

Jealous Son

Jealous son,

Where were you

When like a miner

I dug and found Treasure?

Where were you

When I won her heart

When I paid the bride price

When the world watched and listened

To us say, 'I do'?

Jealous son,

Poised to tear asunder

The connection that produced you.

On the sofa of her laps you mount

To raze her chest

That once stood like peaks.

Would you have met it juicy

If I had not tapped gently?

You sleep on-site,

You wake up to demand her smile.

Sidelined, I watch.

You have made me a

Jealous man.

Jealous son,
You have her all night.
On a cold bed I am left.
What am I to her?
Jealous son,
You will become a father;
Then you will understand.

- George Emeka Agbo