



OYENIJI SADEEQ

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POETRY  
&  
FLASH FICTION

BLACK DIARY II

THE VIRUS IN MY HEAD

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To everyone who has helped me in one way or the other, no need to mention names, you know yourselves.

The body belongs to me. Still I feel like a spectator, lost in someone else's chaotic mind. A ghost in a shell.

- Oyeniji Sadeeq.

# PART ONE: POETRY

## THE VIRUS IN MY HEAD

I became lost in my world.

I called out to you, the only person who understands me.

You are nowhere to be found.

I am aware you don't want to be found.

You have grown tired of me and my insane thoughts.

You left me.

I called out into the world.

And she came into my life.

She doesn't know it yet, but I am a burden.

She keeps urging me, she wants to know what goes on in my head.

She reminds me of you, always eager to find out.

Soon, she finds it's too complicated to understand.

I hope she stays.

But they never do.

## THEY LOOK THE SAME TO ME.

Boys and lies, a match made in heaven.

They come with blissful promises, to the delight of the heart.

“I couldn’t stop think of you”

Such words sound genuine, only in the movies.

Still they sound catchy, knocking me off my feet every time.

“I will be with you till the end of time”

Those words mean nothing to them.

Preying on every girl that walks past them.

Lies and heartbreaks, I have become accustomed to.

Who is real, and who is not.

I am unable to tell.

They look the same to me.

NOTHING JUSTIFIES WRONG.

I couldn't tell the difference then.

I certainly can't tell the difference now.

I was just seven.

I couldn't even spell my name properly.

How was I to know she was taking advantage of me.

Touching me in places I just found out are meant to be private.

She made me watch every time she had her bath or dress up.

She even made me eat her.

I thought such things are ok.

Since there was no one to caution her.

I did the same to my seven year old niece.

And it landed me in jail.

I wasn't satisfied with making her watch.

I went a step further and took her raw

Maybe I knew I was wrong, I just didn't see why.

NB: SUCH ACTS ARE NOT ACCEPTABLE, MAKE SURE YOUR KIDS REPORT TO YOU, IF ANYONE AS MUCH AS TRY TO TOUCH THEIR THIGH.



## TRAUMA

How do you convince a girl who has witnessed violence all her life,  
And make her see the good in everyone.  
How does her parents convince her,  
They fight and curse one another, to show love.  
How does she convince herself,  
She can build a home filled with happiness and forget her traumatic past.  
For someone who has been despoiled on three occasions,  
Forced into child labor,  
And grew up in an abusive home,  
Only God can save her now.

## BEAUTY MEETS BEAST.

The first time I met Sade.

I gave her something to keep her awake at night.

Calm, reserved, soft spoken, those were the images I portrayed.

It wasn't a charade.

That's the real me.

She walked up to me, a devilish smile on her face.

She met my gaze with intense fire.

Her posture promising a lifelong of bliss.

A goddess in short skirt and skimpy top.

We spoke for a while, I bemused her with my lonely adventures.

"Call me" she slipped a paper into my pocket.

I was going to call her.

In fact I wanted to, but I know girls like her,

They seek excitement, and when they don't get it, they move to the next person.

I guess she knew guys like me, she called.

SKIT ONE.

Welcome to the mid-morning show on bookfreez radio, I have here with me Mr. Oyeniji aka Uncle Bobo, a writer and a game developer, we will be asking him some questions.

Interviewer: Sir, how do you describe love?

Uncle Bobo: For me, love is pain. Love is an intoxication that makes you do unthinkable things for someone or something. Love is pure bliss. Love makes senseless, you forget yourself in the presences of the one you love. But, love happens in a book or a movie.

Interviewer: Sir, are you saying you have never been in love.

Uncle Bobo: We are Africans we don't fall in love. We lose our minds when we are fascinated by something.

Interviewer: I think that's another way to describe love.

Uncle Bobo: Arguing with you will be futile, it appears you have made up your mind about love. Let's move to the next question already.

## BEAUTY AND HER BEAST.

“What did you see in me?”

Even today I had to ask.

Taking me to a party to show off.

All around us are big boys.

With big dog tags and fancy wrist watches.

I knew your answer.

You say the same thing every time I ask.

You smiled and my heart skipped a beat.

“You make me feel alive, something they can never do.”

You slid your hands gingerly around my neck,

Drew me closer and whispered into my ear.

“Without you my beast, this beauty is nothing.”

Your words sent chills down my spine.

## MASK OFF.

You haven't stopped singing 'Mask Off'.

Since the whole house found out the landlord was cheating on his wife.

We've been married for how many years.

'One year'

And you still don't trust me.

Instead you are listening to the landlady, and her senseless talk.

'Every man is the same as the next one, they can't be trusted, and it's in their DNA.'

You can't cook, yet I accepted you.

Don't make me look for a sexy cook, with mad cooking skills.

## YOUNG AND STUPID.

Fifty missed calls.

At first it irritated me.

I swore not to ever pick your calls.

Until your text came in, telling me how much you loved me.

You were just twelve, eleven.

And I was thirteen.

I admired your courage and doggedness.

I played hard to get.

If you want a fine boy, you have to work extremely hard to get him.

Five years later I am the one doing the chasing.

Fighting off hungry lions.

Ready to devour you.

With a figure like yours, no telling what men will do.

'What I felt for you back then was lust, moreover we were young and stupid'

You sure know how to land a punch line.

## BAD JOKE.

Everyone thought a joke is what makes you laugh your guts out.

Until Michael pretends to be dead.

And decided to stay that way.

Everyone laughed and cried all at once.

They said it was nothing but a bad joke.

Even has he was lowered him into the ground.

No one couldn't imagine it wasn't a joke.

## PROMISE IS A DEBT.

I started taking promises serious,  
When he promised to help me walk away from the trauma.  
Freshly raped.  
I saw everyone as my rapist.  
I rejected his offer to help,  
Still he never neglected me.  
I pushed him away and he kept coming back.  
I closed the door on his fingers once,  
And he almost lost a finger.  
I expected him to go away and never come back.  
Instead he smiled,  
And his smile melt my heart.  
How can someone be so stubborn.  
“Promise is a debt” he said after the incident.  
He is crazy I tell you.



SKIT TWO.

Welcome back to the mid-morning show on bookfreez radio, still with me is Mr. Oyeniji aka Uncle Bobo.

Interviewer: Uncle Bobo, please tell me, can you die for someone?

Uncle Bobo: It depends on what I will be getting in return.

Interviewer: Dead people don't need anything.

Uncle Bobo: You funny gan, don't you know, if I die life goes on? So instead I pretend to be dead, and ask for a large sum to be transferred to an account in my name, for my family after my death.

Interviewer: That's scam!

Uncle Bobo: It's called improvising, olodo!

## **PART TWO: FLASH FICTION.**

## WILD AT HEART.

It took me five years to realize how much time I wasted in ghetto, smoking weed and drinking Jedi. How swiftly time flies; I loved to take the last drag, Claro, it tastes better than food.

I am filled with pride, every time I find out I have the last stick in the ghetto, and every hungry looking junkie wants to have a drag.

“Puff, puff, pass” I would say amongst smile and smoke, it feels good to be in control.

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My kid, he is just seventeen, rolling with boys older than teens. By the time he was eighteen, I couldn't tell him what to do anymore. He is the exact replica of me when I was younger, dreadlocks, and pink lips with large eye balls. My past has come back to haunt me.

## SECOND CHANCE.

"How VA, nigga. Let's get going.

"I don't think I am able to drive, I can't feel my face"

"No fear, you are a great driver, even if you've had a few drinks"

Somewhere deep down, I knew it was a crazy idea to drive in this state, what a funny thing drink does to you, it gives you superpowers.

"Ok, lead the way" we staggered to the car, giggling like call girls having massive fun. We haven't gone far when everything became blurry, I tried frantically to rub the goo away from my face, but I couldn't lift a finger, I was not ready to die, I don't want to die, slowly I fall deep into a black empty space.

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I fell into a white room. "D one!" I called out to my partner in crime, but there was no reply from him, still unable to move I tried to shield my eyes from the blazing white sun above my head.

"Am I in heaven?" I asked no one in particular, something was holding me down on both sides, and I couldn't move sideways to observe my environment.

"With the kind of state you were found, I don't think heaven would have accepted you" the voice was so close, I could have sworn it was my mind playing tricks on me, but why will my voice sound feminine and sexy.

"Am I dead?"

"You are not dead, and you are in the only place that accepts people like you. Hospital!" the figure came between me and the blazing white sun, I couldn't make out a face, she looked like shadow to me, the side effects of the blazing white sun. "You have been giving a second chance, if D one is the other guy with you, I am afraid, he isn't has lucky."

I sensed her leave the room, tears rolled down my eyes, "We should have stayed back at the hotel." I am going to hate myself for this, for the rest of my life.

## LOVE AND RESPECT.

“Who send you come!” Those words still haunt my sleep.

Life has a cadet in the military, could be compared to that of a slave. We were put through extreme brutality. We went through tests that have claimed the life of many, and turned many into psychotic monsters. The most important thing we were thought, is respect for the man next to you, and for the flag above you.

My love for my country became my blood, my food, down to every step I take.

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I hold tightly in my palm the only good memory I have of my regiment, a picture we took before going to war. They call to me every night for the past thirty years, calling on me to come join them on the other side of the world.

Death has deprived me a reunion with my comrades on many occasion. Today I will be taking things into my own hands, old and weak, what else is there to live for, I have seen it all. It's finally time to join my comrades.

MAGUN (THUNDERBOLT).

“Baba, my girlfriend they cheat on me, I never catch am, oh, but I know it”

“Waiting you want make I do for you now?” Baba Ajibodu asked, he is feeling uncomfortable in the room with this Femi character. Torn jeans, rough hair, red eyes, and purple lips. No different from the lunatic Seyi, on the next street. He reached into the calabash on his right. “Take, put am for ground make she cross am, anybody wey sleep with am, go drink water die ni.”

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“Sade! Abeg carry water come!” Femi shouted, after two big Eva bottled water, he was still feeling thirsty.

“Why are you drinking water like a camel na?”

“I no know oh” he lied, he wasn’t sure, but he knew what was going on. Baba Ajibodu had said, ‘anybody’. He knew what was coming next, and it scared him, he wasn’t ready to die.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR.

Oyeniji Sadeeq is a writer with a National Diploma in Computer Science.

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