

Yemi Oyefuwa

Trick or Treat

The eager chatter of the infants
dressed as
ghosts and ghouls,
monkeys or mules, and other
cruel fictions of ones imagination; humor him.
Because the kid who thinks they'll beat his costume
Has another thing coming.
-while they can yell
'trick or treat'
and receive their treats, thanks to their tasteful tricks
-his trick is undetectable.

It's there. Tricking the
Unaware and uneducated, because
'come on baby, I'll pull out'
is his favorite trick and
'baby, you know it feels better without'
is his needed treat but,
tricks and treats don't always lead to
candy.

He can't scatter candy into his scheduled body bag and
Eat it while his external
cries and his interior
dies – 'cause candy can't sugarcoat that.
He can't sugarcoat that his casual casualties can't cry
'cause,
well
none of them know
that his costume kills.

Because as he seeks short-term salvation in sex
and releases echoes of him playing African beats on their inner drum.
It bounces off their wide spread instruments
Slithers slowly,
slyly seeding toxic into their bodies.
living freely without paying rent
travelling universally without a passport
eating their organs without digesting
and
never
ever
Fading.

Yeah
'come on baby, I'm clean.'
Is his trick and,
'baby, you're my only one.'
Is their treat 'cause
That's all they ever want
To be the only one and
One and only and
His mi amour forever more and
Yeah, she's bonded by him blindly just because he called her baby.

And that's all it is. That and a few million orphan babies to read this poem.

In My Heaven

The sky stays set by the sun,
in my Heaven.
A hue of rich red and an odd orange
always lingers, longing for love.
My love doesn't see the texture that,
touches me in ways he can't because,
in his Heaven, the sky stays sky blue.
The blue that was his parents blue before they died.
The blue that was passed down from generation
to generation
to generation
and stopped at him.
My love,
In my Heaven,
says he did deserve death but,
in my Heaven,
my love says he doesn't deserve me.
So everyday, at the crack of
a time between time,
I leave such nasty negativity nagging me to leave him and
swing on the swings that hang lower than the
lowest cloud and
watch life go on,
without me.
I dangle my feet and
Make my naked toes touch the,
rich red and odd orange
and watch my
picture perfected past
pass on.
Everyday.
My heart pangs with an unkempt sensitivity, my
soul sings songs, sadly saying what I won't.
What I can't.
My head wills, wanting what was,
hating what is.

My body aches, desperately daring my mediocre mind to tell my
tactless tongue to articulate.

Everyday.

In my Heaven, everyday,
my selfish self searches

for my love

in my Earth

and my selfish self seeks some way to make
my love

in my Earth

join me and replace

my love

in my Heaven.