

# FIDDLE FATHOMS

## *A Collection of Prose-Poems*

**By Victoria Ifeolu**

*Author of I Call My Sexuality My God: My Shampoo and My Watermelon Juice*

**&**

*She Needn't Kiss the Knife*

## **(Chapter One Poem One)**

### **Poem One: The First Brilliant Girl**

Her name was Jesutofunmi Oloruntoba

She was born into the family of Caleb Oloruntoba and Temidayo Oloruntoba

She had an older brother and a younger sister, making two siblings

Caleb was a successful Furniture-maker, while his wife was a professional Event-planner

Funmi (Jesutofunmi) was the first outstanding intellectual produced by her family

Now Funmi was very dedicated at home

She helped her mother with the cooking, the cleaning and even assisted with her mother's catering business

Sometimes, she would make dinner for the whole family without the input of anybody else

Despite these, Funmi was not only among the best in her class

Funmi topped the topper-most rung of her class' intellectual ladder

Her mother and father were the most popular entities in their community, based on their daughter's academic excellence

Caleb and Temidayo were the most popular couple in the church they attended based on Funmi's academic success

Funmi was known in the Hair Saloon her mother had introduced her to right from infancy, as the brilliant girl

Funmi was known among her father's apprentices (from whom her father protected her, by the way), as the brilliant girl

Funmi was known among her classmates in school and her classmates in church, as the brilliant girl

Funmi was known among the saucy ill-mannered Adult-Choir Members who looked down on pre-teenagers, as the brilliant girl

Funmi was popular everywhere she was popular, for her academic success

None among Funmi's siblings did well in school, except Funmi

Funmi's older brother, Babatunde was an average student, who could have perhaps led his classes had he taken school more seriously than video games

Funmi's younger sister, Folarin, was a struggling student despite her ear-straining attention in Math classes

Now none of Funmi's siblings was as committed to domestic activities as Funmi was

Yet Funmi excelled the most among her siblings in school

Because she wasn't equally committed to her intellectual life as she was to her domestic life

She was more committed to her intellectual life

And since she played the role of a secondary mother as far as the Oloruntoba house was concerned

She had the highest level of freedom

She was the brain-winner, the bread-maker, the bread-crumbs-cleaner, yet, the freest cranium of the family

Jesutofunmi was not only known to be intelligent, she was also renowned as the most beautiful girl in all communities she identified with

All the boys in her neighborhood; rich or poor; handsome or manageable, got snubs as concrete replies

No boy in her school dared approach her; Funmi the teachers' pet

She would turn in any love letter within the snap of a fingered breath to the first desk in the staff room

The boy would get flogged openly on the Assembly Ground

And then receive another round of flogging when he gets back home along with the disgrace he would have brought to his family name

No boy would want to risk all that (amounting to his entire life) just for a genius-girl, at his tender age

After all, they all wished they were geniuses

Those of them who were already genius, wished they were as genius as Funmi

Hence, a hint on who Funmi was: the genius above geniuses

Funmi the genius above geniuses

Funmi the beautiful genius

Now Funmi didn't make the mistake that her mother made when she (her mother) was her age

Funmi as at this stage, was just twelve years old and was still a virgin

Being a twelve-year-old-virgin in Nigeria was absolutely normal by the way

What wasn't normal anywhere in the world was to have been this pretty, to have been this sexy, to have had legs this hot, to have had a body this good, to have had curves this perfect, to have had a skin this radiant, and to have been this socially-pressured

(Not pressured by girls to sleep with boys

But pressured by the boys themselves coming in hot peppery trays of sandwiches to-stay and not to-go)

And yet have kidnapped your hymen in-between your ready-made chicken laps

Funmi's case was not the case of "My mama taught me good home training"

Funmi was introverted: even girlfriends would have been burdens on Funmi, not to talk of guys... or worse still, boys

Funmi was a self-obsessed/nature-obsessed introvert

Anything outside the world of introversion would have been a monstrous distraction for Funmi

Unlike her mother, Temidayo

Constituting Temidayo's more prominent school back in the day were her mother's Virginitude Lessons

Her mother would rant and rant on about how she would need that box to remain locked until the iconic wedding night

Other things like cooking and cleaning were not attributed to the wedding night, but a “sanctuary” called *ileoko*

*Ileoko* was one of the most popular compound words in the Yoruba language, which directly translated as “husband’s house”

Husband’s house, according to the basic understanding, was the place that kick-started with the wedding night

Its coverage sent the signal of a place-in-motion; a place activated by more responsibilities on the part of a woman than the man

From a perspective, the woman sacrificed and the man gained

From another perspective, the man and the woman engaged in sharply different ends of trade-by-barter

Anyway, the wedding night was the rudimentary rung of the supposed-to-be-paradise; *ileoko*

So Temidayo was taught by her mother to safeguard her virginity until when? The wedding night; until where? *Ile oko*

Temidayo’s mother offended her by reprimanding her in the before of her younger siblings

And the payback Temidayo resorted to was a sexual act with the only crazy guy in their neighborhood

Temidayo didn't know he was crazy; his friends protected him; his parents occupied high and mighty positions in their workplaces; again, his friends protected him

Temidayo found out this guy was crazy after having sex with him

It was painful; but it was too late

Worse still, it wasn't safe sex: they barebacked

That was the first revelation that got Temidayo used to her calendar

As she brainstormed, re-uniting her memory with her over-scratched-by-worried-ink calendar

To find out whether or not she had had sex with this guy during her ovulation period

And at the same time, the first discovery, which made Temidayo befriend the internet

As she carried out loads of research to confirm whether or not madness is sexually transmitted

None of these actions changed the fact that Temidayo had had sex with a madman

Of course, Temidayo didn't tell her daughter that she "had sex with a lunatic"

She simply confessed to have had a painfully-regretful sex with a guy who she shouldn't have had anything to do with

That story didn't inspire Funmi

It simply came across as the regular *Knock Knock* show the five-year-old her would caress on the screen along with the three-year-old Folarin and the seven-year-old Babatunde

Funmi didn't stay off boys based on any "virginity myth"

Funmi stayed off boys, because books and intellectual creativity in general, not human beings, appealed to her

Funmi could sing

Funmi could wine and twist her body

Funmi could play the piano

Funmi could catch up with a cheetah

Funmi could lead a wine-toast

What could she have wanted in people that she didn't have in herself?

The girl had every reason to keep to herself

She was the Queen of her own self; her own self having been the Queen of the entire world

Jesutofunmi Oloruntoba; there was nothing she couldn't do



## (Chapter One Poem Two)

### Poem Two: The Other Brilliant Girl

Oh yes, Funmi was not the only brilliant girl in the world: there were more

This one was too similar to Funmi for comfort or convenience

Her full name was Funmibi, but was seldom shortened to “Mibi”

Her parents were Rotimi and RolayoAlaba

Her father, Rotimi, was the Head Consultant of the University of Lagos Teaching Hospital

Her mother, Rolayo was beauty personified, which was no wonder she was a house wife

Rolayo was no illiterate: Rolayo had a university degree

Not just that; Rolayo graduated with a *Second Class Upper* in Economics

Rolayo as a young graduate (oh- she had an early education) found a hotel job

In the hotel she was working, she met Dr. Rotimi Alaba, the Medical Doctor who had attained early medical success (although had not become Consultant then)

The Medical Doctor who gapped her in age: of course, he was older

He was young, yet far older than her

(See how young a graduate Rolayo was)

The Medical Doctor who dumped his girlfriend of eighteen years to have not a taste, but a full lasting bite of Rolayo’s two-handed/two-legged tomato

In other words, Mibi's smart genes might not necessarily have come from her Medical-Doctor-father

Mibi might have inherited her genius from her Economist-mother who applies the little Economics she remembers to the scale of orgasms in Rotimi's bed and the demand curve of food complemented by the supply of blow-able semen

Anyway, Mibi didn't intend becoming a housewife like her mother- God forbid

At the same time (although not "God-forbid"), Mibi didn't aspire to become a Medical Doctor like her father

Instead, Mibi wanted to become either of two things

Mibi would be becoming a Lawyer if she would be staying in Nigeria for her tertiary education

If however, Mibi got a scholarship opportunity to study abroad (preferably, the US, the UK or Canada)

Mibi would be becoming a writer of all genres of Literature

Already, Mibi had started writing prose

At this point, Mibi had started writing drama

The only principal genre missing at this stage was poetry

The good news is that one can be trained to write poetry

These are resources that one would have access to in the developed world

But to gain access to the developed world is an achievement wrapped up in one word; "privilege"

Privilege is there; privilege is always there

But it's rare

Mibi wrote prose for her classmates to read

Mibi wrote drama for her classmates to enjoy

Her classmates loved her creative works so passionately that they competed to the point of engaging in (of course, trivial) physical combats just to read Mibi's literary pieces

Now Mibi, unlike Funmi, was extroverted

They were however still similar, as Funmi wrote too

The only genre of literature which Funmi indulged her ability in, was poetry

Funmi was more known for composing songs/creating music with instruments than any other extra-curricular activity

In this light, whenever it was time for Christmas Carol, during which period every class of the *Glory Ladder Secondary School*, automatically became a (talent or no talent) mass choir, Funmi was seldom pushed forward to lead Alto, to lead Soprano, to lead Tenor, to lead Bass and to lead twenty-second-century-invented parts

Mibi on the other hand, was the notice board's most glorious face; the school website's "Article Section's" co-best friend and *Glory Ladder's* creative writing star in general

Mibi was the "Article Section's" co-best friend, because someone was drawing with her

That person was Funmi

Indeed, the "Article Section" was not about music, but was however about intellect

Funmi and Mibi didn't have similar terms on what kinds of extra-curricular creativity they were best at

They however were core competitors at school work

Core competitors in their respective personal study rooms

Core competitors in public eye, as far as the *Glory Ladder Secondary School* was concerned

## **(Chapter One Poem Three)**

### **Poem Three: In-Between-The-Legs**

There was a brain you had to nurse

Before you became President-of-your-coursework

There were eyes you had to keep away from boiling sauce

Sometimes you had to exile yourself from the kitchen

In order to safeguard those pupils for study time

There was a salivating mouth you had to place on hold

In order to prevent yourself from staining your exercise book with soup

You didn't just have to work hard

There were sacrifices that you had to discipline yourself to make

In order to have come out as an intellectual star

You have to keep making these sacrifices

In order to maintain your spot in the intellectual world

Your brain is no different from the gap between your laps

The hole between your legs

Cherish that gap like you would cherish your brain

The gap between your legs

Mind who you let in; don't let just anybody in

The space between your legs

It doesn't determine your worth; you determine its worth

Make it worthy of protection to yourself

If you want to be conservative, conserve with zeal

If you want to be loose, please be loose with sense

Pretty girl, mind who you let into

The column between your legs

The vertical between your genitals

Watch who you let in

This is not about marriage

This is not about virginity

This is not about culture

This is about you

How much do your legs worth? They don't amount to your self-worth

But they have the potential to complement your self-worth, provided you want them to

Your legs and the gap they harbor are two different parts of your body, but they work together

The sweetest thing can make your legs swing; that's if it's sweet for you...and not for him alone (especially first times)

The point is, watch who you allow to make your legs swing

If you're not just anybody, you wouldn't merge with a nonentity

Even if you are a nonentity, respect yourself

## (Chapter One Poem Four)

### Poem Four: Technology Comes But a Few

So the Computer Science scripts were distributed on this day

It wasn't fateful, but it was a day

It was a well-earned day

The Computer Science scripts were distributed on this day

Everyone was more interested in Mibi's and Funmi's marks than in their own scores

Mibi's and Funmi's academic competition had become a Super bowl Halftime Show which had neither Beyonce nor Bruno Mars performing "Crazy In Love", but had two nerds fighting over the Trophy which dictated how enjoyable the Prize giving day would get

Even the parents of the other kids would after seeing their children's scores, render the curious quest; "who led the class between Mibi and Funmi?"

This worked in the merciful favor of the kids who were not doing well in the same class as Mibi and Funmi

Of course, their parents still expressed unhappiness with their poor performances

Nonetheless, the kids could easily divert their parents' attention from the discomfoting academic results by making mention of how Funmi beat Mibi narrowly to the Social Studies game

That would stir up the parents' curiosity as to who led the class in the overall academic compilation



The Family-Friend-Parents of Funmi's classmates would give Funmi's parents a nice warm call, the former probing the latter about the competitive wellbeing of Funmi

"I hope Funmi is still on the higher track"

"We desperately hope Funmi is gapping Mibi"

Likewise, the Family-Friend-Parents among Mibi's classmates' parents would call Mibi's personal cell phone and tell her worriedly

"We have heard from Gbenga that Funmi has outshone you in Introduction to Technology. Work harder to make up with other subjects and surpass this girl. She is not the only genius in the world: prove that to her"

If even the parents were heating up situations, what then could one say about the kids themselves?

The teachers just did their job... they just marked... really? Was that so?

Or were the teachers the most major aggravators of this heaven-must-fall competition?

Not that the teachers were sentimental; of course not: they followed their ethics to the letter

The sentimentality didn't show face until after the scores were recorded, in which case, the teachers ended up either disappointed or relieved

Among the teachers, there were Mibi fans and there were Funmi fans

Which between the two they worshipped didn't affect the marking or the recording process

To which of the two stars they ascribed their loyalty impacted nothing but their moods after the final output

So the Computer Science scripts were distributed on this day

After everyone saw their lousy marks and either glorified themselves, corrected themselves, slapped their very-own-foreheads or didn't give a lousy damn, the question that flew into the fluffy (or a better description still, cotton-candy-like) air was not

What was the highest mark? Or

Who led the class?

The question, rather, was

Was it Funmi or Mibi?

In the shortened version

Funmi or Mibi?

Their respective fans would rant peacefully and chant merrily

Funmi! Funmi! Funmi!

Mibi! Mibi! Mibi!

Or sometimes, cutting emphasis

Fun-mi! Fun-mi!

Mi-bi! Mi-bi!

Of course, Mibi had more fans than Funmi

Certainly, they were both arrogant

Certainly, they both had strong personalities

It was however not totally certain who the friendlier one was

The numbers of fans spoke for the situation

On this friendly Computer Science day,

Funmi had the perfect score in the exam

Mibi on the other hand was two marks short of the perfect score

Funmi's fans rejoiced for the awareness of Funmi's final-exam-victory

Funmi's fans were however rejoicing in unawareness of the fact that Mibi had recorded a higher-by-three cumulative-midterm-mark

Funmi knew this and was devastated by this, but she didn't say

She was matured enough to at that age, not say

She wanted them to rejoice on

And crown her as the public winner

While she shed invisible tears in the secrecy of her private defeat, which was, as far as Funmi's secret-keeping skills were concerned, going to remain confidential for as long as Computer Technology existed

## (Chapter One Poem Five)

### **Poem Five:** She's not on the Line, because she's A Genius

The worst ever value to inculcate into brilliant girls

Would be to teach them about *Ile oko* (husband's house)

You can teach the average girl about *Ile oko*, feel free, she probably would need that

You can teach mediocre ladies about *Ile oko*, who knows? You might be securing her future, as that would be the edge she would be building over mediocre guys

Don't you ever

Don't you dare

Don't do it

Don't dare it

On our knees we beg: don't teach genius-females to aim for that obnoxious place

Now the idea of the guarantee to have sex every night makes marriage an appealing concept worthy of practicability

The basic nut-turned-verb: the "s" word is confirmed by inappropriate-for-kids-but-somehow-won-over-by-teenagers reality shows to be awesome

This makes guys awesome only when they are being used and not the vice-versa

(Yes, there must be a used party, with the other party entitled by a username: this is the reality of relationships)

You can teach genius girls about boys; you can teach them about marriage

But please, let's not teach brilliant females about that sanctuary of redundancy; *ileoko*

Dare not to injure our pride

We form the genius pride in the V-shapes

In which the lionesses are stronger than the lions?

Well there are no lions to start with

No lions are allowed into this pride

You can teach us about the lions when teaching us about what to do when we go horny

But don't teach us that the lions would dictate the principles of our pride

Don't raise us to be or teach us that we are were-lions

We are not were-lions; we are lionesses

We are the predators; we are the successful hunters; we have never failed and we can never fail

We have hunted down breakfast

We have caught brunch

We have roasted lunch

We have sacrificed dinner for our cubs

We are all-rounded multi-talented heroines who have given meaning to "zero"

We are not the were-lions; we are the lionesses

We don't care about the story of creation

We care about our own story

We don't care about Theology; we don't care about History

We care about our desired reality; the utopian pragmatism we want to make into our own; the dystopia we are resiliently deconstructing; the honeymoon we are directing in our determined intestines; directing up into our bridal esophagus

We are different brides with a common bridal train

We have different home trainings but a common pride-of-brain

We think of our brains before we think of our hearts

We chase after Grammys, Oscars, Nobel prizes, Orange prizes, Coats-of-many-colors before we chase after boys

Boys are the leftovers of intellectual opportunities in the world

We use boys to celebrate our achievements: cheers-to-the-boys-of-back-in-the-day; cheers to the male prophets; cheers to the boys of current affairs; cheers to the chilling which led to the sexing

All being said, book first before bed

See? We got our own lives! Leave us alone

Let us have our fun; allow us to define our fun and live our own definitions

Stop encroaching into our intellectual privacies

Stop breaking the circle of our rectangular pride

We repeat; we are lionesses and neither the were-lions nor the bed-cubs of the lions

Let the lions be the lions and let us be us

When the lions want us, we decide whether or not we want the lions back, and then we act based on our free decisions

Our decisions are free or we-

Our decisions are final or we...

Our decisions are free and final or we roar!

Hear us roar

We roar out just one thing-

Oh... we are not roaring yet; we are still singing

Discard our voice; push us to roar

We shall roar

## (Chapter One Poem Six)

### Poem Six: Announce What We Know

First Overall: JSS1- blah

Second Overall JSS2- blah blah

Third Overall JSS3- blah blah blah

First Overall SS1- blah blah blah blah

Second Overall SS2- blah blah blah blah blah

Third Overall SS3- blah blah blah blah blah

First Overall JSS1- JesutofunmiOloruntoba

Funmi's school-mother-by-force jumped into the air in coerced-credit

She had asked Funmi about nineteen times to be her school daughter, but Funmi kept refusing politely

Funmi however, never felt harassed for once, as Taiye the aspiring-school-mother was a likable person

Funmi was just not in for the school-mother-school-daughter thing

Not because it was a cliché, but because it just wasn't Funmi

Funmi never liked being told what to do

Funmi never permitted any interference with her personal affairs



And when she finally started making her own money, she would move out of her parents' house (despite the admirable level of freedom afforded her by her parents)

To be hundred percent on her own, rocking her hundred percent world rocked by hundred percent solo-happiness

Despite her gentleness; because of her gentleness; given her gentleness; kudos to her naked gentleness, Funmi was a happy girl

Gentleness was not the general rule for happiness

But the gentle Funmi was happy; that was her life; hurry up the hurray-hops for her

The gentle Funmi had never been this happy

Stepping forward not to receive a concrete specific prize yet

(As they had just concluded the first out of three terms

The physical prizes came along with the tired completion of the trilogy of academic terms)

But to receive the glory

To receive the reputational credit

To earn the reputation of the most brilliant girl in JSS1

It was one thing to do well in school and it was another to be known for that

This was Funmi bouncing up the arena of public knowledge

This was Funmi coming out to the open under the honor of formality and under the warm approval of the austere principal

To assert the proud-but-subjecting-on-the-other-side rumor that “Funmi had defeated Mibi” in the First Term Records

JSS1 students in their excitement had gone ahead to tell seniors about the two incredibly brilliant girls in their class, about the expected-to-be-healthy war that sprang up between them and not too far away from the announcement day, about who was going to own the JSS1 section of the podium

Of course, the JSS1 students, having been JSS1 students, had based their assessment on the false Computer Science assumption

The label of the assumption was false for Computer Science as a subject, but was however true for the compilation of the cumulative

This lessened the-perfectionist-Funmi’s disappointment in herself, and saved the integrity of JSS1 as a class of tucked-in turnips, not turning JSS1 into a class of home-made and school-manifest liars

This made Funmi the serious-minded Queen ranked after Chloe, the emerging social night Queen

Of course, Funmi had become the first and only God

She had simply stolen “Queen” from sociality to dominate the entire air

And to remind the universe, that books were more important than dance floors

In this world where Iggy would have to write down her rap first before performing in collaboration with the “On the Floor” singer

The students received their report sheets folded into the kind of stretch marks one would find on the longer laps and not the puffy-pillowed laps, immersed in holy envelopes and

linked to their parents using disrespectfully-spelt names consolidated by honorable titles, the least respectful being “Mr. & Mrs.”

The principal encouraged the student to leave the envelopes sealed until they reached their handy destinations hopping up to peers of hinds

Some teachers however, went many steps further, enforcing this suggestion, gradually turning it into a piece of advice until the suggestion in its raw and basic motion evolved itself into a rule

Some students feared their teachers; some students did not

It depended on either or both of two things

First, it depended on the teacher’s reputation: how many students was he renowned to have flogged? (Preferably on the Assembly Ground) either recently or historically

(Flogging by the way, was a doubled-edged sword

For students

It was a painful secretive process

It was a mark of disgrace on the Assembly Ground

For teachers

Flogging was good work ethic when it didn’t kill the students

Or more frivolously, (although still not a euphemism) when it didn’t leave a parent-disturbing mark on the student’s body

Flogging was a trade-by-barter deal

Trade cruelty for respect

Though teachers in the developed world would earn otherwise by manifesting cruelty

The criterion for respect in the developed world was “know your stuff”

In Nigeria on the other hand, that you gained employment there is an automatic card of assumption that you should be there

“Knowing your stuff” as a teacher is not even a concept that has a spot in the Nigerian academic discourse

Know how to use a cane and the students would respect you all the way

All the way...

Second, it depended on the student’s guts

Or using a more educational language, it depended on the student’s intimacy of interaction with him or herself

To what extent did the students trust their own ethics?

To the point of daring to disobey a whole Mr. Kayode?

Of course, Mibi and Funmi got their report sheets along with the other students

Mibi fans tried to steal Funmi’s report sheet, but didn’t succeed

It wasn’t unsurprising; that Funmi was smart didn’t guarantee that she would be as conscious of her property as she was of her studies

Funmi was however used to being careful not to break mugs or glasses in the kitchen

Not that her father hated the smashing sound

But she was matured enough to know that they used expensive equipment and utensils in her home

Not judged merely by their appearances, but more obviously to her, by her father's high-quality-taste stemming from his ego as a talented Furniture-maker

She had earned war-against-carelessness skills from being active at home

Mibi fans would want Funmi's report sheet, while Funmi fans on the winning hand, would not want Mibi's

Why would this be?

Certainly, they would want to squeeze out minor victories and discover which and which subjects Mibi surpassed Funmi, even if narrowly

Had they gotten the chance to check this Diamond Stone of a report sheet, they would have unraveled the Computer Science secret

Why wouldn't Funmi be kind enough (kindness after all, is different from stupidity) to hand over her report sheet amicably to the pit-dogs?

She won after all; Funmi won after all

It could from a laudable Lord of perspectives mean that Funmi would be flaunting her victory

Why wouldn't she hand over her report sheet to them...so they could hand it over to Mibi?

This would satisfy the question

Funmi didn't win first place for a reason

That satisfies the question

## (Chapter One Poem Seven)

### **Poem Seven:** Tell Me Your Bank Branch

Modern-day Feminists are right

Gender inferiority is not something that comes with Biology

Gender inferiority is a product of Sociology

Women weren't born inferior

Women were brought up and socialized to understand that it was their role to turn an act into nature

Women were raised to accept the idea that the only thing which could ever give them meaning in this world would be to function as helpmates for men

That indeed is a social idea

What is not social is the solution

This is where many Modern-day Feminists have gotten it wrong

We cannot solve the problem of sexism by suggesting that we begin to raise our children differently

We cannot solve the problem of sexism by advising young ladies to un-train themselves from indulging in the habitual hegemony of getting boyfriends to cook for in order to earn a status in the society

Sexism cannot be solved the social way; sexism can only be solved the Capitalist way

You want to, by your own self, stop believing that you are inferior to your male partner?

Launch yourself out there and get as many jobs as you can?

You already have a job and you're still self-disciplined enough to fall into the moving bed with your moving husband (in which case, you'd have to move too) despite your tiredness (because you return from work 11:00pm every night) and (more annoyingly) despite his fixed morning shifts?

He doesn't force you; you just feel like you have to do it and so you do it and keep doing it?

You have a job, baby girl!

You want to get some sense back into yourself?

Launch yourself out there and instead of forcing yourself to do sex with the man you think you married

Force your intellectual life to make billions of dollars for you

Start from today

Let us awaken our gaze: it is not Sociology; it is Capitalism

No matter how rigorously you raise a girl feminist, if she turns out a financial failure for herself, she would end up dependent on her boyfriend if her face turns out luckier than her brain

No matter how intensely a lady grew up initiated into the purely-sexist environment

If she rises up to make her own money, it is guaranteed that everything would change for her and everything would change within her



In the event a man wants her, he would have to work out his muscles and rehearse his seductive moves, while making sure to keep his money to his relatively-struggling self

It's all about money

Money can only be powerful if men have the money

If you want no man to drive your world, then drive yourself into the machine which generates money before, during and after you meet him, and indeed for the rest of your life

There can only be one Captain in a Ship

But two people can pay the bills

Nonetheless, show him who is boss if you want to

Settle your divide of the bills, mandatorily

Pay off the rolled-over water bill he forgot to clear last month, without even telling him

He'll find out himself

And then he'll come home to make up for all the arrears-of-unpaid-dinners

(Unpaid out of irresponsibility and not out of inability

Because cooking is simple)

Now that's how to be a sexy woman

## **(Chapter Two Poem One)**

### **Poem One: Do Your Choice and Deal With Your Will**

My girl, my girl

If you are above 140, then you are my newest interest

I want you to know that I love you

I want you to know that you mean the revolving fire to me

I want you to liken my words to the kindness in the coldness of the hostile moon resisting  
the harshness of the sexy eclipse

You are still young

But as you grow, you'd meet guys

You'd make guy friends; you'd do one-night-stands; you'd stick to some; you'd dump  
some; you'd have to run away from stubborn ones

Wondering whether it's about your stature or only about your hips

You'd meet girls

You'd meet genius girls

You'd meet mediocre girls

You'd meet not-too-bad-girls

You'd meet gossip-addicts

You'd meet sex-toys-and-proud

The only kind of girl you wouldn't be meeting for the first time would be you

Because you'd already know you; because you'd already have you

Because you'd already have discovered you

The beautiful basic thing not about beautiful basic girls, but about beautiful basic geniuses

Is that we don't need to be told who we are while growing up; we find out ourselves

This is why we refute being told what to aspire to become, because our original definitions of ourselves empathetically dictate who we feel we should work towards becoming

If one had already planned on aiming for Law School, yet heard mommy say "do writing on the side, because you are going to become a Lawyer"

That would automate two kinds of Lawyers: the Lawyer mommy instructed me to become and the Lawyer I decided it would feel good to become

The Lawyer mommy instructed me to become would take its turn to further constitute the failing kind of Law

The Lawyer I decided it would feel good to become, would in awesome turn, be my only target-of-success, even, my only achievable-success for as far as Law & Order is concerned

The latter goal would be a ready-made lubricate (while hard work becomes the staircase, not the journey itself), because I was the chef of that choice; I knew how that raw choice had to groan on a hot plate before burning into a processed thought and drying into a choice

I'm not just the mistress of that choice; I remember how it was like pushing my intellectual needs, working hard in the grudge to satisfy the urge to arrive at the choice I would turn around to cherish and yell! "I made that"

The only choice of which process I would remember, would function as the only choice I would become empowered to achieve

The only choice which would marry my capability for love and not for money

Brainy lass, distinguish between your choice and your responsibility

You must do that sharply; you must do that instantly- sharply and instantly

Choose your choice over your will

Strong wills betray, I won't lie

But durable choices endure dusty duos

## (Chapter Two Poem Two)

### Poem Two: Black Is the New Ice-cream

TemidayoOloruntoba, Funmi's mother, picked up Funmi and her siblings from school on the last day of the First Term

Of course, Babatunde wasn't asked to repeat his class; he made it to the next level

Indeed, Folarin didn't lead her class

Funmi on the tallest hand owned the page of the school's announcement day

Either way, all three were celebrating together with their mother

Were they celebrating Funmi's success or were they rejoicing for the fact that the holiday

(No matter how too short to see the newest episodes of all new seasons and to taste the sweetest manifolds of all crude seasonings, or too long to not forget about that nosy collage assignment, hence, fail the next term)

Was finally here

They were simultaneously giving themselves and giving one another ice cream treats

Funmi bought the ice cream cone; oh... of course, her mother bought it, but she still had a qualitative input, given that Temidayo bought what her genius-daughter had picked

Funmi didn't care about her teeth freezing; she chose the cone anyway, as it was more filling

Yes, Funmi was a bit hungry but didn't say, to play the gentle lady gesture before her siblings

She was more interested in setting an example for Folarin than acting as fetish for the chicks Babatunde wasn't successful in piloting to the naked pinning top of his baked dining table

Folarin got ice-cream as content of a contented cup

Babatunde played the odd fiddle and got the fruit juice

He wanted to pay with his own allowance, but his mother stopped him: what sort of behavior was that? Was he better than his sisters?

They were at *Friends* (restaurant) and it was their tradition to, there, give their thanks to the then-goddess of dear restaurants in which diaries were not books but edibles

All they took was ice-cream; all they always took was ice-cream

Because either Funmi; Temidayo; Funmi and Temidayo; or Funmi, Temidayo and Babatunde were to return home to make heaven kiss hell in or on an inner or outer gas cooker and turn paradise into a plate, shaping clouds into tastes that can fit into a plate

Ice-cream was their external appetizer; the raw version of the miniature-version-but-main-course of their nutritional venture was waiting for them at home, while oranges which Folarin was not allowed to peel would be their desserts

Whether or not there would be a fourth course would depend on how many discourses of cosmetic gestures they adopted towards how many costs of how many courses of ice-cream they took in the appetizing vehicle which described "Black Is the New Orange" and explained how Orange became the new ice-cream

## (Chapter Two Poem Three)

### **Poem Three:** On the Humbled Wall of Your Honey Room

Arrogance is a good thing

This is what we need to start telling daughters; be they of paupers or of Kings

Parents have missed it in so many ways

Nigerian Christian parents for example, would call a genius girl a “total child”

Catholics would be more open to the conventional academic language

“Total child” on the other hand, would be the Pentecostal slang

So when Nigerian parents preach “and one thing a total child is prone to is pride”

They don’t say it to commend the total children in question

They say it... one shouldn’t say to criticize, as that would be too “academic”

They say it to expose a mark of immorality

Parents have consistently portrayed pride as an evil quality

Now do parents maintain this cliché in the sincere tendency to look out for their children?

Or do parents simply say this because they consider pride the quality most threatening to the chances that their children would obey them?

Why do children need to obey parents in the first place?

Is it because they are financially dependent?

Why do children need to survive on the living their parents earn?

This is not an issue in the developed world

The story of the developing world, however, spits out the tale of unemployment for even university graduates not to talk of minors

The children growing up in the developing world may not be as privileged as their Western counterparts

They are however no less creative

Children being raised in the developing world should be encouraged to, starting from their tender age, use their Cherubim-given talent to make cooling cooler-money

If children start making money while as children, via talent-development and self-employment

Parents would accord to genius-children the right level of respect they deserve

That one's children are living under one's roof doesn't qualify one's children as toilet-washing puppets

Intellectuals will always be intellectuals, regardless of which age, regardless of which roof

Children-intellectuals should be extended the same respect as experienced intellectuals

Because had the experienced intellectuals not been endowed with the basic talent, they would not be intellectuals, and that adjective "experienced" would be as stale as a sachet of water within a haughtier turtle-necked bottle of hot battle



Whether or not our kids are making their own money

(They should make efforts to do so, all the same)

We should orient our kids to believe in themselves as they grow up

For specificity's sake, do not police genius-kids

So this poem is not a permission granted to us to pay attention to our genius-kids

Let them be strange; let them be them

We should simply gist with our genius-kids woman-to-woman, woman-to-man, man-to-woman or man-to-man

While chatting and expressing cross-legged laughter with our genius-kids

With our genius-girls

We should let them know it is only proper that they own their superiority

Not to bring them up to become bullies, but to make them understand that it would be empowering to embrace their natural broach

It is fair: geniuses were born to rule the world

It is fair to be an intellectual boss; to imply your dominance

It is fair to express your manifest-arrogance as a being that is talented for the main purpose of dominating

It is fair to flaunt your potential-for-success as an effort for success

Not to be obnoxious but... geniuses were born to do these things

Any man who refuses to accept the superiority of genius-women has not recognized the gender-blindness of talent and has neither come around to deal with the genius-concept, acknowledge the genius-existence nor admit to witnessing the genius-activity, setting apart his own personal standing

Suggest to your genius-daughters the idea of paying for honeymoon when they get married

Of course with the guy's consent, but contextualized consent

Contextualized in this way

A man would seek a woman's consent for legal sex

It would however not be the woman's business as to where the man decides to sleep during the weekends; guest room or bedroom

Honeymoon matches better with legal sex on the genitally-genuine-ruddy-wheel-with-greeny-reds-for-menstruation-and-purple-reds-for-delivery-dates

Wave into their ears while weaving their hairs

"When you grow up and get married baby girl, so that you wouldn't have to waste your vocal energy on recurrent reminders, glaze your PhD Certificate on the wall of your sitting room"

## (Chapter Two Poem Four)

### Poem Four: Why Did You Let It Happen?

Speaking of Beyonce losing *Album of the Year* to Adele

This case was different though, as the stars were just rising

Funmi and Mibi were just in their First Year and they had just completed their First Term

Neither had gone far enough for fans to have started selecting power houses and legends

Power houses and legends? For JSS1 students? Oh please...

Although they did have more than what it took to soar high up to super tree houses and legendary mountains

As in... these two would get into Harvard if they worked hard enough

They were both great and teachers loved that

As would be expected any day, any time, from any parent

Rotimi Alaba loved that his daughter, Mibi was brilliant

When she had just gotten into High School, he loved to hear that she was passing all her tests

On this day however; not the day before, not the day after, but the announcement day itself

Rotimi was slightly angry, but very irritated

The presence of his beautiful wife alleviated his feelings a little; just a little, despite the accumulated ample time he had spent from his entire married life staring at his wife in

the inability to believe that he could have ever been that lucky to be the first and last man she would say “yes” to

Rotimi was made unhappy by the idea that the best way his daughter Mibi could find fit to kick off her secondary education was by playing the second fiddle

“Physical Health Education: 87%

Social Studies: 90%

Introduction to Technology: 92%

Computer Science: 98%

English Language: 88%

Mathematics: 95%

Civic Education: 81%...”

Dr. Rotimi Alaba stopped on noticing that Civic Education was juxtaposed with the lowest mark in the entire report sheet

“What did Funmi have here?” Dr. Alaba asked

“I don’t know” the unhappy Mibi replied

“What do you mean you don’t know?! After letting her beat you to the overall game!” Rotimi said

“Take it easy baby, take it easy on her. She came second out of ninety students. She beat eighty-nine, having been beaten by just one. That’s a big deal” Rolayo said

Mibi still found it very weird that her parents still called each other “baby” at this age

They were not a young couple; they were her parents for the love of God

Of course, Mibi was thankful that she didn't have a Boxer-father and a Screamer-mother

(Although she did have a Screamer-mother, but the bedroom side was none of her business, even though she knew...)

At the same time, she couldn't help finding it a little irresponsible of her parents; calling each other "baby"

Anyway, she was happy it was not "Sir" from her mother to her father

As she was disgusted by the sound of her Agricultural Science teacher addressing her husband by "Sir" over the phone

Mibi herself didn't call her father "Sir"; she simply said "yes daddy" whenever he called, the eight letters of which were not so strange to the teenagers of the elite Nigerian world

"Yes daddy" Mibi quickly responded

It appeared her daddy had thrown another question at her, yet dwelling (unnecessarily!) on yet another specific subject

But he himself had reprimanded her one-step-down-subjected-overall crown... what in the leaves of browed books was he doing with the individual subjects?

Was this his way of rubbing her defeat in her face?

If so, he certainly was hitting a first-rate success

Mibi had to guess what the subject was

His shout of her name had jerked her up from the absent-dreamed sleep of another world in which she MibiAlaba defeated Funmi Oloruntoba...just one other world

## (Chapter Two Poem Five)

### Poem Five: Make Your Gadget to Mark This Market

Darling baby, don't date this guy

If he would squeeze out behavioral and social excuses at every opportunity he gets to attack your academic achievements

Baby girl, don't date that guy

If he's okay with his sister using your make up without regard for your ability to extend permissions or otherwise, but yells about how your academic success is affecting your standards of morality when you ask him to respect your younger brother

Genius-girls; don't date the guy who hates your genius

You can date a competitor if you would want to

You can date a professional critique if you enjoy him

But the kind of guy you should not date is the guy who jumps at every chance to blame your genius for weaknesses situations manufacture for you

You shouldn't date the guy who on catapulting glimpse of any loop holes would go oh; "you need your selfishness to excel" or "you need your wickedness to outshine competitors"

Those are statements that would make him the most irritating guy on the planet

Find a guy who adores your genius and in the midst of your imperfections, brings out and worships the perfectionist in the genius in you

Not a guy who blackmails your genius with your imperfections