

*Steady, hastily, stealthily I previewed her endlessly...*

I was never bold enough to tell Adunni I believe I am the man and that's no prophecy heresy but a certainty I could bet my future savings on, neither was I ever too much a coward to cower in fears behind my curtains or corners in the alley staring at her ass sway as she walked away everyday.

Let's take it back a bit, let me tell you in this short tale what takes my sleep and makes my nights long everyday, let me tell you of how I've watched Adunni grow from a cute baby as I still was just but a child just realising what it feels like fetching in the rain basins to fill drums as the rains drums breeze-soothing melodies, excite and tingle, adorn you with a smile and make your skin blush pale and fiddle with standing straight. See I watched her grow from a cute baby to a charming lady, that I know, but I have no idea how I grew from a kid admiring to a man lamenting.

Primary school had me taking lectures that I am but just a kid though I never told any of the dreams, the ones that became hunters in secondary, but this time there was another reason, in junior secondary school I wasn't 'gon mess with academics and in the senior, school stayed a priority plus I was taking my time, now that I recall this excuses that came as viable reasons, all I say is damn!. Damn me!

In the varsity, darling I swear I tried, but my breathe crumbled anytime I tried saying I love you, and when I needed just another excuse to come to my rescue I said to myself I needed to make a name for myself first plus some money too, I called a hustler a broke ass and it broke my heart, my world tumbled the first time I say your ass swayed that way that always had me saying: "sure that ass hers?" and you walked away again, this time with a little twist, your hands in his and your smile cut me in half for the first time like my heart was being gnawed by your teeth, oh my, oh my.

My mind wept, imaginations of you sprawled on his luxury bed made me shed future tears, my world had just been torn apart.

A B. Sc. with a bee kind of ex, though you waited and the question never came through, yet we dated in my head till I received this invitation that stung like a bee and had me delivering you this gift, a cardillac, a rolex on the drivers seat for the ex I never rolled with, I hope so keenly that this drives straight to you the state of mind I am in and the grief that grips me by the second, wish I had given every fear I had a second thought and not have to watch you throw the bouquet with the cake made by your sweet bestie taste so bitter on my lips that it makes the tip of my tongue cringe, good for her, yes, good for her, my tongue, not your bestie! once again I need an excuse to save me, I blame her for me never saying the words, now I am in a world so confused, living like I've lost all I kissed the crocodile for.

You can see it's true in this letter I have left for you in the backseat, I'm confused, so I start off like I'm talking to an audience but I end up talking to you again, even though you absent, but never in my head.

Words can't do, but, I love you, and upon writing this I realise I'm screwed, you're are now a Mrs. and all I've got is a pile of misses.

Now, the dreams have turned nightmares, I no longer imagined what I know, your privacy. I'm but just a lonely soul, forlorn<sup>1</sup> burning with hate for all I've done since I was 8.

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Footnote Title

Footnote Description

<sup>1</sup>forlorn

fə'lɔ:n/  
*adjective*

1.

pitifully sad and abandoned or lonely.  
"forlorn figures at bus stops"