



EDGY!

At the confluence of pictures and words.

ISSUE 1, APRIL 2017

About the Magazine

EDGY! aims to be a magazine at the confluence of words and pictures. Each issue will delve into a topic , illustrating it with great pictures, stories, poetry, historical narratives and opinion pieces. The topics will come from the the issues that affect human life in our pursuit of our dreams and aspirations.

"

EDGY!' is the intellectual property of Nana Dadzie Ghansah.
All original stories, poetry and photography are by Nana Dadzie Ghansah.
© COPYRIGHT 2017 NANADADZIE All Rights Reserved.

EDGY!

presents



THE ART OF THE SULTRY

featuring

K'Monique

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1.
Definition

3.
Her

5.
The Diary

12.
The Little Blue Pill

15.
Bliss

17.
Ecstasy

20.
That Sultry Summer Night

23.
Oshun's Message

25.
Thou Art Fair

28.
She Heard It All

31.
The Voice

Hamlet:

"But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my
complexion."

Osiric:

"Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,--as
'twere,--I cannot tell how."

From Hamlet, Act V, Scene II, by William Shakespeare



sul·try

/sēltrē/

adjective

1.

(of the air or weather)

hot and humid.

synonyms:

humid, close, airless, stifling, oppressive, muggy,
sticky, sweltering, tropical, heavy; hot;
"a sultry day"

2.

(of a person, especially a woman)

attractive in a way that suggests a passionate nature.

synonyms:

passionate, attractive, sensual, sexy, voluptuous,
erotic, seductive
"a sultry film star"



She stood there....still and regal.....brown face framed by elegant lines and arresting contours.....the color of her lips a stark contrast to the drabness of his life....he stared....etching her looks in his mind....he stared at her as she stood....

"In the Window"

Her

Her eyes had a shine
Could swear they were divine
The gracious rise of her nose
Just as confident as her pose
Above red lips so full
Like stuffed with tender wool

A neck that gracefully flowed
Into a chest that was bestowed
By a pair ever perfect
In slope, form and erect
Adorned a trunk on a waist
Slim, dainty and well-placed

The flare of her hips
Those curves, those dips
The back, that mound
The hill, so round
On legs tapering down
Long, lithe and brown



She danced slowly,
moving her body rhythmically
to a tune that only she could hear...her body
undulating, unwinding
with
energy...then she
stopped...her arms came
up slowly to clutch her
shoulders as she tilted her
head back...for a while she
just stood...still...
motionless...she seemed
to be...

"In the Moment"

The Diary

It was about 3 pm when the last visitor left. Andy, my younger brother left with my boyfriend, Sam for the airport. Sam had to fly to San Francisco to present a paper we had been working on at a Biotechnology conference. Andy was kind enough to drive him.

I walked into the kitchen and sat at the island. I could still hear strains from Miles Davis playing in the living room. Dad loved Miles. Dad. I couldn't believe he was gone. James Elton Bingham. Father to Andy and myself - gone. The man who mum died single-handedly raised me and my brother. The man who loved us more than life itself and sacrificed everything for us. Gone.

Any moment now, I expected to hear his gruff voice asking if I wanted something to eat. "Viv, you need some meat on those bones", he would say. He always called me Viv. Any moment now I expected to hear him and Andy arguing about who the better quarterback is - Brady or Montana.

Dad! Gone!

He had battled the prostate cancer but lost the battle. Towards the end, the pain became unbearable and even then, he stayed stoic and never complained.

Dad! Never complained. Even when mum died and he became a single dad raising to children by himself, he never complained.

I got up and walked to get a glass. I walked over to the makeshift bar we had set up in the kitchen and poured myself a glass of Bordeaux. As I took a sip, I walked into the living room, then into the family room where the piano stood. I strolled into his study which towards the end, had become his bedroom.

His presence was so palpable but the memories there were too painful. I walked out. I found myself walking up the stairs. I stopped at the top of the stairwell and wondered for a minute what I was doing. I realized I was looking for memories of dad. I walked into his bedroom.

Dad had bequeathed us - Andy and I - the house. Andy wanted us to keep it but I wanted us to sell it. Sam and I wanted to move to the West Coast and Andy was always on the road. We both didn't need the house. Andy argued that the memories were worth keeping. I disagreed. I felt memories were things you held in your heart not in an old house.

The bedroom was dark. I still remembered where the switch was and turned the light on. His presence felt stronger. Here was the presence of healthy dad. Strong, indomitable dad. The doctor. The healer, who couldn't heal himself.

I sat on the perfectly made bed. Dad always made his own bed, perfectly.

That is when my eye fell on a small key on the bedside table. I reached for it. I wondered what it opened. A safe, maybe?

I got up and headed into his closet. Suits hung in a perfect row. Polished shoes neatly arranged. There was what looked like a chest of drawers. I walked over, gripped a handle and pulled. Instead of a drawer pulling out, the whole front of the chest swung open like a door. Behind that was a safe. She tried the key in the keyhole and it fit. Apprehensive, she opened the door.

There was what looked like a bag of coins, a hand gun, his passport and an old-looking leather bound book. On a lower shelf were a wad of notes and a folder that contained





some paperwork. Her eyes fell back on the gun and then the leather-bound book. She reached for it and opened it. She stared at her dad's writing. It looked like a journal. Did dad keep a journal?

She held on to the book, locked up the safe, closed the door and walked out of the closet. She walked over to the bed and sat down.

The silence was broken by her phone ringing. It was stuck in a holster she had clipped to her belt. It was Sam. He was boarding. She wished him a safe flight and hung up.

Then her phone beeped. It was text message from Andy. He was going to see the game at a friend's.

She opened the book. It was journal. The year was 1971. Her dad kept a journal? She couldn't believe it.

The first page read:

April 3rd, 1971

"Today, I met the woman I am going to spend the rest of my life with. She doesn't know it though but I will win her over. She is so beautiful. Simone Lisa Johns. One day, she'll be Simone Lisa Bingham"

Her jaw dropped. A journal about how dad met mum? Oh my God. Is it what she thought it was?

She opened to the next page. There was another entry about mum. Wow! She needed some wine to read this.

She gripped the book tighter and headed downstairs. She went to the kitchen to get her glass of wine and the bottle of Bordeaux. She walks into the family room and sat in dad's leather recliner. She set the bottle and glass on the side table next to the recliner, turned on the reading light and opened the book.

April 9th, 1971

"I see her at the again. I smiled at her and she smiled back. What a beautiful woman she is.":

She kept reading.

As she read, she was drawn slowly into the courtship of her mum by her dad. What she was reading was painting a totally different picture of the dad she had known and loved. The man who wrote this journal was poetic, passionate, even delicate. Dad had been none of those!

She knew mum and dad got married but did they.....? Did dad write about it? At that thought, she stopped reading. Did she really want to read about her parents making love? The thought made her wince but she couldn't help herself. She flipped a page and continued reading. After the first few sentences, she knew she was on to something:

June 2, 1972

We are going on a date tomorrow. Will that be the day?

June 3, 1972

The date was amazing. We went to see the play "Hanging on a String" and then did dinner at "The Cauldron". The we went for a walk along the lake. The moon was full and walking in it's glow was so romantic. I got her home around 11 pm. i parked at the front of the house, got out and walked around to get her door. She stepped out of the car with so much grace. I walked her to the door.

Beauty, Relationships, Her
Body, Being a Woman,
Clothes, Career, Her
Future, Life, Sex, Men...
that Man....
she sat, legs tucked in,
head to the side, she sat...
alone in the quiet and
was...

"Reflective"



“Thank you for such a wonderful night”, she said.

“It was truly my pleasure”, I said.

Mustering all the courage I had, I asked “Can I come in?”

She looked me in the eye, kissed me on the cheek and whispered in my ear “Soon dear, soon”.

With that she got out her key, unlocked the front door and stepped in. She turned to look at me, blew me a kiss, said Good night and closed the door.

I headed back to my car.

Just as I got into the car, I turned to admire the house once more. Her parents, who were rather wealthy, died in a horrible accident years ago. She was left with the house, among other things. It was a beautiful home.

That was when it caught my eye - the door. It was ajar! I could swear she had locked it behind her. Could it be?

I locked up my car and headed back towards the house.

When I got to the front door, it was ajar. I pushed it open.

I gasped. There were rose petals strewn in the foyer. I stepped in and closed the door behind me. I heard Lady Day singing off a record player. I called out “Simone”.

There was no answer. I decided to follow the petals. They lead to the stairwell. At the bottom was a bottle with 2 glasses. I picked up the bottle and the glasses. It was a champagne. It had a French name. I walked up the stairs. They were strewn with petals.

At the top of the stairs and to the right was another door that was ajar. The petals seemed to go in that direction. I walked up to the door and pushed it open. Candles lit up the room. The voice of Lady day filled the room. As my eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, I saw her. My Simone. Waiting for me. On the biggest bed I ever saw. It was the best night of my life.

Vivian closed the book as tears streamed down her face. In the last half-hour, she had discovered a side of her dad she never knew existed. Did he lose it or just shut it off after mum died? She realized then how much her dad must have loved her mum. He never remarried. How she wished she had experienced that delicate side of dad? Then it also struck her that the house she had grown up in had so much history. the home he mum inherited from her parents. There was no way they could sell it. All of a sudden, she didn't want to move to the West Coast anymore.

As she wiped away her tears, she kept thinking of her parents. Of her mum - she lost her when she was only 10 and hardly remembered how she looked like anymore, but for her pictures. She thought of her dad. A man who had sacrificed so much to give them everything. All of a sudden, she understood. Dad missed the love of his life so much that the only way he could cope was not to love again. And beside his kids, he never loved again.

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a white, off-the-shoulder dress with long sleeves. She is adorned with a multi-strand pearl necklace and matching pearl bracelets on both wrists. Her eyes are closed, and she has a serene expression. The background is dark, making the white dress and pearls stand out.

Rich
and
creamy.
Smoooooth!
A dark
allure....melting...sensous...

"Chocolate"

The Little Blue Pill

Kofi Manu's wife of 27 years, Julie, died about 6 years ago. She lost her battle with breast cancer. Kofi was devastated. They got married in their 20s when they were both in college. After they graduated, she supported him as he struggled as an unknown writer. Later, her salary as an attorney allowed them both to live well. She shared his joy with him when he wrote his first bestseller and later became a syndicated columnist. Her death really hit him hard. She had been his rock.

After a long period of depression and an unsuccessful suicide attempt, his sister introduced him to one of her friends and a romance blossomed. Esi was a 40-year-old single mother with two kids. She and the kids totally adored Kofi and vice versa. At 57, he was dating again and had rediscovered his joy in life. To help out with his love life, his doctor had prescribed him the "little blue pill". It had worked wonders.

One Wednesday night, as Kofi was wont to do each before bedtime, he went to the medicine cabinet to take his bedtime medications. On this particular night, he was on the phone with Esi, who was working the night shift. With the phone balanced against his ear using his left shoulder, he opened the cabinet with his right hand and grabbed a container. Not totally paying attention, he popped one of the "little blue pills", instead of taking his anti-hypertensive medicine.

He realized his mistake the minute he placed the container back in the cabinet.

"Oh My God, Esi, you won't believe what I just did", Kofi reported. "I took a "little blue" instead of my lisinopril."

You could hear Esi laughing at the other end. She advised him to take a cold shower if it got too hard. She was beside herself with laughter. Kofi didn't see any humor in the situation. He knew how bad it could get and with Esi working, he was on his own. He said goodbye to her, realizing that it could be a long night.

Hoping for the best, he went to bed.

The pain woke him up. It was dull and steady. All his life, he had never been one to seek self-pleasure. He viewed that as a weakness and a total waste. He wasn't going to start tonight.

As he lay there wondering what to do, the humor in the his predicament started dawning on him. The idea for a satirical piece started taking seed in his head. The writer in him, he guessed. The more he thought of writing, the less of the pain he felt and the more humorous he found the whole situation. Finally, he got up and went to his study to get a pen and paper. He came back to the bedroom, sat at the edge of the bed and started to write:

And the poor man
Looking at his span
Wracked with pain
All relief in vain
From endless tumescence
Like seen in adolescence
Cried out aloud
Not at all cowed

O my Manhood!
You do me no good!
Will you forever stand erect?
A sentry straight and perfect?
My sleep you disallow
Peace you disavow
A true friend you're not
For in pain I find my lot.

He read through it. In spite of the pain, it made him laugh. Just then, he heard the door bell ring. He wondered who it could be. It was rather late. He wondered if his next-door-neighbor was drunk again and couldn't find his house. It had happened before. He gingerly put on his robe and made for the front door. He peered through the glass and couldn't believe who was at the other side. He quickly opened the door and there stood Esi, with a wide grin on her face. "I asked one of my friends who owed me a favor to finish my shift. I know you needed me", she said. "How is Willie doing?", she asked. They both burst out laughing. It was going to be alright. All of a sudden, he felt no pain. For the first time since Julie died, he realized that he was truly and genuinely happy again. And somehow he knew she was happy for him. Yea, he knew....



Sweetie, it's been a long day...all I want to do is kick back with a drink and listen to some Teddy.....so, come on!...

"Fill it up!"

Bliss

You and me
Ecstasy is the key
We'll open that door
To the room with no floor
So we can float
On the joy we wrote
Bliss

A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair pulled back, looking intently at her reflection in a mirror. Her reflection is visible on the left side of the frame, showing her face and a hand near her chin. She is wearing a maroon top with a white logo. The lighting is soft, highlighting her features.

She likes what she sees...
She know who she is and what she
is capable of...
She senses the pull she has..
She sees it...
In her ...

“Reflection”

Ecstasy

On their backs they both lay
The time as if to slay
At the ceiling they gazed
Joyous and amazed
At where they had been
And what it could mean
To two people in each other
In a world without a bother.
Their breaths came out in sharp, short burst
For into a sea of ecstasy they had been thrust
The sweat on their bodies did glisten
There was passion if you could listen
She turned towards him
In the light that was dim
Wrapped her arms around his nakedness
Soaking her warmth in his manliness
He looked lovingly in her eyes
The feeling reaching new highs
Then kissed her with all passion
His need he could not ration
She moaned and softly arched
Her back even as he marched
With her again into potential bliss
Their lips locked together in a kiss
Their rhythmic motion a choreographed dance
The unheard music leading them in a trance
Two souls together as one
In a brew of love perfectly done
The climax an explosion
Of their pent up emotion
As her screams pierced the air
Laying all what was inside bare
Her nails dug into his warm skin
Her toes curled into a spin.
As his embrace tightened
So was his joy heightened
Their breaths became short, sharp bursts
For into ecstasy they had been thrust.





LOVE

That Sultry Summer Night

It was one of those summer afternoons, where the sweat sticks to you, hot and heavy. One of those afternoons, where even the mosquitoes are too dazed to fly due to the sweltering heat. The heat - so oppressive, so stifling. Choking like the passion a lover induces. Such was that afternoon.

No one cared that the ladies were all scantily clad in sheer cotton dresses that hung high. No one cared because it was so hot.

Ms Williams said it was "sultry".

She sat in her wheelchair close to the lake and watched the scene. It was the annual Barbecue in the Park and everyone was there. The family seemed to get larger each year and Ms Williams, my great-grandmother, kept a close eye over it all. At 92, she was still as sharp as a switchblade and had an uncanny memory. So it didn't come as a surprise when she asked, "Who is that?"

I spun around and that is when I saw her.

A few feet away stood a young woman, about my age with my sound, Bess.

She was one very beautiful woman.

"I don't know but I'll find out", I said as I walked off.

"Be a gentleman. Maybe she is the one. High time you settled down", yelled Ms Williams as I walked away.

All the women in the family thought I shouldn't be a bachelor at 35.

Just then my dad appeared from nowhere.

"Mikel, you need to pick up some more charcoal", he ordered.

He had that desperate the-barbecue-is-driving-me-nuts look so I grabbed the keys, sighed and went off to get some more charcoal.

I kept looking for her when I got back but could not find her. I couldn't find cousin Bess either. I finally gave up and decided to enjoy the evening, then the sun was slowly setting. Yet, I couldn't get past the feeling that someone was watching me the whole time. These gatherings always reminded me of mum. I missed her so much. She would be directing everything like a conductor at Carnegie Hall. When things calmed down, she would always walk over to the maple tree that stood near the boathouse, sit on the grass and lean her back against it. I would walk over and keep her company.

I walked over to the tree and sat down on the grass. I leaned my back against it and closed my eyes, pictures of her swimming through my mind.

I felt a presence and opened my eyes.

Before me stood the woman I had been searching for all evening. The one I saw earlier with Bess.

She was stunning. She was quite stunning.

"This is a cool spot. Care if I join you?", she asked.

"Sure", I answered.

Thoughts of my mum had fled, replaced by visions of holding this woman in my arms and kissing her so long that it will take her breath away.

She eased herself down beside me, leaned her back against the tree and went, "HMMMM!"

I almost lost it!

“Sultry”, she said.

“What did you say?”, I asked, shocked. I had never heard anyone else use that word besides Ms Williams.

“Sultry. A sweet, sultry, summer night. Down in the deep south. Souls swimming in the heat, wishing to be rescued...by arms strong and true, whispering words sweet and cool”, she said.

I did a double take and smiled. Did she know I was a writer? Was she a writer too?

“A sweet sultry summer night. Down in the deep south. Dresses cling to bodies so curved, the contours lead you round and round. Through the heat are heard whispers...whispers of want and desire”, I countered.

“A sweet sultry summer night. Down in the deep south. One look is all it takes.... to make sure it’s not a mirage then the heat can play tricks on one’s mind”, she went on.

“A sweet sultry summer night. Down in the deep south. One look is all it took, but then the dream vanished into the heat, swallowed up in the sweltering sizzle”, I added.

She got up, turned, faced me and reached out her hand.

“So dance with me. Move with me”, she said.

I got up, towering over her. I opened up my arms, she entered them. We moved slowly in that sweltering heat. We moved slowly under that maple tree. We moved slowly that sultry summer night in the deep south.

She needs to find it...
Her strength
It's not easy being a woman
It's not easy to be sultry and
strong
Feminine yet resilient
So she finds her strength...
Only where she knows to
look...

“She Looks up!”



Oshun's Message

He hid in the bushes and watched. He watched spellbound. It was like nothing he had ever seen before.

His father and the other men said the people of the Iyami-Aje were nothing. That Oshun was powerless. He said they didn't need need them to build the land.

Yet what he was watching enthralled him.

Oshun was beautiful. She was like nothing he had ever seen. At times she seemed to float above the ground. Other times, she seemed to glide. One time, she actually marched purposefully towards one of them women, strides as long and powerful as those of Shango.

The women sat around a fire but they were not still. They all moved rhythmical back and forth and side to side to a drum beat. He couldn't see the drummer.

Every now and then, Oshun would glide over to one of the women and help her up. The woman would begin to dance, a slow, sultry dance that excited the young man in the bushes.

They gyrated their hips smoothly in a slow arc and before the ellipse would end, they rolled it back slowly to an imaginary starting point. Their feet seemed to hover over the ground as their arms rotated in the air, like they were beckoning someone.

Then he heard Oshun say:

"They are watching us, they are. They are witnessing the power of the Iyami-Aje - the power of the womb, the breasts that feed and the heart that cares. They are watching us. They are watching but do not and cannot make sense of what they see. They are missing our power and our strength. Olumadare will tell them. He will. In the mean time, they hide and watch. I say, lust them watch!"

Then Oshun shrieked out loud. Like a signal, the women raised their voices in a chant as lightning ripped across the dark sky. In that flash of light, the young man's eyes met those of Oshun. She was smiling. Then he heard her voice in his head say:

"Go! Go and tell the men what you saw. Tell the Irunmole. Tell them about the beauty, the dance and the power. Tell them they cannot do it without us because we bear life, we nurture life, we are life."

A deep fear came over him even as he fell backward into the brush. He got up and took to his heels as the rain came pouring down. He didn't stop running till he was about a mile away, then he stopped to catch his breath.

The rain had ceased as quickly as it had started and he couldn't hear the drum beat anymore. However, the images still sailed before his eyes of those women dancing.

That sweet, sultry dance. He would never forget that.

It stuck out on the
landscape that was her
back...

It broke the sweep of her
deep brown skin...

Perfect in it's
imperfection...

“The Tattoo”



Thou Art Fair

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.

Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.

Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.

Song Of Solomon 4: 1 - 7





She Heard It All

Atta was Ekow's best man when he got married to Ama. When it was finally time for him to toast the bride and groom, he stood up, got the small bell that stood in front of him and rang it. He soon had everyone's attention. He started to speak:

"I will never forget the day it all started. It's been five years but I still remember it like yesterday. We were in Legon then. We were just leaving a lecture, I think it was political science, when Ekow decided to confide in me. Well...."

"Charley, the girl fine ooo", Ekow confided in his best friend Atta.

"The way e dey walk sef wey e dey kill me", Ekow continued, speaking in pidgin.

"E dey walk like e get the whole day...Charley, e dey flow....You pour honey before?", he asked Atta.

"Yes", Atta replied.

"You see how honey dey flow? Cool like dat? Dat be how e dey walk. The honey dey flow like honey", he said laughing.

Ekow continued not realizing that Atta's demeanor had changed suddenly. He didn't realize that Atta was trying to signal to him.

"I tell you that girl Ama Adu-Ansah paa die, I for marry am. I think of am, I want die see", Ekow went on.

Atta was silent now, shuffling uncomfortably.

"Yesterday after the lecture, I totally check am out. Den e dey stand near me for the line inside. You know say e get one dimple? Wey en eyes soft like butter. I look inside, charley, something dey do me. E talk koraa den I dey touch. Ah, woman paa dis", Ekow went on.

Somehow, Ekow suddenly realized that Atta was uncharacteristically quiet.

"What dey wrong you", he asked Atta, brusquely.

Atta cleared his voice and pointed behind him. Ekow spun around. Standing right behind him was the girl he had been raving about all this while - Ama Adu-Ansah. At that point, he wished the earth would have opened and swallowed him up.

"Hi, Ekow", Ama greeted, smiling coyly.

Ekow mumbled something unintelligible.

"I heard what you said about me. That was sweet. I liked the honey comparison", Ama continued.

They say black people do not blush but at that point, Ekow was a brown shade of crimson.

Then out of the blue, Ama took his hand, grabbed a pen from her bag and wrote a number in his palm.

"Call me some time", she said as she walked off.

Ekow stood there transfixed, not believing what had just happened as he watched the sweet honey flow away like honey.

As Atta burst out laughing, all Ekow could think of was the sound of that voice saying, "Call me sometime".

He sure was going to call her.

He needed to hear that sultry voice again.

When the laughter died down, Atta continued.
“May the live happily ever after and together flow like honey”.
The room erupted in applause.

It hugs her body,
following all the
contours like river in
it's bed...
it does...
when she is ...

“In Leather”



The Voice

She nursed me back to life
With tender loving care
As disease cut like a knife
And my soul hung by a hair.
The warmth of her hands
Shooed the pain away.
Her words and commands
Strengthened me each day.
Yet what I loved the most
Was the sound of her voice
So to it I say this toast
For it was my drug of choice.
Low, soft, sexy, O so sultry
In my heart it found an entry.



EDGY!

All original Stories and Poetry by:
Nana Dadzie Ghansah

Photography by:
Nana Dadzie Ghansah

Model:
K'Monique

COPYRIGHT 2017 NANADADZIE All Rights Reserved.

