

Oh Africa!

What is this thing I carry - empty sack,  
Funny enough  
It is tough,  
It weighs me down  
Like no other thing has done,  
I have no use for the paunch,  
Whatsoever none,  
Please take it if you can.

This grey matter  
Inside the skull,  
Ideas together it could not pull.  
Murderous it is:  
Visions it has culled  
Long ago for it has gone dull.

Seated in a skull nest  
Hallucination is all it does best  
When pain gives time to rest.  
I have no use for it - dissect  
If you can on my behest.

The limbs I have- Giraffe height  
What good are they: cannot walk  
Let alone stride.  
With my glazed eyes  
Take them if you can  
They have stopped to run  
And the surrounding to scan.

Given the name Africa -  
Oh my mother call out louder,  
I cannot hear any longer  
Profoundly deaf have gone my ears.  
Cut the lobes if you can  
Use them the air to fan.  
I dare not despair,  
I have no more pride left dear!  
Cut me loose for all I care.

Soi-disant doctors called a summit  
To talk of my ailment  
That has gone plummet.

The verdict:  
As they found out  
Change of climate  
As the main culprit.  
They decide that I be put  
On a life support,  
Fed on an eleemosynary tablet,  
Till I sedate  
and began to hallucinate and vomit.  
The prognosis,  
I profess: is misdiagnosis.

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