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is a Nigerian poet living in Amsterdam

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## 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