

THE POOR ORPHAN

By Caudence

Welcome to the field of laughter and cries. I hope you all enjoy this and not just as my story but also as a reflection of what is happening in Africa and other parts of the world. It is my prayer that anyone who reads this article will come out with at least one of the following two things 1. He/she will use my story as inspiration to solve the problem or 2. My story will help him or her change negatives into positives.

This is my story.

This is my life.

I remember the days

When my mother used to hug me.

She used tell me, I will always love you my daughter.

Saying I will never leave you my children.

But what about fate?

Death! Death! Death took her away

It took everything everything of my treasures everything that I valued.

It devalued my poor life. It scattered the good moment and memories.

Without mercy or any concern It took my parents.

What do you want for you to leave?

What money should I pay you to leave, you disgust my mind wherever I smell you?

Will you ever be satisfied?

Will we ever have mercy?

Bring my parents back to life.

Will you repent for your sin of death?

You are such a cruel thing I ever heard.

All I remain with is just a pile of memories.

I will always treasure them.

I will always keep their words of wisdom.

Though dead, I will still remember them!