

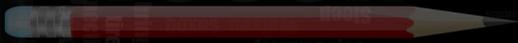
RUDDAPOET



mean
earth
well
Gods
desolation
number
reading
communication
peace
someone
life
creation
stray
casualty
letter
possibly
mean
earth
well



HANDWRITING



THE L.P

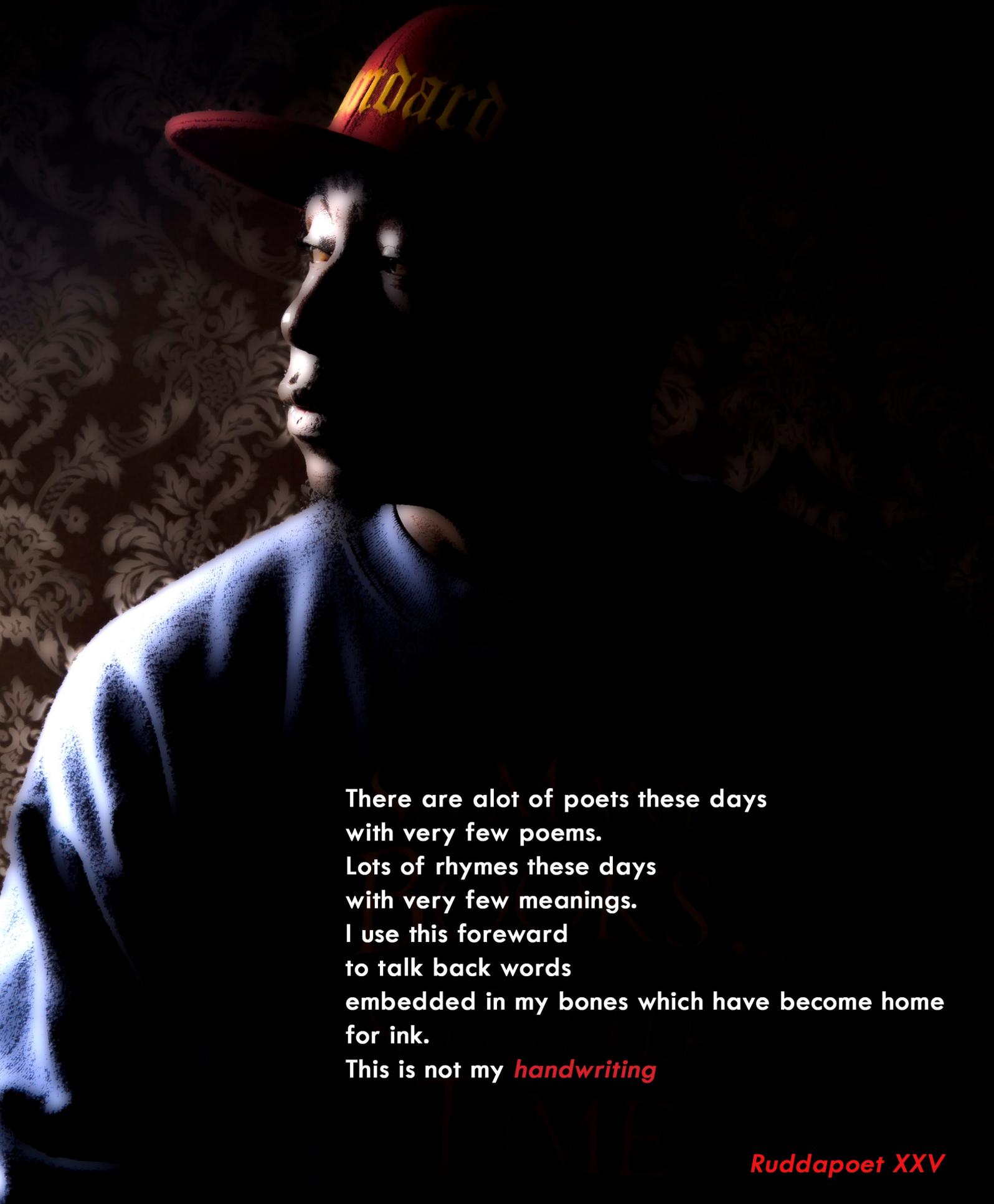
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
CLEAR CONTENT



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RUDDAPOET



There are alot of poets these days
with very few poems.
Lots of rhymes these days
with very few meanings.
I use this foreward
to talk back words
embedded in my bones which have become home
for ink.
This is not my *handwriting*

LETTER TO MATH TEACHER

Dear Sir,

It is I, the same student who disrupts your lessons
whenever you're in class.
The one who would make this stupid faces that 'I need to use the bathroom'.
I have not tasted any subject as sweet as yours
and I wish, that wasn't a lie.
I remember your lectures last week
how the world has its circumference,
how it's a big round circle,
you compared it to the wheels of my bicycle.
You said our hearts should be like the ground
always borrowing out love to those who are down.
In mathematics you called that division,
borrowing to divide through, a sort of collaboration.
Hmmm, see my friend David, he knows equations too
he tells me how father and mother are connected by the sign equals too.
It's fascinating I know,
I'm still wondering how that will help me grow.
My problem lies solely in the church,
how people's sin are not burnt with the match that lights the torch.
A priest at a wedding says 1 plus 1 equal 1,
how the Holy Spirit, Jesus and God is 1.
Tell me sir, is what you teach me actually the truth?
Or just something that's gonna make me become a retarded youth.
From all of these mathematics let me tell you all I've learned,
there are no numbers even or odd,
Only numbers piling up from deaths that make me ask if there's ever a God.
A whole number is my friend's mother whose body was untouched by a bomb and she was almost buried with carcasses.
A decimal point is a split second Chris left my house only to be welcomed by stray bullets.
Subtraction is the 10years old Musa whose story has no father or mother in it.
A prime number is the biggest lie in Mathematics,
for how can 5 soldiers start a coup against the founding fathers with so many children.
Calculate then, if more were the probability.
Let me tell you what I've learned from all of these maths - INFINITY...
Infinity of pain, hunger, loss, death.
You accuse me of not knowing formulas, theorems and symbols.
I know dates, months and years.
Like February 1992, Zango Kataf - Kaduna
21st February 2000, Kaduna - Kaduna
7th September 2001, Jos - Plateau State
8th March 2010, Dogo Nahawa - Plateau State
30th December 2016, Southern Kaduna - Kaduna
I know there are variables and congruence,
Differentiation and integration,
of this poem I want a trigonometry of love, peace and unity
one triangle that is equilateral to the holy trinity.
Even the Almighty formula that wasn't derived by Almighty God
cannot explain the number line in Agatu, Chibok, Miango or Barkin Ladi
but if a vector has magnitude and direction
then the 1001 reasons we give to justify a war is useless.
In math you said 'if a number sits on another number'
they get to share the spoils of the bigger number.
Well, here's the government sitting on these matters
like my two butt cheeks on a three seater.
I just hope you believe in the matrix you teach
for it says 'it is the social, political conditions that govern the existence and development of something.'
If not like the Father of uncertainty "Werner Heisenberg" I will be welcomed to his uncertain family.



Yours sincerely the poet with the red cap.

Standard

SO MANY
BOOKS...
SO LITTLE
TIME



IF I WERE TO WRITE YOU A LOVE POEM

If I were to write a love poem
I'd start it with a fragrance of a rose
to expose your nose to the sweet delight
of a morning blossom.

I'd begin the poem with sweetness
drawing your eyes to this reverberations
in my chest.

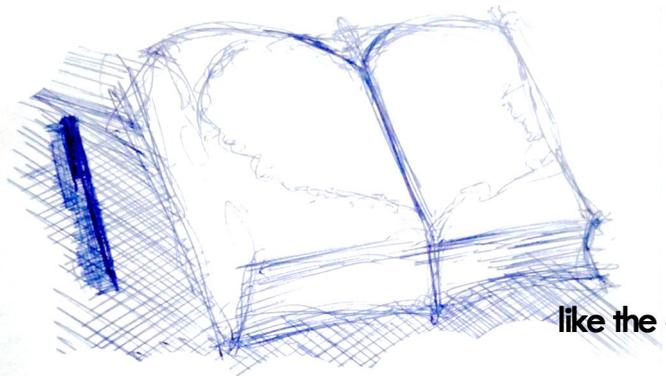
You'd be the queen to my chess
with you I'd build a castle when the bishop knights me as King.
My heart I leave to you as a pawn
while yours will be my lawn
so I sow my seed in it.

If I were to write a love poem
it will be about architecture.
There would be a balustrade of your lips
welcoming the carpet of my tongue
so it sits with the pews of your teeth.
You'll be like liquidated-metaphors
mixed with my iron words.

I will talk of your arms like a balcony
you'll know of that crane carrying shy simile.
we would take the elevator of my feelings till we reach the open roof my heart.
The poem will have a façade of imperfections that emanates beauty and complete.

If there's a column standing in it
there would be words like voluptuous, magnificent, gorgeous, exquisite.
You will find comfort in here as you take a seat.

If I were to write a love poem
it wouldn't be just poetry
for what can a poet's tree
offer me but beautiful anarchy
of babble phrases with undulating rhythm
like the one each time my breath whispers your na...me
mine would be mere words that are plain.
I'd find incongruous rhyme





SYNTHESIS ON 'MORTICIANS'

**Society has always toppled and fallen
itself.**

**It has forgotten who her mother is.
The father who fathered her ways now
lives with the stars.**

**Libations have become clues to remem-
ber where we are from.**

Youths holding empty tablets.

No more Moses' staff

Not a sling of David.

Society is dead

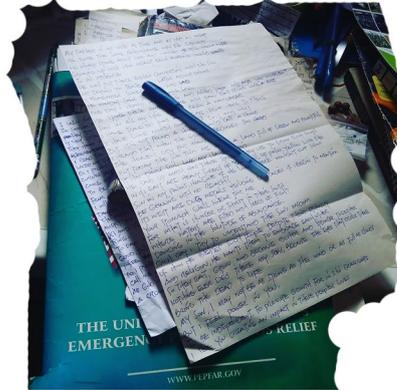
and I brought the morticians

for the funeral

A tradition exists in Africa and our children will know it

THE BOX

Society's definition of a poet
is one who talks
about stars and moon,
Sun's and love. He's always in this box!
That is like saying, yes you can
wear shoes, but not only with socks.
Oh! You're a poet right? You know alot
about cocks. We do get that sometimes tho'
If a poet is on stage, his words must rhyme.
Its a taboo if he doesn't know how to rap.
He's a drunk, an addict, a flirt and writes about skirts.
I've heard all that crap and still be myself,
with no rhythm or patterns just metaphors and antiithesis.
The sun in this place shines only at night
when his eyes become a bride to dark and gloom.
He only gets to listen when his ears no longer see.
Yes, for some reason society doesn't see the effort.
They have an account of your story
the ones that include glory especially when you're dead.



Years ago when poetry chose me,
It was hard I could sting even when I was no bee.
My honey was sweet but I still got no fee,
for the fact we all need applauses, cheers and snap.
Sound like Sage so the fans would snap,
If the Orade didn't my cyphers, then I am not worthy to be Decipher
(ed)

I chose to commune with words,
find solace in the mirror, told myself I was a King
and mediocrity is not my way or a thing.
I was born of life
I was there to carve the third eye for man to awaken
to see beyond this horizon
boxes and circles, black and whites
and when the sun called itself a god
I was there to echo in its rays.





Verse:

Listen up/I write
Loosen up/I might
Delve into the darkness
To keep up with the night.

Giving up/I fight
Lifting up/ The light
Piercing through the nightmares
Standing up to muse's height.

Chewing off/I bite
Giving up/ A right
There's something underneath those stars
Making their blurry bright

Losing hope/we try
Losing hope/we die
Silence is the only nation ruling
when we choose to hide

Ruling us they lied
Prisoners they tied
There's no one if there is everyone
And no one on your side.

Families had cried
Enemies reside
Colors that do not die will only fade
Our daughters are better mothers when not forcefully laid.

Bloody hands in sight
Body bags too tight
The hearse reverses again
Only ambulances would dare to even remember their names.

Losing hope/we try
Losing hope/we die
division supercedes
when we identify with tribe

Picture bigger drive
a future where we survive
Being a brother's keeper
is the best way we stay alive.

Killing us/we would
Imprison us/We could
Those pills that we keep popping
will be doing us no good.

Picture bigger drive
a future where we survive
Being a brother's keeper
is the best way we stay alive.

Voice: I still believe you are your own God, your own consciousness, your own spirit. You have the ability to create and to kill.

LETTER TO MATH TEACHER - 1

SLEEP IN PEACE - 2

Ho'omnaa

IF I WERE TO WRITE YOU A LOVE POEM - 3

Augsburg & Mercy

MORTICIANS - 4

Sango & GrandSun

COMMUNICATION - 5

Bonus

THE BOX

Tay Cover

Leonell DRIFT - 6

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