O-JEREMIAH AGBAAKIN

the passage: i, morpheus. amorphous.

i make my wraith-home in a dream: i, morpheus. amorphous
where the moon sends confetti of fireflies even as it wanes
to a sickle. sanguine as the ebb revealing cowrie shells
& fossil footprints, as it draws back across the sandbank.

the sea has stopped howling. a kite flies into my dream
with its tail missing. & that’s no omen. in the mirror,

my image takes after me. we stand on both portals,
two generations separated by flimsy glass. the glow

worms die in the night. & that’s no omen, but the sun
creaking through darkness. the glass & i take our life

even from this same old sand. & for all our puffing,
gravity is God’s gambit. i inflate my air bladder long

enough to sigh a blessing. i find my rooting on the cold
tiles & stained glass. i surrender, an earthenware kilned

in the shape of the potter’s mind & the crater of hunger,
between the firewood burning under & a rapturous broth

frothing towards heaven. bubbles ballooning, clanging
the pot cover on the rim like a steam-powered cymbal

& it goes: ikòkò tí’ò j’ata. . . .fire destroys all hunger. . .
if i sleep long enough, i might wake to the next life.

God, kiln me into a flower vase. an oil lamp with its
tongue, one with a flame slurring from its spout—
never settling into the tyranny of an eye. it takes its life from palm oil & a teasing wind. the oil is ordinary until the groom arrives. my time will come & i’ll be formless. amorphous. i, morpheus. like a primordial god eeled in & out of water, a voice sparking the first light ...idi rè á kókó gbóná: ... fire precedes a platter of gold.