

## *Died in her Prime*

*Mother Earth has taken in again!  
This morning the undertakers  
made her to carry the late pregnancy of  
a lively-looking babe: a Youth Corper.*

*She belonged to that category of  
the other species who when they  
smile for just a passing second,  
men's purses will continue to weep for  
a thousand days to come;  
and her two splendid laps were  
her best friends.*

*But even best friends must part someday;  
So there was this young TV actor  
who bought her a second-hand ring,  
took her to a bistro in town,  
and parted her best friends at a good friend's.  
Not once, not twice, not thrice...*

*Weeks later, she ran to  
Dr. Broohaha's clinic complaining of  
morning sickness, and behold,  
the doctor met a great commotion in her womb –  
three good-fed foetuses were having*

*an ominous, heated quarrel in there:*

*"I came in here before you both", said one.*

*"Don't mix your riff-raff fluids with mine",  
bellowed the second.*

*"I shall not stay here with you  
to be stigmatised, young bastards",  
growled the third.*

*So the third foetus kicked hard, thinking  
it was kicking their mother's womb,  
but alas, it actually kicked the bucket  
and died, blighting the other two.*

*Dr. Broohaha therefore had to remove them all  
to save mother's precarious life.*

*But alas! Broohaha was a quack.*

*Thus he relieved the Corper's womb  
and impregnated Mother Earth with  
the Corper's dead body.*

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Written at Home (GRA, Ilorin) – Nigeria.  
(Thursday, January 18th, 2001)  
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