

The Bastard

~~~ *Kingsley Eneh*

His countenance was moody  
His containers were woody  
All he has not gotten  
Were left to rotten  
Always received harsh treatment  
Like the package of an evil shipment.  
He never asked to be born,  
but now he has to face the horn.

A guiltless guilty soul;  
A faultless faulty sole  
He is innocent, folks  
Yet he received many pokes  
To make him choke.  
His days in the bloody darkness,  
Wrapped in the floody daftness,  
On his throat was kept a knife  
A drug attempt, to take his life.

A threat he always wears as a coat.  
His tears, forming an ocean for his boat,  
He never sanctioned the illicit pleasure  
He is now an unwanted implicit treasure.

When he came alive,  
In their eyes he was a bee hive;  
He has developed no sense  
But already viewed as nonsense  
He received great hostility  
It swallowed his positivity

That which he received  
Marred the things he perceived.  
All of his frailty  
A combo of severe cruelty  
Paled his mind  
His visions made blind  
The unfortunate misfortune is the badge  
He would always hang in his garage.

His mother has no suitor,  
She claims he's murdered her future  
"You are just a mistake  
Forever, you, I dissipate"  
She wails and she laments.  
Not aware he was in torment,  
For all her comment  
Are like a fiery dart  
Piercing deep through his heart.

His attention wasn't proper  
They never wanted him to prosper  
In a sincere grading  
He received a terrible training

Always deemed surplus  
Even when he seems scrupulous  
They see not his good  
They deny him his food  
His pleas they refuse  
His tears, they diffuse  
He has been pushed to the cliff  
As if he was a thief,

They have an evil intention  
To take him into detention  
Let his spirit be cast down  
And make his hopes drown . . .

. . . The environment helped not his plight,  
"Who is your father?" They ask in fight.  
He does not have a clue,  
This makes him stuck in the glue,  
He never received it from Mama  
Oh! It would have been a manna  
To keep his breath in his lungs,  
He skips their bread and takes his runs.

He left home  
With no phone  
To keep out  
And sleep out.  
Soon he found some folks,  
Who offered him a coke.

They were rough  
And in every turn tough,  
Like rascal niggas  
Chewing raw gingers.

Crowned in dreadlocks  
Dangerous like the hemlocks.  
They gave him a coat  
And they rode in one boat.

They removed his rags  
Made him a member of their gang.  
He is so bitter  
But doesn't care the litter,

Because he's received a crunch  
That took the appetite of his brunch.

The members of his gang  
Speaking with the cobra's fang

Are teenagers of timbre and caliber,  
Who were once flogged with the timber  
And tortured with the calliper.

They have one business,  
Born not out of laziness  
But a vendetta  
Of their harsh encounter.

The streets get bloody  
And they go strict on everybody.  
Houses are burgled  
That possess so many baubles.

They become fraudulent  
In the society, cause turbulence  
A pure nemesis  
For all their enemies.

We cannot but say;  
"They are inexcusable  
And very accusable"  
But let the truth be told,  
They were pure gold  
Precious priceless destinies  
Wasted by abysmal entities.

Had they been accepted  
And wasn't intercepted,  
Forgiven, though they did no crime  
Before their prime;

Oh! perhaps,  
They wouldn't have needed a rehab.  
For that single act of neglect  
And treatment like a piglet,

We have men of the underworld  
Who fancy women's underwear  
Dare to call them Bastards  
That will surely be your last card.

*~~~Kingsley Eneh is a writer and poet. He is a Certified Public Speaker, Content Creator, Relationship Coach, Marriage Counsellor, Good Parenting Advocate, and A servant of God. He currently resides in the United Kingdom. Email Id: [Kingsleyenehc@gmail.com](mailto:Kingsleyenehc@gmail.com)*