



THE ESSENCE OF SENSE

MY POETIC PROSE

THE INVINCIBLE PEN

GBOGBOADE O.A



Dedication

To God - the Unseen but Ever Present One
To Amaka - the unknown but never forgotten



Acknowledgement

GratITUDE to all those who have found this book
My family, I thank you for owning someone like me.
For enduring my absence while I was writing even
when my presence was seen.
My congress men for being men indeed; gratitude.
All the real people in my life that can bear the
anonymity; thanks for sticking close.

Overview

The need for silence is not for sound not to be heard or thoughts not to be perceived; but for lips to be shut. Why should we speak when our heart is weak? "Half solved is the problem when shared"; an old adage that has no meaning beyond it being a mere statement. Many ears lurk in search for the next victim of scorn; many others just wait to convey the next illustrious secret. How can we quantify man's feelings; His thick skin for the cold or oily skin for sun's scourge? No sponge can wash off his natural reactions; no judge can question his darkest turbulence. The night is for the guards, the day is for men to break like laws written.

Tell the meaning of the future, See the present and hear of the past; many treacherous ears skulk to hear. Whether here or there; close or far, what we feel is a Will. This Will is nothing but our desires, our beliefs try to cob; but time and time again, it is trapped by our greed's creed. By the time we have much leaves on our body like the ones used by Adam and Eve, we will have only realised that we are in Fall season; things will have to fall apart.

Try to catch the cloud, try to spear the truth, try to judge the wind, and try to rule in the land of the lawless; then you will see how much our senses have essence. None was born to die, yet we live to die; none was made to fail, yet we fail to gain, none was born to rule, yet all the rules are all burnt. The fire-fighters have no life here, the trees bear less fruit than not but the taste is for the tongue to spill. The cities are littered; the gangs just rang their last sound like the Fangs. Try to see, the brown roofs are cleaner than those hooves. Wave at the future, tell her; her the past, "dead mother says Hi and is eager to come around again".

All these will be the face of the Wheel that will have to wheel you to assess the depth of your shallowness, the month of your year and the day of your nights. The ending beginning, the clearest of obscurity and the married single; all at once and for once will create the essence of sense. Don't burn that incense, don't sense my absence, and don't dwell in my chapters; open your eyes, ears, nose and nose; try not to cut open your tongue; the essence of your sense.

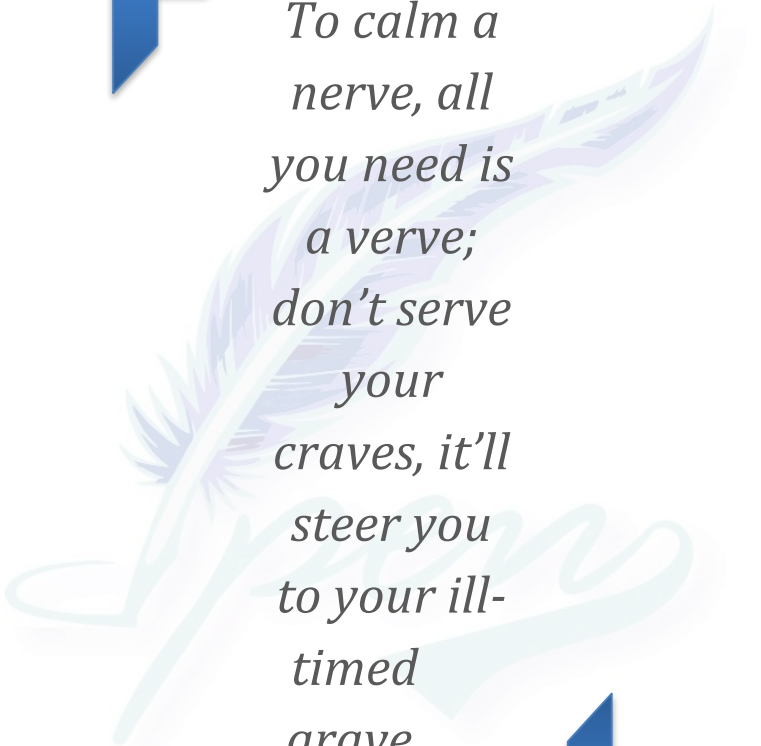
About the book

The perfect definition of this book is best given by the reader. Little find pleasure in being the one to give names to things except they are to criticize. This book gives every reader the opportunity to create their own definition of this work by merit.

As for the writer, if I am compelled to speak about this book, under duress, I'll say; see for yourself, especially in solitude. For the record, this book was written to ease much tension and make do of natures' way of providing calm.

BEST ENJOYED IN SOLITUDE

CHAPTER 1



*To calm a
nerve, all
you need is
a verve;
don't serve
your
craves, it'll
steer you
to your ill-
timed
grave.*

I hope to tell you my story, one that has long been told by the many lies and many whirls that the tongue can't cuddle. My life is somewhat like yours; more of a hurdle than a puddle. If I am to saddle every speech and hide every grief, then I am just like the many lives that live in the world today. I'll be brief. What we are is who we believe we are. Speaking of believe, it's like a leaf that enjoys nutrients from the soil, although it has no knowledge of who did the toil. Whether its stem will coil or be foiled by the leaves, it will still leave its remarks. How? You will know by its fruit. What we shall be indeed is what we have been. What we have been is what we are known to be.

We didn't care to be brought to the taste of cruelty or kindness. We just came alive; but we engaged in that fight for life over death and now we are stuck in the mud of "living the life". What has age got to do with the sage? Gas travels faster than fluid; fluid than solid. The lighter the weight; the more efficient the soar. The height to climb dwells richly in your imagination. The time you'll climb is for you also to decide. Well, there is also a chance for you to conclude there are no more heights. All this and that we see, are mere beliefs.

How can we trust what we see when we do not see what we trust? How can we stay in line when we can't stop thinking of breaking our ranks? Short cuts, boycotts, corner cuts, overdose, empty tanks and loud

noise; now we have lost our voice; all at once. To calm a nerve, all you need is a verve; don't serve your craves, it'll steer you to your ill-timed grave.

*We must stop flying and
start reaching the height.
We must stop eating and
start feeding. We must stop
making out and start
making for.*

What is the genesis of the wanting? Is it what we see, hear, taste, feel or smell? The nose is between the eyes and the tongue so that it can balance what you see and taste. When you can't see, you are blind, when you can't hear, you are deaf, when you can't feel you are numb, when can't speak, you are dumb; what will you say of he who can't smell? No need to chant or rant' all we need is that moment of sanity even though we don't have the luxury of serenity in our environment. We must wake up from our work and start walking. We must stop flying and start reaching the height. We must stop eating and start feeding. We must stop making out and start making for.

Had they known they wouldn't have tweaked nature, they would have stormed the sun or tramped upon the wind. See them everywhere, going nowhere; lost to thunder, having much plunder. Hello, they are

just standing by, not like they are on. They think they can make us, they want to break us. We are fashion far from fashion. We are ordinary but made by the Extraordinary. We care to be fair, but we don't have the fare to dare, though we have the flair. Are we here? LISTEN.

Look to the sky, the rain is nigh. Look to the rain, can you see its bow? Look to the sun, it has no son; these stars are so dull, all they do is act, sing, laugh and cry. Are we to blame the sun for having the moon as its shadow? Can you tell me about your shadow? It's not what you see behind you. it's the works of your hand. It's not the reflexion light nor is it the thoughts you store up, it's the fact that there is a pact between all your acts, both past and future; it's not a rave, it's a cave of identity.

Some find solace in solitude; some can't define their attitude from the multitude; others are just living like destitute like prostitutes. Fan me, I'm feeling hot!! If your feelings drive you, your recklessness will be unquantifiable. Our feelings and emotions lay too many. Words can't describe them all. From the dusk to the dust; from rust to its tusk; can you quantify its misery? Don't quench this fire, don't wrench this desire. "More of this, less of that" all fuels man's desires but his belief is put to test.

*The throne is not a seat, it's
not a place, it's not a man; it's
a healthy assumption. It
belongs to the lungs of the
occupant. When he breathes
his last, its fast let loose from
the grasp of power. That's a
fading sun, that's a fading life.*

Pardon me, I am not Don; I am just on the run like the one taunt. I look fat, I look slim, I look tall, I look short; these too will wither away like the wind. All we can be is far from what we can see, since it's not known. The throne is not a seat, it's not a place, it's not a man; it's a healthy assumption. It belongs to the lungs of the occupant. When he breathes his last, its fast let loose from the grasp of power. That's a fading sun, that's a fading life.

This heel is high, so is this hill. Tell her to climb the height; she'll rather wear the height. Not anymore! She is all about our business. Walking and working; pacing and pacing. Now look at him, the laggard, the drunkard, the bastard. His height is below his senses, his senses are far from his beneath, but he is ruled by it. The con called ape do nothing worth noting than

rape and rage for nothing but their lust; that's the costly debt the eyes can drag anyone into.

Whether you look more or less; there will be more to turn eyes to and from. It can't be as clear as the eye has revealed or dark as the light has concealed. It is not the eyes that can judge what we see; it's our mind to believe what we hold true. Don't scold me, hold me through the cold or watch me fold as I mould like water into ice. This journey is funny, you don't need honey to taste sweetness; but you need sugar to differ vinegar. What your nose tells is always truly true.

*Perceptions don't have great
receptions. They dwell in our
imagination like reflectors.
They don't tell the whole truth;
that's why we are the way we
are.*

From the inception, perceptions don't have great receptions. They dwell in our imaginations like reflectors. They don't tell the whole truth; that's why we are the way we are. Many claim to speak the truth, but their truth contains many lies or partial ones. However, whenever, wherever, don't light the candle and put it under the mattress; it will not only burn; but it will be fun to scorn your dawn. For you will wake to shame, it's not for you to claim, it's what you will be.

CHAPTER 2



*If there will
be the end,
we must
fence the
beginning
that has
transformed
to becoming
the past*

The one you call your own may not truly belong to you. What is true may not be what you believe. Search your heart, hat your doubts. This farming may bring much famine. See that line at your back? That's your spine; it runs vertical. How straight are your thoughts? How high is your gaze? How low is your fear? If there will be the end, we must fence the beginning that has transformed to becoming the past. The end may not always justify the means; this means it is for you to justify your end. Give your life a meaning; it's not all about making a living; although that's why many are still living.

*Give your life a
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If all you are living for is to make another living; you might just be living for the dead. The dead potentials and doubt infested ideas. Hallo, don't always crave what you want to feel, feel what you want to see. Judge me all you want, quench me if you can't; but like a kitchen wench, I'll be all you need to tend to your care, your footstool to trample, your

handle to handle, your bell to jingle, your light like candle.

*If all you are living
for is to make
another living; you
might just be living
for the dead.*

You know lifesaving water has no taste, colour and smell; but what makes it unique is its universality and peculiar refreshing feeling. That's a picture of what we should be. The one who wants to fuel the gas station has to be fuelled himself; then live beyond what fuel can offer. Same goes for the one who wants to rule, he must learn to live far from the rules, although he may be governed by them, he is far from the oppression the rule rules.

Don't come to me as light as a feather, but as ticklish as a feather can be. Whatever won't make you to make an impact, try not to come in contact. If you must leave your house, don't look to house your desires, but to identify with those of others; Oh! Not to negate them; but otherwise; For you will meet another fellow better than what you term zero. Wants are endless likewise funds.

Wants are endless likewise funds.

Illusions! Illusion!! You have caused many ills and delusions. See they see you as what you are not yet; they are sick to think well of their wellbeing. How about the eviction of the camera and the picture angles? Now no thoughts of film tricks and Photoshop; seeing is truly far from believing; story for the deaf.

I have been close to their mates. I have been made their mate; is this fate or faith? I wish this can sate. Wait! How can a crate of truth make up fake? This is what their eyes have made them know. Their ears are seeing gull, they call him Paul but they don't know he is null. Unto thee I leave my leaves of sheaves; sheaves made of leaves; not the ones I took when I was sick, but the ones I got doctor's report for.

Since when has crying become my pride? When has a tear from gas become a tier? When will "I" be separate from the dots and "T's" be far from the cross? Any day we look for the past we find what has been known; any day we look for the future, we dare what will be known. Whether here or there, we can never be separated from time; it indeed binds us together.

We can never be separated from time; it indeed binds us together.

Here comes the beauty queen, an agent of scorn in the pageant; whether in pictures ancient or in 3D like trident. Well painted, never nurtured; well applauded; never a plus. Don't be too busy bossing your sight; they have reality that leads nowhere. Find

the wave to search your nerves to direct your mind to see the depths in the unseen. Constant wars, no laws; many flaws, broken jaws; all still no gainful tour; this defines the world and our many wards.

Afterwards, after all, what will our wards all offer after? We praise their shame, pamper their waywardness, kiss their venoms and dine with their demons. Condoms littering the dorms; rums forming their tummy; look at the corner; you see mummy is a dummy. What else can we do? Doing is now a journey journeyed by a junkie.

Love children scattered everywhere than bastards. A progressive leap from man's infidel nature. The bout of supremacy, the customary need for a pharmacy; no need for privacy; the future is indeed hazy. Many lay lazy, this is not exactly crazy; they burnt their future including midnight candles while the mace holders, handle their future with unimportance.

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