FOR I DONOT KNOW WHERE I AM HEADED

It was late in autumn.

The sun became heatless,

Rain… snow… poured around me.

The surface of earth was hard as the human heart, no tenderness…

Mighty rivers were frozen,

Chill…

I found no shelter.

Oh earth!

Nature decayed around me,

Then again.

Heavily as it could be, wind came in rushing.

For the sun was my only guide.

Could I ask for information from a single human being?

No?

No!

The mildness of my nature had fled.

All within me had turned to gall and bitterness

How deeply I felt the spirit of vengeance enkindled in my heart.

I felt no sentiment but that of hatred

I determined to seek justice on any human form

I travelled at night because of their kind

The agony!

By Esther Olajide