



(I)

I once passed by a church as they prayed, I was feeling fatally hurt on that unfaithful day, I can't say that as of the second I was at peace with God, but in my right mind I was, so yes I am minding my words. I was shocked and plunged into bitterness at their pastor command as I cussed and fools I tagged them, yes the congregation that made up the church, for they had held up over their heads their chairs, praying thus upon the pastor's order like God needed such a show of foolishness to be indulged before HE would hear HIS **children** talk, even if they wanted to sit things down with the highest, does one sit with his/her head huh? Anyway I think of it, it still does not follow, and [please don't tell me the ways of God are not the ways of men, these are but just gullible men. Click To Tweet](#) But then I said unto myself, what do I really care anyway? what do I really care? after all, my life is but just the past tense of the f-word.

(II)

I once walked by a kid late-night begging for a meal, I had a belly rumbling even after working the side of my back off all day short, short of everything from the pockets to the zeal to breathe, I did not know who to flip on, the kid pleading or the woman that isn't giving? is the boy too lazy to till or the lady food vendor is just too lazy to do good? I have to keep it at lazy as per the Nigerian youth I am, it wasn't until I got home that I realized that I did not stand still at the spot and cause a change, even if only by giving the kid small change or the lady some life lessons, I had long since left them and moved on but yet I'm stuck, I pitied, I fumed, but then again [I said unto myself, what to do? what do I really care? after all, my life is but just the past tense of the f-word. Click To Tweet](#)

(III)

Sometimes the crickets chirping sound like unbeatable melodies jolly riding, some nights I could swear I felt they were just weeping on my behalf, been cut severally, severely, that if you tried patching me up now you won't realize even half of me, I saw a drunk threatening to imprison a madman the other day if the madman remained a nuisance lobbying around, but I passed in a hush, like I don't give a damn even if a puppy be barking on a dame, what do I really care? huh? what do I really care, after all, my life is but just the past tense of the f-word.

(IV)

[I got in trouble but wouldn't read the Bible, I did not want it feeling like a side chick Click](#)




[To Tweet](#) and thus I stayed unrepentant, I said a prayer but wouldn't wait on an answer, like I did not want God thinking HIS earthly P.R.O. is weak?

And while I draw my last breath I would not even flinch, I'll simply roll my eyes, raise my brows and let out a paradoxical sigh of I'm tired+relief, like what do I really care? huh? what do I really care? my life is but just the past tense of the f-word after all.

*pheu...

[I was going to call you up friend, tell you of a couple of things even in silence, but then I reckoned, in this age of selfies and canon, a problem shared is halved social media broadcast Click To Tweet](#), and I intend not to shoot myself, but then on a second thought, I said unto myself, hold it right there, get over yourself, what do you think this reader really cares? huh? after all your life is...

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