

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 for all I care.

Quack 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 donation tablets
Till I vomit.
The prognosis,
I profess: is misdiagnosis.