

MOUNT ORGASM

ehi zogie

SEVHAGE Poetry Chapbook 2017

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An Imprint of VERSHAGE Enterprises

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MOUNT ORGASM

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A RAY OF LIGHT; A FOREWORD OF FORWARD ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The moment I took to releasing the first fruit of my boring labour of art, in print and/or electronic formats—to grant it the liquid status "published", I told the ever smiling God in my mirror I'd keep on doing that till there's no breath left in me, and that, per annum, I shall release at least a book, print or electronic.

In the fall of 2016, Servio Gbadamosi and Ikechukwu Nwaogu (alias Eye Kay) saved me the shame and trouble of breaking that divine vow, as we, a blessed trinity of Creatives-in-fellowship at the Ebedi Writers Residency completed and let out of its bag (and published, in digital) the sexy kitten that is *A Half-Formed Thing*, an offspring of love and its un-identical twin—in verse and serpentine narratives. To Eye Kay, in Igbo, *daalu nke ukwu, Chukwu gozie gi*. And Servio, you know how we roll, *mo dupe lowo yin lopolopo*.

Willingly to keep to that covenant of the day of letting out my first fruit, I promised God and man I'd release Mount Orgasm by the fall of 2016 or spring of 2017. And floreat! My publisher and editor did not fail. Su'eddie Vershima Agema of SEVHAGE Publishing, I say thank you plenty plenty for the news, for calling on that cool night ante-February-One to say: the harvest is ripe... May Aôndo richly bless you too for your seeming endless labour of love.

Mount Orgasm is an experimental poetry of sex and the sexiness of man, is a collage of uncensored erotic verses raw and hot as reaching cloud nine after long rapturous sweet tempos of sex, IK—and later—Servio calls "Konji Poems" (whatever that means). It is my hope and prayer that the verses herein purify you, beloved reader, like living water, like the Euphrates, living spring that wets and drowns and cleanses to unveil certain things concealed in dry pants beneath/between body and soul.

Straight as the street called Straight (in the Bible), in Mount Orgasm I have taken the many sexual personalities and preferences that be (for the sake of equal rights and justice and love whose living water I am), and for the sake of the art and aesthetics of my songs and sermons in this chapbook. So don't be disappointed or sentimental when you find a feminine me (made over) versus a masculine me collaged in a photo at the Author's bio section. No homo please, *for real mben*.

And though I hold no day sacred or special, I think I no longer own *Mount Orgasm*, and since the new owners—you, you and you—hold sacred, as special, certain days, I herein humbly state: that I grant ultimate rights of publishing to SEVHAGE to release on February 14 2017 this giant cum of sensuous emotions that is *The Geometry of Sex* on and about the fields and valleys and black holes surrounding *Mount Orgasm*. That I henceforth hold no more claims to you, beloved Mount Orgasm, this celestial Geometry of Sex for you are now public property.

So, hearty cheers to illumination and to new and more and more discoveries.

The long awaited party jollof is finally ready, enjoy!

Obilu nosen. Mungode sose. Danke. Gracias. Merci beaucoup. Asante. Shukraan. Xiexie. Ngiyabonga. Enkosi.

And ps: apologies your way if you perchance did not find, above, my thank you in your native tongue, just help yourself and I by imagining a calm and soft voice, like one from Adele or Simi, singing a gratitude song—in your native tongue—into your ears, believing that that cherubic voice can only come from the high heavens of—

Yours in service & love,

Ehi Zogie (February 2016)

for Osemen

*remember how you
on mount orgasm
spoke Kiswahili
like it's your mother tongue*

epistle I
sermon on the mount

the river we pretend we do not swim in, will someday drown us

mount orgasm

remember how you
on mount orgasm
spoke Kiswahili
like it's your mother tongue
how you coined sweet names for god
inviting him into your body
as you hit mount orgasm's peak:
the very last mile of *cloud nine, heaven vii*
how you later prayed God to purge you
begged him to forgive you from leftover lusts for
scent & sex of certain flowery soaps
that you were sorry, perhaps
not really sorry, for
you almost stoned yourself to death
for cumin' too soon

i.

on mount orgasm

god is a goddamn guard

and lord—a lad

der of

sugary exclamations

melting in the mouth

ii.

on mount orgasm

you encounter a god in trinity

you find her in

a mist of sexy breaths

a merger of moans

a lover's silence afterwards

iii.

This is how you treat a woman right.
You unfold
lyrics after lyrics as songs in your head
and chorus her aloud to the world.
You do not hold back any part of you.
You treat her like an addiction.
Then you watch her trend, top the charts.
A woman is the classic you return to.
You just can't have enough.

epistle II

music on the mount

you leave and
music becomes noise

you kiss me i stutter
and i'm wet like
someone opened a tap
in my pants

you peel me

i peel you

you ride me

i ride you

i dress me

you dress you

the voice
magnetizes and enchants like yours
on mount orgasm
i follow it note after note
and i'm lost in a god

peel me
layer after layer
dump my skin
in a trash can
done peeling me? slowly
take me in
 bit
by
 bit
bite
 after
bite
i'd pass through pathways
in your mouth—
the masticated me
down your throat
with sweet gulps of saliva

your body is holy scripture
your tongue, a room of verses
that lifts the soul as psalms
when we make love
you reverence a god like david
and make holy a lover's body
you're a (wo)man after god's heart

you exclaim *oh my god*
please don't stop, yea
yea oh uh ah this is so so good
in the voice of an angel
you call jesus *sweet*
you're my music box
with you sex is performance art

let my tongue search for answers to the
endless questions stuffed in your mouth
allow me finger the piano of your body
strum on the cello between your thighs
strike your chord, octave you in a combo
of keys—major, minor, flats and sharps,
clef the curves like secrets on your body
slur in an interlude to tempo your g-spot
as i tongue the pink of your honey pot to
free the songs in you beloved music box

the same fingers
ice your cake
bake your bread
make you moan & say *faster, deeper*
and you call me *honey*
and i'm wondering if it's me
or the cake, or the bread
or the fingers kneading you

you left the purple of
your lips
on the mouth of my tea mug
thank you for the art

i've been praying the rosary
since you left
the beads, glued to my fingers, seem endless
like the distance between me & god

epistle III

geometry of sex

fold me

unmake me

satisfy me

is your lover all

di

men

sions

to beauty

only when you want

a fuck

ing body

and nothing more

we argue sex and
the sexiness of a god
on bed
we are naked
in this search
this endless search for a god
and more gods
in the climax

isn't it hell crazy
how we fold & unfold
into shapes unthinkable
how we make & unmake self
how we well& bell body & soul
how we in vain dig big rigs for a god

naked
you stand
facing a mirror in the silence of a bathroom
exploring a god
envying his abs
eyes fixed to nipples bold and pointed
and for once
a god is a man like a woman too tempting to resist
you do not consider it sin touching self
within the ambits of the law

the science of a lover's body
begins with an art of exploring yours
alone when the air of the room charges
you reinforce your last work of art—abstract
wet tongues for paint brushes in secret places
searching for spots on the canvas that is a body's
selling point, points that'd require more than fingers
and tongues; points that would cascade into peaks
you sometimes will not reach open-eyed

perhaps sex is the fruit forbidden in eden
perhaps lucifer the wise serpent was right
sexfucking opens the eyes
at climax we become gods

THOUGHTS

‘poetry is a religion i subscribe to; here comes a prophet from within’

Malumfashi Ibrahim

‘now that’s a place to be’

Shittu Fowora

‘mind blowing’

Emem Alexandra Akpan-Nya

‘this is art’

Farida Adamu

And Finally Beloved, About Me

Perhaps my undoing, more than a dozen people I have encountered think and call me a weirdo. Sometimes, I help broaden and simplify this very deep, yet drab, definition of me. Here and now—for a more universal definition, pure without any whiff or single puff of bias— I herein so declare: that, I am Ehi Zogie, a certain miscalculated big bang cannoned into the Now of Here, and the Here of Now—from some ancient space of solid dreams and magical [un]realities; a fallen star blinking the overwhelming blue of splendour; a fallen star which will definitely live and outlive its blinding shine, that very massive blast soon to come. Ehi hates titles and pukes over such things called “deep.” Things whose bottoms the hands or feet or mind cannot easily reach or touch or feel, without getting drained and/or drowned; deep things like wells and seas/oceans/ or certain poetry that reads like drug prescription a scraggy-looking doctor hurriedly scribbled on a patient’s bloodstained diaper, in a strange tongue. Simple turns Ehi on, drives him crazy like sex, floats him smooth and clear of air-bumps, like the “way which seemeth right unto man (and methinks you know the rest) ...”. Or maybe breeze him high up towards the heavens, perhaps—for those who really believe in the simplicity and magic of grace— count Ehi out. Fondly called *Fulani boy*, Ehi sometimes causes trouble on Twitter @fulanibuoy and while the matchstick he’s lit glows and grows wild like forest fires ready to kiss and eat and devour body and soul, he scampers into Facebook, and applies for asylum. And almost always granted, Ehi overtime becomes too settle like the mind of water in a brook, too satisfied with this adopted Egypt of Facebook and forgets the Canaan of Twitter and its river of memes flowing with milk and honey.

So if you worry about Ehi too much, you can also follow him on Facebook by gently tapping and softly kissing Ehi’s purple lips via www.facebook.com/ehizogieizeomoan. And should you stop seeing his piercing tweets and Thinking Tomorrow hashtags on Facebook, just say a word of prayer for him, perhaps he has again mistakenly lit another match, this time at both ends, one burning Facebook, the other raising down the city of Twitter, till the fire reaches The Special One Who Comes Only To Steal And To Kill And To Devour, who’d definitely come roaring and raging back and tearing after Ehi like the roaring lion that he is; tearing and tearing, until Ehi withdraws himself, into the safe heaven inside of him. And he overcomes, and will always overcome by “the power of the lamb and the word of his testimony.” Yes! This Ehi overcomes and will overcome the world and worlds, and beyond.

