

Fractured Personification

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Abstract

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Fractured Personification embarks on multiple inquiries and conversations, attempting connections between two places - Lagos, Nigeria, and one of the largest metropolitan cities – Seattle, Washington State. These inquiries are housed in a predetermined premise that - attempts to capture memory and experiences are inherently fractured.

These capture attempts of objects and places facilitated ‘the owner’ are charged and ask questions such as: What happens in the movement from a familiar to a strange place? How does one own a place? When attempted, does it result in an in-betweenness of home? What happens in the grey spaces of searching and understanding?

These prose poems also intentionally create spaces of exploration for the reader and invite them to project their own experiences onto the page.

Dedication

For my Mum & Kolade.

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Internal Nightlife

All the world is here tonight. All the world in the owner's life specifically. On the dance floor there are 30 people at least. The floor's is brown, sticky, freshly cleaned in some parts so it's not fully dry. Each time the music comes on, they assemble to the middle. Rectangle line, diagonal, vertical depending on where one stood as of multi colored Lego blocks piled up, inserted on each other, one another, people pieces broken apart, brought together as outlandish outposts. As of single islands, water around the corners, external boundaries. The dancefloor the island, music the call, the response nightly predetermined, doesn't make it less fresh. Less an experience. Routine can bring some kind of joy, certainty can be fractured somehow, accompanied by the ability to change you. The 30 steps people initiate can be taught before the night by an instructor. 5 dollars for 5 classes, doesn't make it less special. 30 people in the middle take a quick left turn, right next, left foot up, 90 degree turn, both hands halfway lifted, a clap, a unison, a laughter, a looking at the side at a stranger and the joy of enjoying the same thing somehow. The misstep, out of line, recovery and rejoining the group. A rejoining of a common purpose tonight.

Cotton Crewneck T- Shirts

The owner contemplates what color of tee to wear. The options are two pairs of white, mustard, navy blue, forest green, orange, cream, and black. To pick a color from these tees, the owner waits. The tees are majority shareholders, they decide the color of jeans, jacket, and sneakers to pair. They have no say in the color of face cap because the owner only has two. They are on top of a black bucket hat that hasn't seen the light of day in five months. The pieces work with themselves, they are supposed to. Like you lightly scratch your nose, thinking of what to say. The owner is bidding time like the pieces they own.

The tees are ordinarily, powerfully silent. They sit waiting for a movement of hands in their direction, hands throw them on the ground, against the wall, on the bed, in the hamper. Fling into the washer, drying machine, back into the hamper, and on top of a carryon bag. The owner loves repetition even when they say they do not. Their actions negate their words.

The owner glances to their left and peeps the carryon that houses the tees. Fold them on four sides, pile them on each other. The owner struggles with the carryon. They almost didn't buy it from Eko market.

At Eko market they bought the following travelling bag sizes: a large, medium, and a carryon. The carryon is awkward, it perfectly fits inside a larger bag, but on its own, it sticks out. It was clunky to drag from the row of the plane's airbridge, pull down its long handle, bend

and lift the carryon into the overhead luggage compartment. The logistics of dragging two luggage, a backpack, and carry on, is a memory the owner quickly wants to forget. Still the carryon sticks out awkwardly in the room. Out of place it rests on the wall adjacent to the bed.

The tees are not inside a drawer. If they were, the owner would not wear them. The owner forgets what they do not see. They saw words nestling the surface of poetry, rhythm, pun, and did a 180 spin. Their sight is blurry and bright, they want to tender words but violence lurks behind their eyelids.

Words are thrown as fists. Protests are moving from the mind, into the space behind closed eyes, out of the inside mouth, to fingers, onto the screen.

/|

Magic appeared uninvited this dull morning. At 5:12 am for record purposes. The record is imprinted by the phone's attempt to capture its presence. The owner considers magic of no reason. It is logical when all the objects foretelling its appearance are assembled.

The night before morning day before night cloudless sky before rain dry air before humidity.

An anticlimax, the anticipation that builds before undoing. Nothing. The nothing feeling as of nil expectations, resignation before something sparks unintended, initially unrecognized not because it's invisible but because hopelessness paints misery in black pupils.

This magic of remembrance. Recollection of the flutter in the median of the owner's ribs. The starting point of fresh light. New pooled colors.

The way a life should stand, the way a line appears whether they want it or not. Remembrance of anything are the varying lines of existence.

The owner exists once and twice. First in a daydream then a fact. Everything in the second existence matters more. The wall's texture of the train lit tunnels. Sharp brown rustiness of the chains along the rail tracks. Water pools at eight points. 10 feet from where they are. Seeing is temporally persistent. They take in one grey pole with small eight golden lights, extended rays of light are facts within the owner's recollection of staring at the sun without sunglasses. What remains is what's collected from the day, a wide-eyed doll which sticks till it fades. What's lost and found in enclosed spaces, what is found if anything. Objects are misplaced with a guarded individual. Particulars are lost, assumptions are several, image of who they should be remains. It never catches up within and outside time allocated. The owner exists once, twice. One. They are back on platform 4, with only one of them. Daydreams are shelved, tucked inside lit tunnels.

100 Meters Racetrack

The owner is in their backyard tonight. To the north they look for the moon but it's cloudy tonight. The air stands still like the owner does. When they grind their teeth against each other and generate a three pace beatbox, the air disappears. The yard is diagonal in part, it looks upon the owners' stillness in contempt, moves towards the owner for an inquisition "why don't you," 'why don't you move when you want to' The owner's been told there's movement in stillness, there's a movement in the mind, a diagonal line that never negates.

The owner recollects the race, it was an eight track race 1,2,3,4,5,6,7, and 8. The owner given a choice chose the fourth track. Seeing the finish line from center of the spotlight was important.

One, two, and three, the whistle went.

The first thing was a false start. The owner's body in two small fractions moved backwards instead of forward. This backward and forward movement made the owner's body still for three seconds. In all, five seconds was expended in deciding forward was where to run.

The spotlight glistened with the aid of the sun. People in the stand raised a shout, jostled the owner, and made them look up a small fraction. Six people, three on the

right and left had moved in those 5 seconds. Certainty is decisive, directional, fuels the body, and tells the mind where to go.

Uncertainty blended with dismayed shouts pulled the owner forward. They ran, they ran onward, ran a diagonal line, and finished the race on the second track.

The body lied, the owner was inwardly moving faster than their body could. What does one pay for a lie? a diagonal line.

Weather Patterns

If the owner keeps at it, nostalgia comes back. How is the mystery. It seldom predetermines a good or bad comeback.

The degree $-^{0}10$, onetime $45^{0}F$. The drizzle, droplet, and texture are undefined. It settles on the roundabout in the company of crushed leaves. Nostalgia forwards to comeback. Hibernates in the dark warm loamy soil buried underneath broken sticks, some short, medium and fragmented as of Viva La Viva park. It incorporates high and low points within the spread that holds feet stomps, frail hands, knees, screams, thrills, warnings, and multiple bases.

It emerges out of immobility immediately someone collides with it. Something, sometimes unintentional as of a faint laughter that dissipates in silence. Several not initiated by the owner. Day, night, motion, horizons, top of a mountain, water amongst others are general actant and facilitators of these collusions.

Coffee Beans

Today the owner drinks night coffee. Yesterday, they stirred their coffee the same time as today. The owner stirred it at least $17 \frac{1}{2}$ times yesterday in between drinking it. The owner has only stirred it once tonight. They are going to stir less, at least 5 times and at most 7 times. The owner doesn't include an even number like 10 or 14, there's a refinement in odd numbers especially 7. The owner knows the unnecessary multiples of seven. The appearance of 7 is elegant and hard. It doesn't matter what font, 7 stands out. 7 is tied to important things. In 2007 the owner's birthday was 7/7/7.

The owner stirs their coffee a second time and drinks some of it. The owner stirs, stirs, and stirs without drinking. They have stirred it 4 times now. The owner holds the cup with their left hand and with a fork stirs 8 times, the coffee swirls, its center dips and expands. The owner drinks some of it, it was not bitter. They forgot they experimented with 2 coffee beans tonight, the first from San Francisco, the second from Uganda. The first was dark brown, the second a lighter brown.

Does each stirring reveal anything other than an action, a pattern, a piece of what the owner has been trying to motion into existence. A stirring until the owner is still, but the owner fears the stillness ability to change them into something else. This something else compels them to stir until they are ready to speak. The owner stirs as a continuous yarn of the peeling sky-blue paint on their wall. The sky-blue wall has also shown up in this place. They show the same things they ran from.

The owner had stirred their coffee on a different table, a white plastic one. The one that creaked each time they put their feet up. That night they were up late, their mum poked her head into their room, they both didn't say a word, but her eyes said three things, "why are you still up" "don't stay up too late" "checking up on you" and she disappears. The owner receives her message like neon lights.

The owner now tries to convey how they feel with their brown eyes. They think - when I roll up what you mean to me, the possibility of tomorrow's stirring for us, I look at you, longer, harder than I have ever looked at anyone. The owner continues stirring, until the pieces put together, reverse shredded paper, the owner molds together, two sky-blue walls into one. Into one memory album.

The owner's album is one, the years have not increased it in size. It's four square shaped with zilch weight. When the owner unknowingly removes important things, like their first love, it never weighs less. Every day, the owner opens a page to the left. Yesterday's page becomes the first page. When they go back to past images in the album, they are without colors, they are pitch black with white borders. When they want to remember important events from the album, *the color of their primary school graduation gown, first crush, skinny black shoe, pink gown, color of the candle which started the fire* – the album is slow to reveal. Now they only open to the left, each page is sweet and sour, it squeezes into the

reality of what was and longer is. What is and won't go away.

12” Wooden Treasure Chest

The owner and darkness are in consultation about ideas. They debate how much they should charge per minute, per simplicity, per layer. The rate per each painful one, commercially robust, and unproblematic ones.

Simplicity is of course loose, the owner’s simplicity is disputed by darkness. They point out the locked safe in the owners’ second home, inside are sharp dreams, hard bamboo stick, three identities, a fourth name, interlaced lives, liquified boulder, and other objects darkness mercifully conceals.

The owner is pragmatic, the darkness a realist. One of the things they disagree on is when and what the owner should unearth. Darkness is opinionated on when this should happen, the crux of which is that it should happen sooner than the end of the year.

The owner would rather mask what the darkness refuses to hide – ocean full, starlight bright, can full of realization.

Architect

The owner is building an office space. A three-story edifice. The exterior is mustard yellow and forest green. First floor's mustard yellow, second floor mustard yellow, and third floor mustard yellow. The part that's forest green is the open roof. Seven people and the owner see a grey, blue, and green sky through the roof.

On the second floor of the office, each person has a compartment. There are two rows from the north and two from the west so there's a triangle space between the entrance and hallway. People the owner knows wait and congregate in the triangle.

The second-floor interior is very bright. It has bright lights and the sun pours in via transparent windows. A chandelier hangs from the open roof of the second floor the owner occupies. It's 5ft downward. Each time people wait and gather in the triangle, the chandelier tinkles softly. Bottom jackets, elbow of pocketed hands, gestured palms in greeting, laces at the hem of gowns, hats raised in salutation, hands in recognition brush against them.

Multiple vertical chandeliers softly tinkle in acknowledgement of existence.

Pier 57 Ferris Wheel

The owner's inside a purple ferris wheel. When they had gazed at the wheel under a different horizon, there were moments it had been imposing, endearing, and magnificent. Moments it stood out of place as of a limb with its upper part almost broken off. If you moved it back and forth a couple times, it'd break off entirely. As of a limped mustard rose, the wheel was thin, frail, and burdened.

Underneath the wheel they couldn't see all the parts. Magnificence, wholeness converges to togetherness, a placement in a small part of the wheel's largeness. Waiting in line they witnessed pods swinging as birches, stems failing outward holding themselves apart from the leaves that sometimes goes, and other times stays. The wind that passed too quickly and the one which rustled eternal.

The owner was after a one-on-one conversation this evening. Moving forward, the wheel let out a low whine as of a warning, the owner slipped on the ground, looked around if anyone noticed. Either the wheel was voicing an objection, or the owner was conjuring things to occupy the time.

Reaching the beginning of the line the owner looked expectantly on the two attendants in a blue hat, polo, and black pants for instructions on how to broker a

series of conversations with the wheel, they instead raised the gate and pointed what section to occupy.

With no other recourse the owner gingerly sat on the right, then switched to the left in the direction they had seen the wheel for the first time.

Silence moved them anti clockwise. From where they sat the wheel was small, elderly, tall and held up the owner. Motions crawled into their hands.

How is it up here? the wheel asked.

More ordinary than I expected the owner responded.

You okay wheel? the owner asked.

I have been here a while now, the wheel said.

I have noticed you before, lots of activities all year round.

What's been the most interesting thing you found?

Perspective is the difference I have found. Different people, varying demography, and experiences.

Happiness doesn't stretch the length of the ride. You chase it this high and find it down there. Sometimes you are with it and I miss it.

Wild & Free (WF)

Wind at the beach moves the same as the wind in a transparent storm. This wind rattles leaves, it's the one behind a Formula 1 car.

Growing stronger the wind holds varied, muffled voices, extends the voices, gathering momentum. Tosses a screech to the west, everywhere in the east, north and south map.

Wind pitches like the rain, like water falling down waterfalls. Like faulty loudspeakers in a theater hall before the compere speaks. As of all the moments you stick your head out of the green car, arms extended into open air, head partly resting near the car roof. Wind rustic, contemplative, ancient, present, reverent.

On the side of receiving

Up and awake in Enugu state, outside calls. Calls in sinkable red sand or not depending on which part one stands on. The red is hard with many cracks when its not sinkable, there's a space for an event on the surface. There are calls in birds chipping unison on the other side of the north window. In the early thick fog which makes sight hard and everything mysterious until it cuts through the upper limb. In the morning dew which settles on short, long, and fallen leaves. The dew touches your finger, you smear on your palm for evidence of a transfer, a proof of the moment that's old and new. This daily and occasional reoccurrence. This burden of noticing. Knowing exquisite things, this leaving behind, not with a returning or a coming back someday. Knowing you never will. The realist pops up, the dreamer too tired to reassure so you treasure fickle memories, photographs. You dream alone. Dream again when the ability to dream initiates.

Lost and Found

The owner's being gifted a vision this early morning. A pink chair, a person seated, legs crossed, head tilted back, laughter highlighting all the places joy proceeds and travels. Witnessing unbridled joy occasions an inward perusal for the places they've seen it before, places they've borne witness, assessed they are still in the memory box. Assessed the potential for this kind of joy.

Vision flashed for two seconds, the owner can't tell if it was a floral or yellow sundress but the door of pleadings stay open, weigh, suggest, catcall to the heart. There's a making of space, identification of its sources and origin.

The vision's an invitation, a recognition and tug towards joy's direction. It knows when it's been depleted, famished.

Code #964B00

Today the owner tucks away a brown jacket. They dislike brown, its practicality, its ability to blend into the background, and all its 128 shades. The owner can deal with brown in small portions, nothing more. According to research, brown is everywhere in nature. That's an issue. Their strong dislike has given their sight the ability to replace brown with another color. Every time.

Brown coffee is replaced with black. The owners' two brown sweaters are replaced with red and wine. They blink and brown belt is replaced with golden yellow, code #FFC000. Each brown is swapped without their asking. A dislike powerful enough to produce alternative colors.

The owner's eyes produces alternate realities through lenses, sound, and perception if they firmly believe it. Other times if they simply asked their mind to. If they believed they only existed in the world, repeat it often enough, they'd eventually only see themselves.

The owner sees the truth of this in the singularity of 1. 1 in the company of 2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9, and 10. The numbers after 1 are additions. A secondary idea to pretend the original 1 was not alone. Not one.

one day, one moment, one way, one life, one song, 'one time', one dance, one night, one mistake, one turn. One thing carries weight, more than was realized when it was said and done. In remembrance realization sets in.

One day the owner handed in their resignation letter and walked away from seven years of education. One moment the owner thought of who to love and who would love them. One night they prayed for morning and one morning begged for night.

The singularity of 1 is the oneness of who the owner is. The owner lies to themselves and will continue to do so. It fits the narrative.

Two Post Swings

The owner had a scandalous dream this morning. They were with the person they saw last night. The evening was magical, it was full of colors in one dark sky, then two bright skies. There was progression and music stealthy playing.

They were outside in the cold, on green grass, then inside where it was warm, golden, and full of wonder. The owner and their person held hands outside, the cold be damned. They swung hands back and forth to dispel the cold 5 feet away. Inside the owner lay faced up, their person beside. The owner felt a tug of fingers and laid their head on their person's chest.

The owner's heart was bubbling with certainty of what they had found. Their head for the first time was silent. For a few minutes, then several minutes. They lay, they held, they tilted their heads upward and downward. They were both outside again, inside could not hold their laughter at finding.

In the dream, the owner stood in a room full of people. They glanced their left, a smile is mirrored back. Happiness is dim, bright, them. It's subtle, it's alright.

Three Piece Sets

Today the owner peruses their baggages. Black, cream, and grey baggages. The places they are placed are very important. The placement is what the owner carefully considers. To either place them behind the couch, the middle or top shelf of the laundry room.

The baggages are accompanied by three padlocks for security reasons. The hand luggage doesn't require a lock because it's always with the owner. Still, it has one.

Security is not felt, known by the owner. The padlocks are for other people, they keep them out even though that's not the owner's intention. Security is false, the owner knows, but it was the requirement for commencing the journey to uncle sam. The padlocks are placed at the bottom shelf - two green, one dark grey.

One day the owner searched the shelf in search of a hairband, they saw the three padlocks. At the same time saw exactly where they placed their baggage.

The padlocks and the baggage foreshow each other, not the keys, not the security they were to make possible. They proposition, in tandem. They point to each other and the owner's need for nonexistent security. They tell the owner it doesn't mean much to uncle sam's people.

The owner places the padlocks in the baggage, the day they look for paperclips and their finger brushes against the padlocks, another baggage recognition happens.

Dissolve

Pain causes extended weariness, a want to perpetually leave one's body, ditch reminders, walk away from people. Their pain reawakens yours, makes it weigh twice as much. The scent a move of stealthily searching for an out in person or conversation. Empathy is not present without an open wound and all the world's in pain.

Call a Shovel a Spade

Today the owner contemplates the colors they would find if they dug. Dug deeper than the color beneath skin, beneath bone, beneath coffin, beneath rocks, beneath water, beneath the earth. If the colors at the bottom of the earth will reveal any color?

If the owner reached the end of the earth, and hit an impenetrable wall, would the wall bounce them back to earth? or would they break through and be thrown into a kind of space? An in-between?

If it's a kind of space, the owner travels out of the earth. Travels not upwards, but downwards on a voyage that takes 70 years. 20 years to break through the space beneath the underneath.

The owner is a burrower. They burrow through everything they swear is plain. The movement of their chair backward and never forward. Each time it moves, the owner moves away from what is familiar. The owner prefers a black pen, not a black pen holder, prefers black socks when outside and white socks indoors. The owner burrows for the limits in "you are welcome to anything here" the owner is not sure of what is "anything."

The owner hopes when they burrow through everything they hear, everything that's said, given, and taken, they find something richer they can point to even if they cannot lay claim to it. Something they can put against the black at the end of the earth.

Lightweight

The owner observed the beginning of parallel conversations. They had kept themselves from identifying happiness in others. Someone attempted to have a conversation with the air hostess while having no knowledge of French. The person repeatedly said some broken French in response 'bonjour' and three people at the back, two in front, the owner included, burst out in loud laughter, the other folks seated looked up with a smile at the origin of the sound. The owner lost something and didn't know until it was displayed. A glimpse of the end of a conversation between other people, a paragraph in a book reluctantly picked up.

Mason Jars and Steel Caps

Today the owner thinks ideas. An idea floats across their eyes, the owner focuses, it disappears, the owner feels the remnants of the idea passing through their fingers. A dissolving smoke.

The idea comes back when it likes. It comes back when implementing another idea. Ideas like to interact with each other, sometimes they compete with one another. The idea of writing colors vs the idea of writing the mind.

The idea of who the owner used to be vs the idea of who they are becoming. The idea of an impossible love vs the idea of who they can love now. The idea of questioning their beliefs vs the idea of what they know is true. The idea of going after something and getting it vs the idea of the disappointment that immediately accompanies. The idea of thinking about innovative ideas vs the idea of only thinking about an idea. The idea of justice vs the idea that justice is unattainable.

Ideas act like individuals, like bread and butter. They turn into a bottle with a lid. One idea tries to escape, another idea presses firm against it. Sometimes someone knocks down the bottle, the lid comes off, ideas spill out and become a want, a wanting to know and connect. A person, a person you can love, a person you now love.

Ideas run off without the owner, they take a back glance to see if they'd try to catch up. They run halfway back the beach shore, stay within sight, teasingly run towards the owner, laugh, and run away.

The owner runs towards their ideas, for their ideas.
They run with their ideas.

Golden Ankle Bracelet

A vintage metal clasp lightly holds on to the owner's left ankle. It's come to collect the first promise owed. 'I am not moving an inch' they had said in protest to constantly moving for five years. The statement was said casually. All voiced statements have an end but when it was the owner's turn, the terms had been changed only moments before. Before an inside neuron moves to the out-side there's a list to go through.

1. Warm jacket – one is enough.
2. Raincoat – sky blue color preferably.
3. Shorts – two or three in anticipation of wear and tear.
4. Body lotion – for moisturized skin.

The materiality of the clasp switches and changes position depending on where's up for conversation, next for destination. When it's on the right ankle, it attaches to the owner's second identity. A young hip-hop rapper.

Objects latch on whether you want it or not. They do from the place last deserted. As when glue holds two fractured ceramic pieces. The objects that latch on are broken in themselves. They are attached to and broken with the owner. Minuscule, three, four. How many pieces can be reconstituted in a way that it retains its former self?

A rapper's baseline is promising what they can't immediately provide. Project with the microphone a persistent imaginative life. "I get my money in stacks,

you clinging to the coins” “I make my rhymes that smooth; they stutter when they utter.” These lines work their way into the heart somehow, affix to the 7 audio stacks on the spitfire application. This is one of the ways you endure the seamless desert sand texture.

Survival is not outside, it's not major. Not like hunger, thirst, or shield from a scorching sun. Just loose concessions.

Speed Signs

This August the owner and recognition held hands walking to board the 105 bus. At 11:09 am the owner was at the designated bus stop, the bus arrived at 11:12 am. This was not a problem, the owner was used to waiting. They got on, sat on the right side of the bus. It was silent and sunny as the bus journeyed.

Necessitated silence bothered familiarity and the owner. What kind of silence amplifies, dispels, annuls them?

The bus went on for 20 minutes and came to a temporary stop at a small intersection north of the express road. On the right a blue and white rimmed sign signified 60 miles per hour was required. At this intersection there were no traffic lights. The bus was moving at the mandatory 35 miles as captured by the speedometer 0.6 miles earlier.

Unspeakable morphed as the following: motivity of the bus as in vibrations, points. Parts the bus bumped against things, grind each other. Bumped on uneven roads elevations. Soft pull back at the owner's collar jacket each time tyres halted at each red and white rimmed stop sign. Six front and rear tyres wheeled, gyrated against silver rims and unutilized brake pads. Doors closed and opened at multiple stops, cards were tapped at the entrance, coins clinked against one another, people's 'hello' and 'thank you' drifted on and off the bus.

At the small intersection the owner loosely held then clenched familiarity's hand. They whipped their head

from east to west as ethnographic landscape extended beyond arid ones they had memorised 423 days before.

Grand Jury

The back which soothes sometimes softly jostles. Sometimes unintentionally jostles hard. If knowing a jostle's intention is important, it takes a few years for the person who jostled to say. The person who feels waits for a reason. When they don't receive any, they look inside their body to determine where hurts and what's okay when it hurts, what's accidental, accompanied with the best intention. This place where the owner decides and silence by who soothes creates unspoken distance. Something happens as an averted gaze, hesitation of future soothe request. Why? is a serious question, the heart must speak an injury, either imagined, actual, misremembered. Initiate an assessment, inquiry, an assembly of jury. If unable to, unfinished, unknown, a reckoning is postponed, lost, the next soothing possibility creates moments of uneasiness and an inability to repair.

Three Quarter

1/4 shampoo, half bottle gel, hair mousse, pears baby oil, 3/4 perfume, lotion, all on a 5ft, 155cm light brown table piled on each other in a recently repurposed medium size carton. The owner removes and returns them each morning and evening. When the owner arrives, resights these objects - negligence, a mirror of forgetfulness, needed needless rush, a lack of patience is displayed.

The owner corrects this display by putting them back in the carton. The picture stays for three seconds, a brown table of another life gently unwrapped, another life always beside. The other pink basket that holds a half empty facial cleanser, pears lotion, sunshade, bunch of keys, three sachets of paracetamol partly used never whole, rubber bands, hair clips, lip gloss, nail paint, pegs, cotton wool, cello tape.

One leaves things and they never leave. This same rush, similar routine of objects taken from a place, forgetfulness, neglect, and a return to where they belong. The places they hold in their hands, the ones broken down and remade on another table.

Silicon Dioxide and Natural Glass

The owner leans on Eko's third mainland bridge's railing. They overlook waterbodies to the west. Parts of the water are sparkling blue, other parts brown. Eko's lagoon stretches 45 miles in length, 33.1 miles in width, and 45miles in depth. Horizontal oceanic currents progress and regress in hesitation.

Damp air sweeps the owner's eyelids. It ruffles the hair on their forehead. Vapourish moisture accompanies the air and gently jostles them into the night of the outdoor party. On the ground there were lots of sand.

Feet sink in, imprinted into the sand. Few of them large sized, many medium. Others are two feet of different sizes. They encircle each other, impress on, beside each other. Sometimes at the top, other times at the bottom. Some feet erase the other such that you couldn't tell where one foot began and ended.

There was lots of sand on the owner's palm, elbow, and neck. Grimy plastered ruminant sand pebbles. They attempted to dust off and still they lingered on both palms and the left cheek.

In attendance were multiple legs. Several dancing, walking, and moving around. Beginning from the ground there were upper bodies holding hands, dancing in pairs, in groups. Bodies sitting on chairs with one table in the centre. Chairs askew, chairs that had been moved from one table, to another, to this one. Chairs upturned, broken, discarded, empty.

Bodies on the stage singing, playing talking drums, bass guitar, keyboard, and a drum set.

Next to where the owner sat, there were two canopies adorned with strings of lights. A bulb under each canopy tent. Four poles held up each tent as voices joyfully rallied in a prolonged chorus.

Momentarily the owner was hoisted up by Feyisayo. They carelessly chuckled, followed up with soft laughter, then glee as if they could see a future where happiness was perpetual. In quick succession was the transfer of sticky sand on the face, arms that held, lifted, and joined in laughter.

Light Angles

The owner closed the first white door instinctively and darkness was complete.

They have done this severally.

Put on the light, put off the light.

Close the door and put off the light.

Open the door and put on the light.

Not thinking was what preceded the completeness of this darkness followed by an internal exclamation of wow as of the mozzarella cheese dipped in olive oil, bell pepper, rosemary, and basil leaves. The exclamation progressed to another complete darkness when they switched off the light in the room while getting ready to go to sleep at 23:17 pm because they wanted to wake up by 6:30am. The wow was occasioned by realization of movement. The stealth movement of darkness.

Paths filled with streaks of starry lights are preferred, desired. Darkness is close because it's already there.

Face to face with darkness, stand up to see it at full height and flick on the switch, flood of light – too bright.

Flick off.

On the right turn on the silver lamp switch – still too bright.

Turn off.

Locate the black torch, press button down, 100% beam
- bright.

Press down a second time 50% - better.

Press down a third time, 40% - that's the lowest.

The next button reintroduces night.

Tonight's negotiation with darkness is complete.

Tafawa Balewa Square (TBS)

The owner folds at the center of the 5ft mounted dirt. It's been leveled at the very top with only space for one person. They fiddle round the patch of dirt for a spot. It takes time getting comfortable in the space provided. The dirt lessens, the dirt disappears. It vanishes from the owner's standing place.

2ft north are two concrete types. An old and new one, rough and smooth surfaces. Sand, fractured concrete stones sharper on the new, shrouded on the old, as of scars hidden, scars relinquished, never relinquished ones. Scars disremembered till new scars prod old ones, conveys pain unto back of the head.

There are two upturned carts abandoned for days, they touch the cart, temperature freezes, amplifies the cold in the owner's blood stream. They reach and extend presence. The Hex #300030 tyres at the back run forward, forward and still, two forward stills and a moment of silence for the people who desire to move and can't. The wants but cants.

The owner recollects their crystallike desires, teleport from Osapa London into the middle of Jupiter. In each celestial constellate far away, unattainable, erotic and blinding as of a silver blindfold. Blazing on the inside and outside. All the unattainables are glorious.

Main Street

The owner glides from tuesday's five-striped intersection to a maize farm. The moment they realize they are on a farm they are back in the wide intersection. The farm stretches the length of the intersection. At 90 degrees this intersection is 18.6m and 61 ft crosswalk length. Zero cars wait at or approach the stop sign as the owner waits at 60 degrees of the intersection.

The owner further glides down main street, the cryptic street causes a split into two persons. One monitors concrete floor, the second person is airborne chasing an old road. They take each step one fraction behind each other as of a mobile glitching display.

They both take a left turn into 185th, you have to laugh at the irony of the numerically pleasing street signs that bring no certainty, direction or comfort. They tell you where you are but not where to go. You have to make the choice.

The second owner glides two streets ahead to see if anything is known. If they have something positive to bring back, sadly nothing. Darkness mostly. The first owner and the second owner meet at 145th intersection. They blend into one as a familiar pattern emerges.

Spices

The morning of the wedding, at 5:00am Mrs. Martins asked them to come outside, to help with the cooking. When you are needed for a special occasion, your body with that knowledge provides you adrenaline to execute any task. In a short and tee, they asked, “what do you need ma” “oshey” Mrs Martin replied. She needed tomatoes, chicken, beef, gas stove top and gas cylinder. Most especially she needed the spices, bay leaves, thyme, curry, maggi, ginger, garlic, onion, without which the food won’t be sweet. The spices called them in, the people who stopped to voice their congratulations, “emi wa a shope - we will have more to celebrate in our lifetime” The spices informs them there’s a celebration – life, birth, death, remembrance, or union is going on.

“I could smell what you were cooking from outside, it smells so good” Fola said, and the owner remembered Mrs. Martin and her recipe the owner was trying to recreate. Although indoors, the scent had escaped, and drew Fola in. She would be proud.

Half Pressure

Freshness in the morning at river oruka. Our smallness in the midst of nature is why we come and return. The owner went in search of surface transitions, concrete, asphalt, broken/tattered roads. The car rushes through paved parts as of an announcement of a place within a place. It's for a short while. There's a stop and a turning off the vehicle. In transit they could only hear the engine, crunch of the tires against unpaved miles, point of contact between the ground and the tires of the car. When they stop silence extends for miles. The owner shouts, their voice ends in the air moments before it disappears and rejoins the rest of the silence. Silence is crisp, alive and available. They apply half pressure on the sand beneath their feet, ordinary is amplified by nature's silence, waiting. Surrounded by nature, the silence available in nature distinct from the silence indoors - within enclosed spaces. Silence in nature is pregnant, full of answers, comfort, knowing. Silence and nature know historical order. They ask questions and promise answers. They both allow a view of the owner, allow an assessment of what, want. They make space for a voice existence outside confines.

Veiled and Sharp

Everyday is what the optometrist said in answer to how often. New test, frames, the owner's concerned about weight and length of wear, not usefulness, ability to correct.

Three months later these are things they have lost so far. Vividity of interior, exterior, distance, a retraction of everything - exit signs, floors, pen, pencil, mouse, keyboard, elevator, 0.2 meters of stumbling, adjustment, acceptance.

What's been gained so far - infrequent morning panics when they can't immediately recollect where they last placed the frame. Scrambling, prodding the bed sheets and hoping they are not broken. Without, the headaches are only on the fence for three days. They would be back with a fierceness worse than the last one. A gradual loss of color, having no way to clear the deepening yellow. Daily assessment of what's lost is the ownership of the stained white.

These choices of dismissal, theft of sensation, sight. Losing without knowing to keep the headaches away.

Somedays, to fight veiled existence they take off the glasses to remember how to see everything, take everything in as intended. When the sting at the edge of their sight begins, it's time to put on the veil.

Rocking Chair

Red sand stretches both sides of the lane on the impassive road enroute Ado-Ekiti's pavilion. Nothing moving to and fro, if anything moved at all the owner has misremembered this piece as with the others. On the wide road that's become caked and cracked. In the uneven middle spots sharp by reason of oxidation which occurs naturally and creates jagged bumps under one's feet. When you imprint more than you are now - an extended impression under your feet as of a red bright mark that travels from top to bottom of the foot. The question is the list of the questions that plague without respite that day and today. These bright marks result in examination of the interior, assessment of self untouched, displayed, safe, understood, not understood hence concealed. Crisis that follows retraction, conversation that's unoptional as the one on this page about bright and grey existence.

Strangers

Landmark beach made its presence known before the owner approached. Announced itself in the still, chill, pregnant, cool, fresh, spicy air. The metallic taste carried from tongue to belly, it sliced through the nostrils. The air, their hair damp, moments later dry. The air did to the body different from the hair. It brought with it a solemnness common for the owner which was deepened. The heaviness in the cold air impressionable. Sharp air, focus, translates into belly laugh, spring walks on damp sand. Here other bodies present are closer, are family. Present in these few hours are held gazes, upward smiles, nods of acknowledgment, inch people movements. Red, blue coolers with white lids come out, portable speakers, calls to join other parties are made, the air turns warm, proceeds the sunset.

All Thing

Not immune to the sparkle of sunrise. Unexempt from the sheer vastness of the horizon unquantifiable and stretching within and beyond sight. Part of the millions of people who have found purpose in the tanginess, freshness, sweetness of the morning. The thing you feel, feel alone are in other's words. Here's a proof/evidence/diagnosis of the one feeling that exists in the millions who house these sentences. The owner is sentimental, too much even. It's good to have felt than not to have felt at all but what to do when you feel everyday, every encounter with objects, people. A circular sinking sand, pair of hands in the air to be saved from this reaching out, reaching within.

All the things you find, you find in others. Things you are you find with other people's words. To care, listen, create space, be alive, cherish, hold on, trying and can't change, so you shuffle between like, love and dislike for this heart and head.

Page Recap

Eyes open from the unfamiliar place that shifts from black, grey, cream, and monochrome at the last minute. The micro minutes before the eyes roll forward and regain consciousness. When eye lids flicker, flipping pages. An extension of a book, one half of a book leaf. Single, simultaneously flickering. Up for consideration are the ceaseless possibilities and non-existence of spaces in between pages.

Pages move a fraction of a repeat left, another right and something's been missed. A brilliant thought escaped. There's a waver to reach for or leave it. Some thoughts relentlessly evade capture, entrapment. Several attempts consist of a ballpoint pen, paper, recorder, journal, meditation, extended silence, staring at the white ceiling, and a waiting out. The results were repeatedly incomplete, fractured, fragmented, splintered, ruptured. Other times, defective, corrupt, and changed. Changed into movement away and backward from the central thought.

Thoughts are like smoke, you either have a screen, paper, napkin, a palm, a something in front of you when they arrive across the seat of your mind or enjoy the memory of what feels like passing joy. Not light joy – a smirk, brief smile. It's the no reason one with no peak or low. It settles and temporarily pools in the middle of the chest.