

propitiation or learning victimhood

In Accra, owls demand you make

first offerings of your final breaths from your living room

Tomorrow I'll try on Paper snares

slipknots offered politely

Some people will skip the "body of Christ" sandwiches & go straight for the mercy killings

A Church is a viral rite of passage

Sometimes A funeral is best administered via zoom

&

Your neighbours will remain your neighbours if God wills it

I hiss at an owl and it regurgitates the bones of my neighbours/kin

1001 of them installed in skins gilded in the flames of a burning city

To atone is to reconcile the texture of owl excrement with taste

A mob is a congregation dressed for a lynching

Still, No owls were harmed in the writing of this poem

sometimes a constellation is your lover and 1000 others

who are denied refuge in the skin of the earth
in my country, every child of God is a cartographer
mapping the sky like a cobweb world
& over here the roads have mouths the size
of blackholes that swallow God's Children
the Prophet Jonah once slept in the belly of
a star plummeting into scripture
& this is how to beat stars into asphalt highways
this is how to distil all 213 of its bones into bitumen
we have learnt to plant our placentas in the blue of sky
& hoard our bones in our throat
home is where we turn salt into neighbours

in the miracle of the tomb

For Boat

weight is the test result wrapped around my ankle

dragging my body into the liquid abyss

my father's tongue squeezes me into a prayer point

and

this too shatters my blood like glass

I shape life into *easy to swallow* syllables like ARVs and

practice rebirth 1 pill at a time

everyday feels like easter to the tomb that sits inside of me

and a God who watches me redo his miracle

on tinder, I stretch into wind or something free and bewitching like Zamrock

& my god reminds me that i am elastic and porous as lust
in the mouth of two bodies, his and mine,
or the things we do between now and the grave.

still, I stretch into a tongue or a map of all the bodies
that become wounds unseen in the middle of the night.

I stretch into the mouth of a map
mouth to mouth,
mouth to organ, and ribcage,
mouth to the things that grow without maps and in the dark
or on Dating apps like Tinder.

Sinner man

For Otuoo Acheampon

my skin has been well flayed
Its ebony still swallowing light
a photosynthesis of worlds surviving on little
I've eaten the roasted eyes of my suitors
and now God averts his gaze
but you are divinity shoved in a flesh bag
ethereal is messy
what we have my priest calls sin
by this I mean what I have for you
is what a dog has for its master
or a young man stitching himself into a wife