



**IGBO COLLEGE**  
PUBLISHERS

# IN HER HOLE UNIVERSE

*Letters, Poems and Note*

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***IN HER HOLE UNIVERSE.***

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## CONTENTS

- *Dedication*
- *Acknowledgement*
- *For my editor*
- *Authors note*
- *What a day!..... Pg 1*
- *To Angelina..... Pg 5*
- *I had my first kiss..... Pg 10*
- *For someone special..... Pg 13*
- *To my sunshine..... Pg 15*
- *When a lady tells you 'I LOVE YOU'..... Pg 17*
- *All because of see finish.....Pg 19*
- *I don't hate your scars..... Pg 21*
- *Maybe not my dear..... Pg 23*
- *You can never get stranded in-dia..... Pg 26*
- *I miss you die like period..... Pg 28*
- *Hello Diary.....Pg 30*
- *Once upon a night..... Pg 33*
- *Kambili m.....Pg 35*
- *Don't preach to me..... Pg 39*
- *To any past time..... Pg 40*
- *Even bet Naija cannot understand my odds.....Pg 41*
- *With every goodbye we learn.....Pg 43*
- *Its like a cum in tone 55..... Pg 45*
- *Loveth..... Pg 47*

## ***Dedication***

***To***

***Twinkle & Mama Emeka, on whose love I found strength***

***Mary***

***& you***

***Beloved.***

## ***Acknowledgment***

*I want to use this medium to thank all who have shown me love over the years,*

*To big Uncle, RC Ejem C.Ufiem and family.*

*To all my mentors and associates.*

*To everyone making this life beautiful*

*To Igbo College team and Publishers*

*To Oyoo m, I found light.*

*Thank you.*

***For my editor***

*Searching through the books*

*For a path that the gods spat,*

*I see you seated on one of the twelve stones*

*One, on which God stood*

*To write his ten commandments.*

*Yes God wrote the Ten Commandments for us*

*You are my eleventh commandment.*

*I can't thank you enough for taking the pains to read through this manuscript.*

*You are the best, my very rest.*

*Matilda*

## **Authors Note**

*Life they say is found on the bedrock of relationship. Nature itself is not an island.*

*We live in a time and society where we need each other to survive, for we are a part of the bigger ship.*

*Humans from inception are relational beings.*

*There is always this innate desire to mate and be appreciated for the little things they do. Without such appreciation, human life will be very boring.*

*Take for an example, when a young girl makes her hair, only to impress her boyfriend, who in turn , doesn't even take cognizance that his girlfriend just made a new hair, rather he will go on to talk about how much he loves her.*

*As far as the law of appreciation is concerned, such a fellow has failed the litmus test.*

*The truth be told, there is no perfect relationship anywhere.*

*There are always upheavals in interval, but how one handles it, and tells himself or herself the truth on time, will determine how safe, he/she can be in such a relationship. In our bid to associate with one another or fall in love, we get hurt, especially from those ones we trusted a lot.*

*This chapbook is just a revealer of the many things we leave underground, when we want to discuss our relationship status and growth with one another.*

*In this chapbook, you will find yourself, your past, and probably, your future.*

*Open up your heart and pay attention to every word that idly lie, they are all colorless green ideas flowing together.*

*I wrote this piece with sarcasm and a lot of pun for fun, so if you read a line that amuses you, don't get stingy, smile as if you are not guilty.*

**Note: This work is rated 18.**



*If all you need is a kiss  
A sign of my love to you to prove  
How long should I kiss you?  
If all you need is love  
A sign of my love to you to prove  
Tell, for how long should I love you?  
If all you need of me is waiting  
A sign of my love to you to prove  
For how long should I wait for you?  
Your beauty is an ancestral chant  
Heard everywhere at midnight  
You dance the dance of surugede  
With my two hands holding your hanging moon*

*I will love you forever  
Death is not the end  
To say goodbye, I am not yet prepared  
It's midnight my lady, sleep well in bed.*

*IJELE.*

## CHAPTER ONE

### **WHAT A DAY!**

#### *A Letter*

Abakaliki Street, Awka, Anambra State  
21<sup>st</sup> February 1919.

Amigbo Extention,  
Transbit Junction.

*Dear Felicia,*

#### **What a day!**

I received your letter dated 14<sup>th</sup> February 1919 with mixed feelings. I was already having a bad day at work until the mailman handed your letter to me with a warm smile, like that of a man who had won something at last.

I opened the envelop to see the caption boldly written

*TO MY MAN WHO COMMUNICATES AND APOLOGIZES.*

This was your last letter to me, my love. I hold it today so close to my heart that I am afraid of hearing my heartbeat.

It's my entire fault. It's my entire fault. If I have resisted, today you would have been lying down on my couch, reading to me the verses of your poem, as we laugh it over with a cup of coffee. Now the couch is

empty. The room is becoming small, I think I'm shrinking like the cursed fig. I know you won't allow me to accept that it was my fault that all these happened, but it is my dear. Not because you wore a sexy and skimpy bumshot or your see-through singlet that had your nipples calling on me for a suck. I should have just said, fuck you nipple, and maintain my resolution of no affairs before marriage. But no, my body was already warm, and my brain cold. All I wanted was this meal before me. I even neglected the fast beats of my heart, I called them pop music.

When I first touched your nipples, you didn't resist, you closed your eyes and breathed in: that kind that suggests "Take all of me with you"

I went in, I explored. Changed my gears over and over again, for he on a speed limit, only needs to control his brake pads. My mind was on my brake pads, I thought I had control. I fired on. I told myself when it's time for the brakes, I will remember to pour libation to the gods. This resolution was what made us start the nature class at first, thinking we had control of our brake pads.

Now the journey was smooth. No Policeman on the way. No bumps. No pot Holes. Only your whole universe was ever before me.

I don't know how the sensation escaped my waist to my head and I lost control of my brake pads. By the time my senses came to me that I have not poured a libation to the gods, it was already too late to withdraw the sword of battle, for I have poured a little pap into your universe.

When our eyes cleared and we withdrew from each other; tears rolled in. Yes, we started crying. No, not crying that we didn't enjoy the Salah celebration, but because we have served pap to a wholesome universe. I didn't know that pap could bring so much fear, pain, consciousness, and humility. Yea, I became humble, for everything ceased moving.

I begged you that night to hold on and have us think it through; you said no. Ran out, and varnished away. Tirelessly I searched for you at every point where we left a part of our love but you were not there. You were nowhere. You were gone.

Three weeks later, I learned that you were gone. Gone! Gone into the thick forest of the god's, in search of shelter. Three weeks later, I learned that you killed my baby; that you drank the Ivy; that you died. The doctor said that you asked God for forgiveness before you breathed your last, of what good is God's forgiveness to you when you are not here to enjoy it, when you took your own life because of a blessing in disguise. Now you are gone. The world hasn't stopped. Mama Emeka's shop is still open, and her customers are queuing up, waiting for their Akara balls.

I know we fucked up, but dying was not part of the fuck up plan.

People fuck up, people repent, God forgives, and the world heals. Now you are no more, save your ghost which lurks helplessly.

This letter is to your ghost. Read oh! Ghost.

***“If I know what love is,  
It is because of you”***

## CHAPTER TWO

### *TO ANGELINA*

*A letter*

*Purple Arena*  
*Mosque Road,*  
*Aba.*  
*25<sup>th</sup> July 1998*

**To Angelina**

**44 Valley Crescent**

**Lagos.**

*Onye m,*

It gives me much pleasure to be writing this letter to you on saint Valentine's eve. It has been a lovesome journey of one year with you, and it already feels like a year of a million ages past.

I still consider it a miracle to have found you, my love, I have written about you so much that friends are asking me when I'm getting married.

Poetry is one channel that contains all my beautiful hazy thoughts about you, of the things I have not said to you, I have left it bare in poetry. You are my chantress of Idanon.

You are beautiful, that even mother Antenna the goddess of beauty lacks a word to describe your beauty, for you are beyond description.

Each time I take a journey through the water that purifies my eyes; I see a world far away from the reach of poets and spirits. A world beyond the vapors that form rainfall. A world only meant for the crazy one. Nothing gives me joy than this feeling that you are whole and mine.

Seven years down the line in search of she I will call mine, I have always been at the wrong end of the knife. Getting cuts upon cuts as if I am at the barber's shop. Everyone that left, left me more broken than I was. More wretched, poor, and pale looking. Sweetheart, I grew so lean that the world called me a leaner, and mistook me for the new HIV patient down the street.

I can't tell you how patient I have been with this gender, just to see if any will beat the cut off mark for the entrance examination. The more I waited, the more they failed the litmus test.

There is this particular mammon I still can't see myself forgiving, for what she did to me was beyond water and blood. Water they say is an odorless liquid, I can tell you, sweetheart, this water had an odor.

Every time I visit her and take a glance at her calendar, I will see all the dates circled with good markers. Today is June 24<sup>th</sup>, my name is in on it. At first, I thought she was using her calendar to calculate her menstruation period, unknown to me, the circles were dates of appointments with other male boys. Sweet, I was in love with a shit hole. The funniest part of it all was that she always appeared smart & innocent. Who could have smelt a rat?

Gwen said she could not "wait for me to be successful. She said my success is such a long journey that she is not willing to pay the T.fare to board along". So she left me to be with another man who is still not successful today.

Glory said my psychology was too much for her to handle, so she left.

Cruzita said she can't marry a principled man and a man that can also cook. She said there is nothing then to hold her man's ransom, and do a little shakara whenever she wants. So she left.

Nneoma left me because I always correct her on her dressing. I wanted her to appear modest, simple, and smart, but she wanted to be the hot Akara in mama Obi's shop. The sought after Banga stew in Ntachiosa's restaurant, the hot Bole in mama Ajino's restaurant, and the hot coffee in the Chinese tea shop. Make her go sef, me if I no dey like hot coffee, hahaha.

Peace was so nice that my sisters fell in love with her, even before I made up my heart to fall in love. Our love didn't see the daybreak of the fourth month sha. Yea, we broke up! You know why?

She doesn't appreciate a masterpiece. I mean she hasn't mastered this peace that comes with poetry. How can I be in love with a girl that doesn't like and appreciate poetry? It is very depressing. kai! It's like seeing yourself drown, yet you are refusing to acknowledge the fact that you are dying.

Ask a young boy in love with football, but have a girl who considers football a waste of time, how he is coping with such a relationship?

Peace considers Poetry a waste of time, I considered our relationship too, a waste of time. We broke up, not because we cheated on each other, but because our drive varies. I can't lie to her that I will leave poetry someday, for poetry is peace.

Mkpulumma was my spec. I mean my correct spec. I broke up with her because she has no prayer life. Life they say is spiritual and a battle, I don't want to be the only one at the forefront, while my wife who should be in her chambers with God interceding for my sake and that of her children, is seen snoring away her life on the bed. I can't cope with such spiritual laziness, so I broke away.

I tell you all these stories not to get you scared, but to tell you that you've passed my litmus test. I love you, sweetheart. You are my favorite muse. You are my goddess.

The way you take me to God, and talk to him about me is beyond colors. I love you, sweetheart. I love your dressing, I love your food. I love your intelligence. I appreciate your diligence. I appreciate your simplicity. I love everything about you, to the little scar on your face. Your smile sets my heart ablaze, your gentle touch softens my skin. You are good and true today. I pray you to be till Christ comes.

You are fictional today, I pray that tomorrow you will not be my fiction, but my non-fiction.

Yours

Ijele

## CHAPTER THREE

### ***I HAD MY FIRST KISS***

***19<sup>th</sup> October 1995***

*“ If they are really in love  
I don't think that would matter so much  
A house itself doesn't matter  
to the couple. To the couple who are  
in love, their heart would be their  
favorite home”*

*--Winter Sonata.*

It was on a Sunday evening along Maryland bridge, that I lost the innocence of my lips.

No, not that my mouth was a virgin before now, because I have lost count of how many fertile souls I have *yabbed* into their abyss. The truth is that, on this Maryland bridge, I had my first kiss.

When service was over, Jewel and I decided to walk each other home. We talked and laughed about everything and anything that went by as we walked home.



Jewel was 25. A lady of virtue, reserved and quiet, always searching through my eyes to see the shadow of her thoughts. A student of Obafemi Awolowo University. A model and foodie.

What first attracted me to her *sef*?

Her poetry. My God! You need to see her lure you on with her poems. She is such a pun god.

The very first night I came in contact with her and watched her perform her debut poem ‘*OYIRIDIYA*’, I couldn’t help my heart, than to smile and shout mad o!

Her curly hairs, nice dentition, and the warm smile she accompanied each line home with. Her sweet perfume filled the room the moment she walked in. I later learned that the name of the perfume is ‘lie with me’.

She seduced me with her poetry and beauty, that I forgot my very existence. Each time I look into her eyes, I see the rest of my life. Maka chi.

Unlike Ijele, I vowed to know this goddess. To know if this goddess is without a worshipper. To know where her shrine lies, and if she has a contact address.

I no *dey* shoot shots *wey* no fit catch bird, she fell for me, the gods are wise.

We lasted *sha*. Yea we tried.

I remember us doing duets in poetry shows. I remember those beautiful moments of all-night rehearsals and poetry reading. I remember how we used to play when watching Korean movies. I miss brainstorming with you Jewel. You are so intelligent.

How is South Korea this morning? Nigeria is still hot and boring.

I miss you, my dear friend. Tomorrow is Saint Valentine’s day.

Sweet, when are you coming back?

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *FOR SOMEONE SPECIAL*

*14<sup>th</sup> June 1997*

*“To love is nothing. To be loved is something. But to love and be loved is everything”*

-----Chinese Proverb

*For someone special.*

I'm interested.

Interested in everything beautiful, but mostly literature and you. I would have said architecture too, for you are such a fine work of craft. I fell in love with you not because you are beautiful, but because you are a hot coffee, and I like my coffee been served hot.

You are my everyday drink. I sip you every morning till dawn. Cloud you over the files in my memory, that in my mind today, you own a separate library, fully stacked, with your name written all over her walls.

I don't know how to sing. My choir mistress says I sing terribly, especially a song not written in English. I still wonder at the magic of how I perfectly sing you. I love you without first planning it out.

Yea, that's how it's meant to be. Flowers have intentions, but water has no feeling. I love you to my taste, growing old with you can never be out of taste, for I am much more me whenever I'm with you.

The slight dimple on your cheek reveals your chocolate self on fire. That fire that burns 360. It zaps my heart every time. It will be an understudy to classify your lips as one color. A times, I do wonder at the kind of time God invested in carving out your lips, to permit water and breath to permeate through it.

Sweet I have something to tell you, but if I tell you mine, will you tell me yours?

I love you

“ ”

Amaka.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### TO MY SUNSHINE

*A letter*

*Ama Awusa Street*

*Opiom Arena,*

*Otigba Junction.*

*March 15<sup>th</sup>, 1998*

*To my Sunshine*

Dear **Adaeze**.

Trust you are doing great?

Before today this body was useless. I didn't know how much fun one can get with the body until you came. I never knew I had so many junctions for trade and traffic on my body until last night when you took a ride on it with your tongue.

I never knew my body was useful until you kissed my nipples. I think Nepa left some wires unconnected in me, for the spark it carries, is sequel to none. Once I was on a boat, very quiet, and never knew that the sea was meant for sailing.

I found it disgusting to always look down to my local government whenever I have not done bush furrowing for the next planting season, especially when it covers the volleyballs, but how you find your path through this keeps me amazed. The carefulness with which you caress the strands like a baby in your

arms keeps me in awe of how someone can find such a thing interesting, than disgusting. Maybe love has a way of making everything beautiful.

Sweetheart, Astrologers say that the earth is spherical, but they haven't seen the perfect sphere yet. You have formed me into different earth with many shades of the sphere. In the morning after much moaning, I am a circle. At night, when the cannons are full, I take the shape of a right angle.

You are my sea with no saltwater under it. I can't play any musical instrument, I'm very terrible at it, but the way my body handles you releases the best sounds orchestras can ever produce.

You moist me. You dig me up.

You pollute my memory, yet I can't call it a mess.

You are my pure genius at work. Finally, this body is not useless.

Yours

Ijele

## CHAPTER SIX

### WHEN A LADY TELLS YOU I LOVE YOU

*“With affection, the lover’s could feel enough though they only drink water, without affection, the lovers could be hungry though they eat food”*

**1<sup>st</sup> June 1991**

The last time you saw me sitting quietly like a lost book out of her shelf, I wasn’t lost in any grief. I was so lost in the thoughts I have about you.

Your beauty haunts me like a fresh spirit. Each day I am listening to myself and dying in my letters. A place where I leave all my wondrous thoughts and wants about you, in lines some dotted, others are broken.

Sometimes I pity myself, for each time I want to behold your face, I behold another - your best friend. I love you so much but I don’t know how to start explaining to you that your best friend was my ex. That we have seen our world together, and we know every curve there is.

My bones are stiff and my eyes itch. I have to tell you the truth before your heart deepens in this life of lies, I mean before you grow up to say “I LOVE YOU”. Love is cheap they say, but when a lady tells you “I love you”, it means a lot to her.

If after telling you my bad and ugly, and you still find me beautiful and interesting, then will I know that the gods have heard my cry at last, for when you let a dove out and it flies back into your hut at night, for your company and keeping has the Lord granted it.

Meet me at the path that leads to nwanyi Nkwo's bush bar, I will there waiting by 7 pm.

'Even if I can't see you, I will still be lucky that I can breathe in'

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### ALL BECAUSE OF SEE FINISH

*A letter*

**77 Club House**

**Cubana.**

**15<sup>th</sup> May 1818**

*Nkemdiri m,*

No one has ever loved me the way you love me. The way you care for my spirit and guide me jealously.

A times I forget that I am the man and you, woman. For you treat me like a man wooing a lady, like a baby you have so long waited to have, to secure your marriage.

No one has ever been so far away from me yet spoken well of me in my absence the way you do. I heard women are a bunch of many sides. You are my reddish blue. The way you fuck me up a time when life throws its jabs at me is the sequel to none, and I can attest dear, *I love your fuck up die.*

You have given me the greatest gift a woman can ever give a man, peace of mind. You have left me with no other job than to close my eyes and allow you to lead, and just trust on. Trust you to be the lover, and I the loved. Trust you to be forever, a queen.

I love you

I know I don't deserve this part of you: so lively, lovely, and truthful. I pray I don't break your purpose sweetheart.

(This promise I later broke, all because *of see finish*)



## CHAPTER EIGHT

### I DON'T HATE YOUR SCARS

**19<sup>th</sup> September 1989.**

**I don't hate your scars.**

I don't hate your scars, i just hate the story they tell. Your scars are beautiful, just that they tell a gory story.

I want to start this letter by saying that i am sorry. I'm sorry for anything that you hold against me. Yes! You are right, i am guilty. I know i don't deserve the holy virgin maria but the black maria for all my colorless transgressions.

How i left you in the sea, knowing you can't swim long enough. How i turned off the light when i know you walked into the room and you hate darkness and how much it reminds you.

I miss you. I miss your freshness. I miss your morning diets. I miss the sweet perfume from thy divine paths. I miss the warmth of your arms, and the gentle touch of your fingers. I miss your lipstick on my lips. I miss how my hand takes hold of your hips. I miss the way you cross your legs at dinner and the way you say pizza. I miss your big earrings, flat tummy, and high heels. I love the sound of it, and how your eyes go in search of mine.

No matter how far you push me away, i will stay. For when i told you that i love you, i meant it.

Missing you already.

Lots of love, Ijele

*“I may not be your first date, kiss  
Or love, but I want  
To be your last”*

*--- Chinese Proverb.*

## CHAPTER NINE

### MAYBE NOT MY DEAR

*A letter*

*14A Erthnort Avenue, London*

*United Kingdom.*

*12<sup>th</sup> January 1997*

*Timber Junction*

*Maryland Estate,*

*Enugu, Nigeria.*

*Dear Sweet,*

*How are you doing?*

It's been five years now, I just want to know if you are okay. I wonder if you still like blue when lovemaking. If you still like onugbu soup and Abacha. I wonder if you still remember my face if I am still your only prince. *Maybe not my dear.*

Maybe, you've forgotten my favorite color too, but I still remember that yours is blue. Maybe you've forgotten the first day we met, but I still remember every word we said. Maybe you have forgotten all we had and only the bones of friendship remains. It's okay.

I hope you never have to be broken again, that you get all the love that you deserve. The world and its entirety. I have never loved a lady with everything within me, the way I love you. Guess there comes a lady in your life that when she appears on shore, you bring down some things, for you can't deny her the beauty that comes with sailing. It's just so sad that we have walls and bridges around our love, that no matter how far it is we run, we can't be together, for the world has cheated us twice.

Just wish I met you when you were still somebody's daughter, and not now that you are somebody's mother.

You are my favorite color. I know these five years have not been easy, staying without me by your side. Same here sweet. London feels so lonely and cold without you here. A times in lecture halls, I travel through my lectures mouth back home, remembering all the favorite meals, and plans we had together down the stream.

I remember you threatening to replace your Prince when I leave,

I wonder if you have done so.

I wonder if he treats you better than I did.

I wonder if your secrets are safe with him.

Hope he is a poet too, who adores and adorns you with costly words in letters, texts and stanza at the going down of the sun and it's rising.

It's been five years now, this love is still evergreen in my heart. My room is full with your paintings; your pictures are in between my books. I kept one under my pillow, when I miss you so much, I hug it so tight.

I promised you to stay pure and true, I just hope to find you so too when I shall see your face again. Although we can't be together as couples, what we shared was deeper than the nails that held Christ to the cross, for to me, all is not lost.

Today is the day of Saint Valentine. Happy Valentine's day Princess.

I pray you to find peace in your sad times.

I love you always.

My darling twinkle star.

Your Prince

*Ijele.*

## CHAPTER TEN

### YOU CANNOT GET STRANDED IN-DIA

**27<sup>th</sup> May 1996.**

Ten years ago in a little missionary school Eastward, I fell in love with a chocolate lady. Slim, smooth with charming smile, a big *nyash*, and wide hips.

Her hips were wide, like the width of Sahara that you can wander and get a little lost, but I assure you, you can never get stranded *in – dia!*

I met her during the harmattan season when everything is on the verge of dryness, and all you will crave for is just a little friction.

Days when you step upon the dry leaves and have them talk back at you in the echoes of your own verses.

Deborah ate me up: I love to be eaten raw. She engulfed my heart with God's love, that it is always easy for me to say fifteen.

Her love for God got me jealous that I decided to try falling in love with God too. In my ignorance, I didn't know that God was already in love with me.

So now here is the problem, I cannot love God and Mammon. Yes, that's the rule. Who do I leave for the other now?

God this is the woman you have given me, how do I explain to you that she is not a mammon?

That like that woman Eve she doesn't burn. I guess the only option is to cheat on them. Yes! To cheat on God and Mammon.

You need to see her landed properties shake whenever she gets angry with a demon during her night prayers. I know God loves shaking too.

Debo m, teaches me how to carry my cross, dot my T's, and rest a while.

Teach me more of you and this.

Sweet, when I am inside of you, guide me to that center spot that widens your eyes and makes you scream  
*"Choi, life sweet o, and friction no be scam"*

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### I MISS YOU DIE LIKE PERIOD

**23<sup>rd</sup> April 1981.**

*To my only mgbeke.*

*My love, I will sing your praise.*

They say birds don't sing because they have a good voice, but because they are full of songs. I will sing your praise.

You are a damsel of many nights. An outcome of many night stands.

You are my unfinished poem. Your eyes are filled with myrrh's and silver.

My goddess of Evengard.

Sure it's not easy to be in love with a goddess. Every time I make you smile sweetheart, kiss me blue. Kiss me better than the kiss the **300** concubines gave to King Solomon. Yes! Kiss me better than his 300 concubines. Kiss me in so many degrees.

Assuredly, nothing tastes better than our first love. That love lasts and reignites, even after a wedding night. Woe unto you, if your spouse or boo is not your first love.

Baby girl, I'm in the parlor sitting on your favorite couch, watching your favorite movie "Oceanic Affection".

When shall I behold your beautiful face again?

*I miss you die like period!*

## CHAPTER TWELVE

HELLO DIARY!

*24<sup>th</sup> June 1997*

*To my heart breaker*

*Hello dairy*

I'm sorry that we couldn't talk last night. Yea you were right, that I should never date a girl again. I have learned my lessons. If you observe me closely, you will see my emptiness singing to you the carol of this nine lessons.

Never again will I date a girl, a girl who still bleeds. A broken girl.

I have been an option of succor and healing for the two females I allowed my heart to wander with. I fell deeply in love with them, unknown to my poor self; I was an object for their healing.

I mean I was cotton wool and iodine to clean their wounds. Never again will I date a broken girl, rather I will wait for her to heal before saying, I love you.

I don't want to be used as an object again. I'm human and not an instrument. I have affections and not electric wires.

Don't pull me on, and then when you see that I am game, you will just leave me for that same person that still breaks you up without regret. A times I don't know what you girls enjoy in staying in abusive relationships?

Don't leave me lonelier than when we first met. Don't use my feelings for your healing. Learn to tell people the truth on time. If you are game, say you are game, if you are not, fuck off and leave them alone.

Learn to tell them the truth on time, doing it will hurt, but it will just be for a little while.



Not after a long while, and he/she that first broke your heart comes begging like the prodigal child, you will just awaken a lost love. Find a lost path, forgive him or her, wear on him your costliest robe, and kiss him or her like a royal. Mind you there is no guarantee that he/ she that have hurt you before, won't hurt you again. Never throw away your silver for a bronze medal.

Learn to tell that human being the truth, that even though he/ she shops you right at Shoprite, that he/ she can't chop you right.

Tell him even though he/ she roasts four catfish for you at Nwoke Udi's Bush bar, that like a fish you will still swim away.

Tell him also that even though you are texting him "Goodnight dear I want to sleep", you are texting your ex "Please talk to me, I can't sleep without you".

Tell him that even though he hangs your legs and divides your sea with his rod of Moses, that your heart is on the city tower, looking out for your lover's sunshine. Tell him those morning moans with him are not real. Tell him another man owns it.

Nothing hurts better than these funeral words

*"Thank you Ibiam for being there.*

*I am grateful.*

*I and Chike reconciled last night,*

*after the dinner outing he planned.*

*I told him all about you,*

*and he is eager to meet you."*

***ONCE UPON A NIGHT***

*To anyone who would listen*

*I share my grief*

*I promise it won't be long,*

*For this grief is brief.*

*& upon that night*

*A free man became*

*A fugitive.*

*Having enjoyed the forbidden fruit of the gods*

*Although such pleasure was gotten unseen.*

*Upon that solemn night*

*The long Wit became a waste,*

*For trees moved, and the stars retired early*

*I went into my lover*

*& left in her, my childhood.*

*Upon that night*

*I killed the one I so loved*

*By my lust to know her*

*The desire I turned to hate*

*After the vapor has left me for the sky.*

*Upon that night*

*I died the death out of the confines of time*

*Seven minutes ago, I was an angel*

*Seven minutes later,*

*I won the devil's election.*

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

KAMBILI M

*A letter*

*Saint Philips Parish Road,*

*A parish that never exist,*

*In Nowhere , Nigeria.*

*18<sup>th</sup> February 1995*

*My would have been*

*Abakpa Nike,*

*Enugu*

*Kambili m,*

I trust you are holding up too? It's so hard to write this down for even this silence is blaring in the speakers.

Tonight as I pace around, carefully observing my tiles, and getting jealous of how they lie one to another, without minding their nakedness. You fill my thoughts. I hate been born. I hate been here, I hate religion.

The last time we came for your brother's sent-forth graduation, I didn't get the chance to tell you how much my heart craves for you. Your father was there, and I didn't appreciate the way he was looking at me. Like he has seen the chief pagan. His eyes on me made me forget my confessions which I have prepared for you.

It is painful to know that we can't live together as husband and wife someday because I'm Presbyterian and you, a Methodist.

□

Your father has not so much heard of Presbyterians, so he believes we are lesser Christians than him. What is there if you are Orthodox and I, Pentecostal? I mean is the body of Christ not shared for ALL. Is he not the Lord of the Sabbath?

I can't stand to see another man farm on my farmland while I still have breathe in my nostrils. Having this thought that another man will one day kiss you, is like watching God commit suicide by 9am.

My love, if father forbids me to be in love with you, to have you as my bride. I forbid him too to have me as his son, and religion to have me as a worshipper.

By sunset tomorrow, I will be gone. Far away to a land where denomination doesn't determine a love that will last. A land where everybody is allowed to practice his or her religion.

Watching my fan spin is the sexiest thing I have ever done today. It's raining heavily here sweetheart, I need to have my bags packed.

The night cold reminds me a lot about you. Our last time together along Maraba Estate, where we ran alongside each other in the rain without minding the gossiping thunder.

Yea, kissing you in the rain is the second sexiest thing I have ever done since last year. I miss the taste of your mouth. I miss the way you hug me like your only child. I love you and everything about – you.

I know it's hard to unlearn how you loved me and learn how to love another. Same here sweetheart. This is the craziest thing I ever have to do. Always missing you as I write to leave.

Much love ,

Ijele

*Every woman is a melanin*  
*An angel hewed from silver.*  
*Every woman is a torn sheet*  
*A wall on which every artist draw*  
*Argue this if you want,*  
*Every woman is a monster*  
*and a purple hibiscus.*

***DON'T PREACH TO ME***

*Don't preach to me about the ugly girl*

*Or hook me up with the beautiful ones*

*Every love is the same*

*Every love is a game*

*They all are women.*

*What the hell is love?*

*If this heaven can be corrupt?*

*If this heaven can be on fire?*

*Sure heaven is not home too.*

*I feel terrible for loving you*

*I feel sorry for hurting you*

*But I am not sad to lose you*

*For you are too bad to be my god.*

***TO ANY PAST TIME***

*I write to you*  
*With the speech from the market*  
*The palace where we bought*  
*Our things of thought.*  
*I write to you in waves*  
*For the wind has flown to the caves*  
*That it may scribble the love dates and see*  
*If there were truly, any time past.*  
*Unconditional*  
*I write to you*  
*In the voices that I left*  
*When this tale was right*  
*And mother, still a bride.*  
*When wishes were horses*  
*Not now,*  
*bruises and miseries,*  
*As if, to any time past*  
*This love was never a faithful mistress.*

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### EVEN BET NAIJA CANNOT UNDERSTAND MY ODDS

**22<sup>nd</sup> December 1991.**

*There is a big difference between holding a hand and chaining a soul.*

The hallway is empty, and everyone is waiting for my bride. How do I say we broke up last night? How do I tell the world that I hung up the phone when please and chocolate was still virgin in your mouth?

I know the chanter has stepped into the fire. I know this fire will burn up this fine suit of mine and roast my heart a barbecue. I know all these things, still, I pray to God. I pray he touches your heart.

The preacher read that the heart of a king is in the hands of God, and he turneth it to wherever He wishes. Yours were in my hands. You gave it to me as a gift to keep, but I have traded it and played you a fool.  
***Even bet Naija cannot understand my odds right now.***

I know it's my entire fault dear. If I hadn't pushed you away that night, Tony wouldn't have had the opportunity to care, cuddle and tempt you to sin against me. Even that evening you came over to explain and apologize, I did shut you up and called you a cheap harlot. I am so ashamed of myself right now, for who on earth walks without wearing a guilt of sin?

How will I tell you that I am sorry, and you will know that it is real and deep?

I am so sorry sweetheart.

Here is my only wish, that you forgive me, I too have forgiven.

Dress up and come to me to this aisle in your shining armor.

I will forever cherish and love you.



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### WITH EVERY GOODBYE WE LEARN

*4<sup>th</sup> July 1999.*

*When you said you love me, what other word was running through your mind?*

*What will it cost you to smile and not lie?*

I loved you like Adam loved Eve. You fail and break your promises and vows like my President, still I loved you with everything within me. How do I start to learn how to forget the sweet smell of your perfume?

I called you my sunshine, but what I never knew was that sunshine burns too when it gets closer. I hate been cheated upon, being cheated with, and been cheated for.

I hate lies with the same hatred I have for tea and bread. I don't know how people manage these two in the morning and they don't sleep off.

I have weighed you in the balance and I have found you wanting. I have waited for your true repentance and obedience, but I guess that's like waiting for Naira Marley to do a spoken word poetry. I will wait no more. The pot is broken, don't bother saving the water, allow the ground have it.

Moving forward, I have learned, to plant my flowers and decorate my garden.

My only regret is that I still love you.

The flesh is willing, but the spirit is weak.

*With every goodbye, we learn.*

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### IT'S LIKE A CUM IN TONE 55

*10<sup>th</sup> September. 1998.*

I wanna grow old by your side, holding your hand and growing old with you is the sexiest thing I ever want to do.

I know your wrinkles will be thick at 60, but I will still consider them beautiful love. True this love story is worth it.

It has been five years that we have worked out plans to see and forever be with each other. Five years of reading each other's letters. Five years of smiling to the moon at night and professing our love to each other to the invisible beings breathing yonder. It has been five years of waiting.

I remember your letter of 01/07/2020. It remains my favorite. Where you talked about how you took yourself out the last valentine at my favorite restaurant in Greece.

How you made a table for two and decorated the table with red candle lights, with John Drille's ( I will wait for you) softening the night.

Such bliss is a haven.

Each time I read your letter sweetheart, I experience Summer and Winter. It is sexy to observe your use of punctuation marks, it's like a cum in tone 55. Your ferocious command of English, keeps me imagining how sweet you will spell my gentle name when we do God's work together. Me too I like phonetics.

The flowers you accompany each letter with is second to none. You know how best to win me over with colors, for you know the color for every minute. You have gifted me so much that I now see your reflection and hear your voice in every flower shop.

I know we have not met for the first time, but this is not a blind date my friend, because I have your body parts locked up with me in the box full of your handwriting. I heard you have been moved to a nursing home at Mkpokiti; that you have dementia.

I heard you are lonely and all by yourself. Don't worry sweetheart, I'm coming home. To soothe your aching bones and to wear upon you a smile, as I read aloud to you, our love letters.

Yes! Those letters I am certain are healing balms. They once healed me, and I know it will heal you too.

So sad it is that we have to meet this way to start all the things we have ever written about ourselves.

I know it will only last for a moment dear, for although you have lost every word English taught you, you have not lost my name.

I'm coming, sweetheart. For even dementia, is not an end, but just every other wandering name.

**LOVETH**

*Mother*

*When you are gone*

*In search of a bride for your son*

*Find me Loveth*

*The maiden with the mark of the gods*

*That I may be an in-law*

*To many spirits and worlds-beyond*

*For I'm tired of being a mortal man.*

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



**Maazi Ibiam Ude Ufiem is a writer, performance poet, language activist, and curator. Broadcaster and OAP with Radio Nigeria Coal City fm 92.9, Enugu. His works have appeared in dailies, journals and academic papers. He describes himself as a poet in search of the ideas of his father. Director, Creative Crew Africa and Igbo College.**