

Outwitted

*It was the peak of The Pilgrimage when
I went to a seedy gambling house at
the town square where park boys
pay for the juke box and enjoy
all-night ecstasies with strip dancers.*

*It has a snooker table where
dandies in satin with lace cuffs
rub shoulders with shirtless
butcher boys; where ladies of
easy virtue care-freely bare and
swing their uncorseted bosoms
to the delight of debauchers.*

*I anonymously staggered in and
pretended to be a preacher,
then talked to a buxom babe whose
hair was brown, brittle and wither'd
like November grass;
but she won't sit down at my table
because her own ragtag lover was
in there sitting at a dark corner table
watching all that transpired.*

Over to another table I went therefore;

*and I gambled there till every man's
fistful of hard currency notes became
mine by the laws of chance game.*

*Then I went out with the hit to carry
some vain airs, to brag about my superior
skills with the dice and coins.*

*But then came the ragtag man
holding a coin, and he swore
he could part me and my money.*

*Too proud to be challenged,
too greedy to be content,
I picked the dice and the coins,
then cast'd the lot but I lost.*

*Then more to my loss I cast'd
some lots over and again.*

*But all the time it was always
heads he wins, tails I lose;
until all my money was gone to
him and I had to go home a loser with
neither some pride nor a penny to my name.*

© 2002, M-Auwal Gene III

Written at Home (GRA) Ilorin – Nigeria.
(Monday, April 17, 2002)
All Rights Reserved.