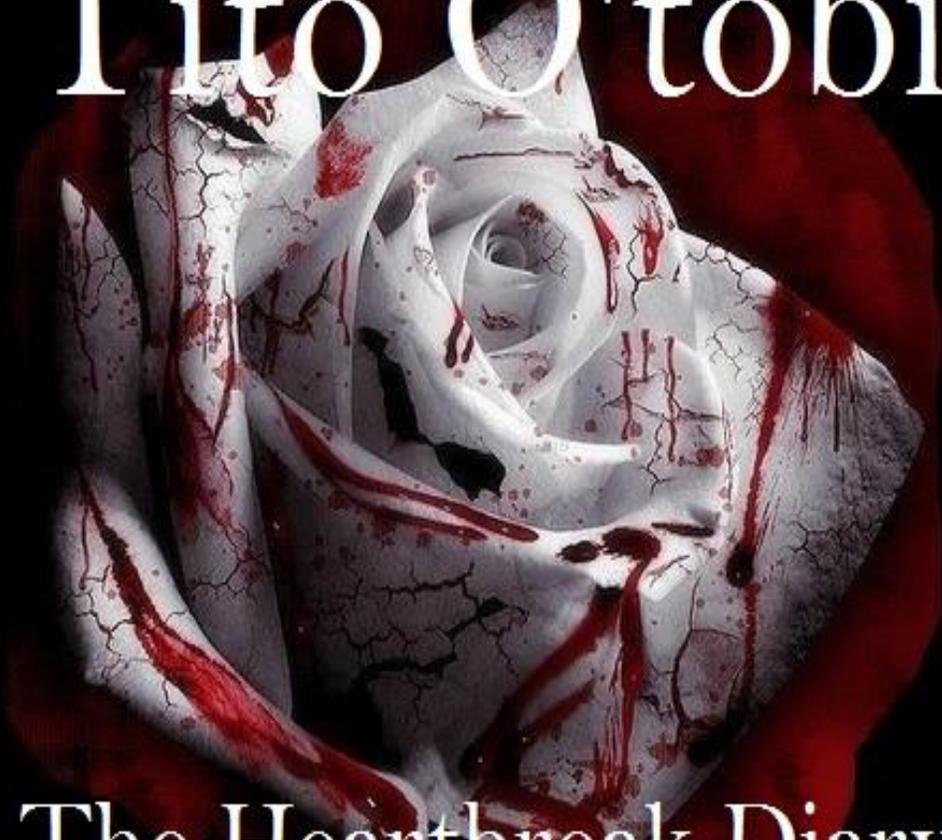


# Tito O'tobi

A white rose is the central focus, appearing to be made of paper or a similar material. It is heavily splattered with bright red blood, which is dripping down its petals. The surface of the rose is also covered in a network of fine, dark cracks, suggesting it is fragile and broken. The rose is set against a dark red, circular background that has a slightly textured, almost liquid appearance.

## The Heartbreak Diary

*An esoteric exploration into the poetry of the dark side of love.*

*Someday, you're gonna look back on this moment as such a sweet time of grieving. You'll see that you were in mourning and your heart was broken but your life was changing. - Elizabeth Gilbert*

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An esoteric exploration into the poetry of the dark side of love.

Someday, you're gonna look back on this moment of your life as such a sweet time of grieving. You'll see that you were in mourning and your heart was broken, but your life was changing – Elizabeth Gilbert

# The Heartbreak Diary

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## About the Author

Tito O'tobi is the author of *When We Made Men*, *The Heartbreak Diary*. He is the founder and editor of *The Humanetech Blog*. He is a well-versed writer and poet with numerous unpublished works featured on blogs, magazines and newspapers around the world. His spare time is used up in humanitarian service with the Red Cross.

## Dedication

This book as a work of art is dedicated to everybody who has ever loved anybody or anything and has been heartbroken. This is my personal note and poem to you on this journey of self-discovery. It is also my heart-written note to many of the child-soldiers whose stories will probably never get told.

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## The Book

The Heartbreak Diary is a collection of deep poems that discusses culturally and versifies the complex emotional feeling that is called heartbreak. Its verses are arranged in four main styles, traditional English haiku, rhythmic quartets/quatrains, iambic sonnets and a few long verses that culminate in an ode sung to African literary juggernaut, Chinua Achebe. The theme of the poems range from a nationalist's broken patriotism through exuberant teenage flings to somber vituperations of death and even the sober writings of a child-soldier who explores his literary abilities on the battle field.

It's a work that subtly draws on its reader and reminds one of the poetry classic *Idanre and other poems*.

**Haiku**

I

Boomblast-er-shot smoke  
Looming mister, my head, broke  
Sister head, he broke

II

Mobster arsonist? No  
No – star, gormentagonist,  
North-East land blood flow

III

A staccato beat  
Of raining bullets and shots  
Shaytan's bloody dance

IV

Who sings the cruel songs  
When the devil dances in  
This endless blood bath

V

Them tawdy songs of  
Death to book, women, children  
And all good sweet things

VI

Who made the Sahel (my homeland)  
The devil's bloody dance floor  
Who are the beatmakers.

VII

Boy soldiers last six months  
I have seen ten and six months  
Death sits before me now.

VIII

In the town today  
The school doors are still closed  
The prisons stay opened.

IX

Immortality

Is the words I write now

To speak when I'm gone

X

The immortal blood

Of my flowing pen will speak

Of how I'm murdered

XI

A nation I once loved

Committed me to prophet's

Teachings for Jihad.

XII

Boy soldiers die in

Six to ten months, I'm so cursed

To have lived sixteen

XIII

Every word I write

Of me, kills me. I wish all

Boys will write of us.

XIV

## Quatrains

Quatrain I

There's no rock as strong

As the shred of love

There's no fall as hard

As the betrayed love.

Quatrain II

In ink, I wrote down

My first love note

In blood, she wrote down

My own death note

Quatrain III

Of all the things

That makes love such

Fearful feeling

Passion's the worst

Quatrain IV

Tears grace my eyes

When I think 'bout

The wasted years

I wasted 'em

Wasted 'em loving you

Wasted 'em feeling blue

Thinking of loving you

Hearing you're hurting too

Hurting real sore

Not finding love.

Did my best, more

In showing love.

A deep red blood spurt

On my green white blouse

Is simply all that

I've to show for it

Quatrain V

Will the time be right

To love another

Will you get the strength

That comes from being loved

You can know when

The time is right

You can know that

Love is time less.

Quatrain VI

Sweet sells

Suites tell

Sheets tell

Shit sells

## Sonnets

Sonnet I – Sometimes Love....

Sometimes love is patient

Other times it's latent

Sometimes love is just kind

Sometimes it is wicked

Sometimes love's not envious

Sometimes it's just devious

Sometimes you'll ring a bell

Sometimes it's with Jez'bel

Sometimes it takes your heart

Sometimes it tears you 'part

Sometimes love warms you too

But love does kill you too

So I'll tell my son's son

Never love till you're done.

Sonnet II – From A Heartbroken Nigerian

I need to know the truth  
If you still think of me  
I need to know it's true  
That you will still love me  
I wish to know this feel  
That you were my mistake  
Was I a misgiving  
You've been forgiven of  
I wish to really know  
How then we got this far  
I need to know now now  
If you do know me now  
And my patriotic love  
I just need to know now.

Sonnet III – Love Made Us

So then you left me

My heart, it fell weak

And its pale sickness

No poultice could heal

I ought to have thought

That all we do love

Shall someday leave us.

But love with great strength

‘Twas that kept us whole

Three score years or so.

The night you left me

I heard my heart spoke

He’s near his heartbroke

So I thought to die

By the morning’s dawn.

Sonnet IV – Love like a tear drop

Just like a tear drop

All that we ever do

All we really make

And man's achievements

Gets wiped off so soon,

Vanishes sooner.

Love like a tear drop

Is just a blot when

the wind of time blows.

A simple tear drop.

Only its trails remain.

The big world is small

Small like a tear drop.

Sonnet V – Living Love

You have to love

For you to live

You have to feel

Your hearts own strength

So you can trust

And learn to care

For all you see.

There's time you'll see

None to care for

and none to trust.

Just your heart's strength

is there to feel.

Feel and fill it

With love for you.

Sonnet VI – Ode to the May

She was the season of bloom

She was reason of beauty

She was of the golden light

That made the garden so bright

Sharp rays of golden yellow

Lit the face of this fellow

She was the true awakening

Of a long-drawn slumbering

Roses, lilies and lush lawns

Posies, tulips, moss, soft-body fawns

All the guests of my abode

When springly May is just come

May was the gentle light blade

When she goes, we'll wish she stayed.

Sonnet VII - Death to the Broken-hearted

Let him that cannot love be

Let him be clubbed to death

He let a dart pierce his heart

Let him be bled to death

He that's forcefully un-milked

Shalt be stabbed and poisoned

He that hath so so little

Hath the little taken

He that hath none save his life

Let not his life be safe

His heart's broke, why doth he live

For the heart-less should die

A bounty on the heartbroke

Give his killer kings' wealth.

Sonnet VIII – When I'm Lonely

When I'm lonely

And my heart bleeds

With none to cheer

Or to talk to

And my dreams are

Dark and grim dreams

And I'm so lonely

And my thoughts, bright

Rosy, red, light,

Bloody, red, bright

Then I'm lonely

And every stroke

Of my dear pen's

a needle's prick.

Sonnet IX - When I'm Lonely Too

When I'm Lonely Too

I think about you

And my eyes cry too

I know I love you

With my bitter tears

I try to get sleep

By and by, I dream

The dream's not so grim

Comes in sunny beams

And bright flowing streams

You laid your dear hand

On my dearest chest

And rend my dear heart

A bloody love note.

Sonnet X – Corpus Immortal

Never look my eye again

Never think to kiss my lips

I won't give my hand to hold.

Milk from your breast tames no man

Poisons the flow of my blood

And your hair it strangles me.

Your flow'ry scent chokes my breath

My fancy now; drums of war.

The rumbling that swings my axe

The growl that drops my rival

And makes his blood-kin childless,

Sings the adulterer a dirge.

Write an ode my fairest one

That kills not my jealous deeds.

Sonnet XI – Love's Dark Heart

The singers of hell

Close round about me

With fingers that tell

Me screams of death.

When love strangled

My very throat.

And love's strings bound

My very heart.

It's sting's venom

Crippled me whole.

I reached and picked

That which has pricked

My heart, a gift

To hell's dark foal.

Sonnet XII – Love's fairness

Hath Love fairness?

Life's unfairness

You got the man

He got satan

You got the bow

He, your arrow

You throw tantrums

He's to crack them

You bake cupcakes

That give toothaches

You have the home

The Man? Lonesome

Want to move on

He'll lose his son.

Sonnet XIII – Adam's muse

Thou Daughter of Eve

How's the cold eve

Fair Daughter of Eve

Hear what I give.

A just verse I sought,

Mused from life's wise bark

Where I sit, times dark.

Its leaves clothe my thought.

But what food thy hand gives

This dark orb, you shouldn't give

For 'tis not yours to give

Its good looks do deceive.

Thou daughter of Eve

Thy fruit, it gives death.

Sonnet XIV – Heartbreak Strings

Torture gives strength to the string  
The string's torture strengthens the music  
That bound my frail heart to you  
The real strength of feminine magic  
It made me think of just you  
And love's strength like death's cunning arm  
Gripped my heart and sorely choked  
The very life out of my singed soul  
Wringing out the tiniest drop  
Of the warm blood that stayed my being.  
My head swooning and my heart screaming  
As I trudged through life's dark hours  
The long hood over my shadowy head  
Tells me I'll never learn to love again.

Sonnet XV – Love Strong, Love Strung

Sinuous flow of strength that cursed my arms

When I sweetly carried her in my arms

Sweet, sultry, succulent lips that plant smooth kisses on me

Silky and fine were the threads of her touch on me

They were the threads that knit the very fragments of me

Weaving from soul to heart and heart to soul, my very being

The very emotional core of me, slick and soft and fluid

Yet forming the tough fabric of my strength that moved mountains

Sinister sister with the fiery heart hands that wove silk

The flare of which would set the very sun ablaze.

Magma coursed through the veins of her very soft hands.

She is woman – nature's delicately disguised explosive.

Her silken passions throbbed my very core's strings,

Slickly slicing my steel veins and consuming men.

Sonnet XVI – Love’s Death Note

In ink I wrote

My first love note

With a wild heart

Twas my freedom

From kidshackles.

I gave it her

Bold shamefacedly

With sacredly.

That tongue from her

Without remorse

Broke my wisdom

And without heart

In blood, she wrote

My own death note.

Sonnet XVII – Kiss from a Rose

She springs out on a warm spring day  
And it's the reason you always love spring  
Scents and fragrances that fill your senses  
She only gives red roses, they're her favourite  
She has a garden full of them; that's what she says  
Red roses, red lip paint, red dresses  
It's what red passion she has in her veins  
And so she kissed you, her fangs dug deep  
The red that flowed, your whiteness stained  
Unceasing fount from the red lip stains  
Whose weakening power you never knew  
Until it's cold numbness felt like the grave  
And its drop, it poisoned your heart  
To slap the one that gave you birth.

Sonnet XVIII – Black Beauty (The Nation I Loved)

There was once a time

When your black skin was soft on my touch

I loved the course of the tears on your face

When your cry sent sweet streams that melted my heart

The sweeter part of love that flowed from your two eyes

Soothed all that loved you and showed it

But recently, your tears have turned sour and red

Your breasts have killed sucking infants

Your hands have turned daggers

In the hearts of young men that chose to love you

And you watch them bleed to death

While their sisters you sell to rapists

So why should I love you,

Beauty of the black world.

Sonnet XIX – Ode to My Girl's Lost Toy

I took a chance

With you

I played the fool

For you

And all I had

Was you

You kept my breath.

You had no breath.

Besides, you

Were a card, lad.

But you

Were my real toy

And you

Were just of chance.

Sonnet XX – Love Stopped My Heart

Talking to you was death

Meeting you was the first

Of my many suicides.

I blinked at you and so

My mouth stopped its talking.

I think of you and so

My brain got clogged with fog.

Then I touched you and my

Fingers felt none smoother.

I held you close and won't

Let go or let none close.

My fault was loving you.

'Twas what stopped my dear heart.

From loving another.

Sonnet XXI – Bleeding Love

Then I'm looking at your legs

Slim, fair, slender, pure and clear.

Then I see your hips, smooth and clean

Curving inwards to your torso.

Where the water still dripping from

The bath, softly makes my mouth dry.

The soft mounting at your bosom,

Rushed strength to my palms.

But they got heavy.

My eyes, fixed on your needly fingers

Grows dim, the lids over them flutter,

Flutter, flutter bleakly, it's my blood flowing.

Your tears flowing, dropping where the dart lingers.

Where you shot my heart with the dart.

Sonnet XXII – To the girl I once loved

There was a girl I once loved

She was fair-skinned and full of grace

Her hair was full and glorious like the mid morning sun.

Her cheeks were roses that bloomed radiantly.

She wasn't skinny, she always carried a full bunch

And the fruits of it were ripe from the streams of love

Whose serene springs soothed me with peace?

The most beautiful creation of God

Walks into my garden in the cool shade of the evening.

Glides over my most well tended flowers

With her lithe honey-sheeny skin

She rolls over the softest growth of green in the meadow

Filling my head and the air with the scents of God

And I had not, the faintest strength to make her mine.

Sonnet XXIII – Meddling

I spoke with my friend today

He wanted it to end today

But she wants to make amends today.

I hope he bends today

“son, make amends today”.

But he took offence today

When I said “don’t lose your sense today”

Love’s the seventh sense

That took him over the fence

For I winked at his girl

In a moment I couldn’t tell

That she wasn’t my girl.

When your love’s just left you

You ought not meddle in another’s love.

## Long Verses

Ode to Chinua Achebe

Life is like rain water

It comes first in drizzles

Then in trickles and drops

When its quantity gets significant

Then it stops in a sudden manner

We won't always have a rainy day

When great men walk the land,

Leaving giant footprints in the sands

Their spirits swaying the air

Challenging every atom of creation

Voices booming in guttural, esoteric ecumenism

"Do you know me?"

The reply is humble,

For who can know,

The spirits of the great men

Who hold the land.

When Chinualumogu spoke

It was a voice that challenged

Corruption in governance,

Despotism in leadership

And racism in literature.

The prophetic voice of literature

From the literary wilderness of Africa.

Though Prophets never last and time has moved so fast

As the drizzles of your life quickly evolved

Into torrential downpours while you wrote Africa's story,

Not just your own.

## The Epic of the Firebird

In the days when the firebird  
Descended magnificently over  
The garden that was of Ooduwa's care  
Watered by the sweet streams that  
Took its source from the golden rock.

The gently flowing stream of  
Silvery, Glassy fluid of pure health  
The one whose seepage released  
The divine herbs whose green gave  
Eternal health to man and his beasts  
And the forbidden tree of life.

Ah, the forbidden tree  
Took of this soothing sweet stream  
To fashion for Ooduwa, the evil fruit.

Twasn't always evil, the fruit  
Never was wont to be evil  
Twasn't the desire of its creator,  
The Great Deity.

Ooduwa was lonesome

He never was at home  
In the midst of the joys,  
The sheer joys his garden brought  
For indeed, there was much joy  
And relish in the unfettered flight.  
The unfettered flurried flight  
Of his flame-feathered friend.  
The great bird of folk songs  
Whose feet spread the earth beneath man.

Ooduwa's garden lit up  
At the bird's entrance  
When darkness fell, and gloom  
Withered the joy of his day's work  
And the cult of powers, dark powers  
Poisoned the water in his throat and  
The blood in his veins, tormenting his sanity  
With visions of Sango's axe  
casting bolts of flaming arcs around his work.  
The glorious bird, his light  
Lit the path to ayanmo.

The Great Deity's course

For his newly found earth

And its lone earthling.

## **Acknowledgement**

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