

Three Poems

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Fossilization into Sonnets

wet providence that weans me off scrawling
this belly-flat on a tough lawn at the
rate termite words my body. gas, stuck within their
trachea in serendipity with my previous life how I hoard sourstuff &
implode—attempting to rid myself of hiccups unaware of a mutation
that sells me prey to
natural selection where I'm survived by bug bites.
the many precipitation to ward off
the mining bees, salty with sulfur tacked
to my forehead asking after what gas
powers me If I still resort to the crime
of self-arson? such greenhouse effect
the shapes traced to my bruise,
crosshatching
like subsets cropped from a Venn diagram:
this topic that refuses grasping in ways
that ropes me in/instead.
I—a subject that triggers grief.
a maths for your distress even God
dreads my almighty formula for rot
It is evident in the malodorous grassland.
I evolutionary biology I callous
maceration of tulips I catalyst for
fervent labefaction smashed onto a
sonnet of ploughed verses by means
of burrowing hands.
hands, soil calculative of rot

in hour that stinks of usual,
hands apportion my mess harmed by a
toughness that doesn't stop the liquefying
of this poem
I faith a stubbornness that outfoxes my
boiling point where how I'm resolute is
how I join in the religion.
how the moth will axe my ribs
to a harmonica prizing the small
bone of longing how I'm fast
becoming the zeitgeist of a prairie wolf pestling this lawn, belly-flat
vulnerable to mud-dialect with the arena in
tepid and inconsistent language: patter
& persons unbelieving of my sapience, yet
receptive to thoughts that I am breed of a
higher knowledge come what I
went through.
always this hands that gives me off.

hand
as verb doubling their shifts
replenishes hand
as a field does, when grazed upon
sprouting a fern that blades through to
revisit nuclear hands.

to be answerable to the furnace that mediates
sun
as a lad announcing his birth place
retain ownership of your hands.

to learn a wilder form of your own
existence
curtail excesses of same hands &

allow we in our spiritus mundi toil in rough permission what's left, with hands.

On some Shapeshifts, I Wish Myself a Ferrous Poise

glossy with aging, in that green conceited morning.
rot terrifies me.
fossil, barrelling through my measured loin.
I conserve light at the slightest crack of dawn,
from things that pass for broken:
my delicate mother. the thunderstick upshot high,
where greening kites in rebellion. where if we must be virtuous; it must be now.
how we pollinate the tortuous air,
feigning aerobic to a sky laced with gravity—ebbing towards collapse.
lonesome apocalypse, armageddon bred.
I kneel into every war root-roughened, land grabbing,
naming each soil after my fingerprints seeding long stains.
tuber crop nurses no wish for height & crutches:
costumes that come natural as I, inactive in this vegetative state,
retiring from life on a third limb. once, young saps take turn in mockery,
unknowing a body like mine would sudden on them.
I long for rebirth in a nursery of shrubs.
I long for company, for the effrontery of gulping spaces.
going barefaced each dig from the trowel, with a knowledge that'll stem on fertile lips.
A youngling resumes adulting; too ripe for joy, too healthy with risk fruiting loudly.
permit me all that productivity for each moment grief finds me, spineless,
witnessing my elasticity when I stretch to bear all of that strain, that plantain exhaustion.

Forest Maths

Dawn in graphics:

a brightly cropped cloud takes dew across the length of a waxed May, left undated
like a girl refusing to repeat her skin.

raw light greens me to fed wisdom, stunned by a famished desire.

this much piety to sun, all for my faultless photosynthesis.

nothing is fertile than this hardship.

I attend the wild reserve of oxygen to exist.

stuck to a cylinder & inhaling of rich aura.

at dusk, for want of grape, I did a heartless thing.

life, snapped soon as the smashing of quick thumbs

ending a sapling peeled from the underbrush of dead nails.

blood massing the infinite length of my palms, like the alarming of a red text.

I say this with all aspects of my tear gland, death-eager as a budding poet.

I have seen absence become a metaphor for loss & decay.

time sorts the almighty formula for rot.

I'm elsewhere, happening to you as a puzzle

stalking you through the forest maths of trees & feral surd

like a topic for your distress.

what branch of thought triggers grief?

In the tongue-lolling umami of words, I'm a lad teething in honeyed places.

allow me this branding of dental relish.

we'd have more nights to worry about the sweetness of being veggies.