

# Writers' Space

A Monthly Digital Literary Publication



## *Winifred Felix* The *Dazzling* Writer

**Maximizing Literary Theories  
in the Reading Process**

**- Stephen Onimisi Ajinomoh (Litera-steve)**

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*Editorial*

Welcome to writers' Space, an innovative platform where writers meet and interaction with fellow published and upcoming writers. We are a monthly digital literary journal that promotes writing and writers.

Packed for you this month is a variety of publications from some African writers. We also have a new column by Winifred Felix titled The Rainbow "Femme" Writer. We also had an interview with her published in this edition. You wouldn't want to miss that. And of course, Talking Love column with Saka Junior continues with the episode two. Also remember to relax and read the essay on Maximizing Literary Theories in the Reading Process by Stephen Onimisi Ajinomoh (Litera-steve)

Remember! Your work can also be one of our highly esteemed publications viewed by lots of people worldwide. Visit us at [www.writersspace.net](http://www.writersspace.net) or send us an email to [info@writersspace.net](mailto:info@writersspace.net).

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## LEGAL OCCUPANT

By Emmanuel Ibezimakor (Zimackos)



Totally exhausted after a long day, I dragged myself all the way up to the third floor of Block 1, Awolowo Hall.

I perceived the scent of dried-up urine mixed with the stink of soapy mud water. I overheard the ranting of excited Awo boys as they played aro\* on an innocent girl passing by. I didn't stand to watch them on this particular day. I felt my shirt glued firmly to my skin by the dense sweat oozing from my body. But the least of my concern was looking good.

I threw open the door to the last

room on floor 3. With the last breath I had, I crashed on the jagged, iron bed in my corner of the overcrowded room. My heavy bag pounced on the floor. My feet cried for fresh air but I was too weak to take the shoes off. The loose tie on my neck threatened to strangle me at every slight turn I made. Yet, I was too spent to hassle about health and safety. I just laid on my jagged iron bed.

I had gone through the most strenuous day of my life yet, simply because I was striving to preserve my empty integrity as a punctual, front-desk student. I

was in Ajose Lecture Theater by 6:30 AM. Then off I was to Amphitheater by 9:30 for the 10:00 AM class. On and on and on, by evening, I joined the ever-conscious Students' Union on a rigorous walk from the senate building, through the halls of residence and then the 2-kilometer march to the school gate and back. By 8:00 PM, I was at the religious ground raining down fire on my enemies. Little did I know I was my own enemy.

My comfort was this little jagged, iron bed. Though on an empty stomach, I still laid, knowing strongly that if I made any attempt to prepare a meal, I'd be dead by the time it was ready. So, I whispered to God, "I'll be wiser next time. I promise. Right now, Give me just a little something to eat."

He answered.

I picked up my plate and joined the short line waiting to be served from a steamy pot of ewa (beans).

"You are number 5," the woman with the serving spoon bawled at me.

"Yes, number 5," I nodded, "Number 5," I repeated, trying not to forget. Number 5 meant there were four people before me. One has been served. Three more. I was brewing in excitement when a hand struck my thigh trice, rapidly, bringing me back to reality, sluggishly.

A tall figure appeared before me, with amplified bass voice and said to me, "Ogbeni, this na my bed space. I wan sleep, stand up!" Waving a paper at my face.

As I rolled out of the bed for its legal occupant, I overheard the voice of one of the numerous squatters in the room say, "Yea, na bed number 5 be that." ■

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Emmanuel is a final year student of geography from Obafemi Awolowo University (OAU), Ile-Ife, Nigeria. He is a writer with a unique style.

## TRAPPED

Matthew Blaise



Deep down the cubicle of my mind  
the deepest part of my world  
I seem trapped  
in my thought, mind and word  
trapped in my flesh by  
what I was told.

In a place of darkness  
I am held captive  
In a world of no essence  
I am getting old  
an abyss of depression and  
confusion it moulded  
a dwelling made of sadness, pains and  
carelessness trapped by loneliness.

alas!, to my freedom,  
which I pray someday for martyrdom  
and cry all day to break free,  
break free from the  
shackles of my master  
break free from the slavery of the sab-  
bard toothed tiger.

save me my God from where I lie  
for in you, my essence supply,  
what human can serve me?  
from my dreadful me. ■

## GOODBYE (part 1)

Abigail Aliu. (Abiana)

Recalling his bid, my heart cries.  
Goodbye, a poison that dries.  
His sweet promises, shattered  
Like salt, dissolve in the rain.

Love, a precious sweet feeling,  
Or a deceitful dreadful fill-in.  
Love, a drip to heart,  
Love, a poison to heart.

His smile, a friendly killer,  
Heartbreaker, a love trader  
Lost was his integrity.

If love recognises its duty.  
Hatred, will be lost in activity.  
Love is as strong as death,  
Untold love, a heavy debt. ■



# Maximizing Literary Theories in the Reading Process

- *Stephen Onimisi Ajinomoh (Litera-steve)*

The literary enterprise is a network of activities that spans through time and space. For the purpose of this essay we would classify these activities into two broad domains: The compositional domain and the analytical domain. While the compositional domain deals with the creative process that translates into all the genres available for literary appreciation, the analytical domain on the other hand is purely a matter of interpretation and “meaning-making”; it is the literary space that accommodates all conceptual, notional and theoretical lenses that authenticate value judgements and how we see literature.

The literary enterprise is a field of effect that often spark up interaction between the compositional domain and the analytical domain. What this implies is that where one ends the other begins. In other words, the literary enterprise thrives on the contest between the writer (who operates from the compositional domain) and the critic (who operates from the analytical domain). On this same ground, there are often arguments as to whether the writer is more important than the critic. Our interest however is neither on the critic nor the writer per say but on the interface between both; the reading process and how it ought to be entered.

The literary analytical process often begins with the process of reading. Thus, every reader is a potential critic. However, it is important to mention that only an “ideal reader” gets to attain the status of a critic. A critic might be many things put together, but most importantly s/he must first qualify as an “ideal reader”. Who is an ideal reader? He is one who enters the reading process with a high level of linguistic competence, cultural experience, imaginative insight and inter-textual knowledge. The outcome of ideal readership often translates into the birth of a composite text, an interpretation that not only displays polemics but also expresses logic.

This is where the analytical process begins and meaning(s) begin to emerge. The interpretative process demands a conceptual or theoretical level plain field to qualify as an intellectual activity and/or knowledge. It is in this regard, that theories are often considered as an essential aspect of the literary process especially because they embody possible ways in which texts can be entered whether it is poetry, prose, drama or any other creative genre open to literary investigation. Some of these concepts, movements and theories include; Realism, Naturalism, Romanticism, Marxism, Postcolonialism, New Historicism, Feminism, Formalism, Structuralism, Deconstructionism, etc. The text is an entity endowed with “polysemantic” possibilities since it is often an attempt to capture the complexity of human relations and existence. In this regard, a reader ought to enter the reading process with the consciousness of what the textual space constitutes.

As much as we cannot explore the cumbersome literary interpretative and theoretical frameworks that shape meaning in this essay, it is important for readers to be aware that the complexity of the literary enterprise is best negotiated via the lens of literary theories and that these theories help to ensure that polemics, logic and even empiricism are adequately deployed in the service of literary appreciation, criticism or interpretation.

For the literati, these lenses often determine the depth and value of the interpretative process. In all, theories inspire meaning in four different ways. They include; context, text, reader and author. This implies that literary theories when deployed in the interpretation of a literary work are either, context based, text based, author based or reader based.

In other words, the meaning of a text can be based on what is available in the text, the author's background or intention, the context within which the text is situated, politically, historically, socially, culturally or otherwise and the opinion of the reader in relation to his/her sense of reality. This network of possibilities that surrounds the reading and interpretative process is not farfetched from why Marcus Aurelius states that “Everything we hear is an opinion, not a fact. Everything we see is a perspective, not the truth.”

The search for meaning using at least one of the grids or coordinates of

text, context, author and reader in order to logically arrive at a critical position that expresses reasonable logic, have constantly been confronted by the binary extremes of “opinion” versus “fact” and “perspective” versus “truth”. This perhaps is one of the central problematics of the analytical domain and at the same time the basis of the beauty of literature.

What is essential for literary analysis in this Postmodern age –using the words of Montaigne– is the fact that “we need to interpret interpretations more than to interpret things” because in doing so, we are able to maximize literary theories in the reading of meaning into texts and at the same time open up discourses that keep the literary enterprise alive. ■

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*Steve is currently pursuing a Masters degree in English Literature at Ahmadu Bello University Zaria.*

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**YOU TAUGHT ME LOVE  
(for Favour)**

- Eyimofe Samuel Wilkie

You taught me to crawl  
into your chest  
With songs in my tongue and life in  
my palms,  
You taught me to carry fires in my  
eyes with magical flames on my  
cheeks like an elixir  
For when I reach at the threshold of  
your heart  
I should knock gently with the  
hands of my heart  
And sing softly  
with the lips of my soul  
For you will fly down with your  
wings of love like an angel  
To liberate the doors of your heart  
So I may creep in  
with a mantle of purity  
Tucked on my waist to bow  
before your crown,

And confess out my emotions  
like a sinner.  
Then wear your heart on my soul  
like the garment of contrition  
for there is salvation in it,  
And peel the skin  
clothing your heart  
for there is healing  
and miracle in it.  
And then gasp a breath from the  
nostrils of your heart  
into my nostrils like an addict  
for there is eternity in it.

This is how you taught me to love  
With ripples of beautiful memories  
swirling in my brains  
And sparkles of lights fuming in  
my tummy like fireflies. ■



# TALKING L.O.V.E

With

SAKA DBOSZ JUNIOR

## EPISODE 2: *L.O.V.E: THE SEARCH FOR A PRECISE DEFINITION*

Love is everything but the question is, "What exactly is love and whatever is everything?"

The search simply begins from here; this peep into literature:

□ Love is all light in an emotional affair that betrays the principle of mental objectivity. At the same time emotional love of the heart still demands and is entitled to mutual trust - Ken Fash.

□ Love is the glue that can hold us together and the oil that can keep us from rubbing each other the wrong way - Patrick M. Morley.

□ Love is the delightful interval between meeting a beautiful girl and discovering that she looks like

a haddock - John Barrymore.

□ Love is the wisdom of the fool and the folly of the wise - Samuel Johnson.

□ Love is the state in which man sees things most decidedly as they are not - F. W. Nietzsche.

□ Love is the association of two beings for the benefit of one - Countess Nathalie.

□ Love is a grave mental disease - Plato.

□ Love is simply a feeling graced in colourations of fire, emotions and illusions - HRL Saka DBOSZ Junior, Before You Love Him/her article in The Lovely Lines of Love collection, RSNC, 2004.



- Love is a feeling of warm personal attachment or deep affection that a loving person demonstrates by his/her actions, even if doing so calls for personal sacrifice – Watch Tower, January 12, 2012.
- You can always get someone to love you – even if you have to do it yourself – Thomas L. Masson.
- You have got to love what's lovable and hate what's hate-able. It takes brains to see the difference – Robert Frost.
- To love your self is the beginning of a lifelong romance – Oscar Wilde.
- In love, victory goes to the man who runs away – Napoleon, I
- 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.
- Love is the triumph of imagination over intelligence – H.L. Mencken.

You may disagree with the above but is a precise definition possible? Love like poetry and many other concepts dear to human life; defy a precise definition with a universal appeal. The reason is simple; love like those concepts means something different to each person who then attempt a definition based on individual experience.

Like the popular story of the elephant and six blind men, each person is talking about love based on the point of contact. The fall out is, we come face to face with so many definitions and explanations that we become confused in the maze. The point is; some of these attempts are saying the same thing in different ways. Thus; some ended up as similar and others contrasting yet saying the same thing.

In a nutshell we are here with something we all claimed to know much about just because we feel and own it but cannot really put words together to effectively capture it. That is saying that a precise definition is not possible but we settle for what satisfies us at that time believing that to be the truth and nothing but the truth.

However, whatever ways you define love; don't forget to speak love, that gentle word that changes the world. Live love ... love in love and if you ask me, we do not even need a precise definition of love but simply do the loving in value ... quality and beauty.

L.O.V.E: Only love can bring and establish peace in the world. Love somebody today and make the world a better place – db. ■

See you in episode 3

# Writers' Corner

*An interview  
with*

*Winifred Felix*  
*The Dazzling Writer*



***WS: TELL US ABOUT YOURSELF.***

**Winifred:** My name is Winifred Ogheneofego Felix, I am a Nigerian and I hail from Delta state, from Isoko South Local Government Area to be precise. I grew up in a family of six, born to parents that love education, so I was daily advised to do my best. Currently, I am a student of the department of Foreign Languages, of The University of Benin, Benin City, Edo state. I am passionate about writing, I love singing, Art and Fashion design, and I am equally keen about Photography and Face Modeling.

***WS: WHAT MOTIVATED YOU TO BE A WRITER?***

**Winifred:** As a young child I had access to cartoons and animations, so sometimes I would imagine myself creating cartoons but most of the time because of the strictness of my Dad on school matters, I found myself reading. At first it was just school books I read, then I discovered that if I could read my school books, then I could read any other book and gradually, I started reading novels, short stories, articles and sometimes read newspapers too. I read any-

thing I could find interesting to read. Due to the fact that I am blessed with parents that love reading, I found books to read, ranging from African Child, Things fall apart, Joys of Motherhood, Lord of the Flies, Animal Farm, etc. Also, growing up in a not so comfortable environment back then, I saw things (the good, the bad, and the ugly), had experiences (happy and sad), heard stories (inspiring and gruesome), with this kind of environment that surrounded me, I discovered that I could make stories out of them. I also discovered that I could preserve the beautiful stories and communicate them to the next generation through writing, I can say that this became one of the drivers of my hand. I am currently working on a book titled Colors from The Niger, which will be out soon.

***WS: THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY ESTABLISHED WRITERS DO NOT LIKE TO ASSIST UPCOMING WRITERS, DO YOU AGREE?***

**Winifred:** Well, I would say that some people speak based on the side of the yam they ate. What I mean is that some people speak based on how some already established writers have behaved to them, so there may be some who don't assist but not all fall under this category. I believe that



there are some established writers who want to groom the next generation of writers and make them champions.

***WS: DO YOU THINK BECOMING A WRITER IS PROFITABLE, ESPECIALLY IN YOUR COUNTRY NIGERIA?***

**Winifred:** Generally speaking, becoming a writer is profitable because it makes one to connect minds together, send messages and sometimes create a rainbow of images in the mind of the reader. Also I would say becoming a writer in a country with great readers who buy books every now and then is a great thing but sadly, these days, many have lost enthusiasm in the act of reading and buying books, but all hope is not lost because a new generation of great readers is emerging, so there is hope.

***WS: DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SURVIVE ON YOUR TALENT ALONE?***

**Winifred:** I don't think so. In as much as I love writing and being a writer, I also love doing other things so as to make ends meet. ■



**SAGE COUNSEL**

**SOLOMON AKANDE**

**(MO AKANDE)**

The wind speaks to me to stay  
And rest my trembling feet

Soon, my troubles will find its way  
Even if it's legions in fleet

For trouble has no sitting patience  
It's only men that do

But men relay a victim's radiance  
By this knowledge trouble pursues

So listen you too to the wind  
And rest another troubled athlete



**THE QUAGMIRE**

**UMEH MARTINS SOMADINA**

My restless voice of peace  
Now the mutilated hope of the hopeless  
the running ruin of homes  
the father of many sorrows  
this!!! they have turned me into.

Against my will I've killed  
My nature that nurture now torture  
No more home to the homeless  
Nor hope to the hopeless for  
I now bear the mark of guilt  
Being termed a dirty game  
That!! they turned me into.

Me a supposed philanthropist  
Gives my power to the people  
Through election to be obtained  
By individual selection now detained  
Aiding the golds acquire more golds  
The rags left with no hopebut to gather more rags.  
The mark of guilt i got  
At the hands of those the flag rests on  
Being termed a dirty game  
By those who know not me nor my intent

Who will justify  
My nature that nurture not torture? ■

UMEH MARTINS SOMADINA is a student of the department of English and literature from the University of Benin, Benin city.



## BE GOOD AT IT!

BY

ZARO MELCHIZEDEK

The Major in charge of the army cantonment believes every man is responsible for his actions but today he seemed to see reasons with the officer's wives when they blame it on Mama Betu, that she uses charm in her local Brew. The women carrying placards march to the major's office in protest for the arrest of Mama Betu. The major had suspended half of its officers for misplacing or forgetting their guns at Mama Betu's Bar but now that it's become a serial case, he thinks the women are right. Most annoying for the women is their husbands even forget the groceries they buy for evening meals in her Bar. But her customers insist she is just good. The Major promises the women he will handle it and he meant it.

Mama Betu runs a special Bar close to the cantonment, built with zinc roof using sticks as pillars, planks are sitting chairs, no windows, no doors or walls, flies buzzing around. She sells the local Brew in a Calabash.

The next day, military police arrest Mama Betu and after long hours of interrogation she insist her Brew is pure, to prove her innocence while in the cell, she must prepare her local Brew under supervision for officers to drink and test the strong intoxicating effects. The officers soaked the Guinea Corn, Cero and Yeast for two days and grand it. They search her thoroughly before she started boiling the fermented ingredients with dexterity. She instructs them to wait till the next day to ferment before drinking. Every officer including the Major was present. As they started drinking, in minutes all officers started dumping their guns, shoes..., completely intoxicated, he, the Major, before passing out looks at Mama Betu and said, they say YOU'RE GOOD, but YOU'RE GOOD AT IT! ■



## TILL CANNIBALS DO US PART

ELHASSAN: JOJO ALTINE



It is the year 2030 in second world Nigeria. 280 aspiring Senators and Representatives for the National Assembly have successfully passed the three-hour webinar and Skype interview on eight core modules namely Basic Sciences, Current Affairs, Legal Studies, Poverty Mitigation Techniques, Household Ecology of Financial Regression, Sustainable Financial Management and Control, Investment Appraisal, Communication and Key Skills. Our candidates have also enjoyed the hospitality of various motels in the nation's capital; Kaduna, the hotbed of the North and are set for the final interview at the National Arena as stipulated under the Nigerian law that mandates candidates to fully engage and excel in fields activities to validate practical dexterity and intellectual proficiencies.

The field activities are strategically designed to promote swift and rational thinking in the face of complex challenges that have kept a majority of middle and lower class families waltzing through endless balls of adversity whilst constantly trying to douse the flames of the menace labelled poverty. It is hoped that these activities at the National Arena, a brainchild from the Ministry of Youth & Social Development and endorsed by 97% of the Nigerian populace would meet its goal of exposing aspirants to some curve balls most Nigerians tackle whilst toiling at a range of occupations from dusk to dawn in a bid to attain some sustainable form of livelihood.



It is further hoped the proposed activity will ascertain fitness-stamina levels amongst other criteria so the nation experiences an extraordinary decline of the norm and an overflow of mobile, solution driven intellects capable of resolving the fixed multidimensional challenges that has plagued the nation since Independence.

Results of the aforementioned should fulfil the secondary objective which is a verification of mental capacities against stamina levels in the face of unanticipated crisis especially for those with muscles enfeebled from spa treatments received over the weekend.

It is envisaged a weather friendly Monday morning accompanies aspirants to the National Arena specially built for this purpose. Ushers are none other than 40 registered cannibals living on the brink of an endangered Amazon forest who warmly welcome guests with warm smiles and filed teeth. Dismay not for they would have sworn oaths to traditional rulers across the 16 geopolitical zones not to indulge in what could potentially be a nourishing feast and also signed blood covenants not to devour the work in progress lawmakers kitted in three accessories: drive, dark green shorts and Nike sneakers. These are mandatory regalia that may hasten movements and fairly limit guaranteed trips from candidates who may wish to showcase marathon skills to densely populated spectators who booked two months in advance to secure seats in the National Arena.

The jury would comprise of dignitaries such as Wole Soyinka, Aliko Dangote, Oby Ezekwili, Ngozi Okonjo Iwela, Chiamanda Ngozi Adichie, Nwankwo Kanu and Enoch Adeboye who would declare the event open after Aliko Dangote has crooned the anthem with vocal support from 2Face, Dbanj, Lagbaja, Mavin crew, P-square, Shina Peters and Terry G. They would also provide unending hip hop that would stir the feet of both spectators and aspirants. The jury having volunteered complimentary services would be offered choice seats that would swing and recline for maximum view from a safe distance.

Invited international and indigenous paparazzi will include Al-jazeera, BBC, CNN, NTA International, AIT, Channels, Silverbird and radio stations including Hot and Cool FMs. It is hoped most get a chance to watch the event live at least once a lifetime having considered tonnes of related pleas, advice and suggestions.

Contestants would be bathed in chloroquine syrup to prevent tear and wear for some obstinate cannibals who may chance a lick when they eventually catch up with the slow. Calm your beating heart reader and acknowledge what the cannibals have signed to:

1. A no-consumption clause for the shades of meat on the run. This is because management has a zero tolerance for any bite or scratch. However, hugs and pecks from cannibals are permitted and encouraged.
2. Terrify sufficiently to stimulate brain cells, bottom and possibly activate upper limbs.

\*\*\*\*\*

Immediately the artistes in no particular order turn up the steam, spectators shall appreciate the art of Physical Education. Oby Ezekwili would play a supervisory role to ensure proceedings run smoothly and participants heed to health and safety protocol as medical aid is limited to a ten litre keg of iodine, a five litre container of spirit, some balls of cotton wool and glucose tablets to boost energy levels as and when necessary.

At the conclusion of the hour long exercise, Nwankwo Kanu would end proceedings with an amplified whistle whilst Chiamanda Ngozi Adichie unlatches the door to release all especially the slow who failed by fainting or falling thrice or more. This group would be eliminated whilst bona fide athletes would be awarded handshakes and certificates from Ngozi and Wole who would have sat through proceedings with dis-



gusted looks on their faces. The winners though shall proceed to the second stage, a thirty minute Q & A session chaired by both judges.

The imported but NAFDAC endorsed cannibals would be given a drink of Nestle water and bush meat heavily laced with sedatives. On maximum consumption, all would be further sedated, strapped on planes and exported back to the Amazon.

It is believed the next batch of statesmen willing to run any race would know forehand the efficacy of this Self Developing and Empowering project that tests the mental strength of individuals especially in the wake of crisis. Hopefully, future aspirants will embark on apt self-examinations prior to public displays of largely fictional athletic prowess and mental incompetence on a grand scale. I reckon this is the best way to choose individuals that would do us proud in the political arena.... I remain positive a majority support this based on feedback from the future. ■

## **WEDDING NIGHT**

**HRL SAKA DBOSZ JUNIOR**

Now that the silver bell had toll and heard  
And the golden arrow well stuck in our hearts  
Our honeymoon starts tonight to live forever  
On and on ... this love of ours ... together

Lord we pray for the strength of sacrifice

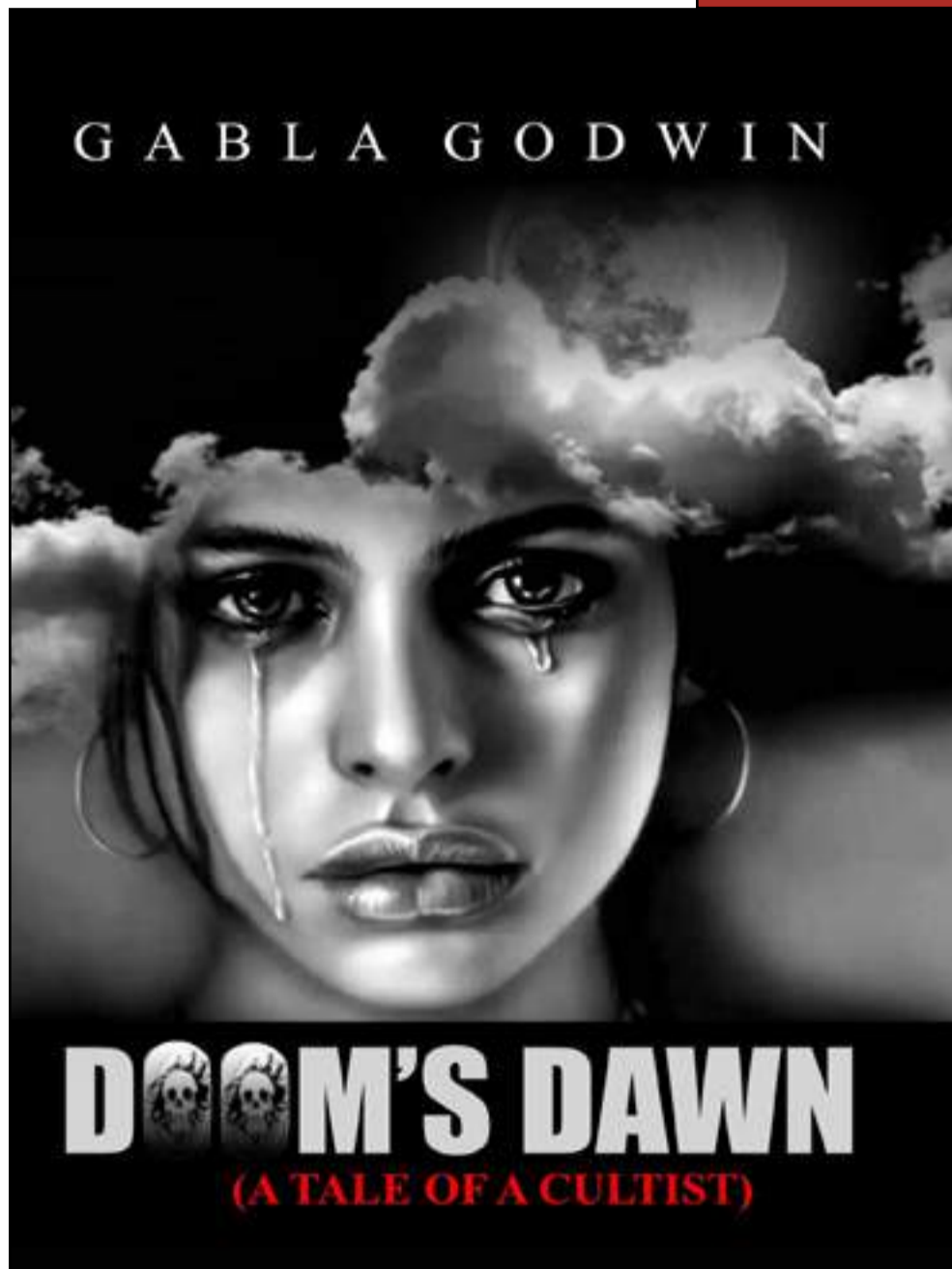
Year after year ... this night forever at any price

Shall live forever and ever ... like the sun in the sky ...

And the inspiring smile in your alluring eyes... ■



## Book Review



George Nhyira, a destitute with an ailing mother and the promise of a bright future ahead of him confronts the world amidst the burning flames of cultism and grief which surrounds his stay on campus. In an attempt to hold and control power, to defend and protect himself through the Cursed Blessing of his friend, Kwesi Tee, he finds himself foundering in crime. Students' politics mixed up with cultism and heinous crimes. The struggle to step out of the bloody arena lands him in a big mess. He must make a choice either of love or becoming a fugitive. Which is he to choose?

This novel is an obligation to the pleasure reader, a cure for the depressed, a bite of sugar for suspense lovers and a pile of Wisdom and thought-provoking reality for the general public especially the youth. ■

## About the Author

Gabla Godwin is a young Ghanaian poet and novelist with international recognition. He has countless poems, flash fiction and short stories scattered all over the literary space. He is a native of Akatsi in the Volta Region of Ghana. He has been described by many as the future of Literature in Ghana. His poems have featured in many literature magazines and literature blogs as well as poetry anthologies. He also has featured most of his short stories in some highly recognised magazines. Godwin Gabla prefers to be called by his pen-name which is actually a simplified form of his full name: GGABLA.

'DOOM'S DAWN: A TALE OF A CULTIST' is his first novel and he gave it so much time. DOOM'S DAWN: A TALE OF A CULTIST can be bought on all Amazon Kindle outlets worldwide for \$5. ■



## SON OF BASTARDISM

by OloladeAkinlabi(Olholhadey)

Akinyele, lineage of the missionaries,  
From whom we borrowed teachings  
of prayers;  
Kneel, perhaps, kowtow,  
send your eyes into darkness.  
To whom shall we wail to?  
That eyes we sent to darkness  
in prayers, returned.  
Returned, unto our land,  
intruders rule as kings.

Akinyele, son of bastardism,  
To whom shall we tell?  
That our product of isakole  
Is a man of civilization.  
Sent Ogun on exile,  
Oya buried prior grave dug.  
Akinyele, courtesy found  
missing in your life,  
Prostration is a capital punishment,  
'Hi' is an alternative,  
ye alternative you chose.

Men of white skin capsized your thoughts,  
Pieces left are heaps of rubbish  
in your brain.

Akinyele, son of ingrates,  
Into the grave of your father  
We shall post aroko, dead will hear  
That Ogunkoya is traded  
Richard is the return name.  
Alas! Lineage name is dead without tomb.

Apeke waited till patience was anxious,  
From your heaps of rubbish,  
Apeke is a witch,  
Elizabeth Wood is your wife.  
Akinyele, son of shame. ■

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Akinyele\*, Apeke\* , Ogunkoya\*, are Yoruba names.  
Isakole- Tribute.  
Aroko- traditional way of sending message in Yoruba land .

## BEAUTY

By: Abdulhafeez T Oyewole

If there's nothing to wish away in you,  
Then, there's something to pick from you.  
Perhaps, something that's not lost  
in the whiteness of your teeth,  
In the lines of your palm,  
In the smoothness of your skin,  
In the tan of your colour,  
In the strands of your hair.

If there's always something to behold in you,  
Then, there's something to hold onto in you.  
Perhaps, something that's more than  
Your concrete eyes. Something that seizes  
the sight,  
That brings calmness to the humiliating air,  
That breathes life to the lifeless darkness,  
That wakes potency in the budding sun.

If there's nothing to do away with in you,

Then, you must be the gold that  
sacks poverty,  
You must be the melody in  
the orchestras' songs,  
You must be heartfelt depth of  
the lyre's lyrics,  
You must be the pithiness in poetry. ■

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Abdulhafeez T Oyewole is a Nigerian poet and a radio presenter with two poetry collections: Tides of Verses (2015) and Air Around Us (2017). Apart from writing, he also teaches and blog at his spare time. His works have featured in both print and online literary platforms such as Prachya Review, Al-Qist Magazine, Ar-Risalah Newsletter/Magazine, Herald Newspaper among others.

*The Rainbow "Femme" Writer*  
With  
*Winifred Felix*

**BLACK ROSE**

Jacinta had done nothing but take off her pair of high heels when the door bell rang. She thought it was her imagination playing tricks on her mind, when it rang for the second and third time. "Who could be this nice to pay a visit after all that had happened to her these past four months,?" she said to herself.

The door bell rang again, this time with more urgency.

"yes! Who is it? I am coming!!"

Jacinta opens the door to find a rather tall and light skinned young man, whom she considered to look like an athlete.

"Hello! Good evening! How may I help you?" She spoke in her formal tone.

"Hello! Good evening Ma'am, I am a delivery agent and you have a package. Please put down your signature," the young man spoke politely, while handing her a sheet of paper.

"Oh! Okay!" Jacinta replied rather surprised.

In a split of seconds, she had given her signature and received a box wrapped in red shiny sheets.

"Thank you Ma'am and have a lovely evening," The delivery agent spoke, bowed with courtesy and took his leave.

She carried the box with care like a baby down to her bedroom, all the while wondering who must have sent her a package that looked so lovely. "Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day," she thought; "could this be from a secret admirer or lover?" She imagined.

Considering her experiences with past lovers, she had resolved to re-



main single for the moment. Her first lover, Williams, had been her very first crush and boyfriend; meeting him in the university they had fallen in love so fast, they had made plans for the future. Things went smoothly for them; they even won best couple during their university's annual award. Things changed when Williams experienced the ghastly accident that almost pronounced him dead. After that accident, he was never himself again, although she decided to stay by him through thick and thin at least that was part of the test of her true love for him until he started abusing her verbally and physically; forcing her to take the drugs he took, which shredded his brain into more pieces.

Williams was never the same. Things got to their peak when he started tying her at night and sometimes threatened to kill her. She had notified the police force soon enough before he sent her six feet below. Though Williams was taken to a psychiatric home and he was out of her life, she still had nightmares, seeing him torture her and most times she woke up screaming and crying.

Jacinta decided to relocate, if the night mares would end, and just as she imagined, a new environment did the trick; her night mares stopped, she got a good job to keep her mind busy and a wonderful flat mate Stephanie who travelled for a conference, now she was left all by herself though she didn't worry herself much because Williams was now history and Jacobs just broke up with her with reasons of "My Ex came back", after they had dated for almost a year.

Jacinta had consoled herself with words like "maybe I need to learn more about relationships before beginning another one," and had she learnt something new? Of course she had, getting books and videos on matters on relationships and dating had made her wiser.

With excitement, she decided to open the box, tearing the beautiful sheets just to unveil what is hidden beneath the sheets.

The sight that met her eyes nearly made her faint even as it brought back roots of buried memories, flooding her mind with different thoughts. She picked up the torn cloth that had been her best gift two years before; it was given to her by Williams, her first lover on Saint Valentine's Day. Opening the box further she picked up a picture she never remembered taking though it looked very familiar; it was a picture of her tied to Williams bed, with blood and bruises all over her. In the last content of the box, she picked up a black rose with a note attached to it that read "I am coming to finish what we started three years ago. You can't be free from me because our destinies are tied

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together. EXPECT ME SOON". Little had she finished reading the note when her mobile phone started vibrating incessantly, a call from an unknown number, she was about to pick up the phone, then the power supply went off; now she was alone in a dark and silent house.

Jacinta would have gone to put on her power generator if she hadn't heard the shattering of the glass of her window. Her phone kept vibrating, her heart leaped as she began to hear the footsteps from her kitchen. All she could do was grab her phone, placed it on silent as she entered her wardrobe whilst praying that this murderer never finds her. ■

## If Eve wasn't Created

Akinrinade Funminiyi Isaac (Esv\_Keks)

If Eve wasn't created

I wonder how lonely he would wander  
As a cloud over a moving train.  
Leaving a message for the traveler,  
Wrapped in an envelope of rain.

If Eve wasn't carved from his ribs,  
I wonder how formed his  
body would be.  
Flying over mighty vales and hills  
And dining daily with swarms of bee.

If Eve never smelled the odorless odor  
From the creepy creature's hideout.  
I imagine how he would get a decoder,  
To decipher the beast's dugout.

If Eve never cried when formed,  
I marvel at the Deity-Men bond  
With nuts and bolts, tightly fastened.  
Where they part to meet on Eden's  
pond.

If Eve never existed as a creature,  
How then could I pen this piece?  
Nature is Eve, Eve is nature,  
To jointly proclaim for a raging peace.

Yay! Eve was created, hail the creator,  
A bard's spirit could not but be elated  
Amidst daughters of Eve in a theatre.  
An ode to God of the living dead. ■

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Akinrinade Funminiyi Isaac, with the pseudonym Esv\_Keks is an upcoming poet, who has written many unpublished poems. He's currently studying Estate Management at Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife, Osun State.





## FAVOUR FOR PLEASURE

BY: GABLA GODWIN

The once lit room became blind-dark. He pushed his frame through the darkness, dragging his feet on the floor as though to grab attention. Near the bed, he landed his bony frame on the hay-built mattress. Though not less than seven years of age, it still looked as fresh as ripe tomatoes. He pushed his arms through the darkness. Agilely but carefully as though to avoid something while in search of same. His hand landed on a soft, fleshy material. His eyes beamed with pleasure. He rested his hands peacefully on the fleshy material. Moved it slowly downwards as though to check its degree of smoothness. His hands found a junction. A road down the soft, fleshy material separated by a shallow cleft spreading into two hilly roads. He moved his hands again. Slowly. Then his hands met a rough surface which brought a rattling sound. "Stop it!" A voice said. It was Adwoa, his wife. "But why?" Jonas asked. "Just stop it!" She yelled. "come on! What's wrong?" "Just stop it! What did I tell you about this?" Adwoa asked. "But I am your husband," Jonas said. "And so what?" She rebutted. "What qualifies you to be a man in the first place?" She continued. Silence. Seconds became minutes. Ten minutes passed. He placed his hands over the same spot again. 'Pai!' A slap landed on his face almost bulging his eyes out. "What is this huh?" "Didn't I tell you to pay before you touch me?" Where is your money?" Adwoa barked. Jonas got up and moved toward the switch, turned it on and saw the huge figure of Adwoa resting on his bed. Like a lion after its prey, he pounced on her, throwing blows in succession regardless where each landed. Adwoa found breathing space when he had had enough of the fight. She located a bottle which stood on a table in the nearest corner. Jonas turned around quickly only to meet Adwoa's hand raised mid-way in an attempt to rest the bottle on his head. Reluctantly, he pushed her. She fell flat on the tiled floor, landing her head heavily on the floor. All left were a blood-stained floor, an insentient Adwoa and a dazed Jonas. ■

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Gabla Godwin who is popularly known in the literary scenes as GGABLA is a multi talented young man from Ghana. He is a final year teacher trainee of Akatsi College of Education and he is the proud author of the novel "Doom's Dawn: A Tale Of A Cultist" which is available on Amazon Kindle. He has several poems and short stories to his credit as well.

# Play me the Drum

Gideon Mariochukwu



Play me the Drum

Play me the drums, the ancient drum.

The drums that the warriors of old played.  
the drums that sends joy through the spine  
of our elders and make them  
laugh-out-loud.

Play me the drums

The Drums that brings out the women  
from their kitchen hut and make  
the divas whisper.

Play me the drums

For I entered into the deep  
sea lukewarm ocean,  
I destroyed the wicked rivergod  
that has killed our children  
and stopped our young ones from  
bathing at it's bank.

I have killed her, yes I have!

The one that killed out fishermen and  
made them sell their boats.

Play me the drums and let it's  
rythem awaken

the spirits and let it remind  
the gods of victory won.

For I entered into the city,  
the city our elders told little lads  
at moon light,  
forcing them to their sleeping  
mates trembling.

A city in the jungle; where stone  
demons takes the head of men.

A city that house the furiously  
misticulous beast

that made our hunters silent as  
the Israelite facing Gollant.

Where none who enter ever returns

Play me the drums

For I went and returned and  
have killed them all

I slayed them just like  
spartacus slayed the shadow  
of death and brought rain.

Play me the drum and let dancers dance,  
let children Play under moon-light.

Play me the drum and let's celebrate. ■



# 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 May. 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](mailto:info@writersspace.net) or chat with us on Whatsapp - 08052136165

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