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PROPERTY OF MASOBE BOOKS



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Kólá Túbộsún



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Èsù

1. "...the most ubiquitous of all the deities, being their messenger, and a complex yet mischievous one to boot. He sits at the crossroads and confuses the wisest of mortals and gods. This deity represents the random, unpredictable factor in both divine and temporal affairs. Èṣù is the dialectician of reality, a cautionary spirit who teaches that reality was more facets than one." MASOBE

PROPERTY OF Wole Sóyínká.

2. "Devil, Demon, Satan"

A Vocabulary of Yorùbá (1847)
 by Samuel Ajayi Crowther

3. "Trickster God of Opportunity, Communication and Instant Messaging"

GodChecker.com

¹ As recently as 2016, the translation of "Èṣiu" on Google Translate still pointed to the earlier mistranslations from the Crowther dictionary, offending millions of adherents of the deity around the world. This has changed now, but the public attitude has remained unchanged, for the most part, as I wrote about in this essay: https://blogs.bl.uk/asian-and-african/2020/05/esu-at-the-bl.html

Synonyms and homographs: Bara, Exu, Echú, Eshu, Elégba, Elégbára, Eleggua, Láaróyè, Légba, Legwa

"I take the position that the collocation "good and S evil" finds no reality interpretation in the indigenous thought system of the Yoruba, uncontaminated by and through diffusion."

– Olásopé Oyèláràn

to Jimoh Isiaq (October 10, 2020) and all the Lekki dead (October 20, 2020) and beyond

PROPERTY OF MASOBE BOOKS



Contents

WH	IITE
	Lingua Fracas
	Airport Pickup
	Chat Call
	In London the Umbrellas
	Memory Town
	Leg Room
	A Linguist at Primark
	Diet
	Witnesses at Peckham NAT SOBE
	At the British Museum
PRC	Pediphering Intentions
	Nelson at Goodenough
	Apple Store, Covent Garden
	A Brief Sunshine in Lagos $\ \ldots \ \ldots \ \ldots \ \ldots \ \omega$
	The Escape
	Quiet
	Brit Hunger
	No Rolls at Waitrose 47
	The Airport Sign
	Brexit Day
	A0V =4
RL	.ACK
	Let Us Pray
	Èṣù at the Library
	The Puke On The Train Floor
	If the Virus Comes to Town 61

	Effluvia
	Dystopia
	No Wine in my Quarantine 64
	Closing Doors
	The Homeless Are Homeless Still 68
	The Snob
	Gone Innocence
	If These Were Written In Times Past 72
	Funeral
	Last Tweets
	If Only
	The Lines
	What Next?81
	The Lines
	DERILL
	CN: 4-1
PR	ED
PR	Capel Celyn
PR	Capel Celyn. 89 In Crowds of Pain 92
PR	Capel Celyn
PR	Capel Celyn. 89 In Crowds of Pain 92
PR	Capel Celyn. 89 In Crowds of Pain 92 Bad Connections 94
PR	Capel Celyn. 89 In Crowds of Pain 92 Bad Connections 94 Ex-ilé 95
PR	Capel Celyn. 89 In Crowds of Pain 92 Bad Connections 94 Ex-ilé 95 On New Year's Eve. 97
PR	Capel Celyn. 89 In Crowds of Pain 92 Bad Connections 94 Ex-ilé 95 On New Year's Eve. 97 Blood-Spangled Banner 98 Maximum Restraints 100
PR	Capel Celyn. 89 In Crowds of Pain 92 Bad Connections 94 Ex-ilé 95 On New Year's Eve. 97 Blood-Spangled Banner 98 Maximum Restraints 100 Soldiers in Lagos 102
PR	Capel Celyn. 89 In Crowds of Pain 92 Bad Connections 94 Ex-ilé 95 On New Year's Eve. 97 Blood-Spangled Banner 98 Maximum Restraints 100
	Capel Celyn. 89 In Crowds of Pain 92 Bad Connections 94 Ex-ilé 95 On New Year's Eve. 97 Blood-Spangled Banner 98 Maximum Restraints 100 Soldiers in Lagos 102 To A January 6th Friend. 104 Home as lights 106
Ad	Capel Celyn. 89 In Crowds of Pain 92 Bad Connections 94 Ex-ilé 95 On New Year's Eve. 97 Blood-Spangled Banner 98 Maximum Restraints 100 Soldiers in Lagos 102 To A January 6th Friend. 104

WHITE

"Time is the deepest wildernessBOOKS in which we wander."

PROPERTY—Christopher Cokinos



Lingua Fracas

On the plane out of Lagos,
A chatter between strangers
Perked my ears from the discomfort
Of my long tired feet.

"I live in Bristol," the hostess said

To the Nigerian across the aisle,

Both in a moment of shared Britishness

As others sattled in:

PROPER Sattled in:

"My sister lives in Bristol," he answered back
In the same vein and tone, the pride
Of their common homes warming over
differences;
Croaky to tiny voice over the heads in-between.

"Nice," she said, strapping in. "It's a nice place."
My boredom feasted on the enthusiasm
Of their bonding talk, and then back
To pre-boarding reality.

"She's a nurse," he said again, And the crack emerged: A rounded vowel Where a central one would have fit. "What?" she asked. "Naw-se," enunciating.

I watched the Nigerianism peel away the practiced years of speech repair; And there it was, audible to all Who took it for a different word BE BOOKS

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Airport Pickup

Into freedom, the signs beckon
In different fonts: black board,
White chalk. Bold, small, letters.
An iPad once, and a piece of cardboard
On another. Paper and pen
Scrawlings of people whose stories,
Like mine, begins here MASOBE
In the exhausting end to the long haul.

PROPER TO SERVICE OF THE STORY OF

Mrs Smale on one. Not a typo on 'Small',
I wondered. As with Jonathan Ward,
Clearly someone's son.
Mark Opzoomer will be Jewish
Or not. Oppenheimer twins in name,
From the Feynmann's books, destroyer of worlds.
What he is, for sure, is late.
His driver looks anxiously at the exit.
Mark Hansen, on one. Maybe he's 'handsome'
Or just has large hands.

The one with Krista Goodman was barely Legible from my distance. I wondered also How many of the visitors are spies Or which had come on a visit That would find me, in another realm. Victim to this liberalism of travel. David Fellows, like a studious dude Coming for his lover Laura Howie, Joel with no last name is on another.

And Pandrew Brown On the slate held by the short Asian man.

DRAndardrew Brown, Mark Whipple, Richard Toby

Near the exit where I was now, staring.

Heading to the subway sign, I saw a familiar one: Bádé Adébòwálé on an electronic slate. Welcome brother. The limousine is not yours. The others waited for Imelda Clifford And Ms Wells (AGM cars).

Faithful subject of empire, dragging along his pain,

I, with my two bags, will be taking the train.