' window side
Amid a greener landscape
Down an ageless colorful foliage
As a grey folk wakes to solitude.
Ah! Where hath mi wondrous singer wander?
O, mi little humming bird
Why hath thee ditched mi spirit
Upon th' blankness of the lonely night?
Come you, such wondrous creature!
For mi spirit yearns for thy nocturnal rhymes. ■



My Neighbour

By Iweoha Judith (JD)



Bimpe carried two heavy grocery bags into the house. She dumped both bags on the kitchen sink. Thirsty, she drank cold water from the refrigerator. The house was still messy. No clean-up had been done. *Maybe Kelvin has been up to something else or he is in one of those moods of his that keeps him digging into those large medical books he collects from the medicine section in the city's public library most Fridays.*

She forgot to pick an easy wear from her apartment before coming so she concluded that she would wear one of his shorts before loading the washer.

It is only a room and parlor, kitchen and the necessities, won't take long to clean up then rush down to the saloon to get my girly look done for work next week. No time to waste.

Inside the bedroom, she felt the air condition. Kelvin lay underneath the duvet. "What's the need of the AC then," she asked out loud. His legs peeked out of the covering, she could see three legs. Two looks familiar because they are dark thick hairy legs, the toe yellow from daily scrubbings. The third leg is fair in complexion. Surprised, she wondered when Kelvin's third leg had grown a toe with nails painted red and is now long enough to reach his two walking legs. Three legs are ab-

normal.

“Kelvin,” she called

He didn't wake up until she called the third time.

Her eyes followed every of his movement. Just then she caught sight of the fourth leg stretching out; of course the leg belonged to someone else, a female, a fair female. Kelvin eased out of the covering gently so as not to wake his companion up.

“Bimpe what are you doing here?” he whispered, eyes darting to the entrance as if to check with himself if he actually forgot to lock the doors.

“Babe, turn around,” he whispered again. She realized he was holding the duvet about his waist. He was naked. Kelvin, her own fiancé is naked in bed with another woman!

She left the room. It was not the first time. What could be wrong with his appetite for pre-marital sex? We agreed to abstain until we get married. What is wrong with this man her heart had chosen to love? Why can't he wait for her as he promised two years back? Their wedding is only three months away.

He followed her into the kitchen. She started unpacking the things she bought aggressively. At least she had a place to transfer her anger. She will never shout at her man... well, not anymore. She'll never raise her voice on any man.

“You should call my phone before coming over Bimpe.” She turned to face him, surprised at him.

“Kelvin need I remind you that we are getting married in three months? Maybe you should rephrase and say, Bimpe when we become man and wife, always call my phone before coming into our home,” She replied through her teeth.

Kelvin turned his bare back to her. What can he tell her now? He cannot lose Bimpe to a club girl.

‘Come up with something man,’ he yelled to himself in silence.

Finally, he knelt before her, tears flowing down his face.

“Baby I’m sorry, I don’t know what came over me last night. She’s a colleague from our Abuja office. She was stranded and needed a place to pass the night.”

“And you offered your arms; a perfect bed for a stranded colleague. Kelvin the good man,” she replied sarcastically, clapping her hands.

“Bimpe you were supposed to be in the market with your aunt to buy thing for the wedding, what happened?” he asked, standing to his feet in defense.

“She couldn’t make it so I decided to buy the things you asked for. Please give me my money I want to leave now,” she answered.

“Leave to where?”

“To my parent’s house, so you can continue helping your colleague or you want to leave her stranded on your bed too?”

Kelvin swallowed hard, confused. Bimpe will always forgive him, he’s too sure of this. She’s soft on her inside and she loves him with all her life.

“I just cried to show how sorry I am baby.”

“Sorry ke, please refund my money let me...” her reply was cut mid-way.

“Hey baby K, you left me alone in the cold why boo boo?” The fair lady announced entering the kitchen to meet them. Kelvin froze.

“Nneka!” Bimpe screamed. “Ah Kelvin, Nneka my neighbor is now your colleague abi?” ■

Iweoha Judith is a lover of literary works. She is a published author of a novella titled 'Beyond Ties'.

Unmasking the Monster in Nigerian Polity: Reflecting on Two Poems in Tayo Olafioye's *The Parliament of Idiots*

Olushola Omogbehin

The recent and viral article titled “A self-Deceiving Country Called Nigeria” by Muhammad Kabir Aliyu, Mni, which chronicled the self-bequeathed opulence of collective testament by politicians in Nigeria, brings to mind Olafioye's *The parliament of idiot: The Tryst of the senators*, published in this regards many years ago. As a collection that criss-cross the mood of personal sorrow and the tragedy of the traumatized collective soul of a nation Emenyonu (2002), Olafioye explores the particular tyranny and what ESKIA Mphahlele (2002) called “the land-scape of his mind-states” on the state of Nigeria, his motherland. As literature is an expression of society, Olafioye in this collection explores the effect of the socio-political and economic activities of Nigerian leaders on the masses.

“Christmas bonus: in the Songhai Senate” in this collection was informed by the high scale of corruption and social, political commotion that heralded the Nigeria senate of the 4th republic, caused by their individual acquisition of

wealth at the detriment of the governed. The opening line of the poem:

*Never before has daylight been so dark
The eclipse of the people's innocence*

exposes the darkness and wickedness in the heart of the senators which made them to betray the trust repose on them by the people who elected them. Some of these perfidies, expressed as:

*Ogidan, the senate patriarch
Harnessed 22 mil naira for his vault
His deputy, aburaker*,
only 17 mil with bravado*

and

*The senate always manured its farmland
Not the welfare of the masses*

which talk about the self-serving interest of the senators are still ironically in place fifteen years after the publication of *The Parliaments of Idiots*. With the passage of time, this criminal act of embezzling public fund becomes legalized as “pension for life”, a situation which asks Muhammad Kabir “How on earth can any public servant with conscience collect salaries and allowances as a senator or minister and still have the audacity to claim pensions equivalent to the salaries

of a serving governor in Nigeria?”

While Olafioye condemns their action as heartless thus:

*Those without tears
Have no heart*

He also cautions the senators by remembering them the vanity of their actions thus:

*Yet none of us would
Leave this planet alive*

“Minimum wage: maximum wahala”, is another poem in this collection where the poet laments the plundering of national commonwealth, a situation whereby the masses become deprived of their right and denied the payment of their minimum wage. The poet expresses the continuous anguish of the masses that he refers to as “Songhai labourers”, particularly the refusal of the elected politicians to pay their 7000 minimum wage:

*No greater enemy
Than the one, in one's household
The python with which one sleeps
At night on the same bed*

Here the poet compares politicians with python who devours its prey (the masses) to satisfy its hunger. As Thomas Warton (1774-1781) argues that literature has the peculiar merit of faithfully recording the features of time, the line that reads:

7000 naira wages, slashed to the bone-
Before the cock crows*

Lampoons the callousness in the inabil-

ity of government to pay the then 7000 minimum wage to workers but have enough to embezzle which is an allusion to the current 18000 minimum wage that most state governments refuse to pay. Since the senators were mostly former governors, the poet refers to them as:

These law making bandits
because they steal what should be evenly distributed as he puts in the line below:

Bales of the # notes
Carried by midnight owls*

Made pregnant the garments they wear
“Owl” is a bird which is active at night because of its thieving lifestyle. So, the poet refers to the senators as “owl” because they steal public funds and hide them in their garment which has today taken another dimension as such monies are hidden in water storage tank, septic tank, buried underneath their house and other such god forsaken places.

The general effects of the heinous actions of politicians on the masses whom he calls “mekunnus” and the poor whom he calls “Talakawas” such as poverty, famine, hopelessness and eating what he calls “unhappiness” instead of dinner, are expressed in the lines below:

*Strikes today, famine tomorrow
The mekunnus* are dying
Talakawas* eye the moon for delivery*
This however made him to caution the masses thus:

*The virus that decimates a plant
Lives amidst its leaves*

This could be seen as a warning for the masses to be wary of whom they choose to represent them in government which buttresses Emenyonu (2002) that “our national grief can no longer be blamed on the exploits of the colonial foreigner. It can now be laid squarely on our own evil doing”. ■

Olushola Omogbehin is a Postgraduate Student of Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria.

LONGING

By Oluwapelumi Francis Salako

Your Body
Is a conglomeration
Of fire, sparks and lightening
They bring strength
Into the piece
Of steel
Lying piece of meat
In between man's leg

The sight
Of your squishy breasts
Is haunting
I wish to dwell
On their terraces
Forever

Your hips
Are the aftermath
Of an alcohol fest
-hangover
May your thigh pave way
That I thrust and thrust You. ■

Salako Oluwapelumi Francis was born and lives in Ogbomoso, western Nigeria. His poems have featured in blogs and a few literary magazines. His photobook, 'speaking shadows' was released on the 20th of March, 2017.

NADIR'S WALK

Funmi Okorro



Hairy
So dirty and filthy
Moving in the still gloomy night
Jumping in and out of dustbins
Fishing for leftovers
You take a bite of anything in your path
At night while I ponder
Life and question
The Maker's existence
You stray into my path
I stumble at first glance
Then I look at you again
And I say to myself
Yes, my Maker does exist
Because He alone can
Make something so worthless
Worthy of existence. ■

Funmi Okorro (Pen name: Funmi Richards) is a budding writer with Christian values. She is a student in a Nigerian University who enjoys reading, writing, travelling, among others.



WHISPERS IN MY DREAM

Muoghara Sylvia Amaka

I heard the sound hovering
round my head
It hits me like a rumbling sea storm
I felt like I had magic
I felt like I were a goddess
What is this thing that aches me?
What is this I thirst for?
What is this I hear?
Why, why can't I see you?
Why appear so blurred to me
Why keep me in this space
I can feel you all over me
I know it is you
I yearn for your touch,
And it feels so good to be close
And yet you are far
Come close to me, don't be far

Come calm this anxiety in me
Come calm this race in my stomach
Come hug the emptiness in me
So that I can purge out this fear in me
And hear that which you say to me
And feel the warmth embrace
of your body
So that I can use the magic I feel
To calm the storm in me.
Talk to me and stop whispering. ■

Muoghara Sylvia Amaka (Aminwa) a graduate of Lagos state University, studied theater arts, loves singing, dancing, and cooking. She hails from Orsu local government area of IMO state and is the second of eight children.

Writers' Corner

A close-up portrait of Tony Ogwu, a Black man with a friendly expression, wearing a dark blue jacket over a black shirt with a white clerical collar. His hands are clasped in front of him.

Tony Ogwu

Priest, Writer, and Mentor

WS: You are a priest, a musician, and a writer. How have you been able to combine both?

Father Ogwu: I give God the glory. It has not been easy, as a multi-talented priest who is a writer and a musician, I have so far been able to use these mediums to preach the gospel which is my primary calling. So, being a priest has helped me stay on the right track both in my writing and in my music. Also, my management has contributed a lot in making my work easy.

WS: Why did you decide to become a priest?

Father Ogwu: No one takes this honour upon himself. Priesthood is a calling, a vocation. God calls, chooses and anoints one a priest. God's grace is always enough for those he has called.

WS: What endeared you to the literary world?

Father Ogwu: I have always had it as a part of me but my love for reading and writing made me choose this part. The opportunity to reach many people through my writing in correcting some of the social ills propelled me to break new grounds.

WS: What inspired Dreamer's Destiny?

Father Ogwu: In my writings I try to bring into focus some of the social ills and search for solutions to them together. Jungle justice is one of such social ills that all of us need to speak up against. The effects of such in a society goes beyond what an ordinary Nigerian can imagine. We all

need to respect the laws of the land and not take laws into our hands.

WS: Why are you passionate about empowering the young people?

Father Ogwu: You can't build a society without empowering the next generation. Young people are the reality of tomorrow; we need to add values to them to secure some good for a better tomorrow. To help the young ones be the best they can be is one thing that gives me great joy.

WS: What if you're ordained a bishop, how will that impact on your ministry?

Father Ogwu: God is a perfect planner, I believe when that comes he will provide a perfect plan for His church. For now, I can't say.

WS: What plans do you have for the future?

Father Ogwu: To remain a priest and to continue helping the younger generation; to create a better world, a better future made up of talented people. I'm bringing to birth the Michael Angelo and the Handel and all the game changers you can think of coming from Africa. This vision is to encourage our talented young boys and girls to be the best they can.

WS: Where can we find your books and your music?

Father Ogwu: My music albums- Merciful Jesus and Divine Mercy are in record stores in Nigeria and online stores like itunes, Spotify, apple music, Groove and youtube, etc. My novels are online at bebetterbooks.biz, www.lulu.com, www.writersspace.net, and other stores.

WS: How can people reach you?

Father Ogwu: Its easy. Search Fr Tony O on Facebook to like my page and on other social media. ■

I'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE

Galba Godwin

A barren voice in a lonely body
A broken heart in a heavy chest
A soul starved of hope
Yes, I've been there before
When joy runs out of one's life
And invites its forbidden twin
When sorrows become ones only companion
When friendship smells like decaying body
When the world becomes the shells of
groundnut
And all faces become one before the eyes
When the voice of all become the voice of one
When beyond today,
There is nothing
And when memories become hot iron bars in
the ears
When tears are as impossible as a male preg-
nancy
Not because the sun had drained them
But because those tears themselves fear your
pain
Yes, I've been there before
When the cold night grows into an oven
Not because the moon had become the sun
But because your thoughts radiate heat
I've been there before
When the world looks like the falling bridge
in 'final destination'
And you have a decision to make
Not a decision you can make
But a decision you have to make

The decision to end it all!

Yes, I've been there before
I wasn't so smart to kill that moment
But I was so considerate to cast a spell on my
thoughts
I allowed the past years to race through my
mind in seconds
Then joy approached me one step at a time
They weren't all happy years
But something tickled me
What if I end it now?
What if there is no life after this?
How would my parents feel?
What would be the mood of my foes?
What of my role in life?
Is this the only option?
Am I the first person in this condition?
And these words were the last words of the
hopeless me
Then a hopeful me was born
And No it was to suicide!
I've been there before! ■

Gabla Godwin is a young talent in the literary scene of Ghana. Ever since his inception unto the literary scene in 2014, he had risen from strength to strength. He has featured in several international literary magazines and poetry anthologies. He is also the author of the Novel "Doom's Dawn".

Mistress of spices Aweni

Taughts John Oche



Walking down a street in Shaki
I met Miss Spices
Her skin was so enticing
Her eyes were inviting
And her aura was captivating
I thought her fantastic
She fed me her spices
They teased my senses
Hmmm.....so tasty
I asked her secret
What gives a taste so priceless
She told me in whispers
The secret of her spices
Was the soul in her peppers
Birthed from a land so fruitful
And the heart in each flavour
Beating away in every mouthful. ■

Aweni is an everyday girl hoping to make a difference. She resides in the United Kingdom.

Don't drive me crazy
With your actions
Don't make me stupid
With your words
I have fought wars
With my hands
I worked well
With this heart of mine
Now there is no sequence
From this heart to my brain
My vessels no longer understand quiet
For trouble has taken over my veins
I bathed in the fountains
Making it home
Before you came
Now those waters make me shiver
Don't do this to me
If you want my hands
Take it but confuse me not
How can you take my hands so helplessly?
And take another the same way
When you can ask anything of me
I could offer my heart on a platter
But its been yours ever since
My heart yearns to tell you this
But from my childhood
I was taught to be Royal
Now I beg that you listen
To my captive heart
For it will tell you what
My words deny. ■

LOVESTPELL COLUMN

With

Saka DBOSZ Junior

EPISODE 1: L.O.V.E: THE PREAMBLE

Love is like unto the ascent of a high mountain peak. It comes ever nearer to you as you go ever nearer to it - Lao Russell, Code of Ethics.

Love is affection based on admiration, benevolence or common interests. Love is a warm attachment. It is unselfish, loyal and shows benevolent concern for the good of others. Love is the very antithesis of hate - Awake! September 8, 1997.

I love you with all my heart. I shall love you forever and ever - Lao Russell - Love's Fantasy.

Nobody can teach you about love. Your individual experience is enough. This column is not aimed at teaching you about love, it only aimed at contributing to a dynamic subject, love and encourages others to think love and write on the subject with the view of expanding the literature on the subject at least for broader knowledge of what we all claim to know so much - love.

This work is open to criticism. Don't quarrel with the language or references and such things that you are sure are not original. What is actually original, anyway? Everybody, the writer, painter, song writer, poet and so on have recorded all about love. We just make contributions based on personally experiences and skills.

Let's listen to Strabo, "Accordingly, just as the man who measures the Earth gets his principles from the astronomer and the astronomer gets his from the physicist, so too, the geographer must in the same way take his point of departure from the man who has measured the earth as a whole, having confidence in him and in those in whom he in his turn, had confidence and then explain in the first instance, our inhabited world - its size, shape, and character and its relation to the earth as a whole; for this is the peculiar task of a geographer..."

It follows that not every scratch or niche in this volume will merit the adjective new. As the man/woman who falls in love relates his/her experience and his/her listener listens, so too the writer get his/her muse, move from the narrator to the spirit in his head and the devil in his pen knowing that his work will not be the narrator's words but a truth between the narrator's words. The writer has confidence that the truth, emotion and sentiment in the narrator's words and the word will be transferred into his own laced with imaginations which are true in the world of imaginations.

The lines here are true, almost true, already known, annoying and offensive. However, the idea is to record and present the sentimental world of hearts, not to teach anything new because everything new comes from the creator above. If a few lines of this presentation sum up your case, sigh aloud. If it's close, sigh slowly and if this volume "never touch your case" - pray and keep reading Saka Junior.

Again, in some instances I might sound like I love the act of loving, next I might sound different, never mind. Equally, it should be noted that the deduction and relational mode of explanations used in Geography and other sciences are allowed to breathe here to relate and explain. Here, as in other cases, we deduce from proven truth

and true cases of love and romance to reach our desired explanation. Romeo and Juliet are established figures of love. We use them to mean great love while we also build our own analogy or models to explain certain unique cases. We also develop our own pictures to make the unfamiliar become familiar.

Romantic explanations actually cut across the theoretical mode of ordering experiences in that if you don't have faith you can't believe in it and its aesthetic or emotional package since we cannot be forced into it. It means we can reach the faithful who are read. Common sense is also stimulated. When we strike the right chord, don't forget to cry, ooh! ■

Are you a poet? Then this one is for you.

WRITERS' SPACE, an imprint of ACACIA PUBLISHERS LIMITED, is seeking poems from Nigerian writers for a collection titled: **UNSETTLING REALITIES - AN ANTHOLOGY OF ILLUMINATED CREATIVE THOUGHTS.**

Deadline for submission of a maximum of 7 Poems is April 30, 2017 and contributors are entitled to royalty from both book sales and a Mega Book Launch in Abuja.

Please log on to www.writersspace.net/anthology for guidelines and to view the selected themes to choose from.

For further enquiries, call or send WhatsApp messages to Precious on 08067422582 or Tonie on 08052136165.

Otherwise, send an email to: anthology@writersspace.net

Be sure to be part of this!

Book Review



S P E A K I N G
SHADOWS

O'Pelumi Francis Salako

Speaking Shadows is a collection of silhouettes, poems and prose dealing with various issues affecting people. The book shares the experiences of the author while growing and how lessons he learnt could provide insights for others. More significantly, the way the

author has handled sensitive issues such as religion, humanity, diversity, hope, depression, etc., is remarkable. This book is not your traditional anthology of texts, it is profound treatise on life and living. ■

About the Author

O'Pelumi Francis Salako is a young Nigerian poet, photographer, and thinker who hails and writes from Ogbomoso, Oyo State. He is the pioneer of Wakaabout, a street photography project dedicated to the daily lives of ordinary people. He is a sports enthusiast. As an Odan, he is passionate about finding the best in people and promoting such. ■

Seasonal Epidemic

Elhassan: Jojo Altine



FADILA was having a tough time finding a parking spot somewhere near the Cathedral de-spite her early arrival. Weaving through intense traffic, she marveled at the number of mo-torists who forgot their palms on their car horns. In the absence of good and available health in such zones, surely, it couldn't hurt to act humane around the environs of a reli-gious center. Noise pollution was one that needed on the spot fines for unruly creatures masquerading as people. An institutionalization of such an initiative would keep govern-ment coffers peeling uncontrollably. The cathedrals' car park was filled to capacity so some daredevils had thrown caution to the wind and obstructed the gates of people's homes. She was always amazed at the thinking capacities of such supposedly higher animals and the level of indiscipline and incompetence which obviously reigned supremely in their lives. Two months ago, she realized several were intuitively obstinate and the laxity of the system regrettably fuelled their relentless campaign.

Fadila managed to find a secure spot almost three streets away but it didn't matter the trekking distance as long as her automobile was safe. Tipping a guard who manned a house closest to it two hundred naira, she pondered as she began a journey in her blue stilettos if she was any better than the aforementioned black sheep. She disliked attending Funeral Services as their impact resonated weeks after the event was long over. Her sister was the harbinger of what she initially thought was a cock and bull story. It took her a while to pull herself together for her grief could not be described in words and because she would not be attending the burial, she was glad she could attend the service to offer her deepest condo-lences to the family of an amazing individual who had inspired and made a monumental impact in her life. Oh, she missed her already! Life was genuinely ephemeral.

The Cathedral was full; getting a seat was challenging as there were too many vast persons indoors. These also needed to be considered for penalization since their vast girth always guaranteed overcrowding. The service was due to com-

mence in fifteen minutes and she was still wandering around like a lost sheep. She broke into a smile but swiftly erased it after sighting one behind a door towards the end of the Cathedral. Increasing her pace to thwart several hunters aiming for the sole vacant chair, she swiftly claimed it with her undersized bum and shackled tear ducts. Now she could enjoy the pianist even though his hymns were heart wrenching. The person distributing the program despised the shape of her face so walked past to those further behind. She dug up a black look for another lady who didn't deem her worthy enough to hold a hymn book. So, there sat Fadila without a hymn book or program because she was a multidimensional sinner who lounged on a bed of iniquity every other day. It was a good thing her double ears remained ajar to sweep in broadcasts. Gosh! Another organist was playing one of her favorite hymns.

She struggled to eavesdrop once the sermon began for some disrespectful noise makers commenced an impromptu village meeting thus revealing the nuances of their community that needed their misguided intervention. The projector was faulty as such, some pictures were frozen on the screen and the magnanimous power-grid whose sole responsibility was to supply power decided to take a vacation right in the middle of the service. Immediately the generators came on, two special characters walked right over with phones and chargers. All the looks in the world didn't halt their progress towards the power switch. Fadila wondered why the wrong outlived the good consistently and hoped they got electrocuted as they sunk to fuel their worthless phones. Unfortunately, her prayers were unanswered as one amongst the living voiced:

'Please, my phone is here....'

'Yes, our phones-' the second fellow hastily remembered

'How can you do something like this during a Funeral Service?' a male behind Fadila barked. 'Exactly! Very disgraceful!!' another female fellow snapped. Fadila was glad she didn't have to expose teeth to spew some venom their way for it paid to be quiet and contemplative in the House of God. Moreover, their spiritual bankruptcy had left her tongue tied.

'May you suffer a similar fate,' another spat as the offensive duo retreated back to their seats, though it was obvious from the way they walked that they were used to such verbal assaults on their character.

Fadila refocused her attention and resumed straining to hear more tributes till the service ended and she could offer her condolences to the family. She manufactured a grin as she stooped in triumph to claim a discarded program on the floor on her way out. ■

IRONY OF LIFE

Rahmatu Parker



“Get out of my life!” He yelled, “you are the reason for all the bad luck in my life!” This has been ongoing for some time now. He no longer had interest in his wife because of the pleasures he derived from outside his matrimony. His wife cried and pleaded several times but to no avail even though she had done nothing wrong. He moved close to her and gave her. “I am on my way out; by the time I come back I don’t want to find you anyway around my house,” he warned. He walked away and banged the door behind him.

After he had left, she made up her mind that this will be the last stroke. She got all her things together and left the house for good. Several hours later, he returned home and was filled with excitement when he neither saw her around nor any of her belongings. “Hmmm-mm, at last, it’s finally over. Freedom here I come,” he rejoiced. Immediately, he picked up his phone and placed a call to his ‘miss right’ or should I say... ‘miss luck’.

An hour later, a lady sophisticatedly dressed appeared at the door and he let her into the house. Two weeks later, all plans towards their marriage was set and invitation cards were distributed. It was a court wedding and was attended by few friends and family. All documents to validate the ceremony were signed and concluded. Most of his close friends declined attending the wedding. Refreshments were served and the ceremony was concluded within an hour.

The couple travelled to Obudu Cattle ranch for their honeymoon and after the honeymoon, the new couple returned to their base and the husband was down financially due to the expenses incurred towards the wedding and the honeymoon.

A month later, the new bride asked for some money to enable her fix her hair, nails and buy some other stuff in the market. He had no money to give. He pleaded with her to be patient until the month ends after he receives his salary. She said she needed the money immediately. He said he had no money at the moment to give and she started hurling all sort of insults at him, “How can you tell me to wait? I can’t live a life of misery. If you know you

weren't man enough why did you come and propose marriage to me? Do you want me to die before the month ends? What sort of a man is this? Common lady's upkeep you cannot afford. You cannot take care of a wife. No, no, no, I can't cope with this life of yours. When I was outside you were spending money on me but now, all of a sudden you have become broke?" She complained.

He pleaded repeatedly before she kept quiet. After he received his month's salary, he immediately gave her the requested sum. Without gratitude, she immediately snatched the money from his hand and left. He sat and started thinking about his life. "What have I gotten myself into? I don't have peace in my life anymore. What sort of marriage is this? Never has my former wife yelled at me not to talk of insult. Whenever she needed something and I can't provide for her at that moment, she never complained but she always waited patiently until I can provide it. No matter how small the amount was, she always collected the money with humility and gratitude. Could it be that it's the law of Karma that is catching up with me? I was warned before the marriage by some friends but I put on a deaf ear. In actual fact, my former wife never wronged me. I was just carried away by illusion."

Still deep into thought, she came back all shiny and smiling. "How do I look?" She popped the question. He simply said "fine" and left for the room. Three days later she came over to him and said, "darling, I will need some money to buy a friend's wedding asoebi (uniform), and the wedding will be taking place next weekend so I will need the money in two days' time because I have to take the material to a tailor and all that. It's just 25,000 Naira." He had to go and borrow the said sum from a friend and gave to her for peace to reign.

This went on and on for a while. Six months into the marriage, he could no longer cope with all her demands. She filled for a divorce in court. He agreed because he could no longer have peace in his home and he lost half of his entire properties to her. She collected her share of the property and left very happy.

Back to square zero, he started making arrangement in order for him to reconcile with his ex-wife since he did not formally divorce her. All her lines were not going through. All means to reach to her failed so he had no other option than to go to her family house for reconciliation. On reaching there, he was served a letter of divorce from his ex-wife and was told she married a week ago and had relocated to Canada where the husband lives. With a shattered heart, shame, and full of total regret, he left the family house saying; "I will never get a wife as respectful and peaceful as your daughter. Please, help me to beg her to forgive me." Indeed, you never realize the worth of what you have until you lose it. ■

Rahmatu holds a B.Sc in Accounting from the University of Abuja, and an MBA from Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria. She is currently undergoing a professional program in Accounting. She is gifted with many talents and is into diverse fields. She is married with children.



A Poetic Plea

(to two unknown lovers about to break up)

Oladele Williams Olaide

Suppose the sun has departed so soon,
Why not enjoy the glowing evening moon?
For there appears to be a woeful wreck,
Why not redeem your lovely souls on deck?
Suppose the sun would not for once return,
Towards Selene, why not attempt a turn?
For both of you to be without remorse
For embarking on a separating course.

Why not at best remain the best of friends?
Thereby relieving both divisions' ends;
For both of you should not for once forget:
That none should later live in great regret.

But clear and plain, do conduct the bargain
That none may later stand and fain complain. ■

Permit your love another hopeful chance
And try reviving that one sweet romance.
And suppose your love's revival knows no
luck,
And by Cupid you were no longer struck,

Oladele Williams Olaide is a graduate of
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Ilorin Kwa-ra State, Nigeria. He's currently
a serving corp member. He's a passionate
writer, chiefly of poems

LONELY STREET BOY

by
David Eniex

I'm a lonely street boy
Just a boy around the corner
In shambles with my shabby shoe
To where ever it leads me to
With my big conspicuous coat defending
me from any weather

I'm just a lonely street boy
I devour any junks, just to feed my
stomach's worms
When night comes, I rest my head
Where there is no bed, no pillow
not even a blanket
But a dirty long street
Where breeze fights till you freeze

I'm just lonely street boy
Days and night, in rain or sun-shine
I keep reaching for my peak
Chasing alone my far glorious dream

Until that brightest day
when I will hear that voice say;
'he used to be a lonely street boy'. ■



THE 'NOT SLAVE' RAIN

by Ashraff Adeyemo

The 'not slave' rain hundred black coffins
For hundreds of dark days
Four hundred black bodies
fill up a black case
See you praying to God
but what will help is the pain
tears the land with your cry
and dry up after this rain
hey will, and not may
Eyes glow like burnt clay
they've seen their wives died

they've seen their mum raped
so let not the drums rhyme
let not the song sane
Many acts are not crime
For the 'not slave' is unchained. ■

I am ~~a lover of computers~~. I love writing
even though I do not believe in it anymore
because of my society's backwardness on
the culture. I love critical thinking and the
art in using words.

Call for Submission

We are happy to announce that Writers' Space, a free monthly literary publication aimed at creating a platform where new and emerging writers can publish their work, is accepting submissions for flash fiction, short stories, essays, and poetry. We are looking for something compelling, unique, original, enchanting, & remarkable.

However, please consider the following:

- The deadline for submission is the 20th of every Month. Submission received afterwards would be considered for the following Month.
- Submission must be in the English Language.
- There is no age restriction.
- The maximum word counts are as follows:
Flash Fiction: 250 words.
Short Stories: 800 words.
Essays: 800 words.
Poetry: 25 lines.
- The writer retains full copyright.
- We only accept electronic submissions in either MS Word or PDF formats.

If you have any questions or have encountered any technical difficulties while trying to submit your work, or if you would like to advertise, please send us an email - info@writersspace.net or chat with us on Whatsapp - 08052136165

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