

Misery

What? What? What?

What have you done?

You who walk with two

legs have reaped good men of their fine souls!

On the surface of this airy space, may your conscience be spiced with

Agbala, Tatashi and Ose Nsukka wrapped in

cosmic energy you have battled for so long!

See, see, see!

You have turned brown!

You have suddenly become pale and

awe struck! A lonely being....

The land is now dragging your feet slowly to the slaughter-house,

a dungeon--an acidic terrain, a praise zone for you.

This is the same spinning acidic zone you made for others!

There, you have crushed many, squeezed many and left their spirits roaming in rage too fierce to appease!

Look! look! look!

They have surrounded you now!

You can no longer run!

Can't you feel them?

They are dancing in and out of your body. They are calling your lineage in toned unity.

Yes, they are here!

They are all here!

You cannot run away now! This is the first beat of the drum! There will be many....

You are now all eyes with no mouth!

You cannot squeeze another with your bare hands and wish for a romantic touch of the feathers!

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