

A tropical beach scene with palm trees, a net, and a person in the distance. The background is a clear blue sky with some light clouds. The beach is sandy and has a net set up. A person is standing near the water's edge. The overall mood is peaceful and serene.

FESTUS OBEHI DESTINY

# WHAT GOES ON IN MY HEAD

Rhymes, Vibes and Rants.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieved system, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review. Scanning, uploading, and electronic distribution of the text or the facilitation of such without the permission of the publisher is prohibited.



VIBES AND RANTS

# WHAT GOES ON



# IN MY HEAD

FESTUS OBEHI DESTINY

I picked poetry because there was no other way my thought

crawled out. The rhymes are the products of the many nights that I laid awake thinking about my future and the world around me. This is for the people who lost their lives in the gruesome events of police brutality. This is for the students trapped at home because of Asuu strike. I hope you find a similar thread in how I choose to cope with my pressures and dreams.

I wrote this piece for Akintola Damilare Timothy, Bedford Elizabeth, Ope Zainab Oluwatosin, Onwochei Anwuli, Obinatu Cynthia Ifunaya, Aina Heather Ebun, Shalom Ikemba, Asaolu Oluwaseyi Petros, Oluyede Abolade and Ogunmola Ariyike, the ones who kept me company when the world around me threatened to somersault into oblivion.

Thank you all. My geees.





now I converse  
with the spirit  
staring into nothingness  
paying attention  
to the echoes  
of my thoughts.



i am a spider in a cocoon, dwindling,  
i stumble across the stretches of marks on my own skin,  
a stuttering destiny,  
rotting dreams and burnt out nostalgia,  
each click points me to the shallow fountain,

each flip guides me through broken slates,  
will the next rope come from my school?  
or will I hang myself before good news pings my email?  
Until the web springs from underneath my nails  
Until my dreams pursue my reality into wake  
Will a miracle come or will i hang myself under the shackles of  
a deserting hope  
Under faultless stars  
Wrenching beneath a guiltless face  
Festus Obehi Destiny.  
Underneath my nails.

do we ever really die?  
as echoes do fade, will our voices?  
as waves compromise, will our smile?

as mother earth quakes, will our purpose?

if souls do exist, will they dissipate?

like smoke hiding under the shadows of dust and clouds

will flood and sand wash our feet from the shores of memories?

as a moaning prey, will our carcass beg for the maggot's mercy?

i see eggs grow wings and turn into maggots,

do we return with the same or more legs, under strange or  
familiar seasons?

do we sit with our fathers on thrones or do we run from  
immortal flames?

do we litter our presence and memories under pretence of false  
eternity?

do we ever really die?

Festus Obehi Destiny.

Do we ever really die?

mondays rob us of our priorities,  
until sweat devours our skin,

our unwashed tongue wet with lust,  
the kitchen reeks of loneliness,  
the sofas file for divorce,  
naked we live, fuelling our desires and living on the satisfaction  
of quenched lust,  
our breath, ragged  
moans, gasps and uneven tranquillity,  
until sundays,  
where I have to pick between fate and faith.  
can we not ignore options and live without variables?  
she leaves, crosses and candles, littering her path with cologne  
of wasted days,  
until monday comes, stealing our priorities.

Festus Obehi Destiny.

I hate it when sunday comes



i see myself, lying beside you,  
listening to your heartbeat and inhaling the symphony that  
escapes from your lips,  
i see you,  
caressing my fears and kissing my puffy eyes into beautiful bliss,  
singing to me  
the heavens vomit lightning and the rain pays no mercy to the  
impudent earth,  
but you sing on, as the world outside evolve into nothingness  
just you, me, our hearts, and your voice against lightning and  
rain  
today the heavens roar  
why do these clouds choose to unhinge their tongue?  
whisper o mother whisper  
today the earth bleeds  
why do these cracks swallow legs and head alike?  
why do my teeth dance as the wind rapes my attention?



why does my hair pay more loyalty to the fierce cold outside  
than the peace inside me.

the heavens roar

Written by Festus Obehi Destiny.

Love and rain.

For Bedford Elizabeth.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

