

# SUFFERING IN THE DEVIL'S VILLAGE

Hunting in the forest for bush rat,  
I asked Baba: why do we suffer?  
He set his traps aside and began:

"The devil hails from our village, rumor has it.  
A bald mean looking boy, marred with tribal marks  
Like a dangerous warning sign  
He ate Akara and Ogi day and night  
And dared anyone to suggest a different meal.

Marching around the street with reckless abandon  
The young and old, he kept on bullying  
Terrorizing the chickens, and goats in town  
And threatening the existence of our gods.

His growth was like the speed of light,  
The Iroko trees in our village, he towered over  
And he decided to become king, feeling entitled  
And whence this abomination we refused,

He cursed us and took to dominate another village.

Since that day, harsh suffering slaps us hard in the face  
Even our gods relocated to another village

We suffered till coarse and tough; our hairs became.

Till our skin became dark as the night  
As we toiled endlessly day and night.  
Our suffering speaks volume! Ha!  
Some situations are not meant to be relived, son!

I am not saying you are too young, son!  
You are just too wise to understand  
It's not that you are not smart, son!  
You are just too experienced to remember.