

## The Tale of Two Bodies.

I heard the story of a mom, who is so obsessed with her kids and thinks of them as paychecks. I mean we all agree that we are our parents' retirement plan.

I blamed the child complaining till I knew, and perceived her hurt. Why do dollar bills tag a daughter in whose life your investment is equivalent to breakfast through her childhood.

While living your life in the church and refusing to work, why lean totally on a child who can't even fly?

A short while after, I saw a mum.

Oh I know she is a mom, her body tells the tales of the aftershock of childbirth although not recent.

On her long necks she couldn't have worn any jewelry better than the sagging fold of skin that lines her neck. They seem to tell a story of the wells of hunger that they hold. Her well worn lace sagged on a shoulder a little bit too much to be called off shoulder.

I took a side glance at her and my heart ached, although looking down I could feel her whores calling out to me the depths of years of untold misery, to them I sent my prayers and prayed that the universe goes a lot easier on her.

She is an adult that could only afford to buy 50naira pako biscuits. She munched on one bite after another, intentionally prolonging the lifetime of the biscuit.

At another glance, she brought out a weak looking tiny "leafed" waterleaf to pick. Her frail hands picked with precision as if they are not new to this, the sync is better than lovers blending. Must be a journey she is used to.

Listen, none of these women I aim to be. This is the story of women, The story of two people whose actions and body tells a story.

Then I asked myself what my body and actions said lately.

What story does your body tell?