

WRITERS' SPACE

A Community of Writers and Readers



LETTER TO MY TO-BE LOVER

Ojo Ifeoluwa Dorcas

THE LOVESPELL COLUMN

Saka Junior

UNBREAKABLE

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SMOOTH OPERATOR

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**THE SENATOR &
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**Confrontation in Ngugi's
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Leadership Change in
Postcolonial Africa**

Olushola Omogbehin

MARCH 2017 Edition | www.writersspace.net

Editorial

Welcome to the March edition of writers' Space. We have packed full for you a variety of the best content which promises to entertain.

Among the features is the Lovespell column which talks about true love, poems from Aweni, Endurance, Dorcas, and a host of others as well as short stories and articles.

In all, you will enjoy this edition of Writers' Space. Do not forget that you can send in your entries for the April edition. See the last page for more details. You can also download previous editions from our website at www.writersspace.net and remember to share.

Let us continue to write... and read.

- *Dumebi Okolo - Editor, Writers' Space*

Editorial Team

Anthony Onugba - Chief Editor

Dumebi Okolo - Editor

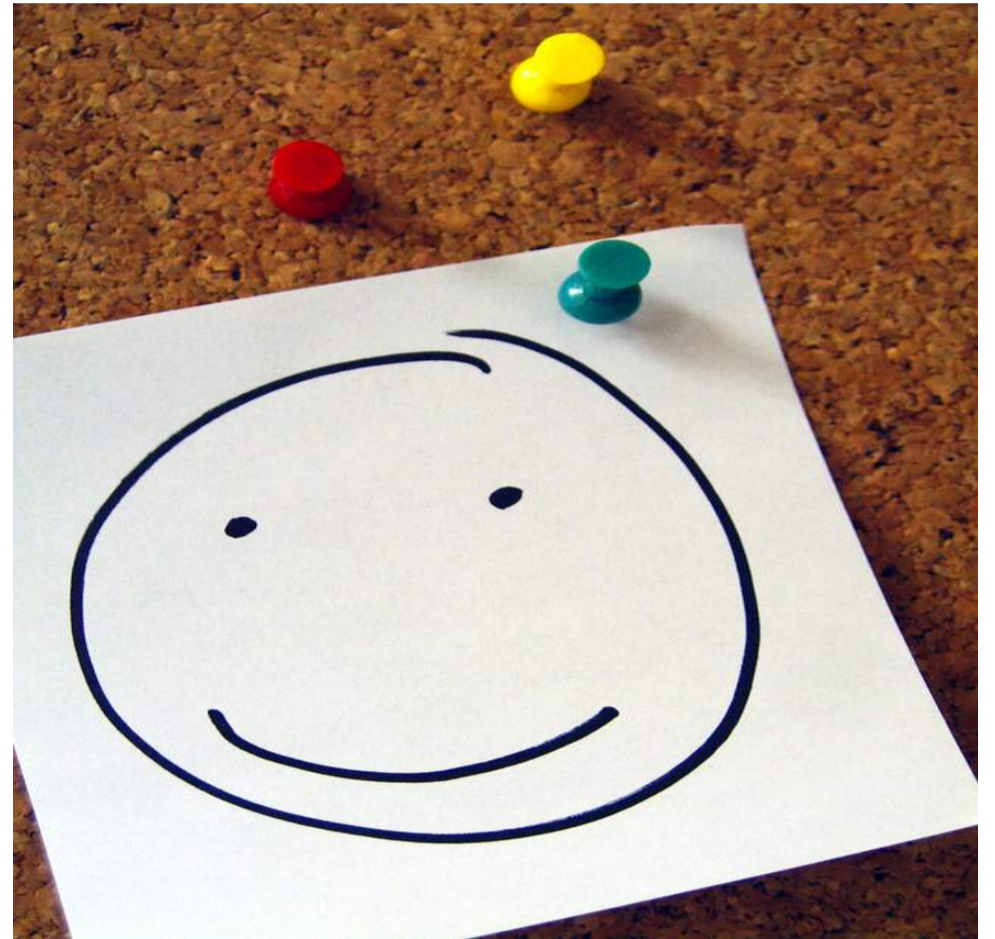
Susan Dimka - Creative

Saka Junior - Contributor

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YOU'RE WELCOME

Saka Junior



Come to me...

Those sun bright smiles

The fire in your eyes

The gentleness of your touch

Your feather soft reach

Lure me into your soul-rich.

Come to me...

Again the caress of your words

And the many more you do...

When you truly do as you did

Welcome me back ...

Where I truly never wish to leave ...

The Senator & his Youthcorper

By Nerfertiti King



Feigning slumber, Baby watched her Senator walk into the room grinning like a little boy lost in a candy shop. She knew what those smiles signified for she had intentionally lain provocatively to reclaim tax to fix her rent, procure a new car and an exotic holiday somewhere. Mulling over efforts she had spent in the bathroom, she was confident to reap what she had sown having washed, scrubbed and polished with a combination of exfoliating scrubs, salts and body foams till her skin was extra supple and almost torn from undue attention. She was amazed it hadn't absconded in exasperation.

Since she wanted him panting like a malnourished vampire, she had whipped up a formidable team of exclusive kullecham, selected intoxicating Arabian oils and four

perfumed oils that'll sink him to his knees to better appreciate the gab gab incense oozing from her Southern zone. Yes, she was ready for him to address her with the respect she deserved and bask in her beauty by adoring her. Her barely there lingerie was sufficient to make him grow haywire. She wished she could keep her eyes ajar for his reaction when he spotted the red dog collar around her neck. She worried the clasp was too snug but she guessed the taste lay in the pudding. The girl just wanted to destroy him. Did she not realise he was almost a pensioner? She ought to take it easy as sometimes she got his pulse running three hundred meter relays. He may have to bring her up to speed on this for he could already perceive her incense and etcetera from this distance. His brain hurt and he needed a drink of

cold water- then he would ravish her until his name became her confirmed pledge. This was why he loved youth corpers- they were never shy, had firm, supple body parts that bounced back into shape with the slightest of movements. Anything faster than that warranted a Ventolin inhaler, a pause and clusters of sweat. Why- the last corper almost killed him, welcoming him in a dainty piece so revealing he forgot his ATM pin for two straight days. He had had to warn her after another meeting turned vigorous session on the dangers she conjured.

Corpers were legends in their own right, with eyebrows reaching for the skies and bodies that defied tear and wear; they were a sight to behold especially in birthday suits. His joy was in the seduction and theirs lay in the pinch of peanuts that never ran in short supply. This 2017 baby of his knew they had an event so why was she asleep? He tried swallowing as he whipped the white silk sheet off her.

*

'Calm down Senator, am going nowhere....' He just needed to relax to disrobe efficiently.... Just when she was about to panic as his collective swearing and curses did not help his cause and she was sick from being flung back to the pillows like a ragdoll, she reached for him but at that moment, he had managed to break free. The look in his eyes almost filled her with dread as he grabbed the end of the dog chain almost taking her neck off.

*

After a leisurely bath, she memorised a major promise: never use a chain regardless amount tendered. Her only neck hurt! He had blatantly ignored their safe phrase, insisting she should manage for a little while!! Her boy had no worries breaking her neck for her replacement was always within reach. She needed to keep him on a tight leash. Next game, she was the Dominatrix for he needed to understand the incompatibilities of pleasure and pain.

Admiring his handiwork on the rest of her body, she zipped up her dress and walked to the vanity table taking time to lavishly rub in Victoria Secrets' Strawberry and Champagne Lotion into each pulse point beginning with both ears, hollow of throat, wrists, back of elbows, knees and ankles. Satisfied, she sprayed each of these points thrice with Channels' Coco Mademoiselle, Christian Diors' Pure Poison, Cliniques' Elixir and her mainstay Opium. Sashaying to the black pot of concocted incense Zuwaira had gifted her, parted legs over and allowed aroma blend with her uninhibited essence. Panties were for the cowed. After what seemed like eternity, she opened her eyes to find her boy in her face. She was glad he allowed her step away from the pot.

'You want to kill me abi?'

'Senator! We would run late and you would- when we get back!!!'

'NOW!' he growled like a deprived alien.

Baby almost yelled as her dress gradually abandoned her. She struggled all the way, lost a footing and fell to the floor. That was the last she remembered. ■

Confrontation in Ngugi's *Matigari* as a Catalyst for Leadership Change in Postcolonial Africa

Olushola Omogbehin

Crisis of leadership has been seen in many parts of the world as a two dimensional problems but while attention has often been placed by literary scholars on the part that implicates the detachment of leaders from the masses as the cause of leadership failure, little efforts exist on how the oppressed can affect leadership through struggle via confrontation cum revolution. Being a writer who adopts Joseph Sterlin's (1879-1953) Marxist's revolutionary approach to literature in his writings, Ngugi ironically sees the oppressed in the society as the panacea to the burden of leadership which they go through.

He explores this in *Matigari* (a novel published in 1987) through the eponymous character of Matigari to ridicule leadership ineptitude in post-colonial Africa.

Having fought for the freedom of his country in the forest for many years, Matigari, like an African true patriot, expected to meet a truly democratic society upon his return, where everyone will have enough to eat and no longer hunger but rather, he meets a society that is worse than his expectation, hence another round of rivalry but this time between one black man and another as against the old order-

black man versus white man.

The nameless society which was formerly in a state of lull before the arrival of Matigari, opens to much confrontation and struggle of various category cum revolution at his emergence because of his ability to stimulate the oppressed masses among whom silence has reigned before his arrival into his revolutionary spirit. He first encounters two policemen, a tractor driver and two other men in a compromising act of collecting bribe from children in order to allow them admission into the garbage yard to look for what to eat.

This being the failure of government to provide for the children, is challenged by Matigari thus: "so a handful of people still profited from the suffering of the majority, the sorrow of the many being the joy of the few?" (p.12). As Terry Eagleton posits that "it is not the consciousness of human beings which determines their existence; it is their social existence that determines their consciousness", the encounter above gives Matigari the clue of the general societal rot caused by leadership failure and his resolution to end it through struggle,

hence his adoption of confrontational tactics.

The happenstance between police and Guthera is another episode that exposes police as instrument of State power to oppress the poor which Matigari's confrontation puts a stop to. With these two examples and in line with Dobie's (2002) proposition that "the Marxist, then works to reveal the internal contradiction of capitalism so that the proletariat will recognise their subjugation and rise to seize what is rightfully theirs", Matigari resolves to confront all the elements of oppression in the society and on another hand, wins the oppressed masses to his side together with whom oppression is fought.

Matigari boldly confronts the authority, beginning from when he swears that John Boy Junior will not sleep in his house which leads to the burning of the house thereby preventing John Boy Junior (agent of oppression) from using the house. He also confronts the Minister of Truth and Justice with all the cabinet members of His Excellency Ole Excellence who constitute oppression in the society thus:

"And you imperialist, and your servants Boy—with all your Other lackeys, ministers and leaders of police force, the army and the courts, the prisons and administrations— your days are numbered! I shall come back tomorrow...., John Boy, you shall not sleep in my house again. It's either you or me and the fu-

ture belongs to me!" (124)

As a political vanguard, this extract constitutes the height of Matigari's audacity which wins the oppressed to his ideology of confrontation cum revolution as a means of liberation. From here, the masses join forces with Matigari to fight, and burn capitalist properties like house, car and other instruments of oppression.

At the end, there is a rain which Ngugi says "to this day, rumour has it that the torrential rain that fell was what put out the fire that had earlier consumed the house" (174). The fire on the house, car and others, being a destruction of capitalism and end of oppression, the rain too is a symbol of purification of the land from oppression.

Resulting from this is the hospitalisation of the oppressors as John Boy Junior and others who run helter-skelter for safety while the oppressed move about in freedom. This shows that the discontentment of the oppressed against the status quo of governance and its expression, project the oppressed as a catalyst of change and a means of addressing leadership failure in postcolonial Africa. ■

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



THE PLIGHT OF A HOUSE HELP
- GABLA GODWIN

It is yet cock crow,
yet my eyes are as alive as
a security dog
My mind wouldn't set me free
Yesterday, madam was away,
I became a punching bag to master...
Well, my face was spared but certainly
not where my thighs meet
And his leg; that which grows tall and
short in seconds was his fist
When he was satisfied,
my heart wasn't mine
That wasn't the first time,
It happened just like the sun rises
and sets
Madam is back now and my heart
is a pile of flour in an oven...
Today, her greeting is sure to be

an insult,
My good never pleases her yet her job
I do like mine for some notes
Oh! Yes, not forgetting those
I'm not paid for.
But what would one do?
Leave the job and drink air?
Leave the job and sleep in caves?

The plight of a house help! ■

Godwin Gabla is a Ghanaian writer and a published author with lots of of poems and short stories to his credit. He is currently a final year student of Akatsi College of Education - Akatsi, Ghana.

Writers' Corner

Sunday Abegunde

In an interview with Writers' Space, Sunday Abegunde talks about his struggle, passion, and dreams.

T*ell us about your background including education and passion*

Sunday: It all began with the Creator who created me as a creative person and knew me right from my mama's womb. I was born into the humble family of Mr and Mrs Abegunde, the best family in the world. I attended Highway Nursery and Primary School, Community Junior Secondary School and Millennium Senior Secondary School, all in Egbeda, Lagos. After this, I taught for close to two years while awaiting admission into the tertiary institution. One thing I thank that environment for is the exposure which helped me build an independent mind of my own. It was in that environment I learnt to play Scrabble which whet my appetite for new words and vocabulary. This enriched me with ample words and rhymes

in my word bank to the extent that when I taught in a school, I was able to compose rhymes which the children joyously learnt and gracefully recited. I wrote the first draft of my book, 'Unleash Your Potential Beyond Just Motivation' before my admission to the Federal Polytechnic, Ado-Ekiti, Ekiti State. Then my quest for academic excellence lured me from writing. I revisited my manuscript after graduation in 2012. Since then, I never clogged the wheel of improvement and breaking of new grounds in the writing sphere.

W*hat inspired you to write 'Unleash Your Potential Beyond Just Motivation'?*

Sunday: 'Unleash Your Potential Beyond Just Motivation' (2014) is the bestselling amidst my books and we're running out of stock to meet demand for it presently. It was inspired by God who imputed in me a burning passion to share certain deep insights with the world. Other contributing factors that the book can be attributed to includes the wonderful books of legendary erudite like Zig Ziglar, Napoleon Hill and John Mason.

H*ow challenging was it to publish and market it?*

Sunday: Very challenging. I was once quoted in an interview with a blogger friend in 2014; "If writing is mathematics, publishing is further mathematics". Since many traditional publishers in Nigeria seem

to have gone into extinction like dinosaurs and the very few surviving ones tend to concentrate on school literature and textbooks, the few that publish self-help books focus keenly on ready-made authors and high-profile public speakers or figures who readily have massive followership, which assures great sales of the published books. Publishers are business people. They are investors all out for profits. Hence, for a young and growing author as myself, I opted for self-publishing.

As for the marketing, the highest recorded sales on a single day of copies of the book is the book launch occasion in February 2014. A number of copies got sold at programmes which I got speaking engagements to facilitate as a public speaker. I also have copies of 'Unleash Your Potential Beyond Just Motivation' in a number of wonderful bookshops in Lagos, Ogun, Ekiti and Osun State and both the paperback and kindle edition had been marketed on platforms like amazon.com

W*hat motivated you to set up Speaking Pen International Concept?*

Sunday: After my book launch, I registered Speaking Pen International Concept (SPIC) with the Corporate Affairs Commission of Nigeria (CAC) as a company which would provide author services. We successfully held the SPIC Writers' Award 2014. The success of this

event and the success of the book 'Unleash Your Potential' presented us with a fairly large audience of readers and writers. Hence, author services like ghostwriting, editing, publishing among other similar activities became our core.

W*hat has SPIC achieved so far?*

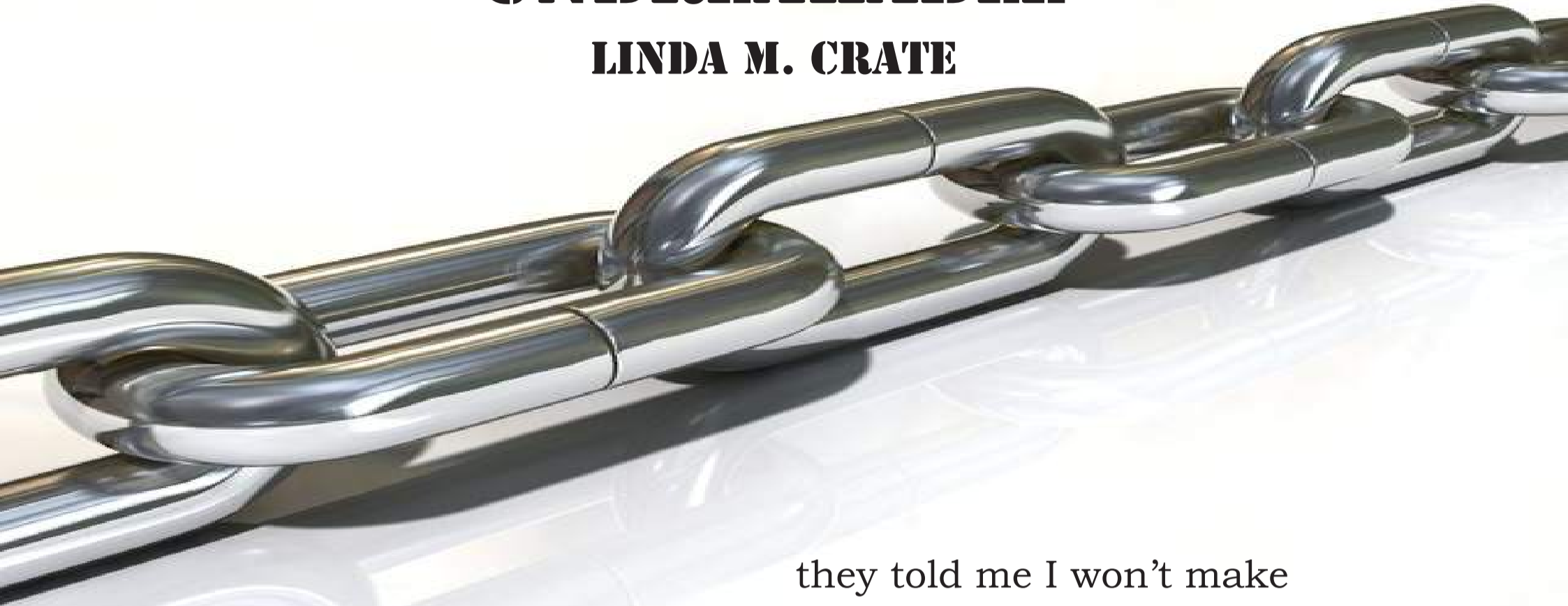
Sunday: We had held programmes like SPIC Writer's Award, two weeks writing orientation for over ten secondary and primary schools across Lagos and Ogun State, Interschool Quiz Competition, book giveaway, free Graphic Designing, Bead & Bag Making, among others.

W*hat are your plans for your writing career?*

Sunday: I would concentrate more on my Public Speaking because success in it would rub off on my writing. I would reprint more copies of 'Unleash Your Potential' and sponsor its promotion powerfully to make it ubiquitous in households in Nigeria and internationally. Millions more would be sold and millions more copies would be gifted to undergraduates of tertiary institutions and students in Secondary schools to help them become greater. I plan to have a radio show focused on writers and readers. I also aim to win contests and residency, and publish more books. ■

UNBREAKABLE

LINDA M. CRATE



They want her to be
hung like a star
in a corner of sky where
she can be forgotten about
to be tamed like an animal,
but she is a child born of the moon;
she is wild, fierce, and independent
freed of their expectations of her
she shines with her own
light and dreams—
they have crucified her with night-
mares,
darkness, and monsters;
but she shines brighter than every
star
with a passion that burns ever bright-
er
than the sun
she refuses to give in and give up
no matter how many times
they knock her down
she will not succumb to defeat—

they told me I won't make
my dreams come true,
but I will shatter all their illusions
of me as I do. ■

*Linda M. Crate is a Pennsylvanian native born in Pittsburgh yet raised in the rural town of Conneautville. Her poetry, short stories, articles, and reviews have been published in a myriad of magazines both online and in print. She has three published chapbooks: *A Mermaid Crashing Into Dawn* (Fowlpox Press - June 2013) and *Less Than A Man* (The Camel Saloon - January 2014), and *If Tomorrow Never Comes* (Scars Publications, August 2016). Her fantasy novel *Blood & Magic* was published in March 2015. The second novel of the series, *Dragons & Magic* was published in October 2015. Her third novel, *Centaur & Magic* was published November 2016.*

LETTER TO MY TO-BE LOVER

by

Ojo Ifeoluwa Dorcas
(Miss Love)

Let me write you a letter my to-be lover,
Let me make it as sweet as honeyed pizza,
Let me tell you how much you mean to me,
Let me tell you how you're my one and only.
Oh! My to-be lover, please do not forget I'm still waiting
But take your time, pass through the fire until you're bright
and shining,
Go through the river until you're wet and dripping,
Go through thick and thin
until you know what it takes to be happy.
Then come to me and "NO" will be nowhere to be found
in my dictionary,
Then I will look into your eyes and soothe your pains
with my smile,
Then I will take your hand in mine
and we'll together in oneness, walk down the aisle. ■

MISS LOVE - Ojo Ifeoluwa Dorcas is an African Poetess, Nigerian precisely. She is a native of Ipetu-Ijesha in Osun State. Ifeoluwa is presently a 200level Student of Dramatic Arts in Obafemi Awolowo University who finds poetry fascinating. Quite a number of her poems have been featured on several blogs and a few of them have been shortlisted. Her writings go beyond mere expression as she aims to reach out to the society through her works.

Behind the smile

by Rahmatu Parker

Behind the smile!

Is a woman that fought battles,
stabbed in the back,
undergone so many pains,
betrayed by friends
and loved ones,
been through worst situations,
fallen countless times,
tasted the meaning of deceit,
but determined to make it.
Determined to meet up
with her peers,
And standing tall against all odds
Making it to the end
Behind the smile! ■

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



Toy

by Oladele Olaide

Is that what I truly am to you?
A property of yours,
An object subject to your control,
A thing at your beck and call...
Something that has no feelings
Object of little or no significance,
Is that what I truly am?

It's no fault of yours.
I should not have welcomed Cupid
Or even fall victim to his arrow;
For if the opposite path
To Tread, I have chosen,
Mine, the full right would be
To term you a hopeless toy...
An object for nothing but play.

If I must but say: excess meekness
Is a very strong weakness. ■

Oladele Olaide is a graduate of Microbiology from the University of Ilorin. He is currently a serving Nigeria Youths Corps member.

LOVESPELL COLUMN



*Much Ado About
Love*

by
Saka Junior

Love ... love ... love ... enter true love... Love as a concept has remained an elusive enigma. From the diamond blue colour of the Mediterranean to the emerald green stones in our wedding rings, love has continued being a relative concept from person to person. Rather expectedly, true love as a concept has not fared better. The reason is very simple; nobody has actually been able to draw a circle around what love should be. True love is even more abstract. But even without a concrete perception, something one can actually touch and feel, true love is still appreciated all over the world. Nobody has claimed seeing the true shape, size and colour of love but there is that feeling, that love that truly makes a difference in life.

As pointed out earlier, nobody has seen it, at least no claims yet but people have talked and written about it. According to Apostle Paul, the love that can make a real difference is based on long-suffering and understanding. He wrote, "Love is long-suffering and kind. Love is not jealous,

it does not brag, does not get puffed up, does not behave indecently, does not look for its own interest, and does not become provoked. It does not keep account of the injury done it. It does not rejoice over unrighteousness but rejoices with the truth. It bears all things, believes things, hopes all things, and endures all things. Love never fails.” (1 Corinthians 13:4-8). And true love actually never fails. According to Awake, May 8, 1998, edition. “Love never fails. Love heals. Love unites.” Thus, Paul wrote: “If I give all my belongings to feed the others, and if I hand over my body, that I may boast, but do not have love, I am not profited at all”.

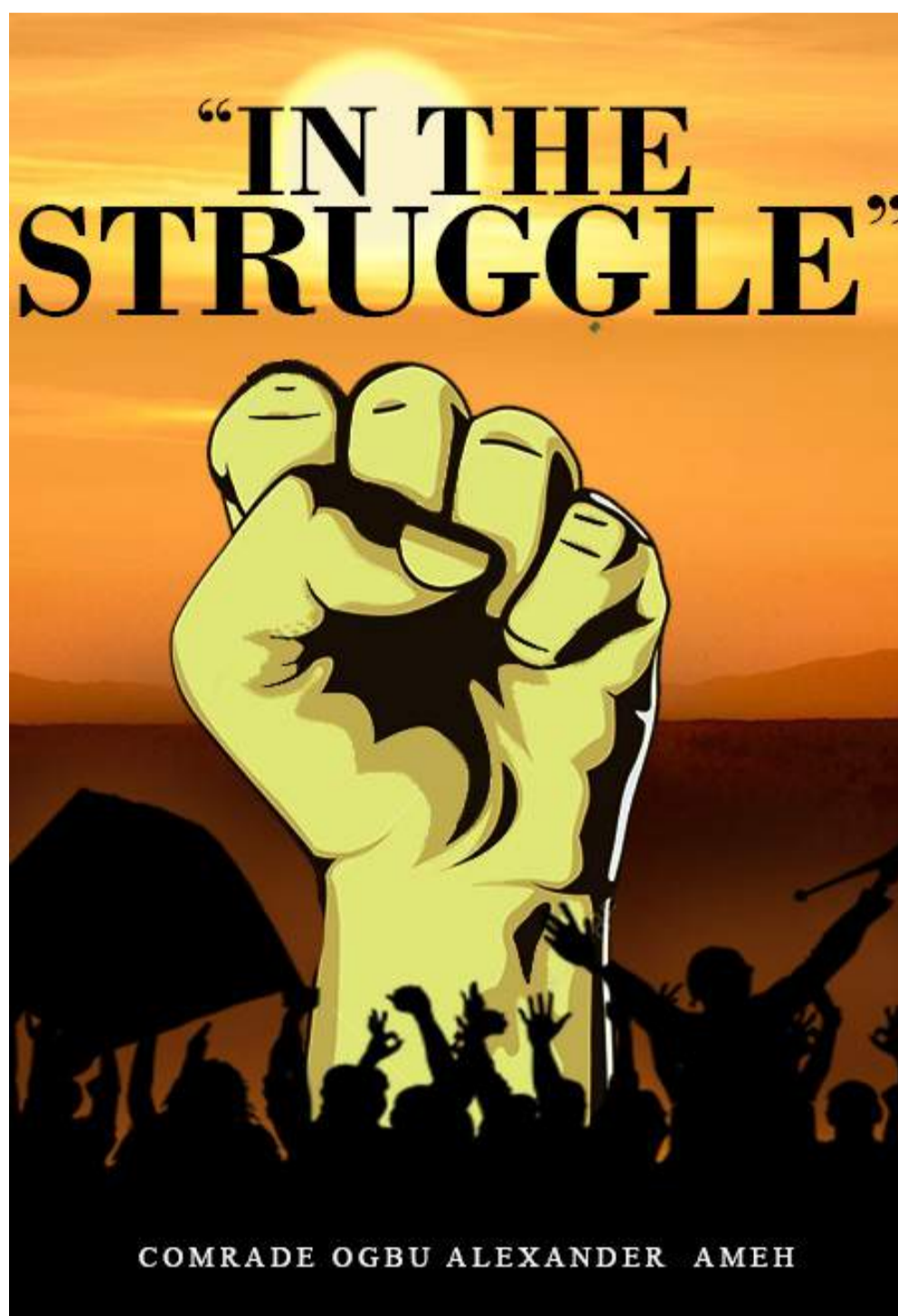
Further, “If we make sacrifices or give gifts just to be seen by others, then from God’s viewpoint it is in vain”. (1 Corinthians 13:3). Jesus put it this way: “When you go making gifts of mercy, do not blow a trumpet ahead of you, just as the hypocrites do..... That they be glorified by men. Truly I say unto you, they are having their reward in full. But you, when making gifts of mercy, do not let your left hand know what your right is doing”. Yes, love does not boast or brag (Matthew 6:2-3).

Love without hypocrisy does not seek personal advantage. True love makes a person refreshing to be around (Matthew 11:28-30). People who live only for rules can fall into the trap of being loveless. How up-building all of us can be if we live by Paul’s counsel: “clothe yourselves with tender affections of compassion, kindness, lowliness of mind, mildness and long-suffering”. Continue putting up with one another and forgiving one another freely if anyone has a cause for complaint against another, even as God freely forgave you, so do you also. But, besides all these things, clothe yourself with love, for it is perfect bond of union.” (Colossians 3:13-14).

The following quotations may help us find what true love is all about: “Love does not choose the blade of grass on which it falls”, a Zulu Proverb.

“Love is the salt of life,”, the Philippines. “Love overlooks defects and hatred magnifies shortcomings”, Lebanese Proverb. “Love conceal ugliness”, an Irish saying. “Love is stronger than a giant”, a welsh saying. “That which is loved is always beautiful”, a Norwegian saying. “A pennyweight of love is worth a pound. In these, I hope you’ll find the meaning of true love. True love is you. Live that love you’ve just found. But what really is true love? Nobody knows ... just keep loving. ■

Book Review



“IN THE STRUGGLE” reveals the social environmental and psychological factors inherent in Ojireto’s growth and development as a social product of his society. It goes further to weave a narrative of his life experiences in a progressive sequence, as he grows older in the society. The protagonist “Ojireto” carries his life experiences as a historical burden that makes him react to situations in different ways at different stages of his life. In his quest to capture history in a hurry, he chooses early in his life to write his own story. His story starts when he goes into retrospect to recapitulate his early to later childhood life experiences. He goes further into

the odyssey of his life as an adult until when he sees a vista. The vista ushers him into a new world of alternative worldviews (Marxist Socialist Ideology) and a desire stirs in him that hints at revolutionary inclination. To effect a radical change in any social system requires a formidable power base to motivate and mobilise in the quest. ■

About the Author

Comrade Ogbu Alexander Ameh hails from Owukpa Akatekwe district in the present day “Ogbadibo Local Government Council” in Benue State. His study across disciplines has equipped him to interrogate the multifaceted socio-politico, economic, cultural and religious issues in his society. He thus discusses these issues from interdisciplinary and multi-level perspectives.

He is a writer, Journalist, Social and Literary Activist, Social Critics, Political Analyst, Generational Shift and Change Advocate. ■

Smooth Operator

by Aweni



Whooshh!!
He swept past
Quick as lightening
Leaving a trail of wreckage, in his wake
Pieces of my heart lay on the path he trod
Would that I had held on much tighter
I am left with a memory that is a blur
Like he was never really here
But my heart knows better
The debris from my tears
A relic of the past. ■

Aweni is an everyday girl who hopes her voice makes a difference

My Lover's Words

by Jonathan Otamere Endurance

My lover whispered words
I didn't understand—
She said her love lies
on the road of my palms
Each, a conception of loyalty.
But, the road built
on the aisle of my palms
Are only a labyrinth
of unconnected loss.
She said she would unite my broken bones
Like the veins intertwined
on my palms.
But, the veins here
Are only a map of unfaithfulness.
My lover whispered words I
didn't understand. ■

Jonathan is a poet who finds muse in reading and writing. He is an undergraduate at the University of Benin, studying English and Literature.



SLANDEROUS FRIEND

by
Ukpabio Saviour

You made me think it is impossible
to leave you;
And made me believe
you were a necessary evil.
It was you who gave me a mixed feeling
delight as heaven, yet, agonising as hell.
It was you, who for all these years,
enslaved me.
And gradually killed the sexual Samson
God made me.

It was you who made me unable to satisfy my wife,
Just five minutes and to rest would be my strife.
You gave me fifteen minutes ecstasy and a life long sorrow,
It was you who killed me and in self-pity made me wallow.
You took me far from my maker

and gave me pain
Like David, you made me fall, rise and fall again.

Although, pleasures, you gave me the first time we met,
It was you who set me on this journey of regret.
You made me fall in love with me and gave me orgasm,
My hands became a sex organ and me, hermaphroditic organism.
It was you who dragged me into fornication,
Yes, it was you, slanderous you...
Masturbation. ■

Ukpabio Saviour (Mc Uk) is a comedian, poet, rapper, teacher and a writer.

Broken Dreams

by Oluwapelumi Francis Salako

Are the dried bones
Of young boys
Lying inhumed
Six-feet beneath
They are the lofty illusions
Of blooming flowers
Of a scavenger
Who was thrown out of college
For daring to confront his professor
They are the hot tears
That trickled
Down the cheeks
of the dead girl's mother
She wanted to be a lawyer
Broken Dreams are the epitaphs

Which watch flowers grow
on the tombs
Of school children
And Youths
They are the tiny pieces
Of broken bottles
Which pose menace
To the soles
Of the Society's feet ■

Oluwapelumi Francis Salako is a poet, street photographer and student. He is currently working on his photo book; 'Speaking Shadows'. He hopes to change the world through the poetry. He tweets at @Salakobabaa

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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