

LUST

||| Another Look at Lust

Joseph Olofinkua
Nigeria

||| The Woman Called Tamaa

Linda Achiaa Awuah
Ghana

||| Lust is Loss

Bismark Kimbi
Cameroon

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||| Editor's Note

Lust, unknown word to the underage, but very common to the teenagers. Whenever it is mentioned, we already know that disciplinary hearing is taking place. To adults, it means different other things. Our September edition will show you the different phases of Lust. From the biblical connotations to the political and nasty ones. One thing that seems to be common about it is that, the aftermath are never good, there's always chaos and pain.

One might ask, does lust always have to be bad? Is lusting for the latest WSA magazine editions a bad thing? Well, the only way to find out is for you to go through the edition.

Enjoy

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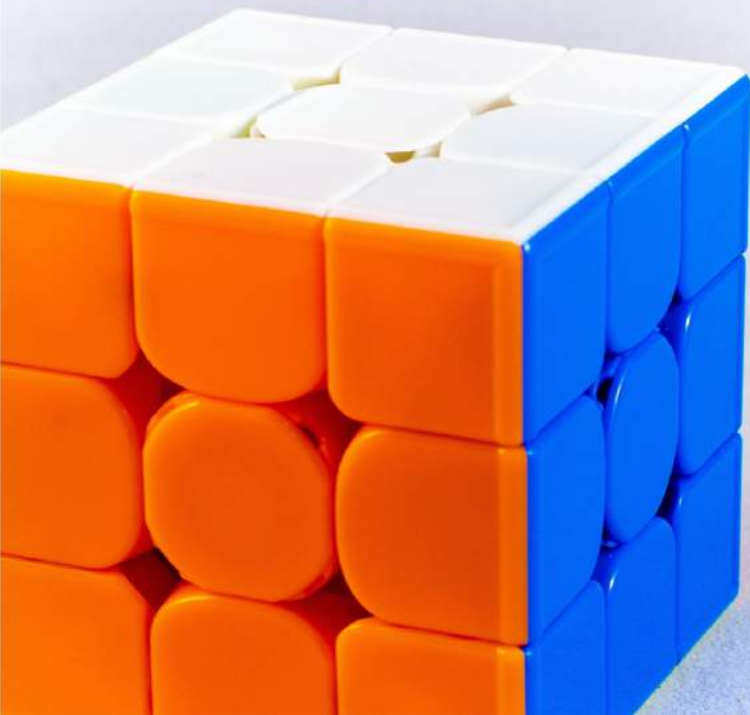
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Writers Space Africa (WSA), an international online literary magazine, will from 20th August to 15th September accept submissions for the November 2021 Edition in these categories:

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|| The Most Dangerous Emotion

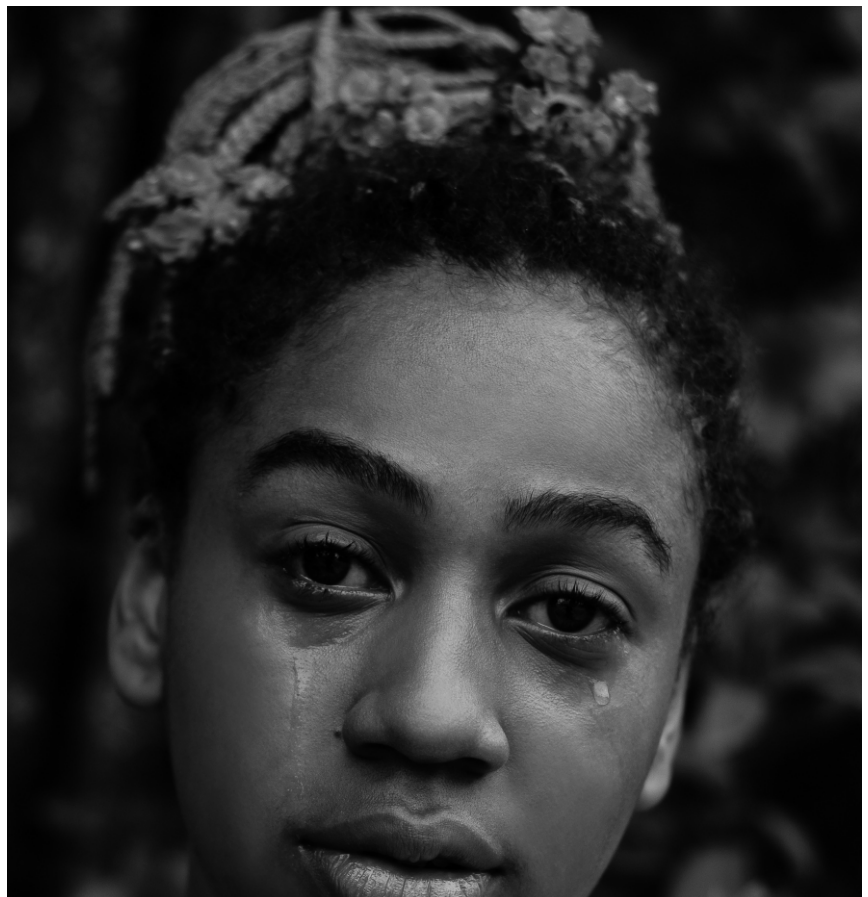
Luqmaan Rawat
South Africa

Humans experience a wide range of emotions; happiness, sadness, love, anger, greed, among others, and each emotion impacts us in different ways since our very lives revolve around what we feel. Certain situations, however, depending on the emotions that we let overcome us, can either end in a good or bad way. Most people believe that anger is the most dangerous emotion, perhaps the dangerous and deadly one is lust.

What is lust, and why is it so dangerous? If you look it up, lust means an intense longing or craving. It can also mean – and this is what it is commonly known for – a strong sexual desire. Lust is something we all feel from time to time; either for your partner or a random person. Lust can come in many

different forms. One can have a strong desire for several things, and it can be channelled in the right or wrong way. Unfortunately, in today's society, we have channelled it the wrong way. We look all around us and see how well people are doing and we admire them for that. We wish to be like them, to be as wealthy as

they are, to have the materialistic things they have and so on. As such, a longing begins to grow in our hearts. We long for our lives to be just like theirs and so we try anything and everything to become like them. Sometimes this desire becomes so strong that it overrides our morals.



Perhaps we set out to do things perfectly. Perhaps we set out with noble intentions at the onset but as the lust for this wealth and status enters our hearts, our morals and beliefs exit. This is not a rare occurrence in society. I am sure there are people you know, who may not even be very rich but have changed or forgotten their morals in their pursuit to satisfy this intense desire that's built up in their hearts. It happens to all of us. We all wish to live better lives, but when we let our lust for wealth overtake us, we become different versions of ourselves. Versions that will stop at nothing to ensure our lust is satisfied. Unfortunately, once you give in to it, it can never be satisfied.

Several wealthy people find no shame in treating their employees unfairly by giving them unfair wages, bonuses that do not adequately appreciate their work, etc. All to cut costs and to make more money. This boils down to greed and an intense desire to have more and more. This kind of lust

cannot be quenched no matter how much one eventually gets and it explains why lust is so dangerous. It can make one do things they wouldn't normally do, and that is just one part of it.

Next and probably the type we all experience is the lust or strong sexual desire we have for someone. This can also be channelled in a right or wrong way. One can be head over heels in love with someone and so lust for them, so much that the feeling seemingly burns them, and the only way to soothe this burning sensation is to be able to recreate their thoughts and fantasies with them. This kind of lust does not just go away. A married man may feel this kind of intense desire for another woman and if he lets it overtake him, he will end up pursuing her. The same applies to a married woman who finds herself in such a situation. When the deed gets done after they give in to lust and it finally subsides, they will then realize their mistake, only it will be too late. The guilt begins to eat them up,

and if they get caught or decide to be honest about it to their spouse, you can be assured that that will be the end of the marriage. You can easily break the heart of the person you care about for a few hours of pleasure if you let an emotion like lust take control of you. We all know what happens when a marriage ends because of a spouse having an affair. It is a messy situation and becomes even worse if they have kids. Meanwhile, it all happened because one person could not keep their emotions intact.

Lust is an emotion that can destroy lives if left unchecked. It can make the lives of your workers horrible, and even those of your children and other people around you. It has been allowed to rule us for far too long, and it's about time we put an end to it. The time has come for us to get a grip on ourselves and keep this dangerous emotion in check.

Why Leaders Forget to Lead and Start Following

Solomon A. Mutagaya
Uganda

The Merriam-Webster dictionary defines lust as some intense longing, craving or unbridled sexual desire. Barbra Kellerman and Todo L. Pittinsky, in their book **Leaders Who Lust**, broadly define lust as "a psychological drive that produces intense wanting, even desperately needing to obtain an object or to secure a circumstance such that, when the object has been obtained or the circumstance secured, there is a relief, but only briefly or temporarily." Their idea is that the circumstance poses an infinite longing and craving that cannot be satisfied. It is likely the nature of this ailment does not only make its victims lose pure sight of it but, also develop resistant mechanisms and methodologies for its justification.

It may be the reason why the notion of the term "I do it for my people" has been so epitomized on the lips of today's African leaders that it has become arduous to identify the right colours that paint the zeal that fuel such audacious utterances. Lustful leaders are in themselves atrocious or were once good leaders who got misguided by their undying drive and ambition to persist in pushing their agenda because they perceive that they are pursuing the right cause.

As to whether it is a rhetoric act of dainty self-motivation, gutty determination or gritty inclination, no one knows. The right answer to this paradox however lies behind the type of lust to which a leader is attracted. Ultimately, the best measure of a leader will always be a function of the

kind of lust they are most attracted to. Is it money; fueled with an unlimited desire to accrue great wealth? Is it sex; a lust-driven by the constant hunt and search for sexual gratification? Is it "success"; the unstoppable need to achieve? Is it legitimacy; piloted by the tireless identity and equity? Is it legacy; a lust that poses an endless quest to leave a permanent imprint of one's achievements, or is it power characterized by a ceaseless craving to control?

Lust-less power in its rightful autonomous dimensions should be a scalable but quenchable thirst. Kellerman and Pittinsky point out that "Power as autonomy has the virtue of being finite.

When the quest for power as autonomy is satisfied, so typically is the appetite for power. Power as autonomy is, in other words, a 'quenched thirst.' But the quest for power as influence 'paints a completely different picture.' Though most of the research on power is not conclusive, it is nevertheless suggestive. It suggests that people who tend to be autocratic tend also to be narcissistic. So, one way such leaders enhance themselves is by regularly enlisting recruits or followers, over whom they can exert power, and this is what is meant by 'an insatiable hunger for power.' This is what we mean by a lust for power."

Most African leaders known to stay longer than necessary in power have gotten so bound to their agenda that it has become the centre of their locomotion, and this sets into motion a decision of becoming followers of commotion, thus followers of their agenda which finally

translates into their lust. And that lust has or for that matter will be their undoing since they are no longer in control. They now answer to a force far bigger than who they are and subscribe to a cause which in itself is infinity-driven. They have won the battle but lost the war. They have become slaves of their orchestration. And they are bound to die by the very sword they wield. Because just like fire, lust is a good servant but a bad master. It is a virus that eats you up from the inside out.

Africa's biggest obstacle to its democratic and economic nourishment has always been her leaders' undying lust for power amongst other things. For us to be able to undo such forces of the universe working against us, we must first be willing as followers to understand and examine ourselves at a deeper level, lest we stumble into the same pothole.

Our zeal to fork out lustful leaders from our systems and

hence draft the next generation of better ones, however, can only be pure in its intentions if it commences from a point of looking within ourselves first. It is a battle that needs to be fought from the inside out by making sure we won't only be re-inventing the wheel should we pull the plug. It calls for the need to deal with the question of why lustful leaders stay longer in power when we could uninstall them in the first place. We ought to answer the question of why followers follow bad leaders, to begin with. Ironically, the answer most likely resonates around Dr Jean Lipman Blumen's suggestions from her book, **The Allure of Toxic Leaders: Why We Follow Destructive Bosses and Corrupt Politicians and How We Can Survive Them**, that, consequently followers enable and assist bad leaders because it gives them a sense of power since bad followers are drawn to bad leaders because they can share power. The said answer can also resonate around the social psychological principle of "Escalation of Commitment"



which is a human behavioural pattern of the continued and deliberate pursuit of the path we've been on, even when there is finally convincing evidence that the former path was wrong. We instead abstain from altering the course.

Regardless of what the real cause of the problem might

be, once we find ourselves in the hole, we must stop digging and start filling because yes it is never too late to mend. African problems call for African solutions. So we do it the African way, face our fears and boldly challenge such lustful leaders with unwavering courage, embrace reality rather than fall for their illusional ideas,

make use of what is left of our democracies, and vote in good ones, first putting the needs of the next generation in place to foster continuity and long-term development coupled with the mentorship of a young selfless next generation of leaders who see leadership as a duty, not a privilege or a part-time engagement.

Another Look at Lust

Joseph Olofinkua
Nigeria



I believe that lust has received bad press in recent centuries; this is in sync with the highly sexualized character of our contemporary culture. Sex has lost its public shamefulness and, in the name of moral progressiveness, its social boundaries no longer exist, and overt sexuality now drives much of our entertainment, advertising, and cultural conservation. How is lust to be separated from all of these?

Let us go back in time to the ancient world. The compiling of the seven deadly sins was where lust faced its first opposition. Alongside lust, we have pride, greed, envy, gluttony, anger, and slot. These deadly sins, especially lust, met their pernicious opponent in Christendom; the seven heavenly virtues and temperance limits lust.

The Stoic philosophers fanned this flame of hurt for lust with the motto "nothing for pleasure sake." This directed moral scrutiny to sexual pleasure itself, not just to what might be considered excess. However, there are numerous thoughts on the subject of lust. The great Philosopher, Socrates, believed that sexual desire is the first step towards righteousness. In Plato's dialogue, the symposium, Socrates recalls the teaching of the priestess Diotima of Mantinea, who said the desire for one man's body is the first step towards true-body appreciation. Therefore it is a means to appreciating the abstract idea. The ideology is based on the notion that individuals follow a rational chain of thought. From admiring the physical beauty of the one you desire, you can appreciate the beauty in

others since humanity is composed of the same type of matter in different proportions. Then one can move to the beauty lying beyond appearances, the beauty in wisdom, knowledge, and beautiful minds, even if they happen to dwell in bodies that are not so attractive. The last step is to come to appreciate beauty itself. This form of beauty comes with the moral qualities of goodness. Hence from lust, one can come to the verifiable knowledge of beauty. Socrates makes us see that to advance the higher understanding of beauty, one must start from the basis, which is lust, hence the importance of lust. Catholicism, the oldest Christian religion, considers lust as a disordered desire for sexual pleasure, where sexual pleasure is "sought for itself, and isolated from



its procreative and unity purpose." It is quick to point out that sexual desire on its own is good and is considered part of God's plan for humanity. The Christian faith has a different view of the thought of lust. Sin is an act but proceeds from thought. Sexual desire, as thought, is necessary according to Christianity, but seeking sexual pleasure for its end is considered a sin. A modern philosopher, Blackburn from Oxford University, defines lust as "the enthusiastic desire that infuses the body, for sexual activity and its pleasure for their own sake." This definition considers several

terms like enthusiasm, desire, sexual activity, and pleasure but emphasizes sexual pleasure for its own sake. What is clear from both the Christian and Blackburn definitions is that, in our world today, lust has been represented as the elevation of sexual desire stripped of moral context and boundaries. At what point is the line drawn? Is it in lust itself that the problem lies or in humanity?

Scientific studies have been able to relate sexual desires to hormones in the body, although these studies are complicated because

hormones are involved with the interaction of psychological and social factors. These hormones, depending on their level, have been known to control the level of sexual desire. Estrogen, progesterone, and testosterone are high on this list of stimulants for sexual desire. If any varying factors affecting sexual desire, then it should vary from one person to another. That which is considered excess for one might not be for the other, but there is no doubt that there should be a limit. Augustine, a fourth-century bishop, has influenced Christian schools of thought for centuries on sexuality. Due to his personal experience, he denied that sexual pleasure was part of the Creator's design for human sexuality, but that is very difficult to know without a doubt since there is no knowledge of sexual activity before the fall. Thomas Aquinas, however, says sexuality is both in scripture and found in nature. The unnatural sexual desire is only evident in humans.



Sexual desire for its own sake is desire stripped of its natural purpose and stolen from its moral context. Lust surely needs to be discussed further, and the need to be elaborated to understand it in our contemporary world. Its poor name needs to be redeemed because there needs to be sexual desire to carry out the sexual act, but its excess is, to some extent, subjective. However, a redirection needs to be

done, to help us see sexual desire as a means to understand beauty itself. Seeking the pleasure of sex should be given a different name since it depends on individual intention. The proper understanding of lust, derived from a secular world where sexuality is commonplace, has become blurry. One thing noticeable is that lust has reckoned to take different meanings depending on an individual

point of view. Another is lust devoid of moral context human sexuality would be debased lower than that of the animal kingdom. History has made that very clear. In our modern world, there needs to be another look at lust to enhance understanding its place, possibly, a reversal to its meaning by the philosophers of old.



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||| The Woman Called Tamaa

Linda Achiaa Awuah
Ghana



Tendrils of tulle flailed around as the slender figure floated down the streets; dainty feet barely touching the ground. Thick afro hair glistened from the richness of coconut oil splashed into it and the tune she hummed danced in the soft breeze, echoing through the deserted walkways.

It had been a successful venture with the young man she just left. John Adams, he's called and currently, his name is splashed all over the news. You may have seen him if you've been paying attention.

I'm sure you're wondering who I am. My name is Tamaa, or as a lot of people like to call me, the spirit of lust. They refer to me with so much disgust and negativity, and refer to me as a "sinful and earthly thing" and honestly, I wonder why?

Haha.

I like to think about myself as the driving force behind people attaining the highest form of happiness, and so by all means, forget about all the negative references you have heard about me. I wish people would stop being so negative!

Sigh

Anyway, as I said, my latest venture was Adams. Or as the girls liked to coo into his ears, "Dam-dam"

What a loser!

Adams entered the university as a promising young lad. (The best of them are. Always)

His love for politics soon drew him to join one of the student unions of state political parties on his campus where he rose through the ranks quickly.

Needless to say, he ran for the highest office on

campus for his year group; the Student Representative Council presidency, and won massively against his opponents.

I had always been a permanent fixture in Adams's life, buried deep in his soul somewhere; lurking and biding my time.

My major problem with Adams had been that campus ministry he joined and all those prayers he indulged in. Hmph!

At that ministry, where I was unfortunate enough to be at as well no thanks to my host, all manner of teachings were thrown against me.

So engulfed was he with all the instructions about celibacy and prayers that, whenever I tried to turn his head to look at the young ladies with supple behinds and ample chests, he would resist and overpower me without effort.

He grounded me to my last nerve, but if it is one attribute I possess that makes me stand out among my peers, it is my perseverance... I never give up! I stay, I plot and I act, as many times as required.

I finally found an opening; o, sweet victory!

After school, the state political party had been eager to snatch him up and groom him in their ways.

Excel, he did. He was placed in high ranks where he had unlimited access to wealth, influence and naturally, women. Adams was suddenly amid powerful figures in places where he wouldn't have thought of even in his wildest dreams.

With the great positions and great wealth, Adams gradually lost his moral

strength. Prayers were reduced to a bare minimum. Beautiful damsels came in all shapes and sizes and boy, was I ready to play!

I seized the day and made sure to make up for the lost time.

It was like Adams had forgotten all they taught him in that ministry; "If your minds are ruled by your desires, you will die. But if your minds are ruled by the Spirit, you will have life and peace." And many others. Even I remembered those, tsk!

But I am not complaining, oh no.

Any woman that passed before Adams or as much as looked in his direction, I made sure to stir in his groins and his head.

I know people sometimes like to doubt my abilities but trust me, I worked hard on Adams. Good, old Bible-clutching, tongues-praying and stiff-necked Adams fell under my spell as easily as flies fall with a swift swat.

In the space of about a year, I had raged so badly through him like a wildfire that we had no less than 100 women to boast of.

We were on a roll!

Adams got married, naturally. I think the married ones are my favourite of them all, and so this new arrangement worked so well for me. I spurred him on to do more, all the sneaking around added to the thrill of it all. It is always easier to get my cousins to join in with the married ones. From sneaking around the first few years of marriage to blatantly flaunting his escapades, Adams did it all.

His reputation to butter the biscuits in exchange for favours and good deeds preceded him and it delighted me so much.





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But all good things must come to an end, alas!

And the end came in the form of Alicia, my perfect conduit. Sweet Alicia with her caramel skin and petite body. Alicia with hair so good, even I was jealous.

Alicia had tricks up her sleeve. Borne out of a grudge, I believe. Something to do with Adams attempting to rape her best friend, or was it her sister? There had been so many of them, I honestly cannot even recall which one this could be!

Several clandestine meetings, and several

unflattering videos and photos later, Adams currently stands disgraced and stripped of everything he's amassed in his not-too-young life. His political dreams hang in limbo and if you ask me, I'll say it's unlikely he'll live down the shame.

Oh well, I have taken flight in search of my new home.

I have heard about the Reverend Agyei downtown at the Potent Jesus Revival Church International.

I have seen how he gestures to his church members with so much authority. I have seen how his eyes light up when the members bow

before him and kiss his feet, and I have seen how he craves to be the centre of attraction in his church.

My favourite, however, is the girls that run around him and how he makes no effort to discourage them or draw boundaries. The Bible he clutches so dearly is a mere accessory to him.

That's where I'm headed. I am excited about this new adventure.

I'd ground myself if I were you because, after the Reverend, you bet I will be in search of a new host!

The world truly is my oyster.

||| Saturday

Luke Kasakya
Uganda

The city smelled of nothing, just eerie cleanliness in the air that unnerved. Even though Luke loved the stillness brought on by the absence of people, locked away in their homes by decree of the president, for him, the town felt abandoned. Felt empty not because it was empty but also because it was empty. Before the lockdown, he had liked watching the crowds pushing to get into everything; cars, buildings, taxis, the market, everything. He missed the hullabaloo that came with the crowded streets. At the same time, Ebenezer liked the emptiness, the stillness. The only thing to hate about the whole situation was that he had to come into the town to work instead of staying at home relaxing and getting fat like everyone else. What he did not like was the slow unending days, the uncertainty of the of time,

and the heaviness of the phone in his pocket demanding a reply to Tasha's text:

"What happened to Saturday?"

He had been subconsciously debating his reply to the text for a few hours now. He had been debating how best to reply to the text since last night when his phone had dinged, alerting him of the text.

"What happened to Saturday?"

The text seemed not to have the appropriate answer to it. So, the debate raged. Its complications growing by the minute but boiling down to the simple question of whether to tell Tasha the truth? Or to lie? To tell her Aminallah... To tell her the story that had begun nine months, six days, four hours,

and twenty-five minutes ago when he had gone to see Aminallah that night or not to? To tell her that that night Aminallah had looked particularly beautiful. Her face wrought in perfect stone-like stillness, even as slowly her lips parted and grew into a tantalizing smile.

To tell her that:

That night, he could not tear his gaze from the curve of her hips pushing against the thin fabric of the pink cotton dress as determined to rip it. Or from her legs, crisscrossed, and the length of her light chocolate brown thighs bathed in the warm yellow light, running miles from beneath the hem of her pink short, short dress and growing into her crisscrossed legs. He had rubbed his fingers against the palms of his hands, itching to reach out...! To touch...!!

He had felt the heat on his face, his lips growing into a silly grin, his countenance one of desperate illicit desire. His eyes had pulled off her short, short dress. An inch every millisecond, burning through the fabric, leaving the image of her naked body beneath the

like a colour called "nude."

That she had said this all the while maintaining a dejected but involved and cool warmth to her words; Her personality collected and simpatico. And in turn, he had giggled. One, because the colour "nude" was

with Wanja any day, as if the two were created in pairs, one always augmenting the other. Her lips, lips he had only ever kissed once before, had remained smiling. Tantalising... scintillating...! Her lips are the kind you forget once you have seen them. They are bold in their temptation, forward and explicit in their daring.



pink, short, short pink cotton dress.

"I like the dress." He had said. "It's becoming of you"

"Oh, thanks! It's my nightie"

"Oh, you sleep in pink?"

"No, it's nude"

She says things like that sometimes. The kind of things sophisticated suave grown women say. Things

amusing to him, and two, because of the irony of the word "nude" at the moment. He wished she were nude, naked...

"So, how have you been? Like, seriously?" He had asked, leaning ever so close to her face and biting his lower lip all in the same move. His eyes oscillating between her eyes and the lines of her lips. Her eyes are the kind that looks beautiful

"You have very kissable lips, you know"

"Really?" she had said. A slight dismissive laugh escaping her lips Her head tilting to her left and her face returning to the imitation of the inscrutable and impervious countenance of Nephrotiti's stone bust.

"BENEZERIIIIII...Benezeri..." she had teased as she always did. She had let the subtle musicality encasing his now Africanised name hang in the air as she stood up and cat-walked away with deliberation in her gait and shaking her head as if in disbelief. Yet she still smiled... Tantalising... scintillating...!

He had moved his hands from holding the iPad; they have been watching youtube videos of Ariana Grande mimicking other artists on over her shoulders and rested them on the back of the wick couch, his face close to hers. His lips, slightly grazing hers, her soft-warm hindered breath washing out onto his face as she bit her lip. The left side corner of her lower lip, still smiling. He could feel the bulge pushing against his jeans. It had been there since she opened the door for him, wearing that short, short "nude" cotton dress she called her nightie. Except now, the pushing bulge bordered on pain. As if his manhood would break. For a minute, he had wondered if it could.

"Yo! I need to prepare for tomorrow..." she had said, walking away into her bedroom.

He had sighed. A sigh of frustration wrapped in a broken promise. A sigh of demanding want. A demanding want to pull her to him, her behind on his groin, his hand running

down her flat tummy. Caressing her, her hourglass waist, hips... A demanding want for his left hand to push up the thin fabric of her short, short cotton dress and his right-hand curling beneath her firm, perfectly shaped breasts, her nipples pushing out against his palm.

It is the sigh of an unfulfilled want to kiss her neck, ears, eyes, nape, neck, lips... touching bits of her only her mirror ever sees as she dresses up. The sigh of exasperated desperate longing exacerbated by her scent, Bvlgari Omnia Crystalline, wafting into his nose and etching a permanent memory of her fragile, hourglass frame and imagined nakedness as she disappears into the bedroom onto his mind.

He had followed her into the bedroom. The walls had been bathed in warm light and covered with well-accented photographs of herself and her sisters. The room had a relaxed feel. As if it knew that she came in there to escape the world

and eyes like his that looked at her with thinly veiled desire.

"Do you have a charger I can borrow?"

"Iye (yes)" she had said, bending and fidgeting with cables and plugs.

As she stood up from placing his phone to charge he had moved in behind her. Reaching his hand around her, he had drawn her into him and slow, steady and in rhythm, he had run his fingers from her biceps to her arms.

"Benezeriiiiiii...!" she had let the musicality of his Africanised name hang about them as she pulled away from him and walked towards her bed, her steps measured and model-like, holding on to his hand and letting go as she gets further away from him and closer to her bed, turning her head ever so slightly and smiling.

He has always liked how 'put' together she is, how guarded she can be. How she is not inclined to give in to whims and how the superficial seems secondary to her.

At that moment though, these were the same things he had hated. Especially how inscrutable she was.

She had sat holding her left leg to her chest on her bed as he moved towards her. Her dress had diminished even further, revealing more of her. Outside, the world would have thought her sitting vulgar. Inside her bedroom, her illicit sitting exuded a confident sensuality to him. The elegance of her movements had made it all seem natural. As if all women should aspire to sit the way she sat. She had leaned her head back, smiling back at him as he stood over her. Not sure, if she was teasing, or ...

"I will be moving from this side you know"

"Yeah, you told me." "Where will you be moving to?"

"Kyanja." "I will be moving this Saturday actually"

"Am I allowed to visit?"

"Mhmm... not sure"

In turn he had giggled and sat on the bed next to her.

She had moved both her legs and was holding both of

them up against her chest, her calf pressed against her thighs.

He had reached for her hand and begins playing with it; caressing it, running his fingers in circles in her palm. She has the kind of hands you would expect from a western girl, except she is from Muganda. Her mother named her "Nakintu". Everyone calls her Aminallah, he calls her Nallah, reminiscent of the poem "Nahla~Muslima in High School" by Chief he had seen recited some time back. Somehow it captured her complexity even though it was not about her and never was about anything remotely close to her.

"I heard..."

"Mmm???"

"I heard you are seeing someone"

The spell that held everything in place within her room had dissipated into nothingness. In its place stood a heavy tension instead. The kind of tension that makes the air heavy and taste oily and vile as it flies past the tongue.

"Well, I also heard you were back with Julie..."

Silence...!

The tension had somehow grown even more malleable. He was sure that if the tension could be seen, it would have been seen fidgeting with its hands in the stillness, kicking at the empty spaces it permeated in her room and scared to let even decibel to break the stillness that had dawned on the room. But since tension, as is known, is invisible, he had not seen it fidgeting. Neither had she.

"No... we are not. You know that is just history and people talking."

"Mmm?"

"Yep...so...?"

"Well..."

"You know, you never really tell me these things; you know, Like, I just have to always guess and jump to conclusions, or find out from other people, then...."

"Okay..."

The vile oily taste in the air had seemed to be disappearing now.

"Yes, I am seeing someone. You know Kunta?!"—her words are clipped. The octave of her voice was higher, yet subdued. "He was at the Centre with us."

He had smiled, his face hidden in the shadow cast by her frame, his face bearing the countenance of a happy-sad man; Confused and at peace all at once. She had spoken looking away. As if not wanting to be confronted by whatever emotion would register on his face.

"Oohhh...! Okay!" "You are happy with him?"

He had asked playing with her hands still. Running his fingers through her palm and clasping his fingers through hers. Her hands are light and small. His hand next to her looks mammoth and dark. Sunbaked and leathery.

"Kunta?"

"Iye (yes), I think you know him, don't you?"

Once again, he had sighed. A

sigh of frustration wrapped in a broken promise. A sigh of abandoned want. As if the fact that she was seeing someone somehow negated all that he had felt since he walked through her door.

"By the way, I better get going. I have to head back to Mukono"—He had gone and sat at cafe Mocha for a late-night coffee that night

"Kaale, kasta ondabyeko... (okay, at least you checked in on me...)" She had said after a long pause.

"Iye (yes), it's getting late."—It was only nine something. "There is jam to Mukono you know"—He has never minded the jam.

"Bye Benezeri!" "See you around sometime."

She is standing at the door, and despite being a tall, well-framed girl, she had looked petit, frail and fragile opposite his bulk.

"Bye Nallah" "see you around." He had answered standing on the threshold, clutching his satchel ready to leave. The last words had been lost in a whisper as if

refusing to participate in the lie. As if they had known too well would not be seeing her again anytime soon if he has anything to do with it. She was another man's woman now!

She had hugged him good him. Except, she had lingered. She had not pulled away even as she felt the bulge at the front of his pants. His hands had slid over her shoulders, neck, back, spine, her hourglass waist to the curve of her hips and the top of her butt. He could feel that she had not been wearing anything beneath the thin fabric. He had smiled as he lets go, turning around to walk away. One step, two steps three steps...

"What happened to Saturday?"

The text still demands an answer. The debate remained unsettled... to tell the truth, or to lie?

To tell Tasha that on Friday before the Saturday she demanded answers for he had called Aminallah?

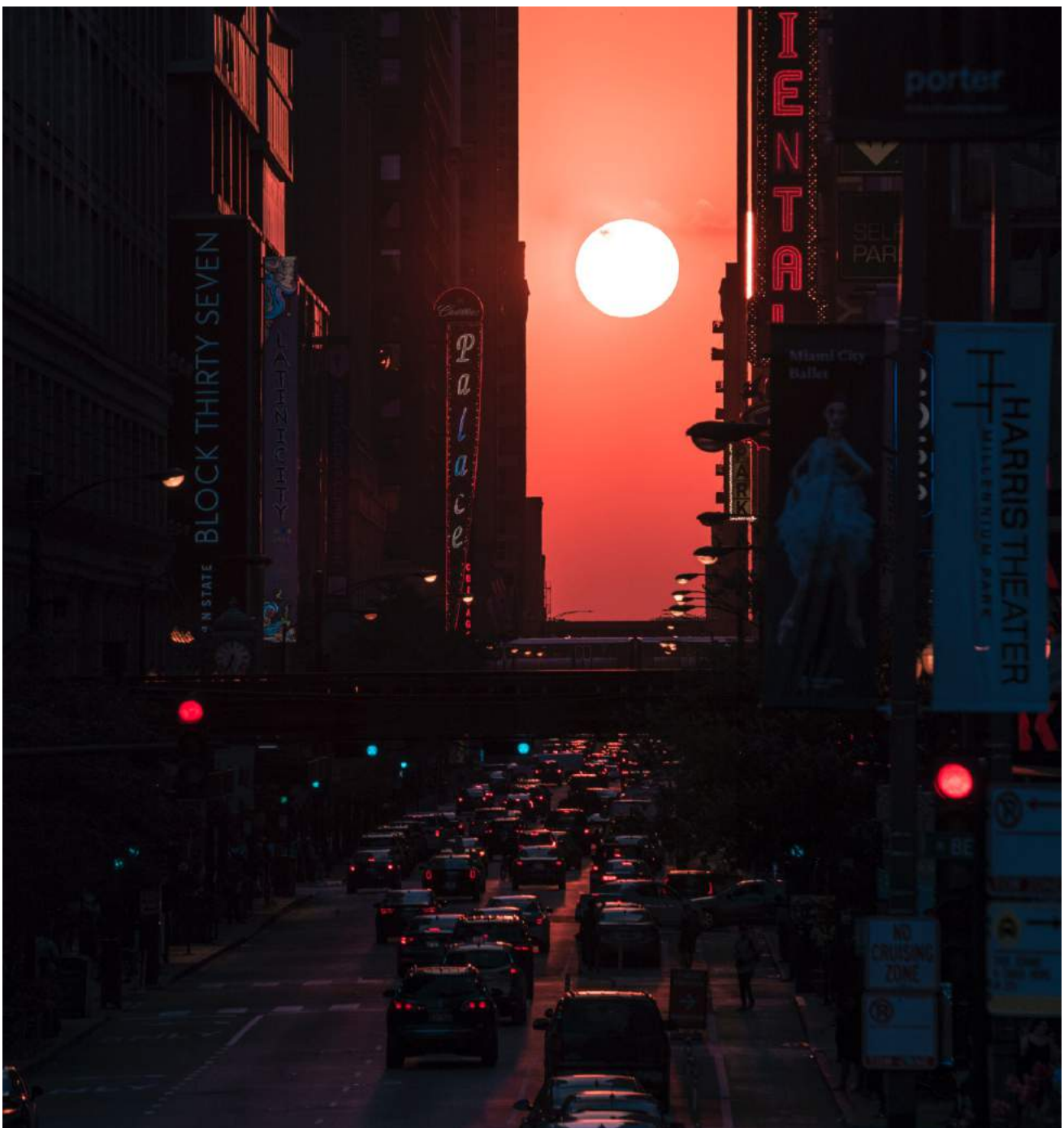
That she had picked up his call, not happy he is calling late, but happy he is calling anyway. That they for hours on end as old, old friends often do, reminisce the old times, and as she laughed at his jokes about how much he has prayed that she and

Kunta would break up soon. She had told him she felt his bulge that day. That she too had burnt with a desperate longing for him to touch her, kiss her slow, steady, smooth, tender, raw...That she had hoped he would stay the night. That she had

worn nothing underneath her short, short thin cotton dress hoping...

To tell Tasha he had gone to see Aminallah that Saturday? Or...

What happened to Saturday?



|| An Act of Worship

Somtochukwu Okoroafor
Nigeria

He was a priest:

Every morning the boy would rise with the sun to worship at the altar of Eros.

Sole venerator in a temple of flesh; it was his hands that lifted, that reached below to soothe and stroke, to pull and tug, to stoke the glowing embers on that altar into a flame that would grow and grow until it consumed him. It was his mind that recalled, his body that sang and raged and roared.

He was altar:

A fire burned on that altar. Sometimes it smouldered, a bed of embers pulsing redly. Other times it raged, an inferno, sending waves of heat coursing through his veins. It was a muezzin's call--a throbbing, aching need that made his skin warm and his mouth dry.

He was sacrifice:

It was his body that was offered up--consumed. The priest would stroke, the fire would roar, and the flesh would throb as his heart raced in an ecstasy of worship that would end--always too soon--in a moment of utter, orgasmic bliss.

He fed the fire with memories:

The woman who jogged past his house every morning, breasts bouncing underneath her too-tight top; the much-savoured glance of her jiggling behind.

The young teacher at his school whose smile made his heart race; the memory of the time she touched his arm and let her hand linger for a few seconds.

The woman he glimpsed one afternoon with skin the

colour of coffee beans and eyes that pierced his soul, lips that parted to reveal even white teeth.

There was always fuel for the fire: fat and thin, short and tall, fair and dark.

He wanted them all, and in those brief, stolen moments before the light of the sun poured into his room and his mother came knocking, they were his; fuel for his fire, idols on his altar, salves to soothe the aching wound from the winged god's tainted shaft.

Later, in the wake of Onan's sin, when the fire had consumed itself and had sunk down again to embers; waves of shame flowed over him, rushing along the pathways left by the retreating flames and slowing his racing heart.



In his mind, a tiny, oft-ignored voice often cried out in protest, and on some level, he supposed it was wrong, this utter surrender

to the caprices of the flesh. But he was fifteen, and all women were beautiful, so in the end, he always went back to the altar; to feed the

flame that is desire incarnate, longing personified.

Lights Out

Chris Baah
Ghana

Like touching gob3 packaged in a polythene, her succulent breasts on mine, I felt like a character in Kamasutra as she hugged me.

Seated opposite each other in the restaurant ; her thighs, dark and enticing as chocolate, all I wanted was to eagerly but slowly move my toes down into the moisture of her thighs. As she ate ice cream, I could only see my lips being the spoon she licked at every scoop.

I didn't want to give those guys another chance to admire her assets ; so, we talked for hours into the night. I don't blame them ; I also loved what her behind said. Grippd by the skirt, you could imagine how lovely her ass would feel in its plump shape. It all had to be mine.

My balls were so hot and my little leg so hard ; we just wanted to play and score goals.

To get more private with her, fast ; I ordered a Bolt after our conversations. I could feel the warmth of her hands as we sat at the back seat with our hands coupled together. I coyly placed them on her thighs. It was so hot!

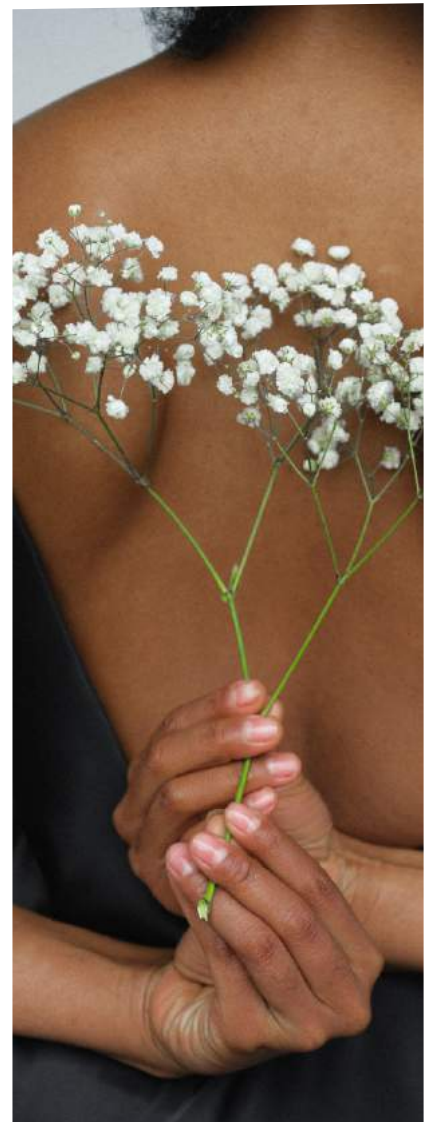
I couldn't wait to get to the house!

When we alighted from the car, I didn't hesitate when she offered me a glass of cold water.

I got into the house, in a split second, my imagination realised, she kissed me.

In my head, I played « Smooth Operator », for a Smooth Operator I was going to be. As our bodies

moved, suddenly, lights went out. Like a footballer playing in the field at night, my little leg got soft. The lights took my hardness with it, leaving my lust for her, all what it really was, a dream.



Jackal and The Juicy Fat Meat

Oratile Mmeya
Botswana



Jackal's tongue was out, drooling, imagining his teeth sinking into the juicy fat zebra meat. His friend Leopard was rolling on the ground with laughter. Leopard never got tired of teasing Jackal for his obsession over the meat in King Lion's storage. Likewise, Jackal never got tired of desiring the meat in Lion's storage. Leopard had tried several times to advise him to learn to be satisfied with the little they had but his friend never listened. He even dreamt of it and his mumblings always woke Leopard from sleep.

King Lion and his family hunted big fat game while Jackal and his friend Leopard could only catch small animals. Jackal was fed up with eating rabbits, reptiles and birds. As a result, he insisted they take a path that passed behind Lion's meat storage every time they finished hunting, just so he could admire the juicy fat meat there.



One morning Jackal insisted they take the path behind Lion's meat storage when they left for their hunting. Leopard refused knowing well that his friend would get lost in thought obsessing over Lion's meat and delay their hunting. But after much persuasion from his friend he agreed. That morning Jackal could not focus on their hunting as he was distracted thinking about the fresh juicy fat meat he saw in Lion's meat storage. The two friends could not catch anything and Leopard was so furious with

Jackal and he took a different path back home. Jackal was disappointed too but still, he could not resist taking the path that led to Lion's meat storage. Lion and his family were basking in the morning sun. Jackal knowing he could not steal the meat without getting caught, came with a better plan. He took sticks, leaves and threw them into the meat storage, ran home and pretended he was sad when he saw Leopard. Jackal told Leopard that he saw the King's meat storage in a bad condition as there was litter everywhere so it would be a good idea to ask the King for permission to clean it. Seeing Leopard hesitant, he went on telling him that the food storage room should be clean to avoid the King eating bad meat and falling ill. Finally, Leopard gave in and agreed. In front of Lion, Jackal showed concern for the King's wellbeing, this impressed Lion.

Lion allowed them to clean his meat storage in return for a bag of meat each. The two friends readily accepted the job and got to work. As they were cleaning, Jackal could not hold himself and told Leopard that they should eat the fat off the meat to satisfy their hunger for some time but Leopard refused knowing very well that they would be punished for stealing. Jackal pretended like he understood. They cleaned quickly and when they were done, they sat by the door of the storage room waiting for Lion. Leopard, aware of Jackal's tricks kept an eye on him lest he got them in trouble with the King. Jackal knew

Leopard's weakness so he started humming a sweet melody that lulled his friend to sleep. When Leopard started snoring, Jackal sneaked into the storage and started eating the fat off the meat bit by bit. When the fat was finished he took a small bite of the meat and he kept on eating and eating the delicious meat.

Jackal realised when his stomach complained that he not only ate the fat but half the meat in the storage. Panicking he saw his snoring friend and wiped his mouth with Leopard's tail and ran off. Leopard was still snoring when Lion's roar woke him from his

sleep. Leopard realising what his friend had done tried to explain but Lion could not believe him because his tail had all the proof. Leopard was chased from the king's compound without his pay. While Leopard was walking home, hurt by his friend's betrayal, he heard someone groaning behind a tree. He went over to see, and he saw his friend Jackal rolling on the ground, holding his stomach. He was in pain and needed help but Leopard still angry with him said, 'When you steal, you get punished. When you betray friends, you lose them.' and continued walking.





Shortlist - 2021 African Writers Awards (AWA) and the Wakini Kuria Prize for Children's Literature

A month ago, I announced the longlist on behalf of the African Writers Development Trust (AWDT), Writers Space Africa Foundation, and Writers Space Africa – Tanzania (WSA-Tz). Our panel of judges made up of Nahida Esmail (Tanzania), Gankhanani Moffat Moyo (Zambia), Sabah Carrim (Mauritius), Nabilah Usman (Nigeria), Comfort Nyati, SDB (Zimbabwe), Temani Nkalolang (Botswana), Halieo Motanyane (Lesotho) and Namse Udosen (Nigeria) have gone over the longlist and have selected six of the best entries per award category.

For this third edition of the Wakini Kuria Prize for Children's Literature, there will be three winners. The first-place winner will receive a certificate along with \$150. The second place will receive \$100 while the third place will receive \$75. For the African Writers Awards, there will be only one winner per award category. Each winner will receive a certificate and \$100.

We are pleased to present the shortlist in alphabetical order:

African Writers Awards

Creative Non-Fiction

1. Adetutu by Adedoyin Adetutu (Nigeria)
2. Cultural Partnership for a Common African Future by Saliha Haddad (Algeria)
3. Is This Legacy by Oluchi B. Kolanisi (South Africa)
4. Long Live the Comrade by Peter Zowa (Zimbabwe)
5. What Our Tales Entail by Jesse Bitrus Danjuma (Nigeria)
6. Whispers of the African Sun by Enoch Akinlabi (Nigeria)

Drama

1. A Country Called Africa by Dancan Ouma Obuya (Kenya)
2. Eating With Chopsticks by Gordon, B. Away (Kenya)
3. Fostered from a Thought by Irene Melissa Ojoro (Kenya)
4. Right in the Middle by Akinkunle Johnson (Nigeria)
5. The Twist by Bernard Diesuk Lucas (Nigeria)
6. Zige by Ebinabo Fortune Robert (Nigeria)

Poetry

1. All You See, All You Don't See Poem by Joseph Olamide Babalola (Nigeria)
2. In the grave of the brave by Clara Wanjira Kariuki (Kenya)
3. Mother Africa is like a Highway in a Metropolitan City by Basethile Ngcubo (South Africa)
4. Not in the Tears of Yesteryear by Raphael Edookue Bariweremeloo (Nigeria)
5. The Dining Table by Overcomer Ibiaduradara Ibiteye (Nigeria)
6. The Doomed House by Jamin Clement Manyasa (Kenya)

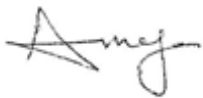
Wakini Kuria Award for Children's Literature

1. Akaa and the Mango Tree by Chipalo Salimu (Zambia)
2. Kodjo Braves a Hi by Temidayo Odotokun (Nigeria)
3. Tea time with Tito by Stephanie Chizoba Odili (Nigeria)
4. The Enchanted Pen by Nathaniel Z Mpofu (Zimbabwe)
5. The Millionaire Orphan by Makhago Peter (Uganda)
6. What Does it mean to be Kind Anyway by Kendi Karimi (Kenya)

The winners will be announced on the 9th of October during the 4th African Writers Conference (AWC) in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania. The conference will be livestreamed on our social media pages and uploaded to our website.

The AWC is hosted this year in partnership with the Department of Literature in the University of Dar, and Alliance Française of Dar Es Salaam, and African Tales. This is made possible thanks to the kind sponsorship of Feza Schools, Fintengo Schools, Our Son's Bakery and Writers Space Africa.

The conference is supported by Ijemo Gallery, Africa in Dialogue, Brittle Paper, Southern Writers Bureau – SWB, Rosebud Editing & Proofreading, Self-Ish, Writers Guild Kenya (W/GK), Kalulu Kreativez, The Roaring Writer, Colour Culture Arts, Authorship and Career Network, Nib Hub, SOTRANE Publishers, 23.35 Africa, the International African Writers Association (IAWA), and the African Writers Development Trust (AWDT).



Anthony Onugba
Chief Judge,
2021 African Writers Awards

For the web version, visit – www.africanwritersconference.com

Lust is Loss

Bismark Kimbi
Cameroon



Lust has fathered children, who are lost
In nature, they infect the land like locust,
They have assaulted this gorgeous grape
And other fruits, without mercy, they rape.

It is because of insatiable lust for powers
That mongers have silent flourishing
flowers,
This has nursed wrath like magma from
crust
And sows strife that has ended in a
holocaust.

Because of lust, there are false prophets
Who, from poor masses, amass profits,
Because of lust, medics have missed
surgery
Because of lust, teachers embrace
treachery.

Lusty leaders have sold nations' future
Matured youths are not nurtured to
feature
So that the gerontocracies can reign still
And the dreams of daring youths, they kill.

Lust, man has caused havoc because of
you,
Now, man is more nitwit than an ewe,
For ewes are not Lesbos nor are
adulterous
Neither are they callous and monstrous.

Lust, you are cruel, you've murdered trust,
You ravish more than locust and holocaust
People who embrace you think you're
gain,
But to them and to humanity, you're pain.



Longing

Paul Muindi
Kenya

The aura of life pervades me with peculiar
feelings,
Longing grieves me
Over idle time -hours of leisure
Oblivious of reality;
This aching in my bones, all joints...

My blood boiling,
Boiling on this sight
All for the malaise of my brain,
With deep panting breaths
With strength as if to draw any beauty and
charm.

Helpless to control it, my heart's...
Passion so intense with inner desires,
Desires of weakness and passion
Have absorbed me, overwhelmed me,
I'm a mortal unable to abate passion.



||| Lust

Ellen Boakye
Ghana

From my toes it seeps,
Through my blood it lashes
As it wills my being,
The warmth spreads through my being.
As it feeds on my wants;
Opens my bottle of needs
Tames my primal instinct
Only to release it as it's time,
It knows the passion within
And the desire it withhold
It gnaws at my core
And melts my sanity
It nibs away my stamina
And the world fades as I surrender
As I daze within and without
It sobers me up, a lie as it latches upon me
And I watch as it savages my civilization
It threads in a wake as it seeks
Daring me to undo myself
And whilst I hold unto it
My beloved gazes bewitch me
In the depth of his eyes
As I come undone
And I know he undid me.



||| Porridge, Always

Hangiriza Benedict
Uganda

Hot and honey-tinged danger
Upon a wooden table by porcelain glued;
And breath that tangs the air
Remotely above a creamy crown.

Below the beat of my breast, a cultic need-
Thickset, you lean towards the threshold
Of drowning my tongue, and pain;
Thickset- when the brittles of grips
Goes back and forth.

In thin slurps you leap,
Past chalk-white teeth you whip;
And the softest of licks goes back and forth

As cherry-colored cheeks stay in grief,
Dolloping down,
Hearty absorber of trouble;
As searchlights finger my room,
Subject me to a staple feat
Till the sands of corn run out.



|| Your Charm is a Sham

Modester Chinonyelum Alo
Nigeria

Your eyes speak volume, of things;
You would rather withhold—
My body is the paradise you seek;
Tucked between your legs are your needs.
You pile them in your pipe
Your eyes stray to my curved chest
While you speak of friendship
You assault your lips with your tongue
Every time my mouth caves in a smile
At your dry jokes, so when you hide
Your intentions under the hood of love
I scratch them off like dandruff
And hug your offer with open arms
Sucking your lies off your shaft
My dreams of intimacy lie, buried
In your fake emotions— you're
Glass, too transparent for my spectacle
Never drown me in your lies nor kiss
The ground I walk— just worship me
On your knees— this is a language
My body understands
Shame has no place here...



Thirsting

Nicole E. Gandaho
Benin Republic

Take a sip from me
Sip from the depths of my wells.

Won't you drink from me?
Drink me down like a man athirst.

Have a taste of me,
Taste of my untempered delights.

Won't you explore me?
Delve into the fountain which is my soul,
So deep, my treasures you'll unfold.

Drink from my flaming waters,
Burning yet satisfying.

Won't you sip from my raging currents?
Drink tirelessly from my lips.





PoeticAfrica
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Journey

Hearts on Fire

Chikapa Bernadette
Malawi

À La Croisée Des Chemins

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Genre: Article

Title: Worry About The Inside Not The Outside

Reviewer: Joseph Oduro, Ghana

Fashion has become a great drive of rejuvenation in our lives. From changing our wardrobes to suit modern trends to undergoing medical procedures to meet millennial standards of beauty, we tie the heads of our soul to its knees in pursuit of splendour which will evoke a great transition of our physical lives. We disregard the consequences and move along with the flow while tattering our souls and minds on the bumpy roads of carnal pleasures. 'Worry about the inside and not the outside' reflects our negligence to the needs of our emotional and psychological wellbeing while we spend our lifetime bettering our physical self.

The article further espouses the carnage we submit our souls and minds to in our efforts to change our physical beings. We work tirelessly our whole lives and deprive our souls and minds of their needs. We are in a 'rat race' chasing that which glitters and spend less time granting our inner selves their desires and paying attention to those that surround us. The world now acknowledges those in a haste to acquire the wealth it possesses, so much so that it cares less of how much we fry ourselves in such ventures. The world is creating eco chambers viable for the growth of emotionless and soul worn-out beings. Our cravings for vanity remain our topmost desire. The desire to leave a formidable legacy blinds us from the very key aspects of our lives that deserve more attention. Relationships are broken, tension rises day in and out between couples and we continuously lose touch with our roots. We invest much time in staying in touch with modernity while our social and psychological lives deteriorate. Our physical state will matter less if we neglect our emotional and mental wellbeing.

Luqmaan Rawat approaches the theme from an introspective perspective which enables the reader to relate very well with this article. It's an approach that relates to contemporary issues in our immediate environment.

Genre: Short Story

Title: My Moonlight

Writer: Kanyamale Lusajo, Tanzania

Reviewer: Anthony Nwagbaoso Onyeador

The story tells about the struggles of a woman who is faced with challenges so difficult to overcome and from a defeatist point of view. The scenes of unbearable battering, loss of a child, marriage against her will and expectation of a new child simultaneously plays out on the character. Should there be a solution provided, it would be gunned for effortlessly. The other principal characters: Bamako her husband, the alarmed woman and midwives did not give her support as expected.

The story began with the central character, Elenja. She's about to expect a child and was heading for the farm as early as 5 am. She was between worlds of the baby she's heavy with and her former lover. Though she couldn't do much there, it was cut short as a woman raced with news about her son she already had, Chiko. This child is perceived to be Daniel's. Struggling to know what is on, she followed this woman to her house where it dawned on her eventually and without remorse for Chiko's death who'd been bitten by a snake.

Next, she battled for proof which was stopped by Bamako her husband, with the battering she has been used to, at first only to find her way later and was dragged out by him, pulling her hair. Then the water broke and the moment of delivery set in with midwives to cater. Thus as she was delivering her baby girl, Chiko was lowered to the earth.

The story creates a bittersweet of a woman's travails as described at the beginning with the resilience of hope with the new child. Elenja has found a moonlight with untold future of marital life with a strong-willed but ruthless husband, work at the farm and a chauvinistic community. Time will tell when she'll eventually ponder it through.

Genre: Children's Literature

Title: Kachasu- The Rains Will Return

Writer: Patricia Ejang, Uganda

Reviewer: Tamunomiebi Mildred Enoch, Nigeria

The Rains will Return is a beautiful, brilliantly crafted story written by Patricia Ejang from Uganda.

At first glance, one would think that the structure is a poem and then on a second glance, you'll realise this is a story.

Like stories, there is a beginning, middle and end.

There is simplicity of words for children to understand the story better. I like the poem that comes as a rephrase after a little telling of the story just like tales by Moonlight when a story is being told and accompanied by a song so that children will remember and understand the stories better.

Children will learn that grounds heal, birds sing, hills blossom, children sing, Rivers flow when the rains return. It goes to show the importance of Rain for mankind and the need for us to protect our environment. I like the imagery used and the figures of speech.

This is a short sweet story for children and even adults.

Genre: Flash Fiction

Title: The Last Duel

Writer: Aliu Olabanji, Nigeria

Reviewer: Lebogang Faith Samson, Botswana

Let me start by highlighting that flash fiction is not a smooth genre. It has its hiccups unfriendly with some writers, but as for my dear Aliu, you did marvellous work with this form of writing. Most importantly, you showcased the theme 'Rejuvenation' mystically than one would have imagined. Who would have thought that you would take your readers through a twisting labyrinth of African Magic?

Rejuvenation on its own has that 'thing' that makes the phrase appear classy... But the term only communicates restoration, resurrection; according to my understanding - new life! Our author, Aliu Olabanji from Nigeria, composed 'The last Duel', a beautiful title choice! In the story, we stumble into a fight between two brothers, Eshou and Agbara. Whatever they are fighting for is only known by them and their gods. What petrifies me is that the duo is killing each other on their own. There are no cheerleaders nor anyone to at least break the fight. It looks like they are in their world only: a world without people, animals or a thing, just them, the living beings. But what suspends me is the mention of Temi; was she Agbara's lady? Or was she theirs? Could she be the reason behind this blood spilling?

Whatever the brothers were fighting for is prodigious. One gripping moment that got my attention more is when Agbara summoned the spirits; what sort of powers does he possess? Is this some voodooism? I hope you all apprehend the twist that Aliu created here. I'm even very much convinced that this is black magic we see in some Nollywood movies. Since Agbara sensed he is getting defeated before he relinquished the fight, he decided to reminisce on his great memories with Temi to be the last thing in his mind when he dies. That beautiful moment he recalled rejuvenated his thoughts.

"We are the disease we are trying to cure..." now, this is very deep, hence another twist in this flash fiction - what disease are they talking about here? Are they even real people? I mean, look at the way they die; they melted and faded away. 'Normal people don't die like that. Like I said, this has black magic all over it.

According to Olabanji, the existence of these brothers made every living thing suffer, and they needed to have this 'Last Duel' to end the misery for resurrection to take place; Now look; the moment they disappeared into nothingness, there was life - hence rejuvenation. This flash fiction served its purpose as the theme is well elaborated, distinctively and the author ensured brevity very well.

Genre: Poetry

Title: Fragrance

Writer: Victoria Ojo, Nigeria

Reviewer: Sesame Mookodi, Botswana

The human condition requires a form of fatigue management laced with heavy doses of nostalgia. It is said that the sense of smell is the one closest linked to our memories, which is why the title Fragrance is a fitting one for a poem describing a rejuvenation that can only come from a place of permanent dwelling.

This stanza relays a scenario that almost everyone is familiar with, a period which we carve out to go home and recharge. It ushers us in with a personification of the whirlwind to enhance the effect of the adjective. The verb applied in this personification simultaneously introduces the mood; relaxation. The atmosphere is also given human characteristics. The diction used to describe it is a tool utilized by the writer to simulate the feeling of unity between the reader and poet; "Our brother's keeper", (S1, L3). The theme of familiarity is here.

This theme is carried on into the second stanza by introducing elements well known to every home; the elements that make it intimate. Part of the tapestry that makes each home a welcoming environment.

To capture the warm essence of home, the writer begins stanza three by metaphorically referring to home as love. A reiteration put in vice versa which not only suggests but redefines love, monopolising its meaning to home (which in this case refers to the family unit), home is love and love is home, (S3, L1). The writer begins to tap into the reader's senses, a tool we see repeat itself throughout the rest of the poem the first of which is happiness feeling like a racing heart (S3, L3). The next stanza implores the use of a metaphor to depict a mother's cooking as a call to home. Its effectiveness pours into the rest of the stanza when the sense of smell is enticed. A fragrance sweet enough to pave the way to the soul and in a nectar-like manner lure one into a trap they wish to stay in. This could be perceived as an oxymoron seeing as a trap involves actions contrary to intention but delight suggests gratification; delightful trap (S4, L4).

Stanza five leans heavier on personification. Elements of nature are used to describe a state of harmony which the writer suggests comes as second nature. The conclusion of the poem emphasizes intimacy by depicting the emotions as first-hand accounts that are experienced in the present tense.



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