

## Fucking Ghana Into Me

Okay, so I like communication during sex. I consider talking and being talked back to in bed an important component of the whole deal. My most recent ex wasn't Ghanaian and all the people I dated before him who were didn't speak any local languages with me. As a result, all of the bedroom exchanges I had participated in, over the course of my sex-having life, were conducted in English. And so I guess, in my head, this became the default. I never thought about talking dirty and local Ghanaian languages in the same sentence.

Until I overheard a female relative of mine gossiping one day that her college boyfriend used to say "*Esi, miri dzi wu, mi ri dzi wu, oye wu dew ah?*" (*Esi I'm fucking you, I'm fucking you, does it feel good?*). I paused outside her bedroom door with one hand on the cream wall and the other over my mouth to stifle my giggles. The words played over and over in my head all day. I was oddly excited but didn't know why. For a while afterwards I mused about the sexiness of spoken Fante (and what I imagined would be the eroticism of spoken Sisala, a language which I had heard the dulcet tones of on GTV one day). But, without any Fante (or Sisala) paramours in my life to fan the flames, I quickly forgot about the incident. Though, like any Ghanaian who grew up in Accra, I understood basic Twi, I'd actually never been overly fond of the language because I had always felt that there was too much socio-cultural dominance surrounding it as a lingua franca. And I had definitely never thought of it as sexy. Not in any way. Until I heard it in bed for the first time last year.

My boyfriend, who is Akan, spoke it to me. The first time he saw me naked he said something like "*Ahoefe nie. Wo hu twa, wati?*" (*This is what I call beauty. You're luminous, you're lovely, have you heard?*). I was touched, and surprised at how romantic it sounded but I didn't think of the language as sexy or sexual. But soon he was saying things in Twi while we were fucking "*Wu twe ye me fe. (Your pussy is beautiful). "Etwɛ na ɛye dɛ sei? ɛye me dɛ dodo. VV, aafa me ti mu"* (*How can pussy be this good? It feels too good. VV, it's making me lightheaded*) "*Wuu di me oh. Onipa nnbra oh. Asem ben nei?*" (*You're fucking me, oh. Folks need to come help me. What is this?*) That got me all kinds of excited.

As the relationship went on, I really didn't think our sex life could get any better or more poetic. I didn't think anything could top: "*Wo twe mu nsuo na me dware me kɔte wo mu a, na ani agye* (When I dip my dick into your wet pussy it gets so happy). I had even been told "*Me di wo wie a, metumi so dayɛ ma me kɔte nso so wo twe ho dayɛ pa*" (After fucking you I dream about you and my dick dreams sweet dreams about your pussy). I really didn't think there was anything more to be said. Lord, was I wrong. The places it went from there!

A month into the relationship we were in the middle of a session where I was lying on the bed, on my side, and he was kneeling on the bed and thrusting into me. He wanted to change positions so he could go a little deeper. He's very authoritative, which I love when it's interspersed with gentleness, so he just softly manoeuvred me onto my back until I facing him and he was kneeling in front of me. Then he grabbed both of my ankles in one hand, planted them on his right shoulder and pressed the back of my legs and thighs into his chest and stomach so his junk and mine were at the exact same level. Right before he slid back in he said, "*Mmefra wu tise ntuma.*" (*I am going to wear you like cloth*). I.lost.my.mind. It could have been the fact that it was such a specific Ghanaian reference and such an apt metaphor, I'm still not sure, but it absolutely undid me, I tell you.

Another time we were having sex "ntuma-style" when he stopped and lay on his back so I could ride him. It was coincidentally also the position I wanted to be in at that

moment, so I didn't think I could get any happier. Until he lifted my hips up so he could slide into me and said "*Ohemaa, be tena wo konua su.*" (*My queen, come sit on your throne*). Again, I was a total goner. When I started getting close, every time I lifted up and came back down, he would egg me on with the ish people say to chiefs when they are about to sit on their royal stools. "*Nana ba oh, ɔɔba oh. Nana brebre.*" (*I don't know how to translate this so I won't try*). In another epic bout of sex he made me come so hard and so much I drenched the entire bed and he said "*Me me kɔte na wopipi egu su saa ah. Wo mbu adeɛ. Abofra bone.*" (*You just squirted all over my dick. You have no respect. You're such a bad girl*). And before I knew it I was fake-apologizing and getting punished and all kinds of good, kinky, hot stuff.

What I love about the Twi dirty talk is how it extends the foreplay and builds the anticipation. For example, once when he was undressing me he said: "*Wonim nea ɛɛba anka....*" (*If you knew I was planning to do to you... you would brace yourself*). Of course, being the daredevil I am I just had to ask "*Saa ah? Den na ɛɛba?*" (*Oh really? What's coming?*) He pretended not to have heard me. Then when he had me totally naked, he entwined his fingers in my hair, looked me dead in the eye and said: "*Sɛ mede wo butu hɔ na sɛ mewura mu a gyesɛ meda hɔ na ennye enne kwraa na mayɛ madwen se mepue*" (*If I set you down and slide inside you I'm going to have to fall asleep in there because I wasn't thinking about coming out today*). Needless to say, I got so excited we barely made it to the bed.

The Twi talk also works in the moment and gives things this resonance. While he's going down on me he says stuff like: "*Wo twe na metumi di na ma menn. Me tafre ho a, mennpe aduane biara biom*" (*I could eat your pussy all day till I'm full. When I lick you I don't want food any more*). While we're fucking, I usually hear: "*Wo twe ye me de dodo. Sɛ me kɔ hye mu a, mepɛ sɛ me sɛ ketɛ wɔ mu na me da hɔ*" (*Your pussy is so good when I slide in there I want to lay a mat down and go to sleep*). Or he'll ask me: "*Sei na wo pɛ nu ana? Kakyere me. Kɔte wei ye wo die. W'akyere wo din egusu. Bibia wo pɛ bia meye ama wo*" (*Is this how you want it? Tell me. This dick is yours. You've tattooed your name on it. Any way you want it, I'll give it to you.*) Now, I've heard variations of "*How do you like it, baby?*" in all my previous relationships but something about the Twi sounds so much sexier.

One time he sent me a text message at work that said: "*Me nyaa ye anka me ne wo she demm sesia na me kɔte ene wo twe twetwe nkɔmɔ de*" (*If I had my own way, I would be in bed with you right now and my dick and your pussy would be having a sweet conversation*). I spent about an hour trying to decipher why that phrase sounds far less corny and goofy in Twi. I felt like the declaration had this authority and specificity to it that it lacked in English but I couldn't really come up with any specific or academic reasons why. All I knew was that the text was on my mind all day and all I could focus on was getting back home so I could fuck him silly. My favourite thing about the Twi dirty talk is how it can combine the filthy with the really poignant and aww-inducing in something like: "*Wo na w'akyere me se na etwe ne kɔte tena ase ma no ye fe, tumi di agoro ma no ye de paa. Medaase.*" (*You're the one who's taught me how cooches and cocks can coexist beautifully and play games that feel good. Thank you*). The day I got that email, I officially fell in love. I thought at some point the man would run out of things to say but so far the declarations just keep on coming. (And so I do, all puns intended). It's like he's whispering Twi into my ears and fucking Ghana into me.

I have come to realize that my favourite thing about the Twi pillow talk is a combination of the construction of the phrases themselves and the memories they evoke for me. Basically, it's like I can't believe I am hearing those words and they mean those

things. It's interesting because, in addition to the fact that the Twi dirty talk has totally spiced up my love life, it's gotten me thinking about sex and "Ghanaianess" in a really critical way. Once I realized that the language wasn't sexy because it was Twi specifically—because in all honesty any Ghanaian language that I understood which was worded as sexily and coming out of that guy's mouth would get me as excited—but that it was sexy because someone I was fucking was saying it and as such blending two worlds that for me had never been blended before, I started to see the sex in a whole new light. In addition to feeling extremely culturally fulfilled I also started to feel very patriotic and socially-connected in ways I hadn't before. Fucking in Twi and being spurred on to speak back to him in Twi or Ewe or Fante reconfigured something in me.

*"Ei VV? Reconfigured paa? Are we not being a little 'dramatical' sake of some small chopping?"* you may ask. Let me try to explain. What it has reshaped is the part of me that felt like good sex, uninhibited sex, was a somewhat Western thing. The part of me that felt like sex, real sex, was done with words like *'bang'*, *'shag'*, *'fuck'*, *'come'* or with phrases like *'hard dick'* and *'wet pussy'* and *'big cock'* and *'throbbing clit'*. The part of me that felt like any communication I did while I was naked had to be done in English because English was where naked things happened. It is as if because I didn't know the words in any Ghanaian language for the things I was doing, on some level deep down I didn't think of the things I was doing as intrinsically Ghanaian.

This is fascinating because I am a "Made in Ghana" girl (i.e. Ghanaian-born, Ghanaian-bred). But I started having sex while I was studying out of the country, and the guy I lost my virginity to wasn't from here. My ease with English meant that it was the language I thought in and to some degree, I realize now, it also became the language I desired in, the language I felt passion in and the language I felt most naughty and sexual in. It subconsciously reinforced this notion I had that stereotypical Ghanaian/African sex was something one evolved out of. Stereotypical Ghanaian/African sex was prosaic and bland. It was what was done in the dark at the behest of the man. It was something that was done with no foreplay, no pleasure and no connection, just the woman meekly asking *"Ma ewura, ma ewura"* (*My lord, my lord*) and the man sternly saying *"Dom dem ni mu"* (*Get into the bedroom*). Good sex was something that only foreigners or "enlightened" Ghanaians—those with vast exposure to the world outside these shores—could have.

Now, on a conscious level, of course I knew better—I was socialized to believe that good sex has always been the premise of the curious and adventurous, regardless of their culture or generation. My deceased uneducated grandparents were rumoured to have been deeply in love and had a very spicy sex life and I know enough Ewe jokes from my village to know that anal sex, blowjobs, orgasms and the like, were things that existed there long before the white man came. But I think that the conditioning about all good things, all freely-given emotional things, all light, fluffy, easy and amazing things being, by dint of their very nature, things that come from elsewhere is still ingrained deep into our postcolonial, national consciousness. Even on this blog, we have conversations about how "Westernized" or "non-Ghanaian" men appreciate moaning and feedback and sexual variety but how "traditional" men want to grunt away in silence and then fall asleep.

Now I don't doubt for one second these examples are true. But after my year and a half on the wild side of Twi sex I wonder how much of this is our own conditioning and interpretation and how much of it is actually borne out by data. (Like for example, do 80%

of **all** men regardless of race, nationality or background have crappy patriarchal sex where they just jack off in a woman and collapse in a heap afterwards? Do Ghanaian men, as a whole, fuck that differently from men of other races or nationalities? Is what we think of as stereotypically “white people sex” actually just “TV sex” which is made of fluff and fantasy? Or is it actually closer to the sex that people in the so-called developed world are having?). In a nutshell, after a year and a half of being fucked Ghana-style, by a Ghanaian man in the most Ghanaian of settings, I have started to wonder what other examples we aren’t hearing about and whether we are really having a comprehensive discussion about what consensual, non-transactional, enjoyable sex is in the Ghanaian sense.

It got me yearning to know: what do you think the average Ghanaian sex life consists of, my dear Adventurers? What aspects of sex do you think are traditionally or inherently Ghanaian and which aspects do you think are imports? And most importantly, what has your experience been with dirty talk in our local languages? C’mon. *Bɔ me nkɔmɔde*. You know you want to.