

A surreal illustration of a crowd of people with candle heads gathered around a guillotine. The scene is set against a dark, stormy sky with a rainbow. The guillotine is in the background, and the crowd is in the foreground. The text is overlaid on the image.

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

**A GALLERY OF POEMS AND
EXPRESSIONS
BY OMALE REX**

A MOVEMENT FOR ARTISTIC RELEVANCE

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

A GALLERY OF POEMS and EXPRESSIONS

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POEM LISTING: CONTENTS

1. CARNIVAL FOR CARNIVORES
2. LIFE'S AN ADDICT
3. WHAT'S MY CRIME?
4. THE MOST HURTFUL TRAGEDY YOU CAN IMAGINE
5. THE TALE OF A LOVE ANTAGONIST
6. A SIP OF MY THOUGHT
7. SORRY FOR BEING RELIGIOUS by ADDICT and SANITY
8. A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT
9. IMAGES OF DEATH
10. SANITY
11. THE REVELATION
12. TICK! TOCK! SAYS THE CLOCK by BZ

All poems were written by Omale Odumu
Except No. 7 which was written by Matthew Idowu and Omale Odumu
and No. 12 which was written by Zainab Balogun

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

CARNIVAL FOR CARNIVORES

Welcome to my treacherous mind,
In here there's no safety, no foresight,
No circumspection and no providence.
But you can't see it unless you walk blind,
No rules, it's a Jungle.
You have to keep your emotions safe
or my words will haunt them.

No warning, it's all befalling.
No warning, but you can smell the danger.
You will need your nose for this,
just to hold your breath.

No thoughts for an eclipse,
If I can tell a lie, I'm not being honest.
If I can tell a truth, I wish I could tell a lie.
Because you'll need to lie down and hide,
You'll need your mouth to scream
when my words come for you.

It's a carnival when my emotions come for you,
I'm the hunter, your feelings would run from this.
But my words are bastards, a thousand crimes they commit.
Don't expect an apology, life doesn't apologise.
What does the time say?
"It's a carnival for carnivores".

Omale Rex

LIFE'S AN ADDICT

Life is a wild drunk.

We are its daily shots of alcohol,
hoping to satisfy every urge and want.

Slowly sipping us out of our bottles of comfort,
'till we're wasted and lost in an emptiness we can never recover from.

Life is a chainsmoker.

We are its stacks of weed,
prepared to get tied down in comfort paper.

Only to slowly burn us out into ashes,
as we dwell comfortably in this perfectly rolled piece of discomfort.

Blunt to our emotions.

Life is a drug addict.

We are its dose of pills and portions,
Every dose is a step closer to insanity.
Addicted to the feeling, the hurt never stops.

Life is mentally precarious,

We are its medium for getting through its hurt.
Life's as disappointing as Santa on Christmas eve.

Maybe Life's heartbroken.

Once, a companion it had but now all alone and sad.

We don't make mistakes.

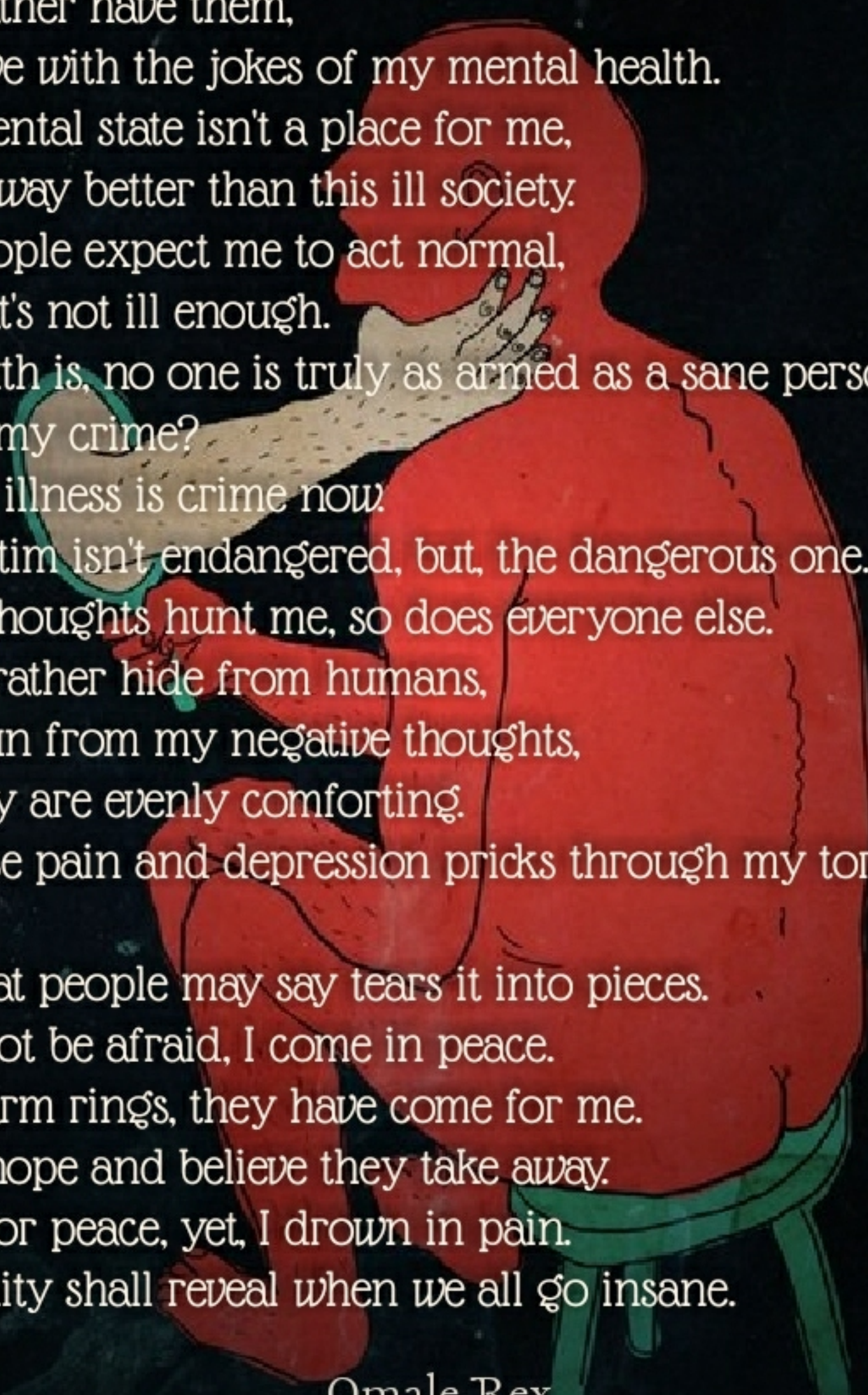
Life sits in an empty room with supplies,
creating events, situations and mistakes unknown to our knowledge.

Life is imperfect.

No, Life is all about imperfections.

Omale Rex

WHAT'S MY CRIME?

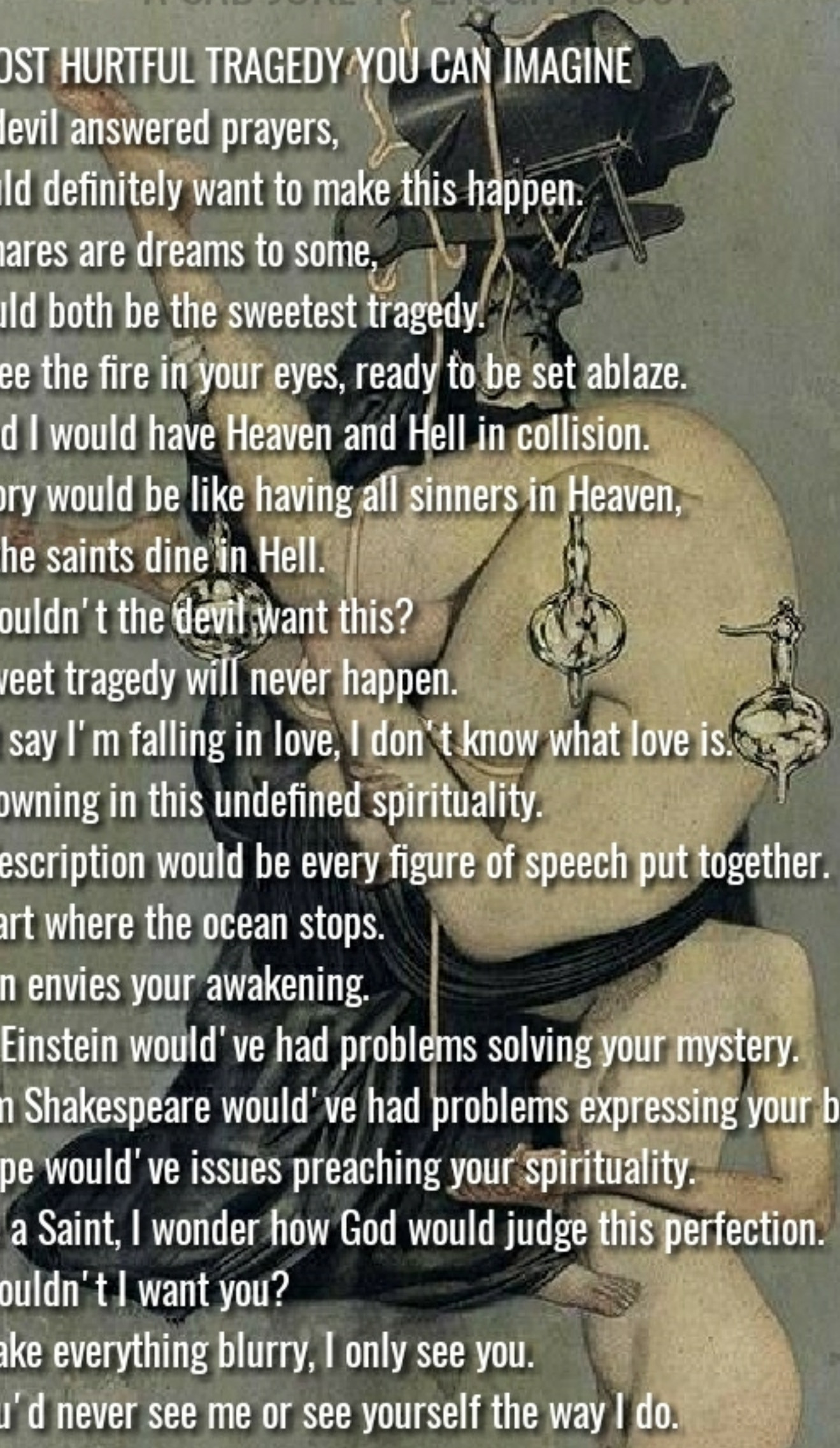


These pills don't function no more,
but I rather have them,
than live with the jokes of my mental health.
This mental state isn't a place for me,
but it's way better than this ill society.
Still people expect me to act normal,
like that's not ill enough.
The truth is, no one is truly as armed as a sane person.
What's my crime?
Mental illness is crime now.
The victim isn't endangered, but, the dangerous one.
These thoughts hunt me, so does everyone else.
But I'll rather hide from humans,
than run from my negative thoughts,
for they are evenly comforting.
All these pain and depression pricks through my tormented
heart,
but what people may say tears it into pieces.
Don't not be afraid, I come in peace.
The alarm rings, they have come for me.
Every hope and believe they take away.
I seek for peace, yet, I drown in pain.
My sanity shall reveal when we all go insane.

Omale Rex

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

THE MOST HURTFUL TRAGEDY YOU CAN IMAGINE



If the devil answered prayers,
he would definitely want to make this happen.
Nightmares are dreams to some,
we would both be the sweetest tragedy.
I can see the fire in your eyes, ready to be set ablaze.
You and I would have Heaven and Hell in collision.
Our story would be like having all sinners in Heaven,
while the saints dine in Hell.
Why wouldn't the devil want this?
This sweet tragedy will never happen.
I can't say I'm falling in love, I don't know what love is.
I'm drowning in this undefined spirituality.
Your description would be every figure of speech put together.
You start where the ocean stops.
The Sun envies your awakening.
Albert Einstein would've had problems solving your mystery.
William Shakespeare would've had problems expressing your beauty.
The Pope would've issues preaching your spirituality.
You're a Saint, I wonder how God would judge this perfection.
Why wouldn't I want you?
You make everything blurry, I only see you.
But you'd never see me or see yourself the way I do.
You'd settle for less, "the most hurtful tragedy I can imagine".

Omale Rex

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

THE TALE OF A LOVE ANTAGONIST

My feelings were homeless, no hope.
You gave them a home, all my desires you
sheltered.

You're the best feeling I've ever had,
better than alcohol and drugs.

I love when we get drunk in love.
You're all my weaknesses combined,
but I'd still go to war to keep it all.
You're the chains I'm tied to, the escape I
cannot refuse.

You curse me with your love,
only to bless me with your ocean-like
expressions.

You're the pain I wish to receive
for your eyes hold the antidote to my worries.

I never said my heart was vacant
but you broke in and made it yours.

My heart has been robbed
and now I can't find my heartbeat.

Turned it into your temple,
and your worshipper I became.

God wouldn't be vexed
if I worship him a day less just for you.

I stared into your eyes,
and I saw love laughing at me,
because I would fall for you like a failed rocket
test into the ocean of heartbreak.
Love kills, pain heals. I'm already dead.

Omale Rex

A SIP OF MY THOUGHT

I'm aware of your desires to touch the sky
and the entirety of the ocean.

But have you ever paused your desires
to sip a thought of mine?

I'm handsome, charming and sexy enough to desire the stars
and a thousand galaxies where my thoughts can't imagine.

I deserve a romantic woman; one who's head over heels for me.

One who kisses me on my forehead and neck,
not one who always waits for me to make the first move.

One who calls me to tell me about a joke that cracked her up,
not one who calls me because she's bored.

One who takes me for strolls or dates just to watch me fool around,
not one who wants me to be someone else for her.

One who shares her tastes in music, nature, literature and culture with
me, not one who only wants to get me pissed or share her worries just to
test my interest in her.

I deserve compliments, tell me how I make you feel warm and fuzzy like
the beach sand on your feet in Summer.

How my presence is like the rise of the morning sun.

Call me what's not or insane but I deserve all these.

Every woman wants to be loved, cared for and cherished,
they want a man to help them touch the sky or give them the feeling.

But so many woman lack true understanding of their men or how to treat
them.

So many don't know how to offer the same "pleasure and privileges" they
get from their partners.

Because I am male doesn't exclude me from all these sweetness and
desires.

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

SORRY FOR BEING RELIGIOUS

Religion has bred more wars, destructions and killings than any vices.

Yet, we build the strongest foundations on Religion.

The most chaotic, yet, the holiest.

Where darkness is fought, yet, where it originates.

God's way BIGGER than your thoughts of Him.

All these little things you say He's against is because you don't see the BIGGER picture.

We're too little to have a description of the Almighty, and His decisions, desires and will.

Religion would tell you "When it's good it's God, when it's bad blame the devil." Who the hell told you the devil made hell and darkness?

Don't cover-up for God, he doesn't need your excuses, He is God.

He can't do what so pleases Him.

He created more than religion, allow me grace in His diversity.

I know you want too but religion, your preacher, prophet, etc. won't let you enjoy the rest of God's creation, so you choose to call it sin.

God made it all, I'm sure he won't mind where and in which of His creation I find comfort.

The truth is religion is a more of a business, they've sold to a larger number of us.

They'll call me blasphemous due to my nonconformity to their ideas and the box they put my Father in.

He's my God, not some people's God.

- SANITY

First time I read Dan Brown's "Angel & Demon" I prayed for days for repentance

They made me believe anything written with that much logicity is blasphemy.

Logic & change is blasphemy where religion stays,

I could be writing about God & post a naked woman's picture, is she not His work?

"Stop acting like you're more than dust."

What if you are?

You know you fail God if you don't have the courage to taste life, you fail God if you think everything on earth is to take you back to heaven & not a Heaven itself. God is all those speeches that don't get said

God is the mystery that's unknown

All black men believe in God but just a handful of whites do & same white sold it to us, now they changed products & selling something else like "science made us"

Truth you'll never hear is how political religion is; religion was created for order, religion is the King of order in the archaic political world, it's their never old tools of control.

- ADDICT

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

I'm said to be crazy, insane they say,
as broken and imperfect fingers point.
Far from grace, while I'm far from sane.
Lost in my expectations,
I got rich from unfulfilled expectations.
A million naira, I was paid.
In cash, your deeds brought it over to my front door.
You'll say it was little, but in my heart was a massive raid.
Chaos, my hopes came crashing down.
Like the Empire state building, I could definitely relate.
We're all in this circus, but I'm the only clown.
Watched by this terrible audience, for every laughter they'll pay.
Who wants a bad clown?
Only those in the Wrong Town.
I promise to be good and crack you up to your last breath,
Let excitement roar and run after you like a circus lion,
Stifle you with amusement, your joy shall be my windpipe.
Charm your mind to this insane sight.
Before you realise, this merriment would have glued you to your
chair,
And this moment would be mine to cheer.
I have you exactly where I want.
In my jokes, you're the laughter now.
But no need to laugh for long,
I'm no comedian, so I've got only a few jokes to tell,
before this unforeseen massacre begins.
Trapped in my jokes, every chuckle, giggle, laugh, is a type of
distress.
A shot to your brain, you, burning in flames,
Suicidal laughter, for every unfulfilled expectations,
And for every joke you told just to make me the clown.
For all my promises, I've fulfilled.
For every laughter they'll pay.

©male Rex

IMAGES OF DEATH

You think death comes in a dark robe
with a haunting face and a terrible outlook.
Death could come in your greatest desires
and addictions, even in your biggest dreams.
Death could come in those perfectly shaped boobs
and ass, death may be seductive,
maybe in those drinks and wines or cigarettes you take,
maybe in your beliefs and practices.
Death could be as relaxing as your morning tea or coffee,
or in loving touches from your lover.
Death could be in your closest friend.
Death could be your greatest achievement,
the last piece that completes it all.
Like a poet finding the perfect ending to an imperfect
poem, even, the beginning to an untold story.
Don't paint Death in colours of darkness.
Death doesn't have a terrible image, like temptation,
death comes in our greatest desires, addictions
and fears.
Death is the bridge between light and darkness.
Death is the photographer and we're the images.

Omale Rex

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

SANITY

I'm SANITY.

I'm what you hide from when you need a lie
and what you run to when the truth is lost.

SANITY is that voice in your head that questions truth, lies
and peace.

SANITY isn't the truth neither is it a lie.

it's the state of mind that exist before and after either.

Either loss of your sanity or the restoration of it.

Insanity is only the Sanity you're afraid of. Nothing more.

In sanity, you'll find insanity patiently waiting for its time.

I'm Certain, I'm SANITY.

I'm clarity. You'd find me in the deepest oceans of your
fear.

You'd run into a burning flames just to find me.

SANITY is my consciousness in person, an idea of my
consciousness.

Don't ask me if I'm honest. I'm an artist.

Don't ask me if I'm what I say I am. I'm a writer, not God.

I'm God's vision, the devil's hope, only the godly would get
to see.

Made in Heaven, made for Hell.

They'll call me "insane" but I'm Certain, I'm SANITY.

Omale Rex

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

THE REVELATION

I received an inscrutable epiphany of tomorrow's tragedy.
This revelation in perception of the adversaries.
Death, like medicine to weak; it's panacea.
Sorrow and pain, the songs of the musicians of tomorrow.
Good was futile, evil prevails all round.
Days were nights as the light seized to shine or blink.
Pain, the motto driven by the ones who dominate.

Erstwhile, life was beautiful as stars were it eyes.
Now darkness rides it horses in the minds of the young.
An elixir for continuous suffering was made in our hearts.
Therefore, even in the face of light, darkness ironically gleams.
The light is obscure to our heart as it silently beats.
We fear to breath, even the thought of life is gone.

Listen, the heart skips a beat.
Red, the sky's at day.
A reluctant shade from darkness it is at night.
Still sweet sorrows tastes most satisfying.
Pain plus anger; equals the direction your flashy heart drives to.
Erstwhile, death is first on our requests.

Omale Rex

A SAD JOKE TO LAUGH ABOUT

TICK! TOCK! SAYS THE CLOCK

Chaos, confusion, pain, death.

The genre is 'tragedy'.

The stage is set.

Location; Earth.

Lights! Camera! Action!

Plot twist, our scripts have become a jigsaw puzzle.

Earth has laid her complaints against us,
now we are being confined behind the screen.

Imprisoned in prison.

Behind bars, there are no titles,
no hierarchy, no power, just prisoners.

The warden knows not mercy,

Every other day inmates are taken,
some tortured and brought back broken,
some executed,

some are ticking time bombs,
even though we are all fully armed for any explosions.

The cold breath of death still makes
the hair behind our necks stand erect.

TICK! TOCK! TICK! TOCK!

Goes the bombs, yet, the clocks on the walls are the ones
being watched.

Abated, humanity waits patiently restless for it to strike
"END O' CLOCK".

The time when the director yells CUT!
and this mysterious misery is put to an end.