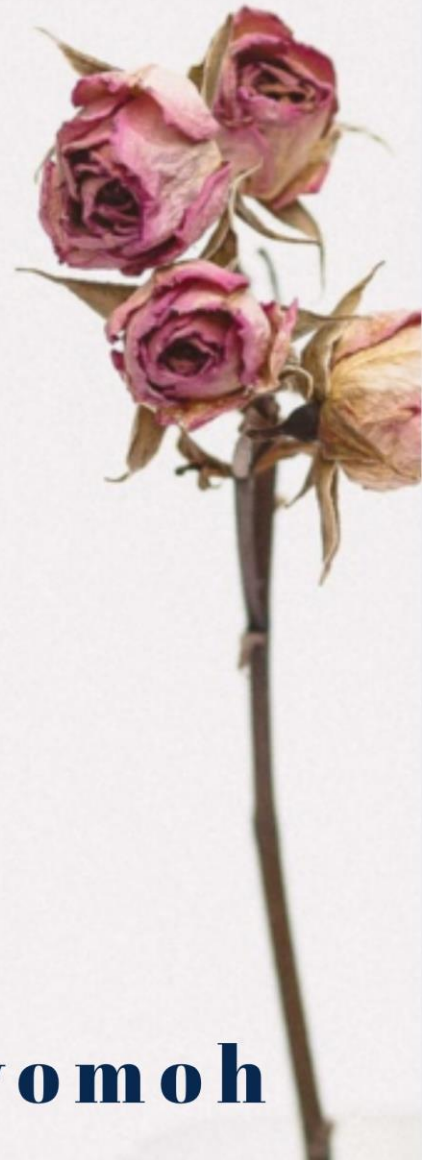


Love, Life & Poetry.



Victory Okoyomoh

• Love, Life and Poetry - Victory Okoyomoh •

Love, Life and Poetry.

By

Victory Okoyomoh

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LOVE, LIFE AND POETRY.

POEMS BY

Victory Okoyomoh

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

I thank GOD first – for emotions and also for all I’ve been able to feel them with and for.

Big thanks to my parents and siblings for being the greatest anchor.

Juno, thank you for managing my insecurities and quieting my ambivalence.

Richmond, Moore and Wuraola – my personal hypers, thank you.

To Akin Peter and the Optometry Uniben team for being the first tile in a domino effect. Thank you.

A big thank you, most importantly, to everyone who has ever supported my writings.

I love you all.

DEDICATION.

To anyone who has ever read my poetry on any platform.

To anyone who is on a journey – failing but discovering love and themselves.

May you find all that you seek.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

I've come to appreciate simplicity in poetry and find a love for it in its most basic form. The poems in this book have been arranged sequentially, portraying the journey of a character. Now, while it is all the story of a lover, I hope you can see too, a metaphor for proper juxtaposition. For, love for anything else, just like love for another person, can be found best when you love yourself.

"I hope to always love freely-cum-carelessly
and live with the beautiful naivety
of a two year old but I know,
deep down—
 some of my insecurities are well earned.
 It's a jungle out there
 and some of these bites and wounds
 may never heal.
Still, I love(live)."

Victory Okoyomoh

Contents

Satori (I)

I - LOVE

Breathe (I)

Falling (I)

Today.

Hailstorm.

Music

Fire

Some days.

EMOTIONS

Mirrors.

½

Alcohol.

2AM

Holding on.

A girl.

Mosaic.

God (I)

voices.

Greenstick.

Musings. Muses.

II - LIFE

switches

Progress

Me.

Onions.

Acquaintances (I)

Social Media.

Familiar pain

Old conversations

Mother

Cold Turkey

Anxiety

Enough

God (II)

Mornings.

Acquaintances (II)

Loving Me

III - POETRY

Being seen (I)

Unsure
Acquaintances (III)
Being seen (II)
Fireflies
God (III)
Every day.
You (I)
HADES
Insanity.
Just Because.
Best Parts
Uncertainties
You (II)
Love and tricycles.
Breathe (II)
Falling (II)
Bridges
Love
Other kinds of beauty
Better ½
Forever
Love a poet
Satori (II)

Satori (I)

I finally get it
an epiphany
as I sneak
out of my recluse—
Love doesn't hurt,
people do

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I – LOVE

Breathe (I)

I wish all of me,
didn't remind me of all of you.
I could shut myself from the world
and still think of you
with each unsteady breath
in the darkness.

Falling (I)

Still,
in this darkness,
unmoving yet plummeting,
kilometers at a time
falling away from myself.
I'm no longer me
I'm merely the one you left behind

Today.

today I'll smile

today I'll be happy

today I will not think of you

—too late.

tomorrow will be a good day

to try again

Hailstorm.

The weatherman says it's a sunny day
The forecast is a bright, cloudless day
Everyone can go about their lives
without the fear of a sudden downpour
and, sitting on my couch
I wish I could reach him and explain
that the sun has set in my universe
and I'm drenched in my own thoughts
Stuck in an hailstorm
that I cannot escape.

Music

I wrote songs about you
but they are not in
keys or notes
or voices and strings
but in long silences
where the fury of your absence
screams loudest

Fire

What is it about pain that makes us want to feel it?

What is it about love that makes us always crave it?

Every day, every hour, I inch closer to letting you go

but setting ablaze the memories and the pain that ensued

feels also,

like combusting the magic you wove into my soul

and I cannot,

for the life of me,

do it.

Some days.

Some days, I completely shut down.

I hear, see and feel nothing,

nothing but you.

For you have become my darkness,

and my stolidity.

EMOTIONS

I think love
and I see you
waltzing as you tug my heartstrings
your laughter, your form, your mind
all the bits that make you so perfect.

I think lust
and I see you
wet kisses on your neck and spine
your moans and gasps, filling my soul
our rhythm, motion, the heights we reached

I think happiness
and I see you
the smiles I couldn't hold when I heard you speak
the sound of your laughter and joy
and how your contentment made me whole

Then sadness comes
and I see you
shying away as I reach forward to grasp you
saying less and less though I clung to every word
caring littler about me as the days went by

Pain comes

and I still see you
walking into the hands of another
dragging my heart along behind you
the gaping hole in my chest since your absence

The tears come
and I see you
as my eyes fill up with memories
all my emotions are subject to your caprices
slaves to a master who never cared

Mirrors.

I no longer look in the mirror
for, when I do
all I see in my reflection
are the holes in my soul you filled
and all the parts of me that stayed empty
since you left.

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1/2

Love all of me,

or not at all.

I don't deserve halves.

Alcohol.

I have never before tasted this
and, much like your love,
this is my first.
The cup of liquor calls to me
like your voice did—
an irresistible enchantment
I take it
in sips
gulps
mouthfuls
absorbing its essence,
like I did your mind and soul
and for a while, I feel fine.
Euphoria and ecstasy
kicking in my soul
and just then,
queasy uneasy,
the ecstasy goes.
It fights with my insides
and all comes flying out.
Just like you left me—
in a worse off state than when I met you.

2AM

it's 2 am,
the world is quiet,
my mind is blank
and now,
the memories of you
invade my thoughts.

Holding on.

It doesn't just hurt that you left
it's not just the memories, laughter,
the magic that we had and the poetry we became
but the realisation that, in sincerity
I'm clinging to the pieces of you I can still find
and though, you no longer think of me,
I still desperately hold on to you.

A girl.

the girl in my mind isn't you.
she has your hair and your smile
your light brown eyes and demeanor
Her voice like yours, is music and art
but unlike you, she's still here
and has promised to never leave my mind
she stays lurking in the shadows
haunting my soul.

Mosaic.

So what if we weren't a perfect fit?

I loved the mosaic of

My

Jagged

Edges

and

Your

Broken

pieces.

I wish you did too.

God (I)

Some days I pray out loud

Some days I pray quietly

Other days I hope

that He hears my loud prayers

made by unmoving lips

voices.

I wish the voices in my head were scary
I wish I was frightened when they spoke
but they sound relaxing
cool, calm, collected and rather suave
as they promise me—
that nothing is going to be alright

Greenstick.

I could never entirely hate you,
never wholly let you go
for,
You left my heart like a fractured limb
not
completely
broken
yet only ever causing pain.

Musings. Muses.

what is music? what is art?

why do words sung to one soul

sound so ethereal, and to the next,

very near devilish and discordant?

What is it in an artist's perception

that makes one colour

more worthy than the next,

to grace the canvas?

I struggle and I fail to see

why my music isn't as lovely as his

and how, in some way,

he is more colorful art

than I ever could be

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wilted, dead romance

branches drooping down, dry leaves

my lover, my fall.

II - LIFE

switches

The moment refuses to come
when my emotions click
the button is pressed
and I'm immediately over you

So today I'll take steps
one,
weak in front the of the other,
two,
out of my dark quiet place
three,
slow, patient and steady
four,
walking towards the switch
to turn the light on—
it's time to live.

Progress

moving on
isn't at all
one direction
like the music band
it's a zigzag
contorted path
sometimes backwards
sometimes slow.
the only constant,
being moving.

Me.

I'm so very used
to only thinking of me
in light of you
that when I think
of me
for me,
I find a stranger.

Onions.

Sometimes when I peel onions

I let the tears flow harder than they should.

the feeling is strange and refreshing

because I'm a boy

and I know my onions—

boys don't cry.

Acquaintances (I)

Some days are harder than others.

Today you spoke to me
and asked if we could be friends

"Yes", my mouth said.

but if we could be friends
how would I explain how often
you featured in my nightmares?
or explain how much I wished
that you'd return pieces of my soul
that you still dragged about with you
or how eerie it was to hear you
refer to us as anything but lovers

"of course we can be friends", I added
burying my questions
because half a slice
was better than none.

Social Media.

today I'm deleting all our pictures
restricting myself with mere strictures
every perfect memory, I'm cleaning up the slate
every single selfie, outing or romantic date

Hours are past, the entire day is gone
but somehow, some way, I'm still not done
because, wandering, I found myself on your page
stalking your new life, with tearful pitiful rage

Familiar pain

I miss you

in the same way you would miss a splinter

stuck in your finger for so long—

that you don't know how to live without the pain

Old conversations

Last night I read our old messages and
conversations, till early morning
and rather than plunge me into depression
when I was done, I had a giddy smile
for,
all of the magic I felt you owned
I saw woven with every word I shared
and all the pieces of me I thought you stole
were just photocopies
—I'm the original.
—I'm my magic.

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Mother

Sometimes I hear you in my own voice.

It saddens me.

I sound so disappointed.

Cold Turkey

I've decided to stop
to forget all the memories
to forgo all the pain
today, I'm getting over you.

sitting across a new friend
making conversation in depth,

I can only compare.
her eyes aren't right
her voice sounds weird
she talks too fast
and she isn't funny enough

Hard as I try,
I can only see
how much like you
she is not.

Anxiety

I'm scared.

—My brain tells me I shouldn't be

I'm scared anyways.

I'm scared to be anything else

anything but the one you love

someone who doesn't matter to you

—My brain tells me, I am so much more

Maybe, but I don't want to be.

—My brain tells me, I can do better

It says I have so much in me

I'm a star and I should just shine

I used to shine, for someone

Now, who can I shine for?

—For yourself, my brain says, shine for you.

You're right. I could shine for me

I probably should shine for me

but I am terrified anyways

of all the parts of me I don't yet know

of all the things I can be,

the scribblings on the wall

in a language I can't yet read

I'm scared of those too.

Of all the shiny, glittering parts

the parts the world is

apparently waiting to see.

I'm afraid of becoming.

—My brains says

become anyways.

Enough

Today, I'll try again.

This time, no cold turkeys
or chicken moves.

I'll look in the mirror
and I tell the person I see:

you

are

enough.

God (II)

Shelve your insecurities darling.

You are beautiful

and I love every imperfect bit.

Mornings.

On some mornings—

when the sun shines, I raise my curtains and let the light in.

on some other days—

I keep it out and savor the dimness

and I have learnt to, in the eventuality of things,

not question myself on these bright days

—why I so love the light,

or why, on the dim days

—I prefer the darkness.

bearing the consciousness that,

light and darkness,

being two sides of a naira note,

need the other for completion.

for, whoever bought anything,

with a one sided note?

Acquaintances (II)

I no longer treat me like a foreigner
or throw questioning glances
at my face in the mirror.

I've decided to meet this stranger
get used to the sound of his laughter
understand his mind, feel his thoughts
and slowly cultivate a relationship with myself
for how can I hope to understand love,
if I've never tried it on me?

Loving Me

In learning to love all of me
I have inevitably come across
shadows and dark, quiet places
insecurities and silent fears
and though I am frightened
scared of anyone else seeing them
I'm less shy with each passing day
and I slowly, comfortably, accept me.

III - POETRY

Being seen (I)

I lie in bed and I think about today. I think about today like I think of other days. I think of other days with respect to people. With respect to people, today feels different. Today feels different because someone saw me. Someone saw me, not in the way others do. The way others do is with closed minds. Closed minds never really understand being seen. Being seen today felt different in a strangely comforting way. Way different than with eyes or closed minds. Minds met today, gazes locked as our souls stared at each other. Our souls stared at each other with a longing we both understood. A longing we both understood like a distant, yet familiar language. A distant yet familiar language I still muse on while I lie in bed. I lie in bed and I think about today.

Unsure

How are you?

I'm fine I guess.

You guess?

Yes really. I guess.

I'm neither trying to be cool
nor masquerade my emotions
with flammable palm fronds
nor thatching my hurt
with hollow straws.

I'm just never sure.

I feel just the same
on my good days
as I do on my bad days
one extensive cycle
of lonely ambivalence.

Acquaintances (III)

Enough as it feels,
to know me so well,
the urge refuses to leave,
to know you as well.
So with a, hi and a hey
and all my weird inconsistencies,
I hope to make your acquaintance.

Being seen (II)

There is nothing special about you
in the same way
that there is nothing special\
about me
yet, under your gaze, I feel naked
I feel bare and unladen but not exposed
I feel ignited and inflamed, yet,
the combustion does not hurt
scared as I am of love and being seen
the poetry of your eyes imprint on my soul
until being seen is barely enough
I want to live in the places
where my images go.
I want to explore those depths
that I see in your eyes,
till I make my home
in the hallway of your mind

Fireflies

maybe we're like fireflies in the grass
and the stars we so envy in the sky
we could outshine, here on the ground.

God (III)

the irony.

loving God

because of—

when He loves us

inspite of—

Every day.

Everyday.

Yesterday it was your voice
pulling me down under an ocean of you
calling me beneath the waves
to a place where only your sound mattered
teasing and tugging at my soul
coursing through even the deepest parts.

Everyday.

Today it is your texts
coming to life as I slowly read you
animating you in my head
your form, your smile, your laughter
filling my thoughts and mind
enwrapping every emotion and feeling.

Everyday.

Tomorrow it might be your eyes
or your peculiar glow in the sun
maybe it may just be your aura
or probably just your quirks and proclivities
one thing that I'm sure of
is that I fall further in love with you

Everyday.

You (I)

It's a fine line between impression and worship.

I'm mere mortal to your goddess, so you know

I don't feel enough to be impressed by you,

I am in awe of you.

Little fluctuations and frenzied palpitation
when you laugh - pure happiness, I swear I'm dazed

like an antelope caught in headlights, or a man
facing the brightness of all the stars in the galaxy

I am bedazed by you.

Trying hard to figure out your you-ness, hoping,

praying to catch a glimpse, an understanding.

I'm not used to feeling lost, but I do relish the feeling

when your mind takes me on labyrinthine journeys
a tour round the pieces of the galaxy that stay in you

I am confused by you.

Your cool, calm collectedness. Reacting at your own pace
taming the world's storms, charging head on into life's
twirls and tornadoes, book in hand, crown on your head
sizzling with the magic of your mind as you spin beauty out
of the chaos around you - a little here and a little there,
undaunting devotion to everything you want and desire.

I am intrigued by you

and like rain on a hot harmattan day

I am subtly, slowly, surely falling for you.

HADES

Everything he touched died.

All that he loved or hated
all he wanted to feel and hold,
it all perished at the slightest touch.

It hurt most when he saw her.

She was everything he wanted,
but also everything he couldn't have

He feared, with his touch,
she would wilt like a dehydrated rose
and her beauty would fade into grey.

But that was the thing about her,
for while he wove around, dodging,
she braved on and she held him
tightly, closer, pulling his face in,

She kissed him, deeply, wholly.

And for the first time in forever,
He felt the one thing he desired, life.

He was broken in her hands,
and he wouldn't have it any other way.
All he ever thought now, all he ever said,

was her name.

Persephone.

Insanity.

You're in my head.

swirling my cerebral cortex,

seeping into every lobe,

possessing my mind.

I'm crazy for you.

Just Because.

I love you
not because you're beautiful
or because your voice sounds divine
or because you love me too
but just because.
So, on the days you don't look like an angel
and your voice sounds coarse
and you no longer look upon me
I will still love you.

Best Parts

I thought I'd always be broken
but then you put your hands in mine
You slipped into every part of me
merged your soul with mine
and became my completion.
You, are all the best parts of me.

Uncertainties

In a world of uncertainties,

I'm sure of two things.

I love you, and you love me,

and for some weird reason,

that's sating.

You (II)

I used to be able to write love poems on a whim.

Without excessive thought or consciousness

Now I see you.

in every letter,

word or line,

I see you

painted into

my poetry,

embedded

in my words

I feel you,

pulsing in every

aspect,

in every curve

of every letter,

I feel you,

reaching out

from my pages

from my soul

I see you

in colour

in detail

embroidered

in my mind

seared into
my thoughts
I feel you
in depths I avoid
in the holes
and gaps
in my soul
I feel you
filling me wholly.
I see you
I feel you
I love you.

Love and tricycles.

I do not want a love like
my neighbor's old car
and it's ramshackleness
It's noisy, attracting everyone,
yet it keeps stopping
and he rarely ever gets to his destination in it.

I also do not want one
like the race cars I sometimes see on tv
They are fast and comfortable,
but you often get to the end
without enjoying the full journey.
Call me old fashioned, or naive.

I would even accept it if you called me ignorant,
but I want a romance like the "keke-napep" on my street.

They aren't too fast,
and you can feel every bump along the way.
you have to hold on or you might fall off.
They aren't that noisy or catchy, just plain,
but each is unique
and no matter how long it takes,
we always get to the end,
while being able to catch everything along the way.

I want a tricycle love.

Breathe (II)

There will be days.
Days you can't smile,
days you can't breathe,
days when sleep is a curse,
and being awake is a tragedy.
Days when your mind is on the fritz
and the thoughts don't align.
Days when you're the only one,
the only one who understands.
On those days, I want you to be still.
don't think, don't speak, don't look.
Just shut your eyes and breathe,
savor each breath, and know,
that somewhere, out there,
someone who loves you breathes too.
They may not know you exist yet,
but don't let this day,
rob you of meeting them.
Just breathe, just live.
Tomorrow might be better,
tomorrow might be worse,
but the only way to find out,
is to wait till tomorrow.
So for now, just breathe.

Falling (II)

you have become all my happy thoughts and all my good memories
and when I'm falling, drowning and slowly sinking away from light
You're the one proof that the sun exists and I can breathe again

Bridges

I'd choose you over me a billion times
because I know you'd choose me over you a billion times
and so we'll meet at this beautiful midpoint
where both our loves coincide.

Love

A friend said to me

"you're almost always

writing about love and romance"

I paused and thought,

what else is there?

I could write about my depression

or a mom I can't get over

sad days and lonely nights

empty pockets or mad governments

but wouldn't it all be better

If there was little more romance?

A tad more love between,

my thoughts and reality,

the dead and living,

my smiles and my company,

my means and my desires,

you and your rulers?

Other kinds of beauty

She was beautiful for the

way

she

thought.

She held a universe within her,

and every word she spoke

shone like a million stars.

Better ¹/₂

I know I love her, not just because she's my better half but because, on some days, she's the only part of me I love and the only part I can bear to look at.

Forever

and on that day

I'll promise you forever

and I'll mean it.

Love a poet

Love a poet.

He'll immortalize your mind

and your soul

and your heart

and your eyes

and all your youness

love a poet

he'll make the rest of the world

fall in love with you too.

Satori (II)

Love hurts, love destroys
Love bends and crushes us
Taking our breathes, leaving us aching
More alone than we were
Torn apart by the pain, weak
Emotions shredded, soul empty
Yearning and gasping
For something we no longer have
Like a fish out of water

No, it doesn't.

Love heals and it fills
It transforms and renews
Creating beauty out of the crushed
Eating sunken souls
Bridging broken hearts
Fading out the pain and anger
Thrilling the mind, body and soul
Becoming our strength and direction
Becoming our light and joy

But, it hurts.

are you the perfect lover?
could you swear that you could do everything right
and absolutely never hurt the one you love? No?
truth is, Love doesn't hurt, people do
For we're imperfect where love is
and our concepts of sanity, never make us free
and where love is supposed to let us live
we treat it like death itself
scared to receive life from the thing that defines it.

Connect with me.

If you're reading this, then you've stuck with me through this journey and for that I am grateful.
If you enjoyed this book then I look forward to hearing from you. I'd like to hear your thoughts.
You can reach me via any of the means below.

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Thank you.

Love, Life & Poetry

By Victory Okoyomoh

Love, Life And Poetry is a collection of poems by Victory Okoyomoh. Following the journey of a man in and out of love, each poem reflects his emotions and healing process. Getting over heartbreak then finding love and wholesomeness in eventuality, by learning to love himself first.



About the Author

Victory Okoyomoh, known also by the pseudonym, Victory Wrights is a year 4 Optometry student at the University of Benin. With a passion for writing and youth development. He is a serial volunteer, public speaker and content creator, making a change in society in his own way.