

What I Want Your Words to Do to Me: The Twi Edition

By: True Kumasi

It has long been a dream of mine to be fucked in Twi, my mother tongue. To have the language I was scolded in as a child used on me in the bedroom until my body was defenseless against an imminent orgasm. The world of languages and lust first collided for me during a summer in Europe's sin city: Amsterdam. I met David, an immigrant from Spain who sounded more Puerto Rican than Sevillian, window shopping in the Red Light District one afternoon. I was talking to the tattoo artist under the premise that I wanted to add to my body art collection when he derailed my query about Chinese characters to proposition me for an afternoon of pleasure.

I can still remember the scent of the Carol's Daughter Almond cookie soufflé cream he used to massage my breasts. Then there were the blues in tulips and delphiniums tattooed on his right leg which was mounted on the hard wood floor to facilitate strong, sturdy back-shots. But most of all, the room was filled with the panting of "Si, si, si, si" (Yes, yes, yes, yes) which accompanied each thrust I received over and over. That two-letter word recited in succession activated something in me beyond the wellspring in my netherlands. I was no longer just an individual engaging in congress. This carnal exchange was elevated to one of cultural sharing and learning.

The task of learning how to fuck in Twi was quite the daunting one. Being American by birth and Ghanaian by ancestry, all my Twi lessons were learned in conversations eavesdropped on between my parents and in translating the *Young and the Restless* to a live-in Grand Aunt who spoke no English. Needless to say, the rents weren't exactly Girl Sixing it to their offspring's hearing and daytime TV in the 90s wasn't that risqué. So I was left to confront a college classmate who was a native Ghanaian about the slang words for pussy and dick. After some pleading, she obliged me with "twe" and "kote" if I promised that there would be no follow-up questions. As Ghanaian men had been conspicuously absent among my partners in the states, my quest for Twi sex was a dream deferred until a family visit to Ghana one summer.

Imagine my anxiety when I met Asamoah, a 6 foot 3 man-specimen the shade of Idris Elba, as I was exiting a beauty salon one afternoon. We first exchanged numbers and then eye gropes until I called off the stare down in the congested parking lot off of the bustling Spintex Road by hopping in a cab. After we unraveled narratives about his absent father and my workaholic mother, I unearthed my secret about yearning to hold — and be held captive by — a conversation in Twi. I was lying in bed phoning Accra from Kumasi when I broke the news. He was an Ewe man who, like most Ghanaians, was fluent in Twi. And, like most men in the embryonic stages of a relationship, he aimed to please.

"First" I said "teach me the basic phrases." I was poised upright and eager to fit words together like a puzzle, cleaving them away from their everyday uses and exploring their sexual utility. "How do you say, I am going to come? Me ba?"

“No. That is ‘I am coming’ like a text you send when you are running 15 minutes late for a meeting.” He said, as I tussled in excitement under a sky blue fitted sheet. “What you mean to say is ‘Me ho nsuo εεba.’”

Fascinating. Nsuo, the same word exclaimed by female street vendors in Accra to sell satchet water, was used to describe seminal fluid and the stream that I hoped would surge underneath me as we embarked on this adventurous course.

“O-K” I chimed, “But maybe, we are getting ahead of ourselves. How do I say you are making me moist?”

“Hmmm, wo γε akowadaa bōne!,” (You are a bad child!) he said in his most jokingly paternalistic voice causing my cheek to expand onto the dial pad of my cell phone into a smile.

Is it “m’afō?” I quizzed?

Laughing, he said “That’s more something you would say after getting caught in the rain or if you sat under a hair dryer in a salon and needed more time.”

“Me ho afō?”

“Yes! You got it.”

“Cool. OK, let’s see... what about eating pussy?”

“Now, oral sex is tricky.”

“What do you mean? How do I ask a man to eat me out?” I asked, listening intently into the phone as if I was acquiring knowledge for a final examination.

“In Twi, the word “di” which literally translates to the word ‘eat’ also is used for sexual intercourse. So if you are not careful, you could be asking for tongue, but get dick in its place.”

“I see.”

“The more technical command “taferē me twe” (Lick my pussy) avoids confusion.”

“What am I forgetting?” I said, now fully wet and drinking up our midnight chat like leftover soup after the fufu had been feasted on. “Is ‘Num me nufuo’ (suck my breast) the same command for suckling babies and nursing men?”

“Yes.”

“Put it all together, and what do you get?” I said, borrowing a line from the hood hand game Down-Down-Baby.

“Lie back True. Relax. Focus on pleasing yourself, while I tell you exactly what I would do to you if you ever let me.” I was starting to like this guy already: a man who was encouraging about — not threatened by — a masturbating woman.

“OK,” I said as I motioned Nelly’s “Eagle On” while lying on my back starting to ape the gestures of turn table disc jockeys in the Bronx as if my clitoris was a vinyl record.

“Me dɔ wiase. Mɛtumi de m’ano ato wo so? (My love on this earth... Can I put my mouth on you?) Mɛdikan afe wo twɛ mu bɔkɔɔ saaa. (I would first kiss your pussy softly over and over.) Afɛɛ, mɛbie w’ahenfie no mu, na me de me tɛkyerɛma atafere mu ne wo twɛ-ba sɛ deɛ ɔkraman tafere nsuo no. (Then I would open the lips of your pussy palace and lick your clitoris, as fast as a dog laps up water.) Me firi wo twɛ-ba mu a, afɛɛ nso na maba wo twɛ mu ankasa, baabi a me sɔ’daɛɛ sɛ mɛwura hɔ da korɔ no. (From your clitoris, I will then move to your opening where I dream one day I will enter.) Mɛ hwea wo mu mpɔmpɔɛ akɔsi sɛ — (I would breathe you in until —)

“Gyae gyae gyyae gyae gyae gyyae gyae , me ntumi” (Stop stop stop stop stop stop stop, I can’t.) The heat in the room engulfed me as my clitoris went from the size of a raisin to a grape. My ears were hungrier for more pleasure, but I could feel myself overheating, three more strokes would lead to a volcanic eruption. I needed to diversify if I was going to get my fill of dirty talk. So my hands headed north to please my nipples squeezing them as if they were the clips in my backyard that fastened wet clothing to a drying line. Momentarily stabilized, I said, “Toa so.” (Continue.)

“Nanso afɛɛ na merehyɛ aseɛ. (But... I am just getting started.)

“Sɛ me tafere wo kɔduru baabi a mepɛsɛ mɛwura wo mu duru no a, me sɔ wo to abie mu, na madɔ asuko ako mu, na matafere wo turu mu. (When I am done licking you where I want to stick you, I am going to hold your ass open, dive in, and lick your anus.)

When he used the word turu mu — literally defined as anus— a word I only heard my grandmother use to insult overpriced cab drivers, something inside me moved. A shuddering came over me as if I was languishing in the second between the sight of lightning and the sound of thunder. All I could do was listen.

“Sɛ mede me ntesuo dware wo turumu wie a, mede me nsa mmienu bɛma wo ho asisi wo ho so. (When I am done bathing your asshole with my saliva, I am going to use both hands to please you.) Me de me nsa bɛfa wo twɛ-ba so na mede me nsa awura wo twɛ mu mmereɛ korɔ no aa. (I will use one hand to rub your clitoris and another to penetrate you all at the same time.) Mmereɛ a m’abɔdwesɛ nwi’ɛporo wo ho nsuo no, mɛhwɛ wanim na mato me bo ase wo wo ho akɔsi sɛ wo ho bɛba (While my goatee drips with your wetness, I will look you in your eyes and take my time with you until I make you cum.)

“Saaaa?” (Really?) I asked, shocked at the preciseness of this man. My dating experiences in Accra had dimmed any expectations that I would ever hear a man express himself quite like this. There was Kofi, ‘who on the first date declared that his non-negotiable was that he could never wash my panties, the same article of clothing he expected me to remove before his 3-per-week minimum requirement of sex. And how could I forget Steven, a man who somehow managed to make it to the age of 30 having never given — but happily received well over a dozen times — oral sex because he explained “it’s just too complicated down there. Both of these men failed to get call backs but, 5 cedis of Airtel credit later,

Asamoah seemed different. “Enti wei nyinaa,” (So, all of this) I continued, “wobeye ama me?” (you would do for me?)

“Aane”(Yes) He responded without hesitation “Meye paa yie (I would really do it).

My nipples were starting to feel the sweet soreness of my tugging and teasing. I surrendered them to my breasts and nerved up the courage to head south again. First, I pulled my thighs apart from one another. My pussy mouth was agape yearning for an occupant. As I imagined the smoothness and the solid mass of Asamoah’s member, he continued.

“Wo ho ba awie a, memiamia wo ama wo ho asisi wo ho so bio ede atwen deε edi soo no.” (After your orgasm, I’d massage you for you to relax again in preparation for the encore.) “Me miamia wo to wie a, mede me nsa benenam wo serε ho, wo natuo ho ene wo nan taabono ho.” (After massaging your butt, I would work my way down to your thighs, your calves, and your feet.) Mεfa wo a madane wanim ahwe manim. (I would pick you up and turn you around so that you face me.) Afεei mεgu ahome ada Nyame ase se oboo wo na wama m’akwanya yi ama mahunu obaa tuntum fεfεfε a ote se wo (Then I would take a breath of thanks to God for creating you and giving me an opportunity to be able to see a beautiful Black woman like you.) Afεe mεserε wo ho kwan , na mede abie wo ahenfie mu de ahyen mu. (Then I would ask your permission to let me just open you and put it inside.) Mεtumi de ahyen mu anaa? (Can I put it in inside?)

“Aane” I said sweat dripping from the back of my knees and vulva tightening. “ Uhh, mereben ho.” (I am getting close.)

“Bo mmoden na bra ma me True. (Try and come for me True.) Fa wani to se eye de fa no so. (Focus on how good it feels.) Ka’kyere me se deε eye wo de.” (Tell me it’s good to you.)

“eye me de.”

“Ka’no bio.” (Say it again.)

“eye me de.”

Again. (Ebio.)

“eye...ohhhhhhhhhohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh fuccccccccccccccck!” I said the geyser erupting underneath me as my vagina expanded and contracted like a beating heart.

“Me daase, (Thank you)” I panted. “Me daase.”

“Mmereε biara odo, mmereε biara.” (Anytime baby, anytime.)

I was still a little skeptical about whether these goals would ever be reality, but I was impressed at this man’s mapping of the female body. After all, he had taken the first step by articulating what he wanted to do to me.

H/T to Eve Ensler for inspiring the title.