

Drift

nothing makes
a man look stupid
like wanton misery
and consistent failure.
And love.

i tell you, dear reader -
not because i have drank sour wines;
not because i have seen the sky bleed;
not because my memories have grown
grey beards and have become arthritic;
i tell you this to show you the vanity
behind having an human existence.

if you see a man crying, run!
his soul is filled with shadows.
his memories are naked and silty.
run! - before the heaviness spreads and
make you a city beneath the earth.

truth is: the mind of every man is filled with grief:
consisting of sorrows that sting like desert arachnids and
hurt like the jests of blasphemous demons.
we hide our pains behind our teeth everyday,
praying in dense notes for death to run away,
waiting for God to show his face in the clouds.

another truth is that happiness requires sacrifice.

it is the reward for hearts
that have chosen to ignore pain
and learnt to live in a world
filled with dangling windows,
punctured destinies, broken stories,
false friends, envied pedestals,
desolate cities and empty rooms.
happiness is not for cowards.
be illumined.

War

let us draw light
and curse the
night and her evils.

let us drink wine
and make our
women burn in love.

let us taste death
and resurrect
to see the glossy sun.

Rigor Appetit

life is a banquet hosted by God.
death: the irresistibly majestic dessert.
all shall eat; all must dine: forever.

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