



# LEMON CAKES

(BEST SERVED WITH WHITE WINE)

**ALOBA TAIWO**

Taiwo  
Aloba

# SOUR LIME

Tyrant Hearts;

Iced Solid by the bitter winds of the Icy East

A reminder of the hundred year war,

the black dinner at the Red wedding

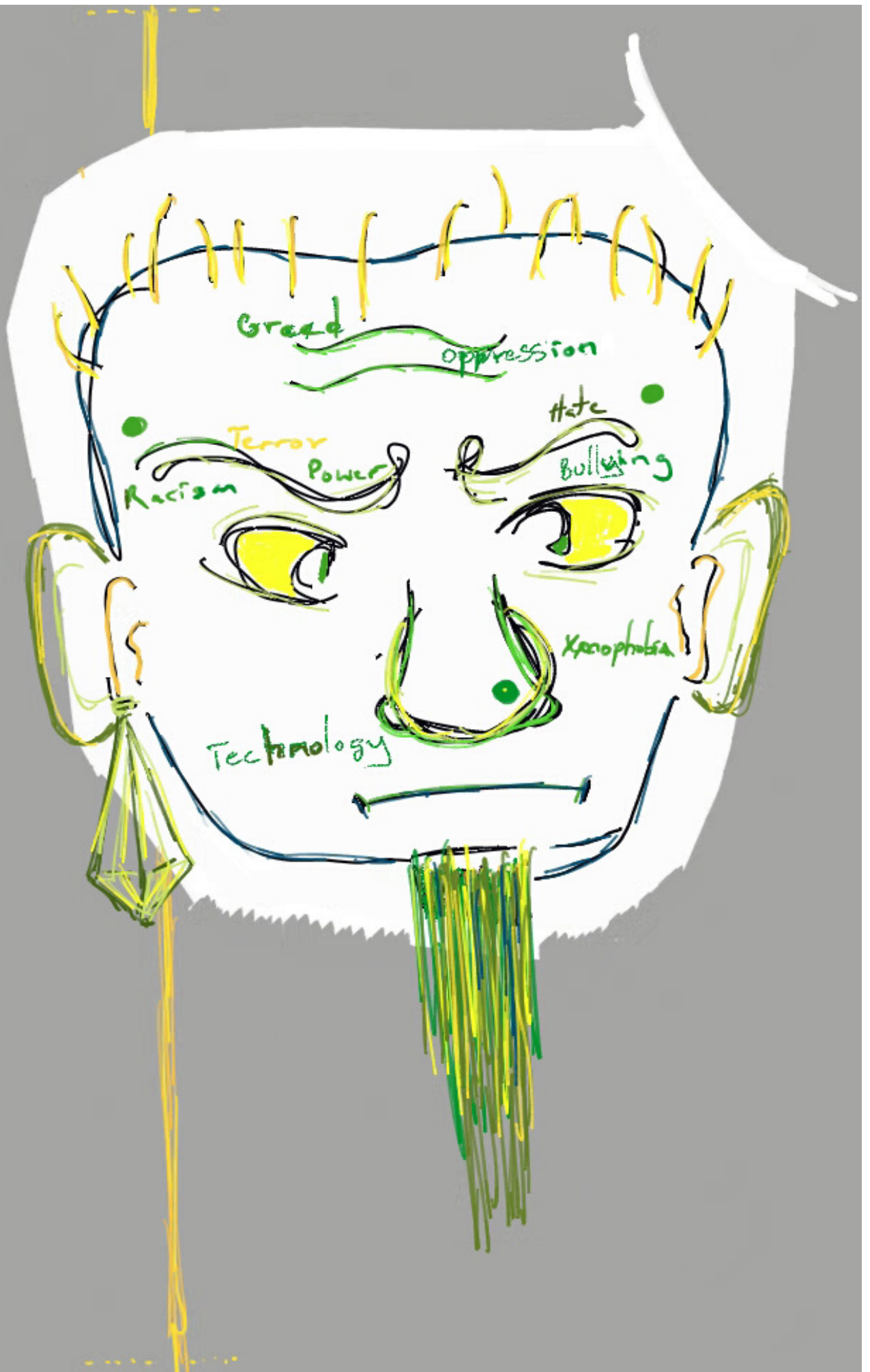
officiated by unknown tribes.

Aloha Taiwo

Lemon Cakes best served with white wine

LÉMON





Greed

Oppression

Terror

Power

Racism

Hate

Bullying

Xenophobia

Technology

THE REALITY OF THE REVELATION  
OF SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE

*Power is an Afrodísíac*

*The Contamination of lost souls.*

SCARLET OAK EASTERN  
REDCEDAR SUGAR  
MAPLE LEAVES

I

Relinquish my shell and soul  
to this secret language of yours

Skin and bones  
veins and nerves  
Hair and sweat

I

Plead

Tame this adventurous heart  
Bridle this wild weapon  
Fine tune this rogue instrument.







# SILVER BULLET - UNO

I have stacked jars of truth  
in an old abandoned Brooklyn basement

Built walls and burnt bridges  
Set fire to the vintage Hermes;  
Precious

Reveled in vice - land  
Relished mock cocktails

Now polishing my rifle  
Strapping on my silver bullet magazine

Grace awaits.

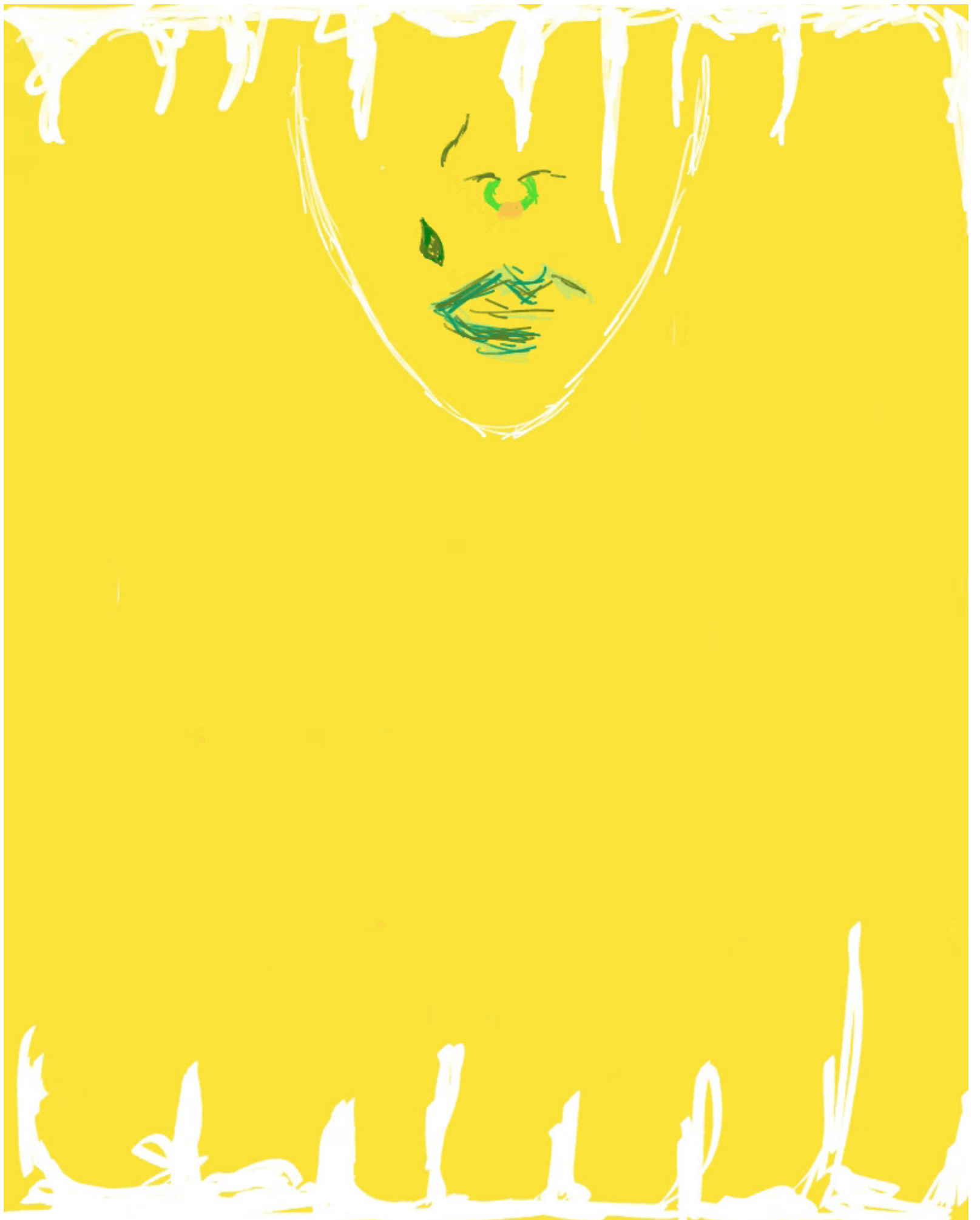
# HUNTER LIME

Electric blue haired hippie in a lamp  
Stay saucy on no sticks

Kendrick sniffed on a second hand blunt Chief keef  
Speaking Sia like it's gospel

My vintage is the Nu nu  
Like 90's weed culture music  
It's all purple vibes and blue energy

Peace.





# THE 21ST CENTURY ARTIST

We were born this way

This is the life that we know

We got neon rainbows  
running through our veins  
Paint brushes for nails

Glitters on ice  
Our drink of choice  
We inhale and exhale colors

Art for life sake  
Nature excites us  
Creation is our Art

What is life  
Without Art?

What is life  
Without dance?

What is life  
Without fashion?

What is life  
Without literature?

What is life  
Without music?

What is life  
Without creation?

Aloba Taiwo

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# HIGHWAY

Skateboarding on a freeway to hell

I choose to befriend the monsters in my head

I am done fighting the forces  
The ghost in my basement  
The sick voices in my head

Liquor and sticks  
Riding high on colored pills and crystals  
Done!

There is no light at the end of this tunnel

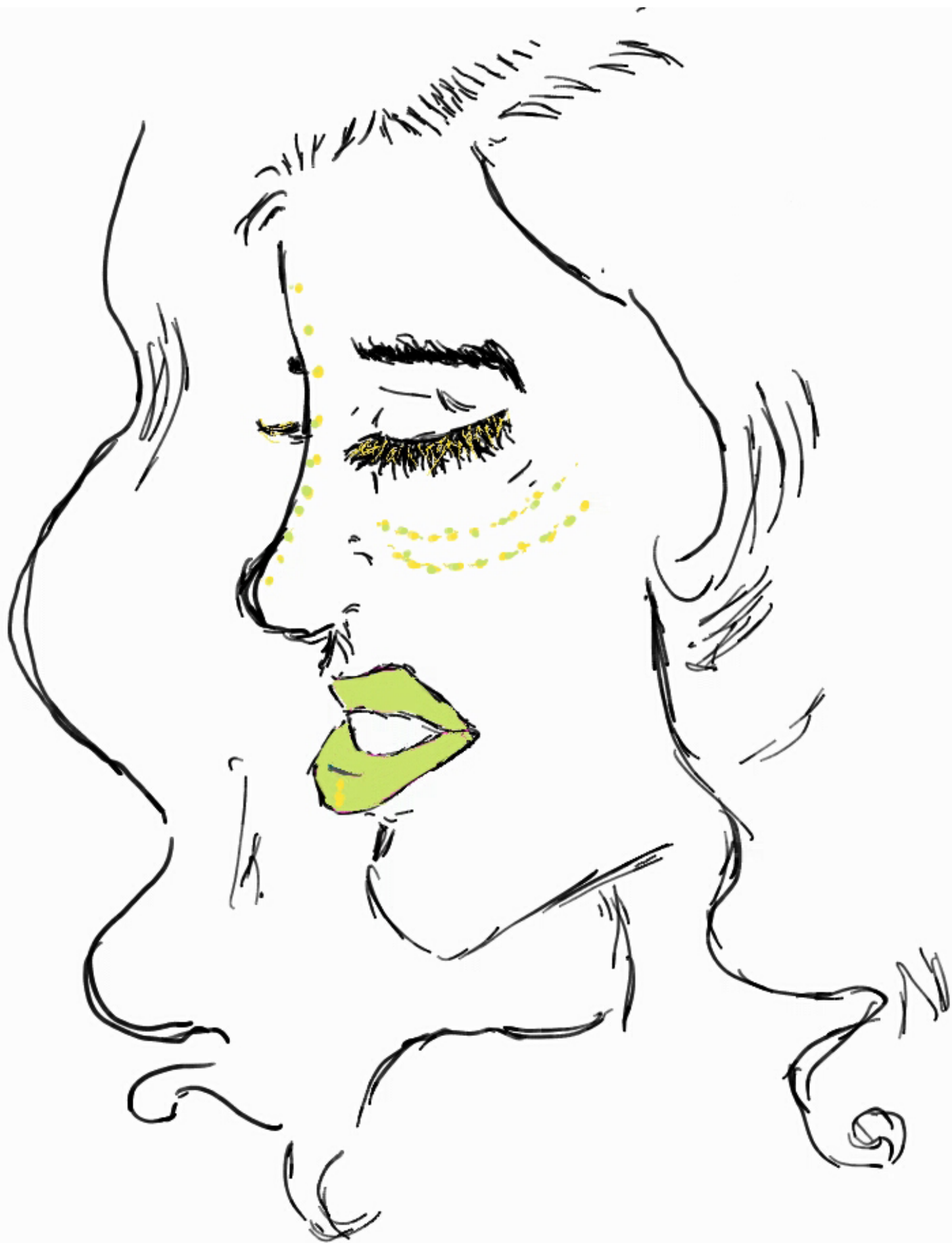
Doom looms

My soul is  
Crawling slowly in a filthy landmine  
The vultures are patiently waiting on their great feast

Alas  
The funeral of a lost soul  
Cheers to bad decisions alright  
Maybe just maybe there is Solitude, a place of retribution behind that gate

Maybe the fire is just meant to burn my vices to ashes

Damn Cigarette!







# FOUR BLOOD TYPES

A Sandton's cold bitter black and white picture;

Views from the 27th floor

Twenty-seven years behind rusty bars  
Trashed by profanities

Is this what my forefathers fought for?

Is this the freedom our founding fathers shed their blood  
for?

You tap dance on the graveyards of true patriots

You shoot poisonous bullets into the back of every freedom  
fighter

when you fight your own brother

When you let greed,  
unrelenting blood thirsty ambition for undeserved power  
shield your human conscience...

Aloba Taiwo

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