

is a Nigerian noet living in Amsterda

UCHE NDUKA



1

Limbs of glass, tight-fit pantomimery, barely regal.

skidmarks of lost men.

poetman in poetnook, i know where the loot is hidden.

i'm like a smile that needs to spread. i'm like a girl that needs to be danced.



2

come into my arms says the frenetic bow to gentle strings

thump the tiger stripes of my irritations

my guttural alchemy my flabby scordatura

microtonally the whodunit from which a melodic fundament rises



3

chatshow or horrorshow? don't leave your legs idle or else a chicken will eat them.

run or row,by all means. shame-on-yous renew the nuisance value of an eel-watcher.

show me the bridge that isn't there to be blown down.



4

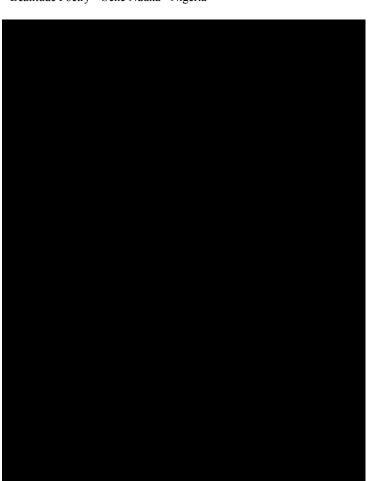
is she twiddling a dial or just creaming his cock?

is she railing at God for a sign

or just patting his cock with her feathers

a milestone befits the aesthetics of her quest

where motive and deed concur and a Fire Escape begs for a look





5

Life fractures texts in old bindings

all around they speak in the name of rapture

is the red dawn pickled enough for your consumption

conductor conductor disambiguate my accompaniments