



"THE COLORS OF LUST"
AN ANTHOLOGY BY CLARA JACK



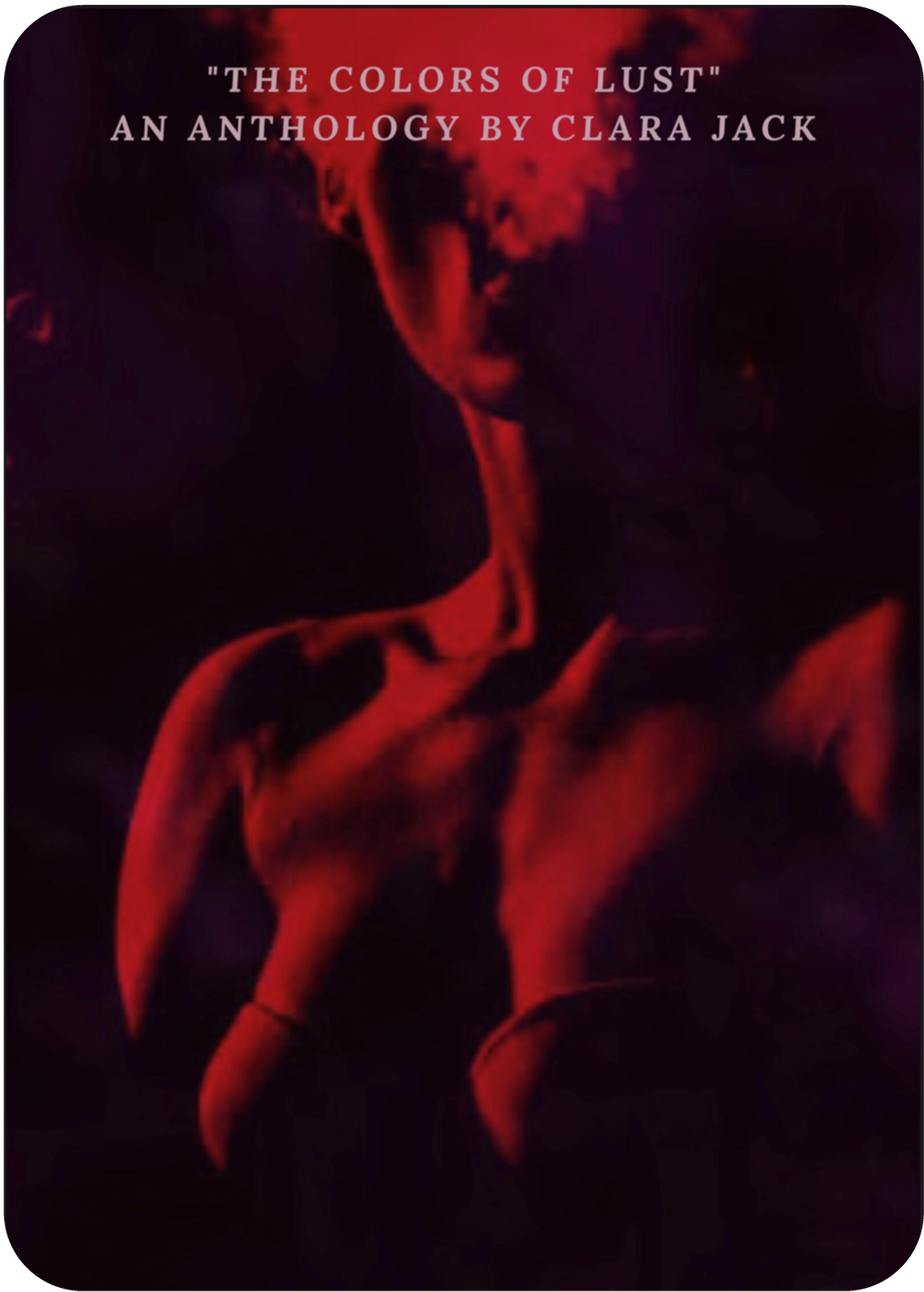
THE COLORS OF LUST

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NOVEMBER 13TH, 2020.



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Pencilmarks.

FOREWARD

It has been a wild year no doubt. And in this time that has done nothing but take from us, I choose to share. This collection comes to you above and beyond most things as a gift. To those who look for a way to encapsulate all they feel, know that your emotions are valid.

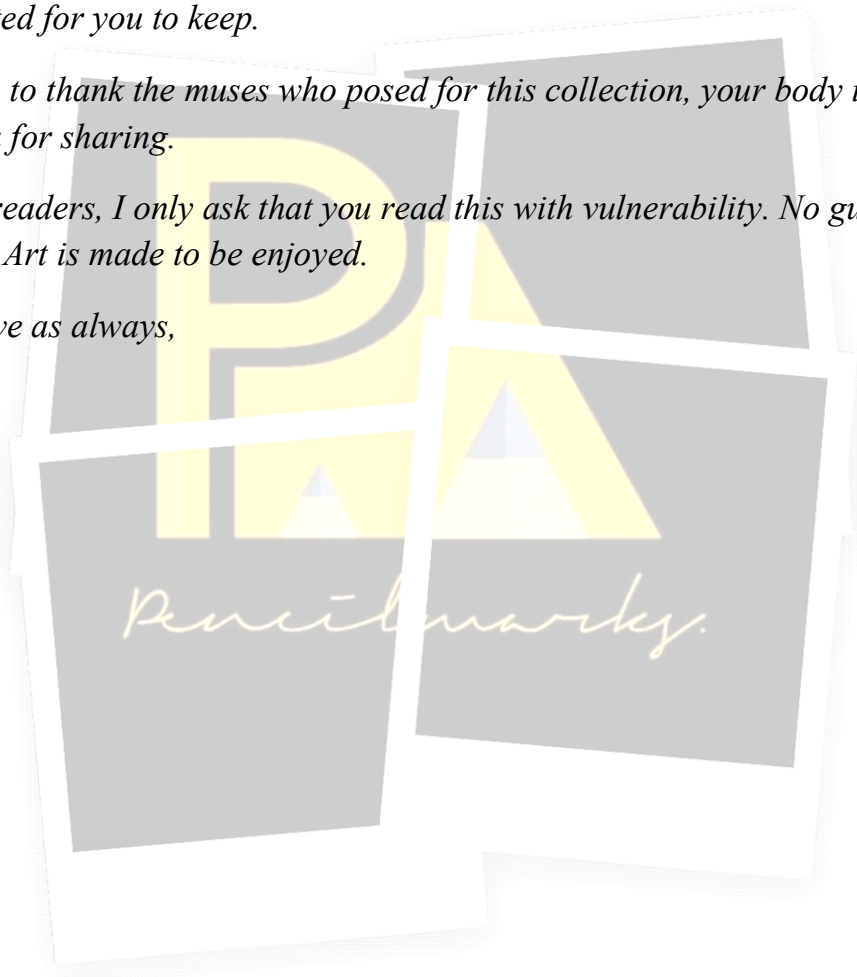
For those who feel and cannot document, here they are, your emotions documented for you to keep.

Finally, to thank the muses who posed for this collection, your body is art, thank you for sharing.

To the readers, I only ask that you read this with vulnerability. No guilt in pleasure. Art is made to be enjoyed.

All my love as always,

Clara, x.



For the souls who dare to lust.



This anthology contains poems of the following titles;

Fire

Keep Singing

But I crave still

One of many

Sex Playlist

Crafted

All roads must lead to Nirvana

My lover is a photographer

Cosmic importance

You make music for me

Leona see what you did

An ode to Latin Aphorisms

Rhythm and Blues

The First One

The way we did

The same

Map

Silhouette

Whitney's song

The Window

Yours truly

She doesn't know how

Don't look for me in other people, x

I subscribe to Hedonism

2003

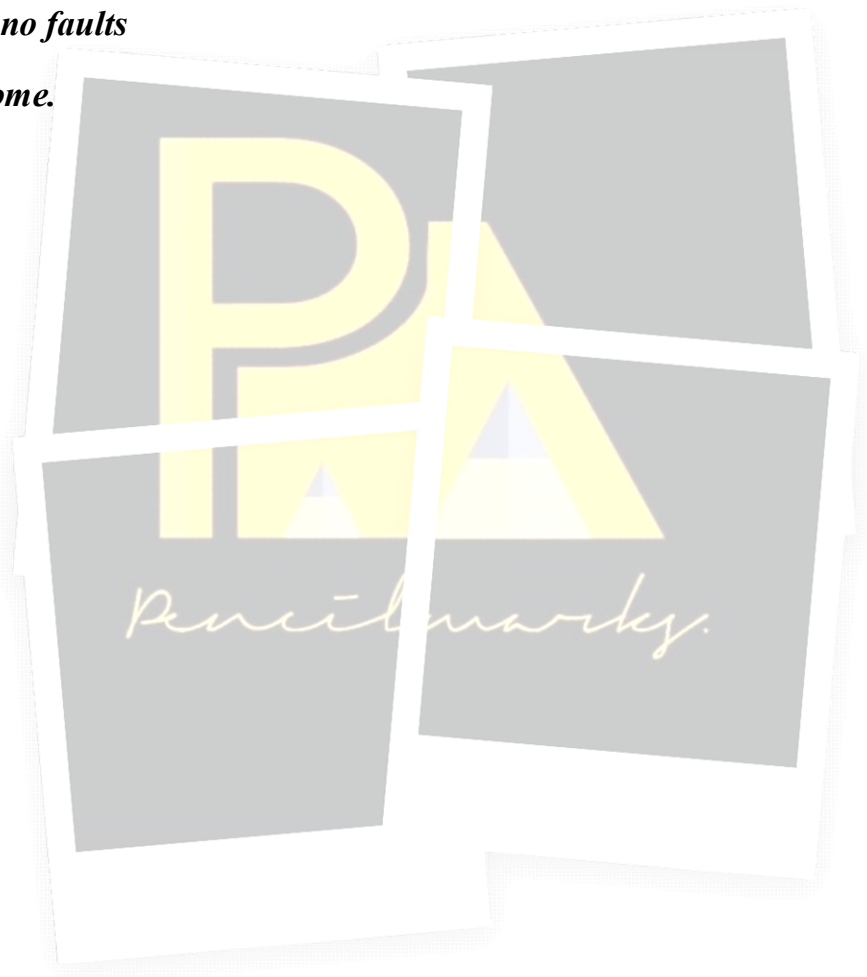
-ING

Don't rewrite history

Material Love

We have no faults

Come Home.



~

Depaysment: Lust can be strange, makes you feel homesick.



Nirvana: Lust can be enthralling, takes you to Nirvana.

Nostalgia: Lust can be warm, reminds you of familiar faces.

Pencilmarks.

Wanderlust: Lust can be unbridled, makes you curious.

Lilith: Lust can get comfortable, sits in women's eyes.

~

CHAPTER I

DEPARTMENT



FIRE

*I think I did it wrong
I didn't feel like they said I would
You know, the books say
When they touch you with lingering lust
Your skin would be on fire
It would illuminate
Light something
And make you know you're a woman
It lit alright
But I didn't feel like I should harbour a fire
That burnt me
I died in my own body
That somehow felt like a strange land.*



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Keep Singing

Not me listening to this song

I know how to sing like its new

Hearing you sing it without your clothes on

Makes it feel like the first time

I'm hearing it

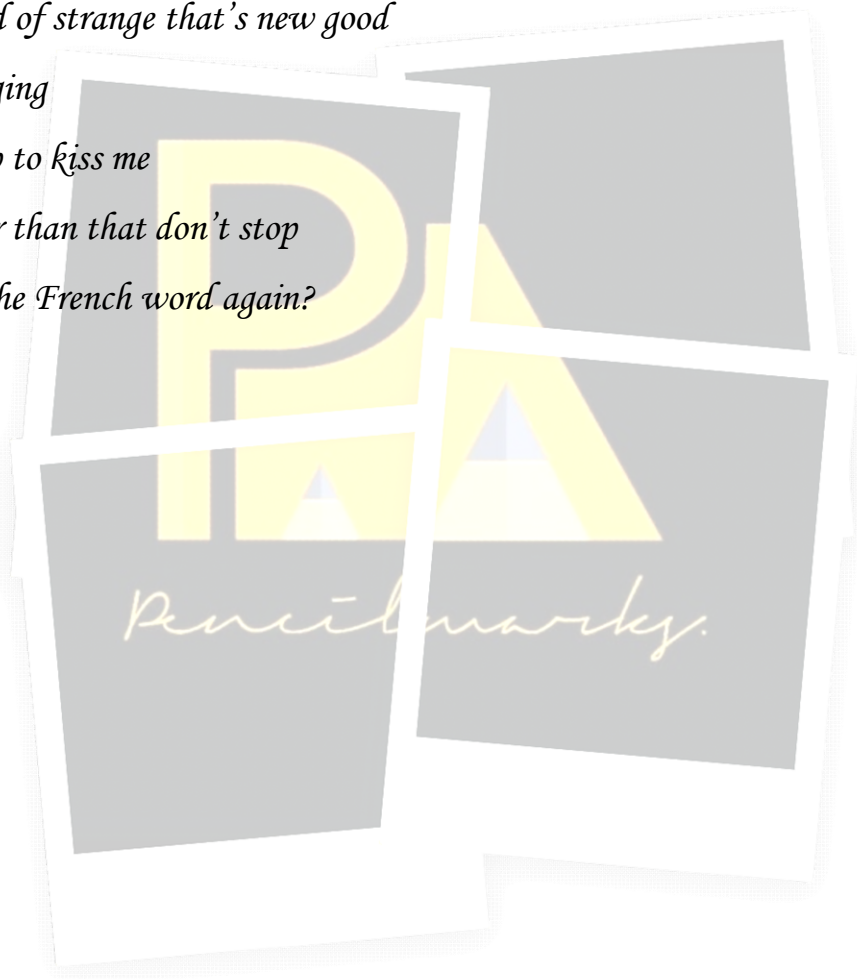
That kind of strange that's new good

Keep singing

Only stop to kiss me

But other than that don't stop

What's the French word again?



But I crave still

The lust I felt today was strange

It was strange because I didn't know it could be felt

I call it lust because it is wanting something

That's not mine to want

The want, the immense need, the selfish begging

To bring someone back

From the arms of death

They are not even my lover anymore

So why do I still want them with me

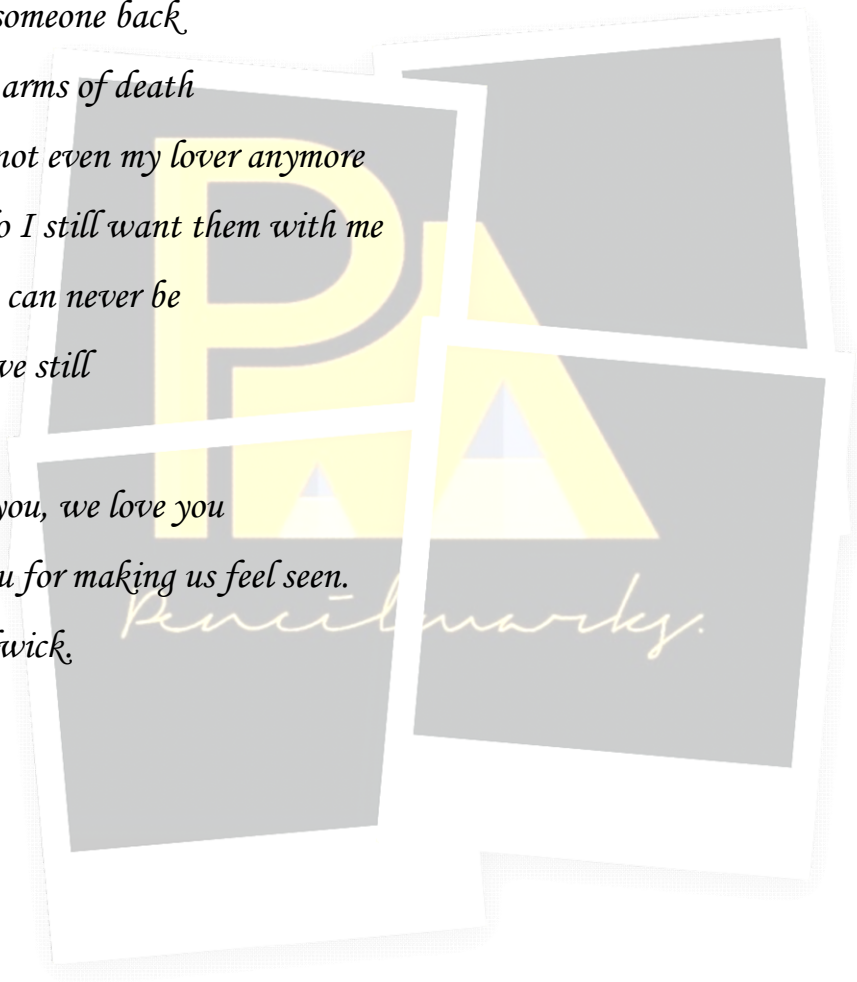
I know it can never be

But I crave still

We miss you, we love you

Thank you for making us feel seen.

For Chadwick,



One of Many

This piece is called one of many

Because in a collection about lust

It is yelling love

Now I'm not saying love and lust are not related

I am simply remarking that every emotion is valid enough to be called by their name

Love someone

No matter what type of love creeps into your soul, entertain it

As long as it will not burn you or the recipient

The world has placed romantic love at the top of the cadre which shouldn't be

Love

Call her love

Until love and lust get to a position comfortable enough for her to whisper to lust

"Call me by your name"

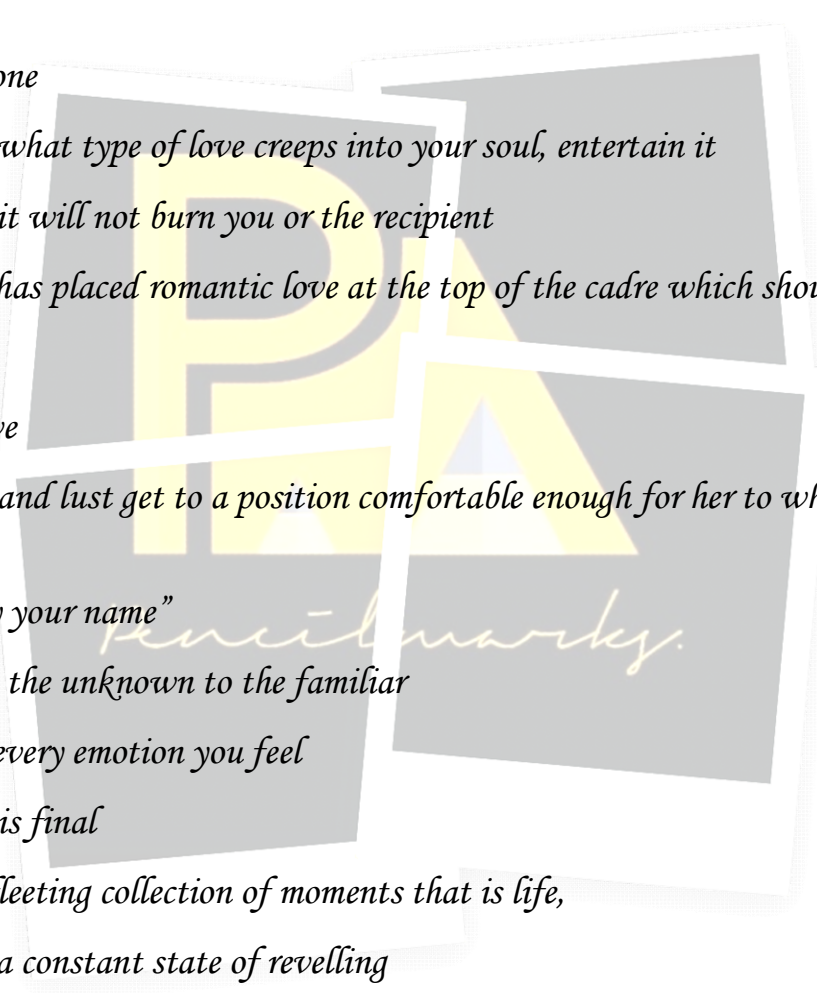
Move from the unknown to the familiar

Entertain every emotion you feel

No feeling is final

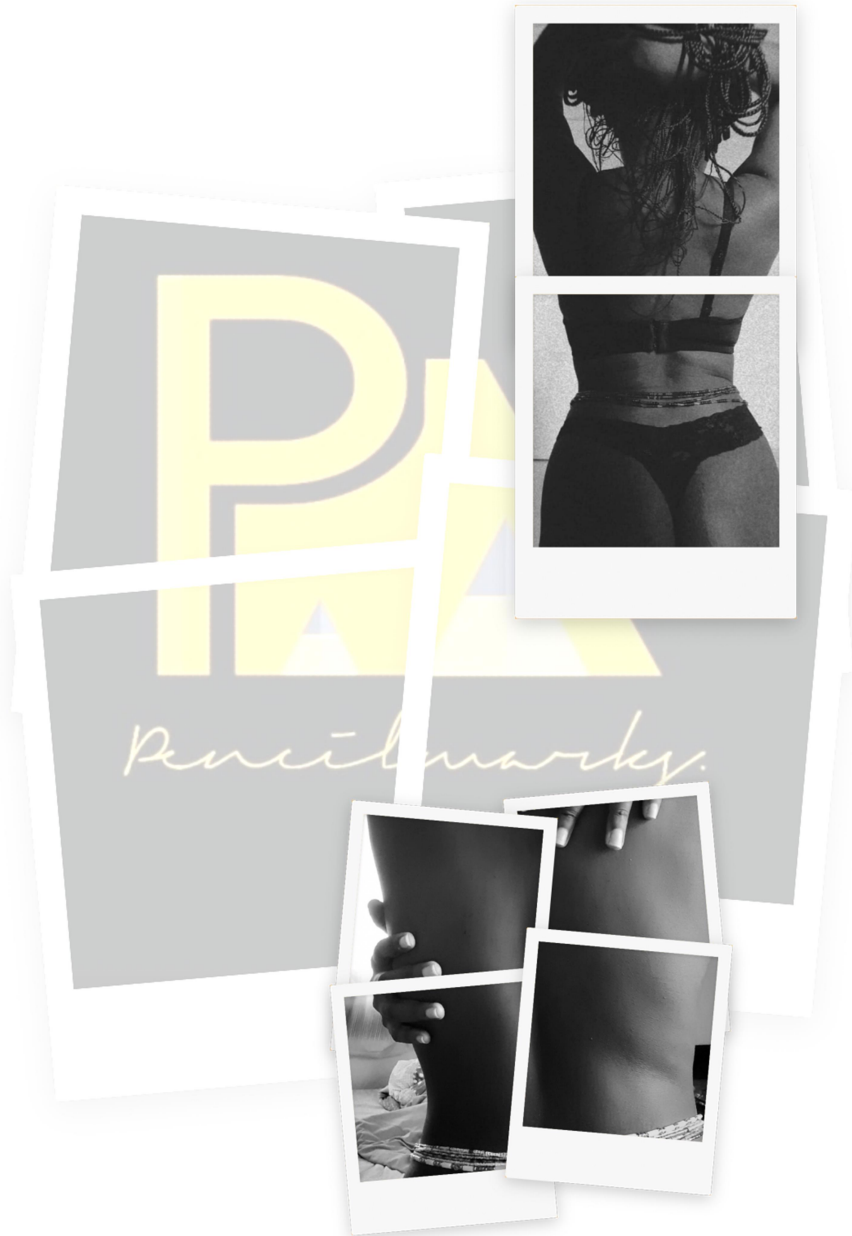
So in this fleeting collection of moments that is life,

Remain in a constant state of revelling



CHAPTER II.

NIRVANA



SEX PLAYLIST

You can arrange a thousand songs

To put you in a mood

To set the tone

To achieve your goal

But only one makes it to the moment

You're building up for

Sometimes one line

And your moan still drowns it

Make the playlist still

You have a million orgasms to reach

Each song will get their play.

Pencilmarksy.

Crafted

When you touch me like this

And if you do it like that

There's nothing that can convince me otherwise

You were crafted to make me feel this way

The way Narcissus feels whenever he looks in the mirror

The peak of admiration

Oh don't stop

We can talk later

Keep up the tempo

Kiss me on my neck

Touch me on my thigh

Do it in all the ways you know how

Let me scream your name

I'll try to drown Miss Dione's voice.

Pencilmarks.

All roads must lead to Nirvana

Before you can enjoy sex you need to own your body

Carry her with the audacity of Nigerian men

Walk around like you own this bitch

Because you do

Why?

Because with ownership comes possession

And with possession comes care

And care, love

Most times anyways.

And anything that doesn't bring you this, you will discard.

All roads must lead to Nirvana

Try it and tell me the results.

Show narcissus some competition

And Aphrodite would be proud.

Pencilmarky.

My lover is a photographer

My lover is a photographer

He carries his camera on his neck even when he is naked

I don't complain

It's a sight to behold

Sometimes, he gets lost in his own head

Even then, I don't complain

Because I know the price of creativity

Some creatives cannot pay and their loved ones cannot endure

I know this because I am both of these people

He takes pictures of me before and after we make love

And that is enough for me

Because those pictures will etch in his memory

And in that of those who will see the pictures

Even years after this is over

Pencil marks
And they'll know that once upon a time

Two lovers danced to rhythm of love and lust.

Cosmic Importance

*We underestimate how much of love is not in our hands
The chance that you and another will be in a willing state of mind*

At the same time to love each other

The same or nearly the same

Has so little to do with us

We're merely puppets

But that's okay

Love takes us to Nirvana

Or hell

But

Give in

Cupid has good plans for you

But it's not on your time

Almost never is

So you'll never truly be ready

One day you'll just wake up

Realizing that a single soul is the only thing on your mind

No matter the time of the day

You see

In the grand plan of love, time doesn't matter

It's just dumb effortless luck,

You make music for me

I heard your new song immediately it came out

At a struggling time

And immediately I received it

It sufficed for everything I had been feeling

I look forward to learning the words as I have all the ones before

So thank you Sam

Year after year

Single after Album

You prove that amongst a million hungry lustful souls

You make music for me

To refer to the first body of your work I heard,

You take me to Nirvana

I hope I learn to stay there.

Pencilmarks.

CHAPTER III

NOSTALGIA



Leona see what you did

Today a man touched me

He touched me in a way

That transcended time

Not that he had magic fingers,

No.

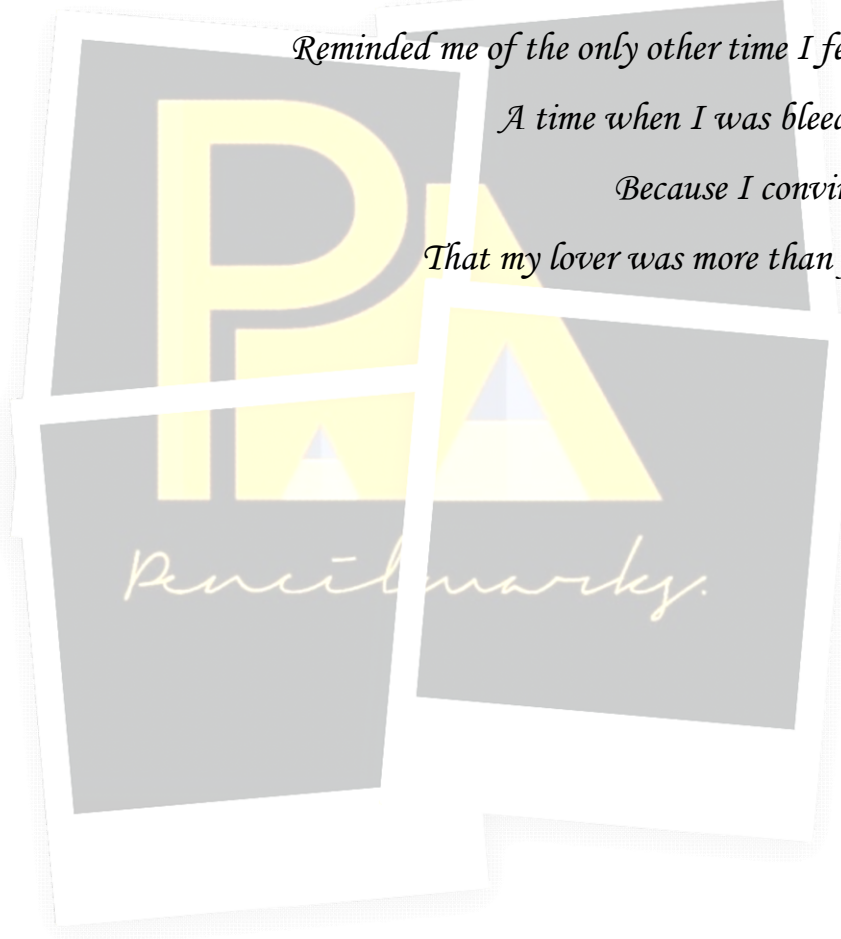
It tapped my nostalgia

Reminded me of the only other time I felt like that

A time when I was bleeding of love

Because I convinced myself

That my lover was more than just a man.



An Ode to Latin Aphorisms

You're in a place you've never been before

Live,

Love.

Allow your slipping friend lust creep in.

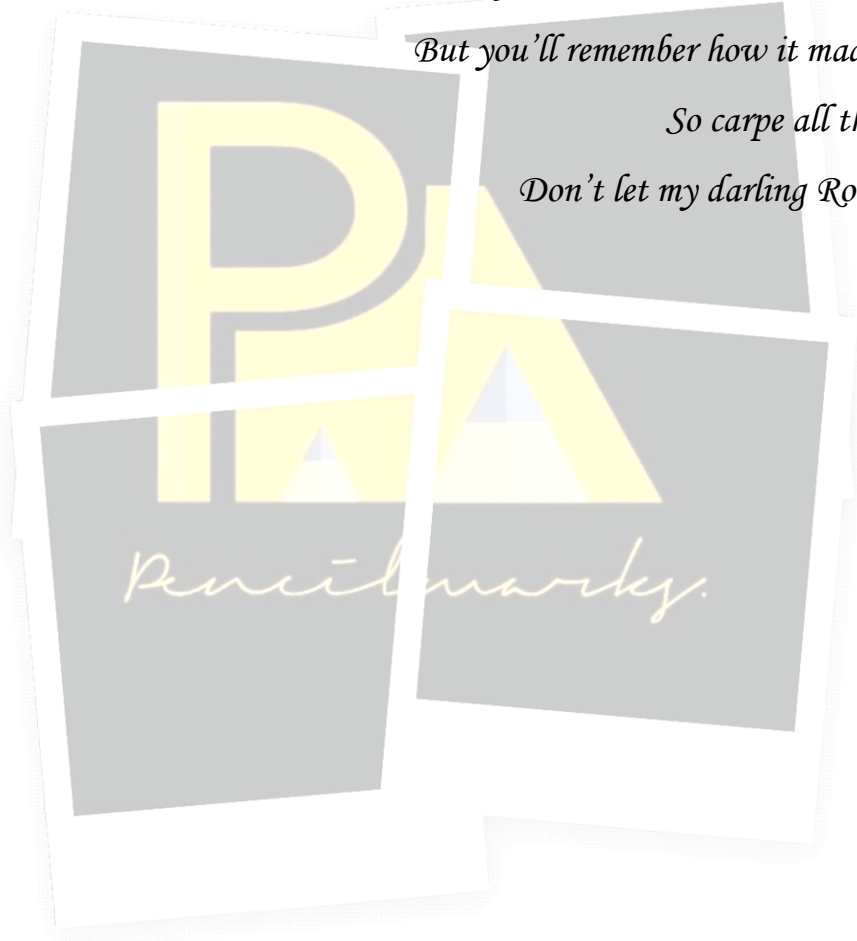
Kiss all the women or men or both

You may not remember how the day started

But you'll remember how it made you feel

So carpe all those diems

Don't let my darling Robin down.



Rhythm and Blues

The genre after my own heart

Enough to incite any emotion

Love

Lust

Nostalgia,

Name it

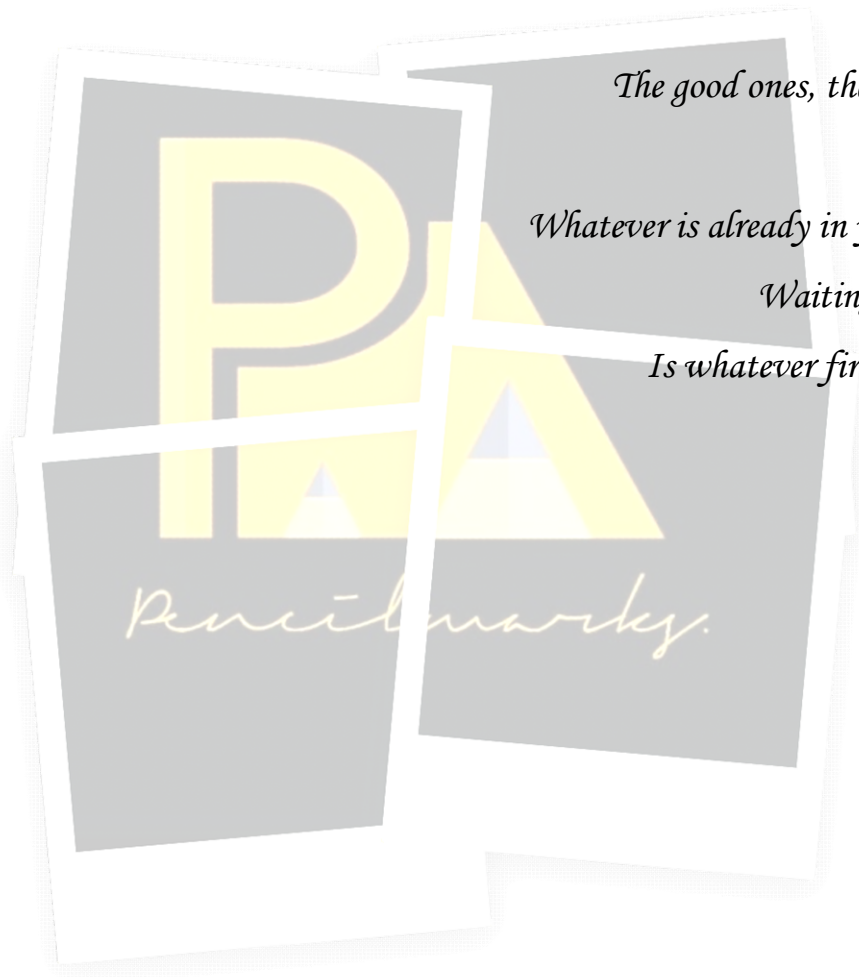
The good ones, the bad ones

It's a fuel

Whatever is already in your heart

Waiting to listen

Is whatever fire it lights.



The First One

The first piece I ever wrote about lust

Was bad

I laugh and cringe when I read it

And the song playing in my head when I wrote it

Just came on

It reminded me that I've always been brave about every emotion I feel

Maybe not articulate but brave

And so next time I read that piece

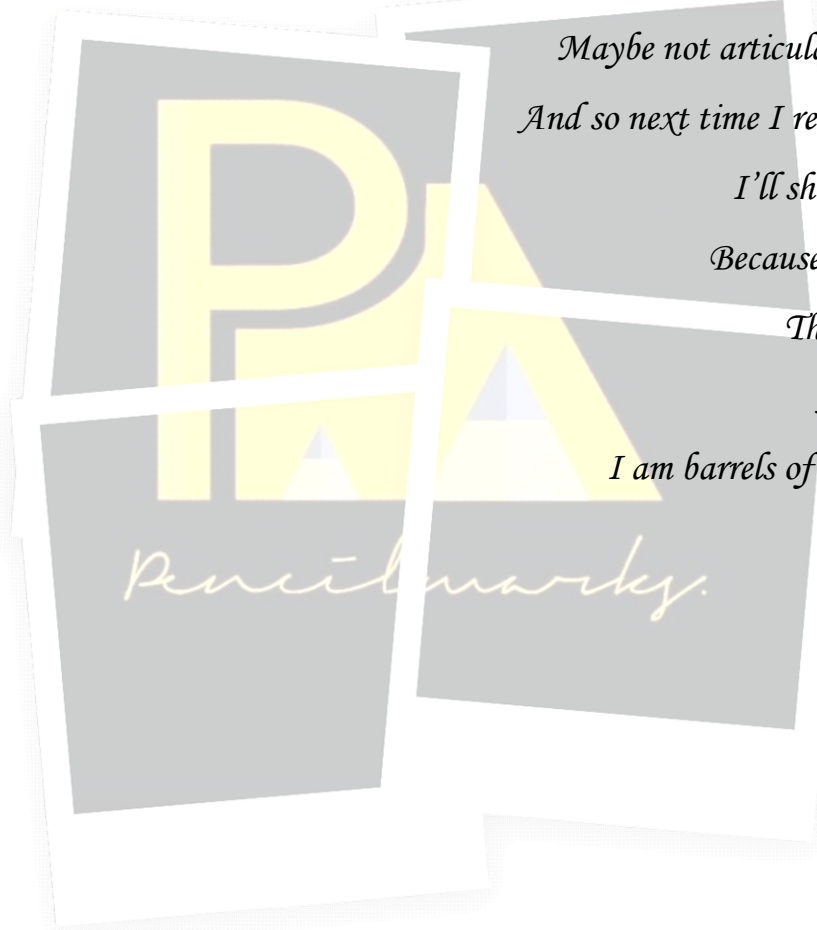
I'll show gratitude

Because without her

There is no this

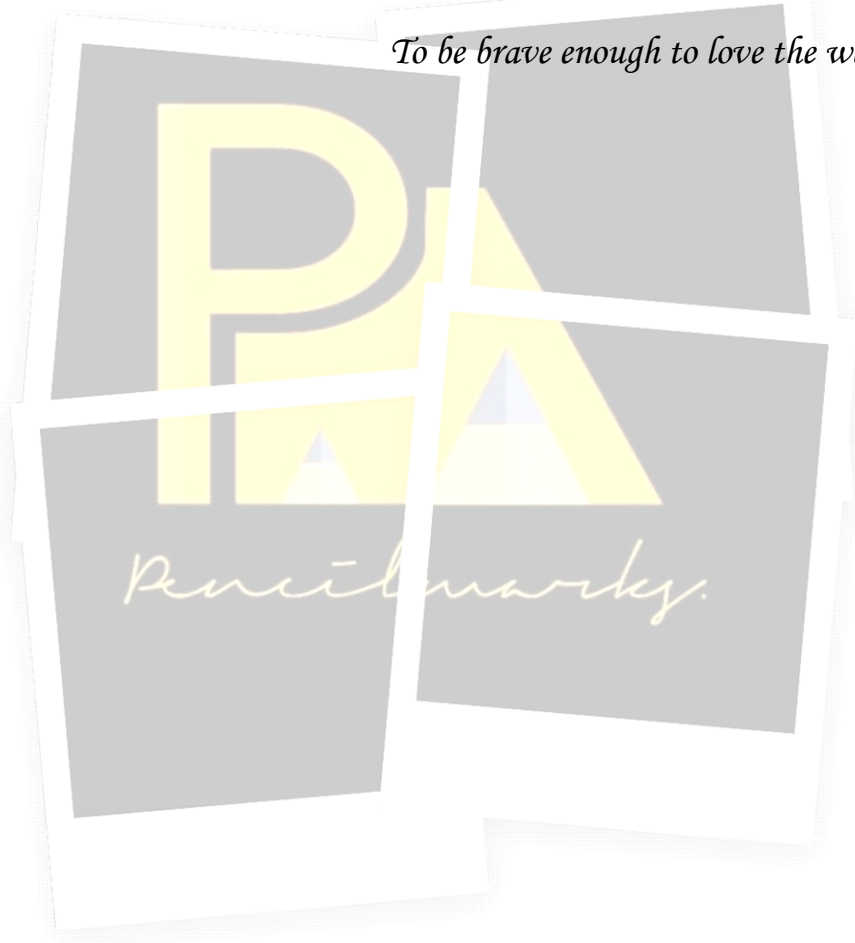
And for that

I am barrels of ink grateful.



The way we did

*Imagine how much more transparent
The world would be if people accepted that
Sexuality is a fluid thing
Their faces wouldn't scrunch as much
Their hearts wouldn't darken as much
And their souls wouldn't long as much
To be brave enough to love the way we did.*



The Same

I once a met a girl

Who made me doubt everything I ever knew

She proved that thing about Spaghetti

It is true

When she left me I broke her car window

I cried

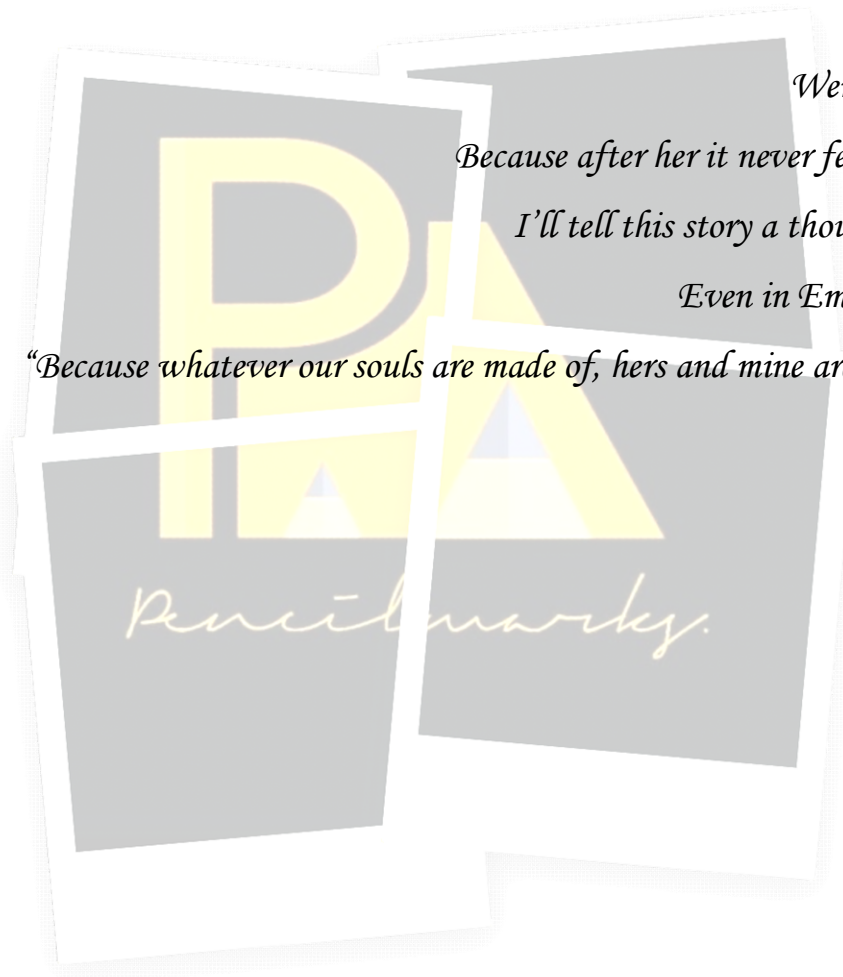
Went after her

Because after her it never felt the same

I'll tell this story a thousand times

Even in Emily's words

"Because whatever our souls are made of, hers and mine are the same"



CHAPTER IV

WANDERLUST



MAP

*Let me experience your body
The way travellers fiddle a map
Let me see the parts you hide
Let me hold the vessel
In which your soul came in
Let me treat her right*

Let me centre her in all the chaos

*Let me praise her
So on unfamiliar days
She doesn't forget
What things she hides
And what things make her glisten*

Pencilmarks.

SILHOUETTE

I can see your shadow

On the wall

Appearing because I insist on lighting a candle

Whenever you come over

You're thrusting and moaning

I'm taking it all in and watching

It's what I do best

Watch you

In yourself or silhouettes

Because almost everything you do around me

Is echo my desires

Desires you spring out of me with curiosity

I don't know what in its entirety it is

But I like it.

Pencilmarks.

WHITNEY'S SONG

Should I write about you in my journal

I have to think very well about it

What if you don't feel this way tomorrow

Or more terrifying,

What if I don't?

Can't leave you on pages that mean something

The audacity lust has

To collage our best moments

And make us play them alongside Whitney's song

I won't be brave about this

I'll cut the tape

I'll have sex with you

But I'll leave you as ink in my pen

That unlike my legs will never be spread.

Pencil marks.

The Window

Fuck me facing a window

I want you to see everything you're missing

By being here with me

Or rather is it them missing something

By choosing to do whatever it is they're doing

Than indulging lust

Whichever it is,

I don't know

But I want to learn

So again, you know

Fuck me facing the window.

Pencilmarks.



Yours Truly

Yours truly

Is lying in your bed

Waiting for you

Everything you want

Anything you need

Ask

I'll break the laws for you

Search this body for knowledge sake

Know this body for posterity sake

Please this body for Narcissus' sake

Revel in this body for your own sake

Because this body is

Yours, truly.

Pencilmarks.

She doesn't know how

You're trying to fix someone who didn't ask you to

She knows only flesh only red

Pink is a new colour to her

She's learning it but not ready to wear it

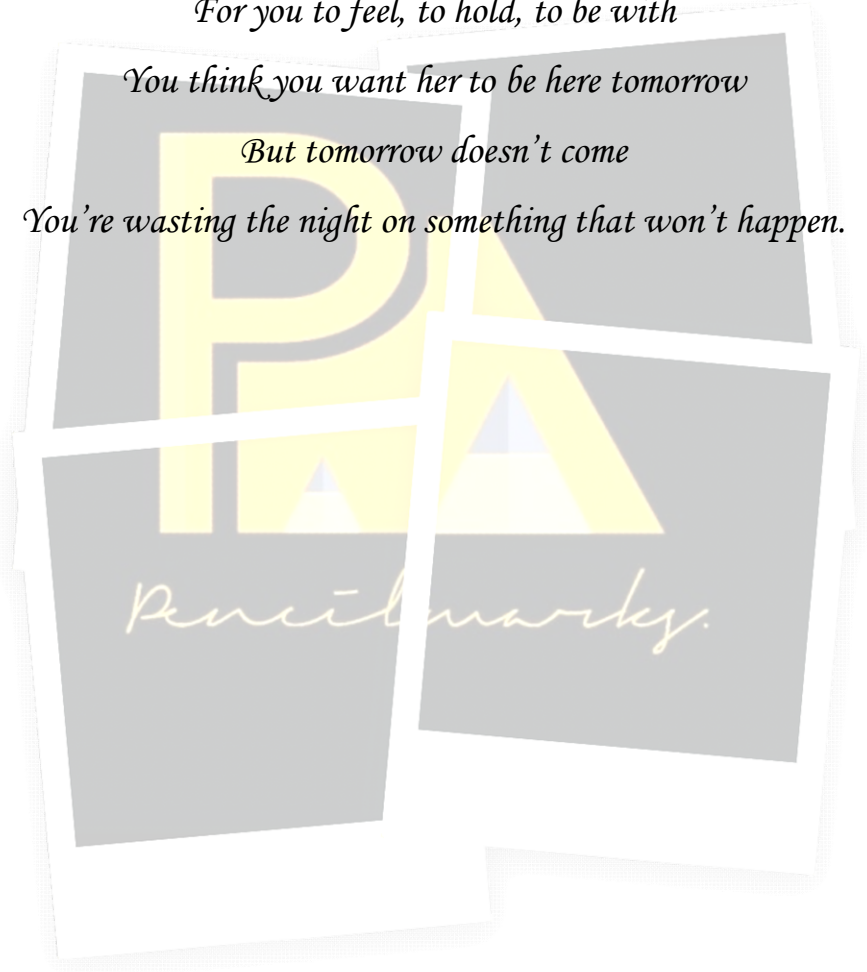
She only comes alive in the night

For you to feel, to hold, to be with

You think you want her to be here tomorrow

But tomorrow doesn't come

You're wasting the night on something that won't happen.



Don't go looking for me in other people, x

He won't love you like I will

But you already know that

You're not leaving because I don't love you enough

You're leaving because you'd rather we were an imagination

The reality of our love scares you

That's okay

I hate you but it's okay

But

*Don't cry on the internet when he doesn't give you the intentionality I pour on
you*

Don't text me at 2:17 am when you miss me

Don't bite your lip when you don't see love in that man's eyes

Because you well know it always sat in a woman's heart.

Don't go looking for me in other people.

Pencilmarks.

CHAPTER V

LILITH



I subscribe to Hedonism

I subscribe to hedonism because it is the most honest of all the theories

People go after what makes them happy

People seek pleasure in everything they do

Sex, money, alcohol, art

All of it

Are blankets to seeking what answers our questions of loneliness

So like what the religious people call it

The seeking after things that make us feel less empty,

Lust.



2003

I'm looking at you right now

And I'm losing words

Loosing words on how to tell you

"Amori e bicchieri di vino, sono cose che non si dovrebbero mai contare"

Orgasms, wine glasses

But Italian makes it hotter

You get to bite your tongue

Same tongue that's been inside me

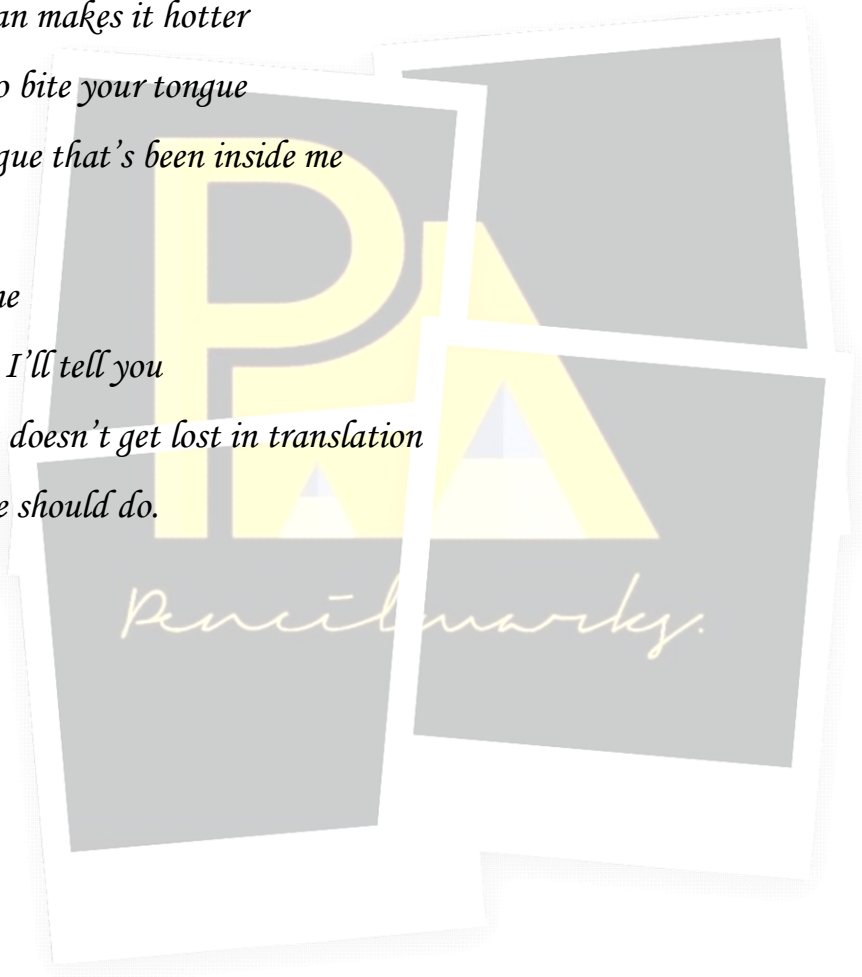
Bite it

Remind me

And then I'll tell you

Hoping it doesn't get lost in translation

Things we should do.



-ING

Another thing about lust

Is it's continuous state

It needs a being state to be.

For lust to act, it must be in a place

Comfortable enough- resting

It brings you to a place where you have to feel

So you say things like I'm coming

Or keep going

It's things like that that show you to remark it

As living

Don't be too ambitious to start

And don't be too hasty to end

Just start and then whatever comes next

Is the revelling.



Pencilmarks.

Don't rewrite History

I'm not going to be the mother of your children

I won't be the one who pleases your mother

In all honesty I don't think I ever pleased mine

In the way they want us to that is

Instead, don't think too far in the future

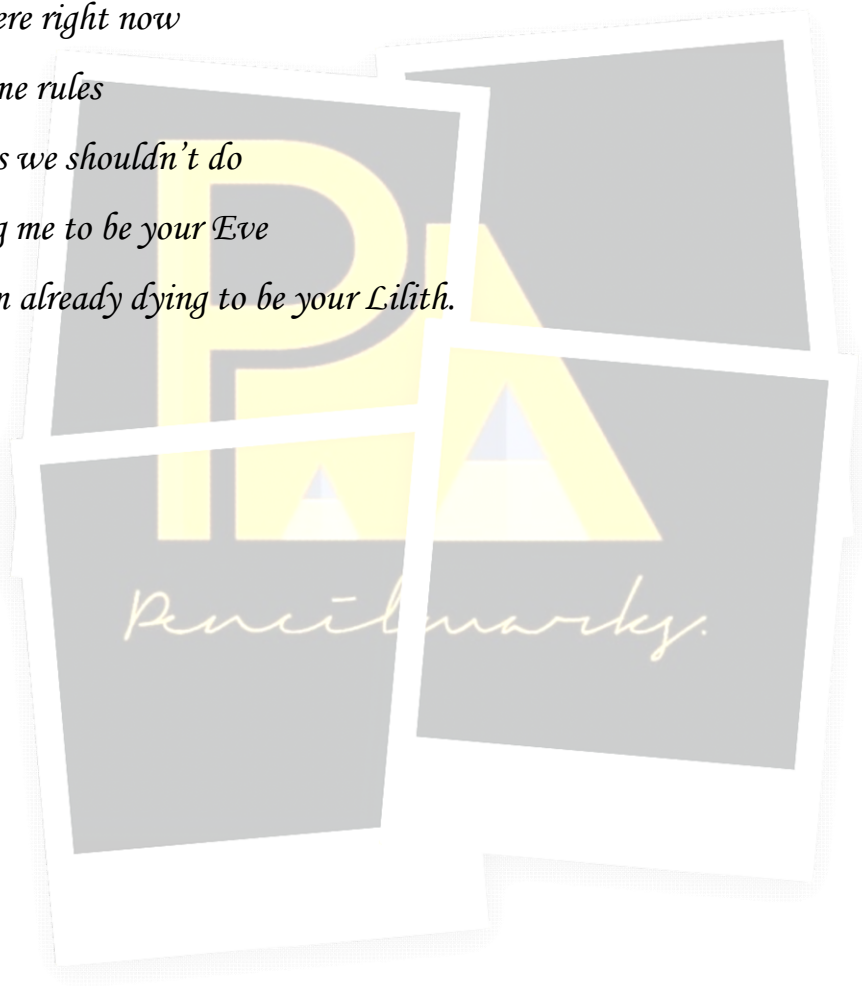
Just be here right now

Break some rules

Do things we shouldn't do

Don't beg me to be your Eve

When I'm already dying to be your Lilith.



Material Love

To the one who came to love me at a time when my soul wasn't ready:

I'm sorry

I'm sorry you poured your vulnerability and authenticity on a plant that wasn't ready to grow

All I had to give you was material love because it is lazy

Lazy enough to fool you for a while that it would develop roots to bloom

But it did not

And in the end I got tired of pretending and walked away

Shut you out

I'm not sorry I chose me

But I am sorry it hurt you

You shouldn't accept the love you think you deserve

Because it is half baked and you gave so much more

I won't ask you to wait for me because it is even more selfish and I honestly don't want you to

I don't even ask that you don't hate me

But

Do take care and find the courage to love again

At your own time of course.

We Have no Faults

We have no faults in the way we're made

Because at the barest we are made to love

Some want to be loved widely,

Others deeply

Still no wrongs there because it is what we know

It's the only thing that makes us feel enough

We don't get to choose how this will pan out

And that's okay

Because in the grand event of things

The end doesn't really matter

You never know its happening until it does

And its already too late

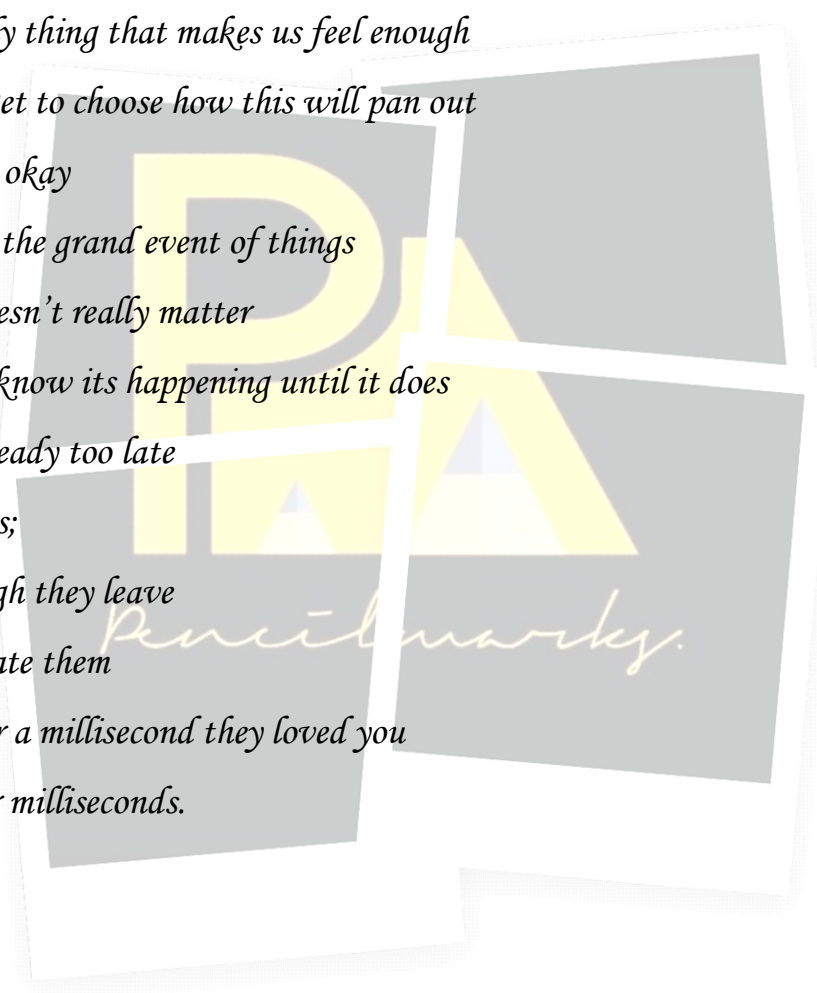
So take this;

Even though they leave

And you hate them

At least for a millisecond they loved you

Count your milliseconds.



Come Home

Come here

Come home

Where you know you rest your head

And feel at home

In the cradle of my breasts

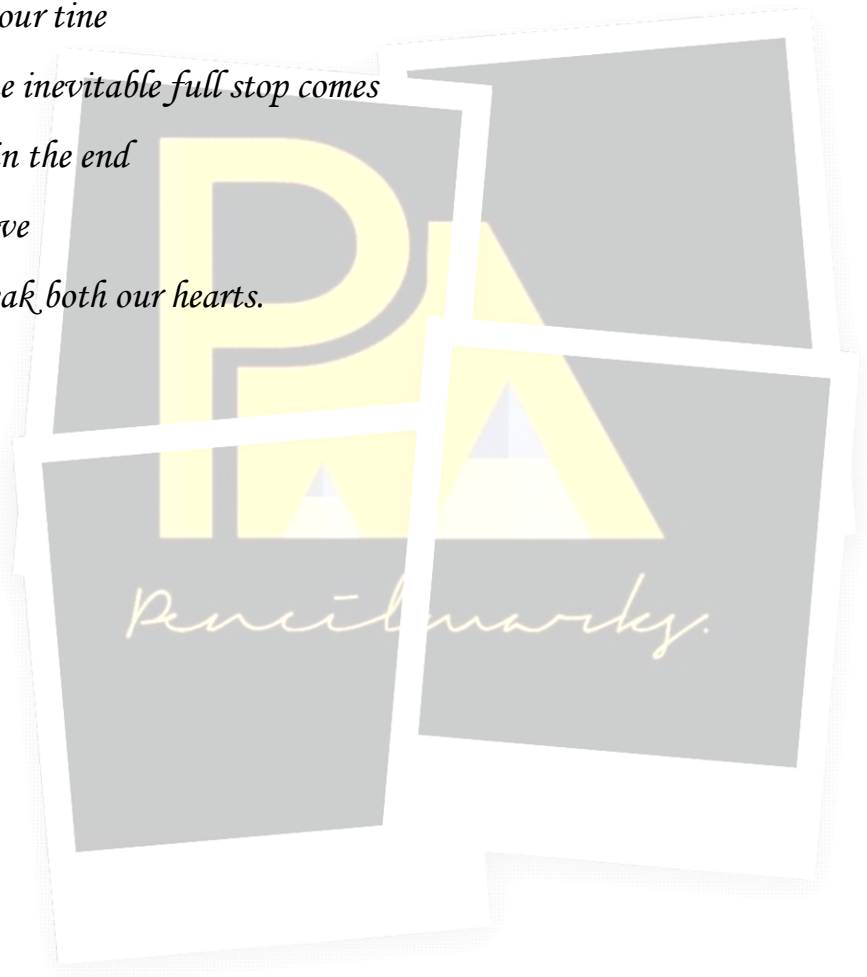
Treasure our time

Before the inevitable full stop comes

Because in the end

I will leave

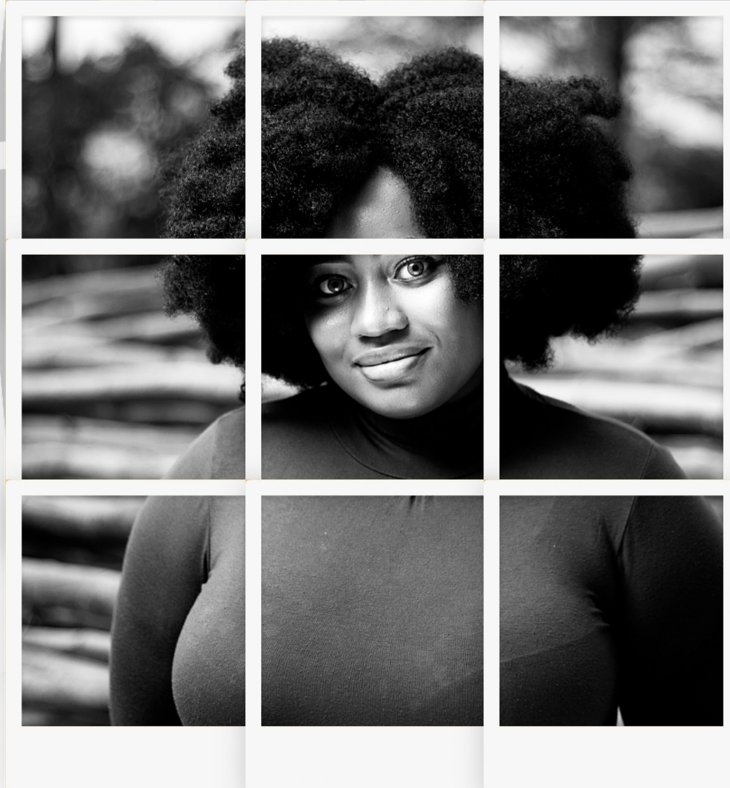
I will break both our hearts.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Above and beyond most things, Clara identifies as a writer who likes wine. She is currently finishing her law program in the University. She is a romantic because life is too beautiful to not be engaging. This is her third anthology and may be the last one for a while. She has no known human children but she has Asher, her dandelion in a yellow mug. Her best colour is yellow and she a very deep love for Sam Smith's music. She writes a seasonal travel journal, records a podcast about movies and sells wine packages. You should check them out.

Stringing together this anthology was her own way of finding confidence beyond Lightning McQueen. She thinks Livingstone will resonate. For more, follow her on twitter at @winewhoree, she can't seem to shut up on that bird app. She is a wonderful person and I simply adore her. She's done well.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSHUA OKONKWO. 31ST October 2020.

NOTES...



