

[illegible]

# HANDWRITING

THE L.P.



TRCP

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**PARENTAL  
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# RUDDAPOET

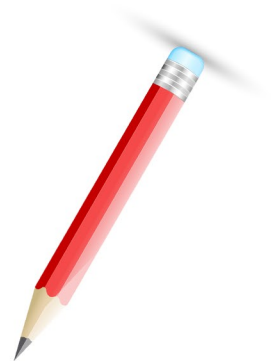


There are alot of poets these days  
with very few poems.  
Lots of rhymes these days  
with very few meanings.  
I use this foreward  
to talk back words  
embedded in my bones which have become home  
for ink.  
This is not my *handwriting*

# 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

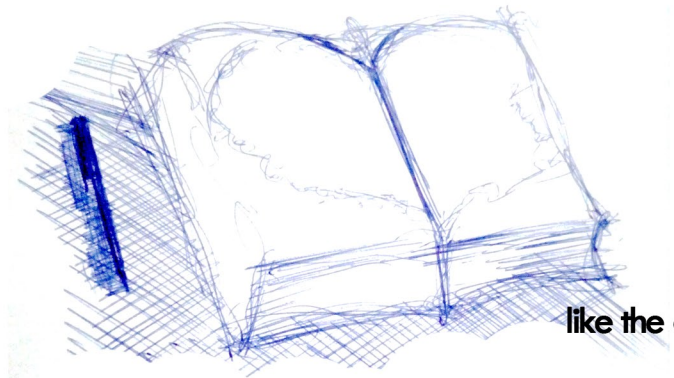
SO MANY  
BOOKS...

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 reveberations  
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**

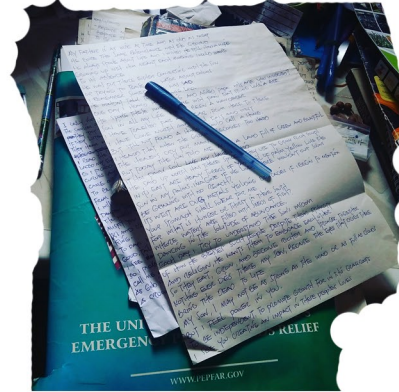
**Not a sling of David.**

**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:

DRIFT

Leonell

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'omnaan

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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