

S\HE.IS.LIFE

Olanrewaju Oranyeli

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DEDICATION

To all of us who eventually realize that S\He is life.

CONTENTS

	Page
LiFe.	#3
S\hE.	#81

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

S\HE.IS.LIFE conveys how life knows us better when we have deep connections with ourselves and each other. It appreciates the resilience in the effort it takes in knowing ourselves, especially who we aren't and then delves into a deeper revelation of who we hope to be in relation to another; especially a loved one.

These pieces are a reflection of existence as a celebration of the most altruistic form of our emotions. Bearing the lessons life teaches, from sour relationships to finding ourselves and then discovering the reflection of ourselves in those we hold dearest to us.

LiFe.

As broken
as the world is
we never stop
being born
into
it

My name is coarse
like salt and too long
for your mannered tongue
to pronounce

but I am a country, a history of many tribes
stretched out on this dark road on my skin

~ Olanrewaju

My children
this world will drink you
like cheap wine
on a casual date
but remember, you have worth

I have rubbed the sun in your hair
the sea on your skin
and earth on your eye lids

remember
you have worth

~ genes

My soles have peeled
from this journey
like a fading epitaph written
on a forgotten tombstone

yet you climb
unto my shoulders
like a terminal illness
and tell me
to crawl along
on my knees

~ enmeshed

Your lips are
suspended rods
and tubes
like wind chimes
making broken chords
when the wind passes

but there's nothing musical
about your lips
for they shouldn't say
everything your eyes see

~ gossip

S\hE.

We are two pillars
holding up this thing
called love
and when the weight tilts
life sits back
and grabs a cup of coffee

You always want me to
pry words out of you
like it proves my level of interest in you
but what you don't realize
is that it gets tiring and painful to me
almost like using a pair of pliers
to pull out teeth one by one
without anesthetic

~ needy

Your lips twist words
sugary to my ears
but it is not honey

Your directions reveal a path
a flickering candle in the light
but it is not the sun

Your ways are filling
to my flowering heart
but yet it is not love

~ artificial

I packed myself up
tucked in fear
as I folded in places
to fit in that cupboard
you call your heart

and it only took
the friction of pain
to unfold myself
and remove your creases
from the places
you crumbled with your ways

~ tidying up

Olanrewaju Oranyeli



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Olanrewaju Oranyeli works and lives in Johannesburg, a vibrant and culturally diverse city in the heart of South Africa.

He studied Informatics at the University of Pretoria and likes to explore the impact of technology on the advancement of humans.

He loves to hike and read when he isn't busy in front of his computer at work.

He is the author of *Caricature Of Colours* which was reviewed on BellaNaija, Spring literary movement and LeadCity radio station, amongst many other platforms.

His latest offering of poems, quotes and proses is *S\HE.IS.LIFE*.

Website: www.lanrewrites.com

Instagram: @LanreO_O

Twitter: @LanreO_O