

## 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: *ìkòkò 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—

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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  
...̀di rẹ́ á kókó gbóná: ... *fire precedes a platter of gold.*