

Time Travel

I bring a fistful of barbed wires for the love of my life;
Brother, date & pine-apple blend. I believed in him.
In you, tender & antique dream, where your mouth opens,
clockwise & a paper spear fills my left hand.
I strip off my bravery & become this glass of water,

not to play dead or alive but to start with all of my failings—
as human rowing towards rock, my lungs filled with bodies.
Here, I make a bed & river across the lifeline of my palms.
My wounds ferry us across doors, between visions
of your closing up & the opening day. I sing in the character

of the precious lamb. I walk through the doors into
another wound. Here, I am comforted. Here, I seed sleep dust
out of our marrows, yours a little more than the gems of
crushed dreams. Little acts of returning weight with love.
Bismillah, I caress you in pace. In drive. In the gold dirtiness
and pendulums of the lagoon. Your name rolls away into moss

and birches; into sap and stars. Loam and wildfires,
the 5am conversation of sky. Leaving in time is
the beginning of many new things. At least nothing
dies when it is in the earth; in the arms of our dancing mothers.
Make space for me for each pull of gravity inside my mouth.

Each lung-sized body has a name that is long-suffering. Start talking
about, I tell myself. The river on my palms have made a horizon
on this spear-paper. A moral of dawn: my body is time travel.

Come down, where were all the garlic & onion children?
We survived our lives, as heads of matchsticks;
as failed transfigurations of Moses & Elijah, brother.

All of us little ones now deal in weights. My friend's
baby turned into a goddess of appreciation in her
sweet years, with a gift that beat the purity of volcanoes.
Of prayers & fasts. A different spectrum of light.
We tried to be what the small world wanted. I love you

& it will always be water, without a shelf-life.
Here's blessed water. Here's a menthol candy.
Your last word leaves me in open conversations with bodies
synonymous with space. Canopies. Ceiling-to-floor windows.
Goodnight, the seasoning of God's eye, for the faults
of our lives. My wall clock is ticking.

***OsyMizpah Unuevho** recently completed a first degree programme in Geology. The following describes him: rocks, poetry, photography collector, the road between Lagos & Minna; the roads and wide places he is yet to traversed, a keeper of swallows, a playlist of indie-alt-rock-shoegazing. He has works with Praxis MagOnline; Lunaris Review; PIN (Poets in Nigeria) and elsewhere.*



The Pangolin Review, Issue 10, May 8, 2019