

Thumbs Up **(for non-conformity)**

*I've been told to believe that
I fell into this weird world
between a pair of fat thighs and
that I habitually regurgitated some
curdled milk every night after lazing
around a pair of taut nipples all day long.*

*I remember teaching my grandma
how to suck eggs at age six;
and I remember seeing a few
toys around, plus some absent-minded
goats and cockroaches, too.
Even people who were more sheepish than
Dolly the Clone were seen just about everywhere.*

*I saw them all and thought of
how much mischief I could do to them;
thought of how a lot there was to be a nuisance to.*

*I grew up to bully any boy in the
suburban yards who so much as just
happened to be a weak boy,
and I incessantly broke their plastic buckets –
those small breasted lousy girls returning from
the neighbourhood public borehole pump.*

*Neighbours' prized fowls at night
snatched off the low fences and
hurriedly beheaded right at the foot of the fence:
ah, that could only be "Notorious Gene!"*

*A school drop out at fourteen,
I played games at being a man.*

A hunter.

*Adolescent babes were the prime chases,
but some wild paedophiles close to forty
were also my occasional overshots.*

*Any bright eyed dame was a favourite target,
but it wasn't enough to just target.*

*I had to always hit the bull eye as well.
Hence a few hearts I cracked, some I broke,
and a great many lot I shattered.*

*The crazy identity crises at eighteen
made me a free thinker at twenty one.
Unfinished secondary school would, I guess,
make me jobless at twenty four,
a tramp at thirty four, a nuisance to
myself and to society at thirty nine dot.*

"Life is a bitch and then you die!"

*I've heard that several times before,
but no way, I've got to hit the
high waters as a stowaway one night
and sail to the Mediterraneans.*

*Chased around by Sicilian Clans,
I'll return at fifty nine
to oppose any government of the day.
I've got no guts for bloodshed though,
so I'll fight no guerrilla wars.*

*At eighty three, I'll learn to wear
dirty socks so that my feet can stink;
and I'll then try my luck to
finish secondary school again.*

*Disrespectful teenagers may pull my
mustachio and frequently kick my ass
if they so wish to make it their business;
but I too may one day decide to bake lots of
hard-crust cholesterol pellets within my
arterial walls and simply cease to be.*

*Then, when I am deceased,
I shall go to the Bahamas.*

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