

A GALLERY OF SCARS

A collection of poems



FAITH JEROP *featuring* ; EVERLINE
KHALAMWA, BETTY ONYANGO, MATHEW
MWIDIKERA , MERCY MWOKI (Joy Cppyz)

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FOREWORD

Having been privileged to be acquainted with the authors of this amazing book and also being the chief editor of the panel, I'd say that this book is worth anyone's time and energy.

A gallery of scars is an absorbing collection of poems Scripted by Faith Jerop and four other remarkable and unapologetic writers.

It's a mellifluous art that's crafted with the utmost creativity and nobility. As the title dictates, this collection is a unique cocktail of poems from the deepest dregs in the society that seems so insignificant but very crucial.

It reveals the noisy weights that silently pull down the meek in the society, crushing their spirits, destroying and annihilating them.

A gallery of scars will take you through the tears, laughter, thunders and lightning, pity, pain and suffering from the people whose screams aren't loud enough to reach the outer space.

If you seek to find a book that's richly spiced with flowing content and glowing figurative language, then you certainly are at the right place.

Marinate your thoughts and life through this book that's definitely worth your time and sacrifice.

A book that'll quench your thirst and leave you thirsty for more.

A book that will feed your hunger and leave you hungry for the same menu.

Enjoy.

Jemjor Ruth

(Sec. Gen & Cofounder SIC)

DEDICATION

This book is for all our poetry fans, family and friends.

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FAITH JEROP

Faith Jerop is a young Kenyan writer at her early twenties. She's a student at University of Eldoret pursuing a course leading to bachelor's degree in Education (Arts). Her grandeur in writing commenced in her freshman's year which then grew and spread worldwide.

Faith is the author of **BLEAKS OF A SCARRED STAR** and a coauthor of **FRETTING WOES AND AFFLICTIONS**. poetry anthologies as well as an inspirational book titled **WHAT MAKES A SUCCESSFUL STUDENT**.

She is as well the lead author of this anthology **A GALLERY OF SCARS**

Besides she happens to have worked as an inspirational speaker at Kimutai Choge Foundation and an associate consultant at Champions Institute.

As a young model and a living example to the young generation she stands out to be the establisher of **SUCCESS INSIGHTS CONSULTANTS (SIC)**

(Done by J. Ruth)

FALL OF THE SHADOW HUNTER

Emotional instability is all I developed in a wink
Sharp razors smarted my veins
My hair felt singed by unknown tongues of fire
Blood boiled making my whole body hot and swollen
Insomnia became my terrorist companion
As I slowly sank into an endless ditch of darkness
Muscles weakened and that feeling of inferiority overwhelmed

I got that sense of guilt and self reproach
I lost my appetite and general disillusionment about everything
devoured my desire to live

An heart attack? a thought tickled my mind
Little did I tell...I slowly dived in a pool of depression
It was a bitter experience to go far away disconnected from my
vision, focus and direction
Thoughts of death became recurrent
I mean the shadow hunter I was ...
Slowly got ground by the numerous jaws of frustrations.

MENTALLY RETARDED

Have you ever owned an ill health self concept
That you cannot look at the past with content
But all you have is just a no confident future

Do you understand your own abilities and limitation?
Can you adapt to changes and face a problem calmly

See,

I am that sole soul who's not open to any new experience
I cannot establish a lasting personal relationship
I am stuck in a situation of no clear sense of responsibility
I have no desire to improve myself
The big quest is ; Could you be the one to nurse me?

A DAY IS COMING

A day is coming when my gallery of scars will heal
When my home will be the center stage of safety

When my racked soul will achieve what it has yearned for
When my mother will rest like all the other women in their comfort
zones

When this single angel I know
Will ascend above with wings so strong
To cross over from myriad of problems to a place of joy and
happiness
This woman who has fought the bate will land in an arena of
deliverance

A day is coming
When we will be seen as icons just like the children of other people
are
When we'll set exemplary lifestyle that they'll emulate
When my mother will attest the fruits of her painful struggle
Not only that; but take a break of this world's pinches

A day is coming when they'll stop talking after claiming to be well
wishers
When we will be this society's pearl and acknowledge God's faithful
promises

A day is coming when my mother's strive for us to survive
Will guarantee the law's felicity

I mean victory is right I trust
And so...a day is coming
When all shall be well.

WAVERING SEND OFF

That cool eve, he arrived from work place
Wearing a wrinkled exhaustive face
As in my line of duty
I tried to welcome him back home
But the cool look I received ripped my insides
I laid back to wait for the worse since this was unusual

This man we had already shared a heart for better for worse
Banged the door behind him
I hesitatingly pursued him to our sacred groove
He sent me out with his acrid look

Was Satan angry with our once peaceful and new marriage?
This acrimony and bitterness was more painful
Our marriage was turning into a mystery arena
The emptiness in me was like a yawning hole that sucked

I was drained, defeated and rejected
In desperation I approached him to dig out what it was all about
He hugged me and before he withdrew his hands off my body
This man I loved.....
Slowly descended and that was the end of him
His pulse was brought to a halt, his body turned cold
It was the end of him, he was gone....
It was a dubious and sand send off
How could that happen? was he poisoned?
What will I tell our four-year old child?

I WILL NOT REMIND YOU:BUT REMIND ME

I will not remind you that I love you

But remind me to walk out of your heart when love fails

I will not remind you that you are protected in my arms since you can attest

But remind me if you feel cold in my shattered heart

I will not remind you that the world can take you down and away from me

But remind me to dip my soul in boiling Hydrochloric acid when I loosen a grab of your essence

I will not remind you of my dreams about you because I don't want you to go through phobia of motion

But remind me when I leave you subjected to cold nights

I will not remind you that I can take a bullet to fight for our love

But remind me when I get lost in the battle and leave you behind

I will not remind you that I love to call you my princess because you know

But remind me when I forget and take off my eyes from your beauty

I will not remind you that you are my everything because indeed you are

But remind me when I stop caring to keep your heart safe in my palms

CURSE OF THE UNIVERSAL DISASTER

Early that fine morning
As the birds chirped and dew disappeared beneath the vales
They gathered with with a ram, white in color without blemish
Along the shores of *Teren* and Nzoia River
Like Aron and Moses they claim to have held all the sins
In readiness to go pray and burn the sacrifices to their most High
It's a special moment in a special place at a special day well set

Having cleansed themselves for a week or two
With trust they follow the steps of the elders of *Maina* and their
seniorities
A rite that was once performed in 1918 pertaining Spanish Flu a
disease of the same speed and threat
Was now retrieved and to be done again

See, with *tilolwet* a tree so rare but **terminal** for the ceremony
They march singing songs of praise and mockery
They face *cherongo* with a mention of arrival of this bad thing
A thing termed Corona that has symptoms and signs of *Kipkeita* a
disease that once attacked humanity
Their fasting and prayer seemed not to go unrewarded

I watch in awe from afar as they flow blood of the slaughtered animal
into the river
With acclaim that the thing needs to be carried along by the river
flow to diminish in the sea
And as the smoke ascends straight above
They kneel down to pray referring to *Kipsekerut ne pirir kut* (the
Bible)
And with hope and faith they throw away all the remains to the river
and curse the universal disaster to sign out of God's nation
As they walk away without looking back

I DON'T KNOW WHO KILLED ME

My last blink was a peep through the window
The background of the sky was vivid blue
And piles of fluffy snow covered the bottom half
I couldn't tell exactly the here and now
But like a caged sinner plunged beneath that flood lose of own guilty
stains
I see myself in a fountain
A fountain filled with blood drawn from my own veins I suppose

It's a divine interruption and a supernatural interposition
I slowly get elevated out of my hellish existence
I cant undo the baggage of anger
But I feel a loser of self and power at large
My wounds are flowing a stream

I am a nobler of poor lisping and a stammering tongue
My mind is ransomed with grave thoughts

As the atmosphere is saturated with shrills of cries and deep sobbing
It becomes the last thing I could hear
I don't know who killed me

POWER OF PRAYER

After a congestive heart failure and arterial fibrillation that the
sawbones could not reverse
I was devoted in a moment so deep with stiff point emotions in that
marinated bed
Sweat and tears pouring down my face I slowly got overheated
I sluggishly woke up to open the window about three inches
And the cool air improved my condition

My breathing problem intensified a while after the other
All my strength was consumed
Walking out of that small room required as much effort as that of
ascending a hill
I could not realize it once again until ...
I found myself in that emergency room
Where I was quickly rigged with oxygen mask and a diagnostic
monetary to control my pulse

This was a foot to the grave
My conviction deepened and I didn't expect any visitation
I believed I was going to be no more ...
I had to ascend my thoughts to God in a melody of praise with some
hope to get a subsidence of my ill health

It was now five hours since my breath ceased to trace way into my
lungs
I decided to debunk the delight of the demonic spirits
I slowly knelt down to utter a brief prayer to God to take me as soon
as I said Amen
But because of His unfailing Compassion
He retrieved our intimate relationship and my breath slowly resumed
And right now ... I am out of that hospital bed
All because of His mighty power

PEACEFUL OLD FROG

Frogs leap around yes
But ours is always settled with beauty like a peacock
Just to swallow the nation's efforts
This old frog which is a source of evil
Is as old as earth so it cannot leap but peacefully spread
It croaks with discrimination, that consumes all the small ants in the nation
It has tortured the poor and the needy in the process of acquiring the riches of this world

This old frog called corruption has ruined the lives of many
Many who involve in gambling and betting in large sums of money at horse and dog races
Listen you old frog that barks with greediness and fights for power
When will you barn down and allow the meek have that easy life?

You are a father of lies and a savage beast to many
I wish you die through continued and deliberate blinds of sins you bear
I wish to burn you with a hot iron, all because you accuse even the lower in caste
I mean, dear old frog blended corruption
Would you please loose your senses and rest your crimson coated heart upon the jaws of death?

FEAR OF THE LOST SELF

This Unuttered or unexpressed feeling really scathes
It scathes like a motion of hidden fire
Fire which trembles from the deepest soul

Tears have become my burden of sigh
And silence the simplest form of speech that my infant lips can try
It's a worry of self lose

My own esteem sublimed to a strain of self control
Misery now became my vital breath
Suffering is my native air
And fear remained my watchword at the gates of death

PREVALENT SET UP

It's a moment full of trial based by denial
Not only that but also forbidden pleasures
And even sordid treasures that spread to work me harm

Nights full of falling apart demon visitations and even encounter with
monsters
A feeling that needs one to dash out of oneself
But all seems to me a vain

It is a darker semblance that even mercy misses to check in
And instead sends sorrow, toil, and woes
Would it be am in the wrong shade of veil
That problems are allowed to chip in for a torture?

See, I'm attended by pain on my path below
For a negotiation or two, among them being to slaughter me as their
sacrifice
So if it were you; will you submit to the verge?

MARRIAGE EMPLOYMENT

Have you ever proceeded to cross a bridge?
Do you know that if it gets overweighed it collapses?

See, I was brought to this house out of love
To come and bear children they say
But the notion has thrown wrenches in all my days

Was it a marriage employment?
That I look for prestige in this juggled marriage?
To babysit children, wash, dust, see the elderly parents
And as if that's not enough, look after the cows and sheep as I collect
firewood
Tell me; was it a marriage employment to serve them all as a routine?

Where is my sanity?
The weight capacities have no breaking points labeled
I mean am an employee in my marital home
Am in a contract with the whole family's errands
To serve them with no payment but more contracts signed.
What if ... what if I withdraw and sink all the services in a pool of
disagreements

UNCAGED BIRD

As the storm raged round
I folded my arms to utter a silent prayer
A prayer to retain my bird in the cage of my heart

But it came this fine day
When the sky above was glowing brighter
All things had seem to delight with pleasure like a flowing river

But *all that glitters is not gold*
The bird cracked the cage glasses into shackles
And swiftly like an hare it flew away
My soul was then dark and clouded,
Filled with doubt, and grief

Several moments I went through the shrouded mists to look for my
little bird
With hope that I will entice to trap it again
But each and every time I neared for a capture
It flip flopped away shaking dust to my eyes
Tears crowned my watery eyes as I went back to mourn my uncaged
bird

But see, it's now moons ago
And my little bird has traced its way back with an injured leg and
shattered feathers
It chirps out the perfect tunes that matches the cadence of my heart
I watch it in awe
And it's still my bitter sweet little bird reduced from colorful to pallid
and ashen
What should I do with it?
Should I welcome it back home or pursue it away?

MY OLD DOG

Even the old cat still takes milk
But see, my old dog stopped barking
And so as shadows darkly gather,
We lay side by side like two sleeping lions

This saddens my heart, makes it weary and distressed
I am still young and of fertile age but my old dog is tired and at rest

So I go seek for comfort
But sorrow dims my way
When everyone else of my dotage blossom like Eden gladness
I stand dry high as the only flower rudely pressed
Pressed beneath the social strictures
This really brews a droop of sadness
To wish an old dog bark for food that's well set on the table for
service.

THE PINK HIBISCUS

As the sun ascends above the hill crest
Dew slowly gets vanished and cricket sounds wane
I gaze out the window from my dawning darkness
The rays of the sun shining upon the pink champagne-made hibiscus
Make nature more beautiful and appealing
I get devoted to the budding shine
That gives my soul a warm glow
A smile parts my lips
I relate this with her inner beauty for eternity
Should I dispose my eternal love to hold her in my heart forever?
A memory tickles me ...
I hold a vision of her shining like this pink glow
I feel like kissing her
As I passionately enjoy the trail to her romance
For to me she is more than all these
But will she take me into her arms where I belong?
Will our spirits concede and we become one?
I really need a dulcimer sweet dance and joy of the pink hibiscus.

OCEAN OF TEARS

This world is now an ocean of tears
We cannot climb the heavenly steeps to beg the most high to relieve
us
But in vain we have to search the lowest deeps
So as to trace what angered the heavens

For Him no depths can drown
Has loosened the strings of people's faith
And thus producing discordant pitches to the most High
Something has taken people to the brinks of sin
What could this be?

The warmth, sweet, tender soothe of the virus, has superseded their
potent
So they choose to share in an ironical way to God's consignment
Putting thousands plus innocent souls to in an immense tension

As if that's not enough, many are quarantined in beds of pain
As those in curfews try the call for forgiveness from Him above
everything
But it's like investigative judgement has been called to adjournment
So the big question is
Will they sink to demise in their pool of tears?
Or get devoured by God's fury through the virus
They better pray.

LOVE VERSES REJECTION

Hey girl lend me your ear
I am affected by the disease of your affection
That penetrates deep down my heart core
Your beauty is my violence
That attacks strongly without pity
Would you please be my red rose?

Sssh hold on your words
Don't lie to make me happy
I don't need a tainted germ
Of your false feelings that brings me emotional detrition
Keep off my lane; for I can't live a lie
That goes through my ears to settle in my mind

Dear queen of my heart,
I believe I have needed you from the beginning of time
Since the first day I set my eyes on you
My dark world lit up spontaneously
Like no, you sparked my world
And thus I couldn't resist your charm
So please spare my heart

Dear king, bring all these pettiness to a halt
Don't cry for attention, for I still stand my point
Your insistence won't help
Am not trying to be rude
But the fact on the ground is, your wishes and desires I won't fulfill

Would you please make me understand
Why you leaving me in a continental crossroad, with feelings build
up
Tell me why I have to beg day in day out
Is it a mistake to have you as the desire of my heart?

Listen, remember you were alive before we met
I don't want to cause commotion in your heart
I just wish you wake up and realize that
I got no love for you stored in my heart

Well, life should go on
But the only disease that holds me back

Are my constant feeling for you
But I also get a know that....
That I still have to live...without you

PAIN

Pain drains me to something void and hollow
Pain defines me as of no identity
Pain destines me to stagnate
Pain is defeating me in the rage of war
It is making me deranged
Pain pain pain every day
I try to fight and quech it but ye all know am not a fighter
The wounds of yesterday still hurt every other night like this
I feel lost in darkness
Grief consumes me and I slowly sink in despair
No one understands how I feel
Wounds never truly heal
I suffer in silence and hide my tears
I submit myself to my own fears
Life is full of defects with pain as my daily meal.

LONE AND DESERTED

Ever sat around in a congregation?
Where you are accompanied but you still feel alone
Where you stand up but still feel down

Where everybody calls you brave but you still feel scared
Where you are connected but you still feel divided
And you bored moving without movement and even talking without
speaking

I mean am just lying in continuous wait
Waiting for a light in dark and a connection in division
Waiting for a way out of it all
But it seems to be life alone in this desert
So do I really need to get on?

THE LEOPARD IN THE ACACIA TREE

Throned upon the awful tree
The animal waits and watches
Down to the grief of the deserted woman
Smiles veil his anguished face
Because he has seen a meal when the owner is away
Woe to his majesty for he won't trace
Nor tell what pangs unknown was done with his sealed food

Silently after those three dread hours
Wrestling with the evil powers
The leopard is Left with nothing but human sin
Gloom around him and within
The leopard climbs down the acacia tree
And hark! that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud
But all was not heard
The animal joyfully feeds itself

Anguish rolls down the woman's heart
Darkly over her sinful soul
Not long than his majesty comes back
To find the food had been unsealed
He learns from the bitter cry of her woman not to leave her solitary
But in the gloom
They both curse the leopard in the acacia tree.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

I don't know to whom this will shoot
But I fancied the thought of being your child someday
I Wasn't sure if I was prepared to be no more
But little did I settle
Than I saw two small pills destined my way
Souped from what was fed from her mouth
I tried to run away but the attack was a double tragedy

Mum, how could you do this without consultation?
Couldn't I make a good son for you?
Why did you crash down my world?
And proceeded to claim a miscarriage

I was happy at first and with fastidious expectations
That I would be the first person to meet you from your own veins
But nothing but a burden to you acclaimed
With heaviness in heart I got a question for you
How is the world of prominence to you?
When am not there with you to smile

Anyway, am long gone I didn't meet you
But pass my greetings to dad and I really miss you two
Hope you missed me too from the day you ended my beginning of
life
Everything is sweet where I am laid now
But I direly hope to meet you someday.

I WANT TO EMPTY MY SOUL

I want to empty my soul of unnumbered scars and bruises
That consume my voice and esteem
Scars so tender to soothe and constraint my heart from rejoicing

I want to empty my soul of the paraded tragedies and ungratefulness
That smart my strength and get it done
Done and with no mercy for my feeble spirit to fight

I have been confined in a rage of war from age to age
With uncertainty of whether or not I will survive these stormy winds

But I want to empty my soul
Of demonic and monster owling powers and dominions
Of my masked wounded hearts and stubborn persona

I can't fight this anymore because its stronger than me
And so since I don't want to feel a loser
I stop fighting.

HAS PAIN EVER SERVED YOU SOLACE?

In whose presence will my soul take delight?
On whose affliction should I call?
Pain is my daily comfort and my song in the night
My hope was stolen by my woes and fiascos

To me the voice of pain sound as that of the dulcimer sweet
That I will always hear through the shadows of suffering
The cedars of pain perfume the air with it's pungent breath

It's lips are of a fountain of righteousness that I would always wish to
kiss
As if to water my garden of stabs
It looks at me and ten thousands of it's angels rejoice

Myriad poisons of hate,nightmares,rejection and loneliness pour from
them haters
Speaking of an eternity stay with me
Every bite, inch and move re-echoes to me pain as my lifetime
partner

SHOULD I SAY I LOVE HER

This flower shakes and twists to a tune I can't comprehend
I mean this one girl who's my princess, should I say I love her?

The rhythm of her motion tells me its a sweet tune
A sweet tune that enhances the cadence of my heart
Should I say I love her?

That me and her could make one, two, three steps of intimacy
Then slowly break the sweet holy seal, a way so odd that you won't
understand

I love her silky hair and the oily mass down her neck
All these melts my heart
I mean is it love or something, yes

I pace about the window seals to steal a glance
But by surprise she could be taken
But should I say I love her?

MESHED IN GLOOM

Am trapped in this line of thought
That I can't weigh or scale the mountain of my disappointments
It is a moment so emotional and the worst of all the feelings

That as soon as I was nearing the dotted finishing line
And dawn was projected my way
Darkness stagnated along my vision and barricaded it boldly
Everything turned upside down

Before my last exam, schools were all closed down;
To me this is a venomous heart panic that crept in like a snake
And seized my breath and tongue
Not only that but a chill that raises the hair all over my body
A thought of this makes my stomach to drop and my face to turn hot

A hard moment to deal with
That instead of a deliverance from a continuum chain of struggle
A realm of sixes and sevens is set foundation
Really this is not fleeting like anger
Neither can it easily be soothed like sadness

I mean it's a blend of bitterness and misery
That'll leave a stain that the only cure is a cut out
It makes me travel in packs like hungry wolves devouring the rays of
light
Honestly this could be an open wound that will last a lifetime

It really burns to have had series of battles in war that must be won
But now I am consumed and buried by COVID-19
And so holding fast to hope as they say....is an antipathy
How will the gloom of heart, soul and mind be unmeshed?

HARSH WORLD

I exist in a world so vast and strange
With fear so profound beyond the reach of thoughts
I stand to ask myself am I a stranger in this earth?
Whirling alone amid the suns of space

With undefined clime or race
See I exist in a world of man where my life is lived
And so I got nothing to live
Everything I encounter is full of evil and of partial good

I mean a world of time's far stretching years
Where a new day holds time to stand still
To make the roses so withered because of constant scorches
A world where misery of time is revealed
A world so harsh and full of bleaks

WILL SHE ACCEPT

I really can't gainsay this
I met her again
I got no docket nor work list for her yes
But staying in vicinity with her makes my time
See, my feelings get enthused at every contact we do
A stay with her is pleasant
The see-off stound
Was one of a kind holding her hand
But more and more stay is what I desired
If this proceeds; now that I can't stop meeting her
Then a question erupts , what will happen?
Just in case I go down on my knee again
Hope it won't cost anything because
I got no patriarchal strictures
But a squeeze in her heart will serve me better.

AGE OF TIME

Those old days when
When I was my mothers prior
And my Father's all time

Those old days when
When my tears meant something to them
When my discomfort was their displeasure

Those old days when
When I could be given everything that I deserved before I requested
Those old days when luxury at my juvenile age was my religion

But nowadays, where is that love that once bound us ma?
That till then you don't know if dawn got me or if dusk swept me
away

That my survival tactics does not even bother you
I mean, am I an existing mistake?
That you regret why you brought me to existence
Or it's that age of time that I better take my position
To make my own decisions and stand by myself
Or even take my life if I want!
Please tell me if that's the case

AT MY AGE

At my age, am not under detention
Of neither your rules and regulations nor your terms and conditions
I feel old enough to be set a captive free

At my age, all my age mates are at advanced stage
Of getting home at their own time because of their _busy_ to do list
And so I need to be of their speed

At my age, I need to host visitors
Who will even camp over for an ample time
But see, why should you entrap me in your busy schedule?

At this age, I should pay visits to my afar aunt
Or even my grandmother at her place upcountry
To go help them before holidays are called off

At my age ... says a teenage girl that at her age.

MY FAITHFUL HUSBAND

I have a faithful husband
To whom my trust is devoted so much
His true love keeps me at hand
And his commitment is pure without a scratch

He attends all the crusades
All inclusive the purely destined for women
His confidants from the church persuades
Nothing but a doubt of his 'interest' on women

He at times signs in late
With acclaim to have been in a church meeting
So for the sake of our own fate
I have to support him in praying

But comes this fine day
He is summoned to the church board
With a notion of a blay
That he has been a faithful hyena under the cupboard

See the implication of his faithfulness
Has turned his rare personality to hypocrisy
And lowered my faithful husband's dignity to ungratefulness
But well, marriage vows still has to retain their courtesy.

My Faithful husband.

I WISH SHE KNEW

I wish she knew that she saturates my soul with her presence
I wish she knew
That she is my only hymn that dances the tune up my way home
I wish she knew that I always see the mirror of myself in her dazzling
face

I wish she knew
Of those old days I loved deeply and without hesitation, fear or
anxiety of losing her
I wish she knew that the smile in her face means the world, home,
and happiness to me

I wish she knew
That her Cheek's blush engraves me in her universe
A universe where waves strum the music in my spirit and soul

I wish she knew
That her courage assures me that she is the one whom I prayed for to
an existent Deity of wind and beauty

I wish she knew the philosophy of the meaninglessness of existence
before I found her
But she came to make it bearable
And the ample grace of her heart is what I'll keep to say; She's always
enough for me.

WHO WILL RECOLLECT ME

Misery dangled me over the Cliff
Into a gloomy veil of shades
Where echoes crick crack the sounds so ill that deafen my bleared
ears

A place where suffering crashes me into pieces
Small tiny pieces like shards that not even a well wisher can recollect

I am watching the shattered and tarnished me
In this place where tragedy coils me like a snake
It entangles me with it's hands in readiness for a swallow

My spirit and soul are now divorced partners
Not only that but foes of one another torn far apart
I watch the pieces of broken me in awe dropping to my own doom

And so its my time of need; I cannot surmount
The sliced me fumbles with a yearn of who's really in to recollect
me?

BLACK THOUGHTS

The stream of life just ceased to flow
The viscosity of it's progress just halted
My own strength just let me down
Life chains started stinking with venom

Poison infiltrated my mind
And so after a deep negotiations
All my dreams seem horrible
I feel like a loser and a failure

So death just called for my soul
And since I had it's assignment
Have dashed to submit it
Long live you who will read this last note.

THE PARENT IN HER

I rejoice this single woman with pure heart
My festal banner for her waves so high

Her mellifluous voice always full and strong
Makes me surge praises to send her sturdy being forth

This woman whom I affirm a psalm of my ancient days
Gives me divine love and a link to exist in this world

She offers me an island of peace and comfort
To pour out my strains of joy and bliss

She stands by my side in gladness and in woes
This one woman I know of; has a parent in her
My mother.

THINK ABOUT IT

The moon is an ellipse, so does our love
It's of great luminance, that builds in us a clove

But see, it has a black aversion across it
Could it be that the odds form it?

Well, it's surrounded by dark shades
Could it be of malign say?

Our love is of that simulacrum
Bright or lucent within us ... yes
Buy encircled and confined in a constricted patriarchy

See, it dazzles whatsoever the darkness
Hence brewing this last sole question that;

Ever seen a star shine brighter without darkness?
Think about it.

A FLIGHT TO A NEW RESIDENCE

I want to fly to a new residence but the path is dark and dreary
The winds to propel me are all cats
But wherever I am bordered, stings with pain

I want to take a flight to the peak of the mountainside or even beyond
the end seas
To that grave place where cricket croaks will make me dead not to
hear the whispers of hate
And or the sea creatures will swallow me moribund me
So as to escape the eat up of the suffering's gluttony

I want to spread my ruptured wings
And slowly sow to reach the sun and get scorched to death
Since that'd heal my crashed soul and perished heart
And them haters would then watch from miles as I slowly wane

I want to fly, I need my path cleared from the dark lights of their
pretense
I need a fluent flight and a safe landing
To a place so cozy, where I will eat and dance with Angels
I mean I need to fly right away to a new residence
But the sky is stormy and so the flight is wavy

WOE OF A SPINISTER

When will all my labors and trails be over?
When will I rest on the beautiful shore with the one I adore?
At this age I desire someone to confide in me and he too in me

When will the infinite race am accorded in, end in peace?
So as I get there to admire his face
When?

Friends I have loved long ago
Are now flowing away and afar
Yet I remain just to fake a smile yet I know
With my odd youthful ages I should be in matrimony
So tell me,
When will he wherever thou at be here?

MY INTIMATE LOVER

I know it will sound a devilish torment but my body laments for it
I crawl beneath the cracks of my body parts
Into a dark cellar where I get fermented and pain feeds me with stabs
Making my painful blood more bittersweet
Am designed an addict of pain, my intimate lover

I am in a dark and tempting vacuum that my soul cannot escape,
I see the beauty and attractiveness of pain
It loves me too I know because at my repulsion it comes back a part
of me
My thirst for pain can't be quenched, my intimate lover

It has kept me moving and upfront even at my lowest ebb
It comes along with sharp blades and so I'll comfortably admit
It's brutal nature that is disturbingly soothing
Is an additional gangster point
I love you so much dear pain, my intimate lover.

ME OR MY BABY

As the sun peeked above the horizon
I was knocked down with my legs stiff and dumb
I felt ached and I sighed a cry of deliverance
I was recently widowed and now emotionally fragile
I had not enjoyed the after sale services with my husband
Than he got involved in a tragic ship wreck
Came this day
Something was amiss, pain had been piercing me strongly along my
belly
I have been on my knees to hope for the best along the mother's relay
bed
A burst of water followed by my baby's head appearing
It had been a precious waited fountain
After a long stay of fastidious expectations
I mean it was my first time
So the doctors had to use a medical instrument so ...
Either me or the baby could survive or both
But...
My baby was twisted and torn and ...
He died!
He did not breath the first one of his life
If it were you....could this be easy so to bear?
The towers were leaning down and close upon me to crash
I was in grief and tragic situatio

ALONG THE LEANING TOWERS

She thought her pride heights were a new delight
But comes this fine day that she shivers in dawn with a crawl
Bruised and distorted,
Hair matted with dirt and scurried with dried blood and filth cling to
her thighs
She tries to fake a smile, but how in the midst of a frustration
She is unable to control her tears, she hides her eyes
This prodigal daughter of her parents was dying
The hurts had to be erased; but how will her eyes be turned away from
her own hurts
How will she evade the staring shame ?
She had been ducked for cover after a claim of she be a sieged slave
who's a masters partner
What would the daybreak hold for her?
Death would be a blessed disguise

DON'T TELL HIM

I was settled in the yes tree in front of their door step
As soon as he left, I smiled in awe
I knew it was all going to be mine
But of roots and returns; he is back
So...
Don't tell him that I celebrated his walkaway

Don't tell him that I stole his honey
Because my life will be imperiled
I feel in a big barrel of trouble
I was a snatch and a destructor

Don't tell him that I have been a refuge in his settlement
That I was an algae in his plant
As you weed me out; I ... I am sorry
Please...don't tell him.

WEEDS AMID THE BLOOM

I was born of no identity
So the inferno that this world exerts is too direct to scorch
Flames of hate are no giants to attack
Life is a complete blackout

A yearning of a sense of belonging is always out of place
No home no love no origin no acceptance no fate ...
I mean alone in the jungle
Fighting with lions who want to pull me down

A try to garden a change for the beat
Instills the village mosquitoes to stink venom
That my pride heights are high and one day ...

But tall like a giraffe I stand
To admire the fact that these weeds will not chock my flowering.

TWO THINGS INVOLVED

When you see mixed signals,
There are two things involved
It's either you win the battle or lose it
But one thing remains constant
If you win you are on the safer side
But if you lose, then always try again

When you get brief comebacks of your requests
There are two things involved
It's either you will get it or forget about it
But always remember to give your best whenever you give a test

When dealing with the past in the present
There are two things involved
You can either ascertain the future mistakes from the past
Or wait for them to make their presence felt in the present

As long as you exist in this pretty evil world
There are two things involved
You are uncertain or undecided
But one thing stands still
You should guess what'll happen in the next turn

And since you were born to exist
ere are two things involved
You either be having a compass direction or uncertain future
But what we say is...don't forget to smile
A day is coming and things will fall in a proper place

THE GOVERNMENT OF LOVE

What is a divine compassionate love
When all we undergo is fake love that's wrapped in selfishness and
shaky notions
When all heavenly joy promises made
Have been misled by self pleasing desires

What is love in this cruel world
A world where distress and perplexities are projected in many forms
A world where longsuffering is a great value of gentleness

You talk of precious gem in this government of love
But exactly do you mean when we are locked in a desperately wicked
jar of strictures
That we need to be submissive and meek
As if that's not enough ...
Our bullets of expectations are loaded with failures
Failures that kills the living faith of love

Tell me, what is love?
What is love when all we have to bear is faltering trust
Is this special government all about persevering supplications to fake
vows?

ARE WE IN LOVE?

We are in an arena of grey love and black peace
Where we lie in deathbeds of tortures and false alarms of threats and
suppressions
Are we in love with our helplessness and sufferings ?

Are we in love with this struggle truck that's full of personal tsunamis
end everything somber?
Or is this the nation and world that they promised?

Where is the twee love?
Is it along with pain, shame and blades of failures?

Are we in love when those settled in the streets are robbed their
bread?
Are we in love when the meek only sees a cloud of smoke and
swarms of disappointments from the mighty?

Are we in love with the caste system of no sense of belonging?
Where is the numerous love full cool resolutions?

Are we in love to be lulled in this storm of wars ?
Are we in love,
With random bullet shots of civic peace corrosion?

Yes, aren't we in love with our crooked nation?

DIS-CON-NECTED

I mourn for a thousandth slain of my heart
That a fall came in form of realism but with vibrant echoes of
disapproval
I was strongly shunned with a dreadful fall
My bridge of life was sluggishly disconnected
Thoughts of existence slowly got me immersed in clouds of darkness
The feeling of being disconsolate consumed me
I felt languished
My wounded heart was added acidic hate that stirred it to leak blood
Blood that sprayed their clothes and now they smell crimson
So, since every pain and sorrow in me cannot be healed here on earth
Let the blood they poured from my heart _cleanse_ them
As the comfortless and penitent me sees light straying away
With innate ties being unfastened by the 'baptized'
I dunk swiftly in a pool of depression
But... will they survive my supernatural torture?

HE IS MY LULL IN THE STORM

That misty morning when the whole earth was covered with fog
Nothing gave an hint of a pleasant day
I was off to see my niece upcountry
But a feeling of fear and hopelessness enveloped me
I must have touched the wrong keynote
I was not signed up for this visit
My car begun creaking like a kite in a windy afternoon
I was not prepared for any violence of an ordeal
Some hot liquid slugged down my left armpits downwards
I had no strength to control this situation
I developed a state of panic as wind raged with all dangerous signs of
an electrical storm
Trying to sidetrack my car was not an option
I was driving on an extensive road that was all muddy
This terror was raw, I was new in this place and being hijacked was at
it's peak
A saloon car approached uphill and blocked a through way
I assembled my thoughts to ascend a prayer
My brain could respond but the most High did
He became my lull in this storm...

SOMEDAY

Someday I will find hope, to restore myself

To speak up and knock over suppression

Someday I will replace the wrinkles and frowns all with smiles

Someday I will let go of the universe and build my own world

Someday I will be the Centre stage of happiness

I will turn your hate to love

Someday I will leave the worldly pleasures and set the eye on the prize

The prevalent peacocks will level up

And even beggars will ride the horses

I mean someday ... all these scars will be erased.

YOU

You took an arrow,
Aimed at my heart and it was halved
You took a sharp knife
Chopped the two halves into slices
Little did I breath
You took shards and projected further the small slices
I cried and without pity
You still picked heavy stones then crashed the remnant parts
As I recollected to retain at least a part for my blood circulation
You dived razors to wash the clotted naked veins
The whole me got swamped with blood
But you cared less and bathed in the same blood
I brought concerns of woe the poor me
But you showed me your back
But well are you now
A king as I mourn your sacred groove fake ordinations ?

THE UNSENT NOTE

I have been running all along in darkness
Running away from myself to go hide
But I can't run away from myself to escape all the voices inside
I am lost without her justice
I feel sick without her mollification
Am still freezing in pain and have lost my way

I have always failed at everything I try to do cause I'm nothing
without you
I have lost everything but you have not lost me either
I have tried rick and rose to save myself
by discovering my weakness
But myself is all that's left
Covered with every blemish and abandonment

Listen girl ;
Would you please take this mess of me?
Would you please help me forget all I knew?
Would you please build me up again?
I mean can I just belong to you love?

LETTER TO DEPRESSION

Dear depression;
Brother to anxiety and sister to loneliness
You have made my mind be in an overdrive,
You have brought incessant worries to cloud my mind,
You have made my life a pool of frustrations,
Most of the time I just want to crawl in a corner and hide,
But you spot me up for a torture,
With irritating pats and taps,
You brief my breath short making me sublime to helplessness,
A pleasant day for you is a battle day for me fighting against myself,
As if that's not enough,
You set a brawl of your demons against me
And... no matter how hard I try
I can't escape the trap of all these.

HATE PLEASE,SIGN OUT OF MY LIFE

Sssh.....lend me your ear you foe
Would you spare my innocent conscience?

Would you pave me way to go look for consolation in some far
world?
Would you stop taking every bit of me and pressing them upon your
jaws?

Listen to the song of my love bird
Lest I take all your scraps and craps
To go display them on the scorching sun
So that you get burnt to ashes
And I forget about you

Dear hate listen to this refrain
Or I will spin you like a globe
Drag my fingers until you are heated to boil
Or wrap you up in a linen
Then place you in an old cigar box
Then tuck you away into the forests for monsters to eat you up....

You are a malice, an enigma, a demon
Dear hate.... Spare my remnant piece of love.

TIRED AND WORN OUT

I am filled with tears and fears
That kiss my cheeks and soul with shards of hate and uneasiness
All the morning greetings come along with a vast blur of my vision
Of being dismissed and criticized

I feel tired of crying and trying
To choke back my tears of exhaustions with no solutions
I am always daydreaming and screaming
Of my swollen and bruised body of periodical wounds
I am tired of giving excuses that are all useless
With a turn around brain that sends me slightly beyond insanity

My self esteem is barely on a balance
I feel worn out with scraped knees and ankles
My soul has been bleeding with my essence slowly peeling off
I think... am exhausted of having to rely on someone else's heart
Just to make myself feel valuable and in a tenure of completeness

I am tired of inhaling the oxygen afflicted with depression and anxiety
My hollow heart is filled with desperate thoughts
Of a want to be felt and loved
When I exactly know they'll leave me someday when they spot blooms

I am tired of sharing my mental strives
When I already know this will drill me into a mess of daily dooms

I am fed up with this emotional captivity speaking without words
Could it be that am destined to be a failure with these timely bleaks?
I am just so tired and worn out.

THE CORE UNIT

Through ages of this earth, we have been subjected to a furnace of fire,

We have stood dry high to pray for conviction
But all our expectations have failed our mission,
A prime solemnity has kept up the face of this nation,

It has spread to the world, from Jerusalem to the rest of Judea,
Choking all the survival tactics' bronchus,
Making our strive so anomalous,
And the height of the caste system and struggles way dichotomous,

Ultimately all the ends of the earth along Samaria,
Are in a bundle of conflicting thoughts and emotions
So tangled as to defy any attempt of classifications
Of who and what is right to be a bedrock of foundation

Corruption is the core unit offered this era,
Those above have squeezed us through the waves of persecution
Bribes being the meal of every rick and rose as they proclaim their dominions
Our jumbo quest is ; how will their Highnesses claim salvations?

IS THIS ME?

I feel to grit my teeth and push through this ill phase with ease
But I currently lack the fervor and welly
Darkness has closed me in it's house
My body feels like it's filled with lead
I am exhausted physically and mentally retarded
I am walking alone in the rain and the wind that's caught under my
umbrella have pummeled me into the turbid
The stormy winds of my fear, anxiety, hopelessness, shame are all
scathing

I can't sleep cos darkness invades my dreams
My whole body is aching
My chest is tight and am running short of breath

So much of what I feel is irrational and the logical part of my brain
tells me that
Horrible anger has stood to brew my ulcerations
So imma cry out for help cos I can't control this anymore
Strength and determination once innate
Have drained off and away from me

I never wanted to be *this* girl
I used to be strong and a fighter! mum and *her* said
That I have been through worse, they know!
But now I feel like a runner who hit the wall and can't push forward
anymore

I feel so anxious, sad, scarred and scared
Could I be such a disappointment?
People tell me how inspired they are by my courage and perseverance
How am their mentor and mod
And here I am, poor and impoverished
Thinking of overdosing on antianxiety pills

Is this me?
This isn't me but I don't even know who this is
Am dying a tortoise move - painful death
With no better day to get out of bed
Am in a roller coaster of pain and depression
How will I bleed or puke all these ills out of me?
When all is a merry go round of grief and acrimony.

HOLDING GRUDGES

I live in a shadow of masks
Where your bliss is assured
With a record of all the marks you plot

A gallery of scars is all I am
All your acrid bruises have left me blistered
All your coarse voices have parched my soul
All your acrimonious talks of hate have scarred me to the brim

Really, if grudges were venom
I would be the late
Cos I buy time to organize them within me
All according to their order of occurrence

When I look at an old and tattered black tattoo of your name in my
heart
I feel a dissolution of an horizon of light

Every time I tryna gather strategies to craft my plausible thoughts of
you
The scars of your single mistakes
Scratch one another recurrently to enact pain
So I remain locked in a match of grudges that recur
And with no alternate reality
I got to nurse the scars
So as to demagnetize the grudges.

COOL RESOLUTION

I am off the course due to lack of attention
Negligence has led me to suffocation
Lack of an ear is intimidation
Of why should I be when I really deserve no elevation

See, after a deep introspection
I saw with me no connection
Between me and either reinvigoration
This feeling of constriction
Has called for a dissolution
Of making silence a cool resolution

Silence is a calming effect
That makes the soul feel perfect
But a timely squabble is like a stinging insect
That'll cause the heart a defect

Silence is a cool resolution
That's built on a solid foundation
Always firm against sinister forces of decomposition
It's an innate bundle of energy restoration

Silence stands in for retaliation
As a strong and mighty weapon
It's not a weakness or lack of action
Instead for the brave the best option
And ever a cool resolution

DEAR GOD OF HEAVEN

Hello ye who's above
Receive my lamentations
Of why razors for solace

Why dear God?
Why did you take smiles in exchange with frowns?
Why did you take happiness just to pluck in anger? Couldn't You
have had an equilibrium of either?

Dear God of heaven
You have sent angels to who turned demons on their way here
They disintegrated my joy to ash
They traded away my autonomy
So whatever inflict, conflict or nag brews trouble within me

Dear God of heaven
Write back to tell me
When will my heart stop racing?
When will I stop chasing and start neglecting?
When will my self respect grow legs like theirs?
Should I examine my submerged poor esteem?
That lie in the depths with the coral
My reflection has been too much to bear
So I cowardly choose not to care

But... dear God
This state is consuming me
I encounter violent avenues all through deep within me
So this is my prayer to you ...
Take this phase off and away from me.

OLD IS AN AGE

What is age?

Could it be...

All about crawling, standing, walking, running then slowly
descending back to a child?

That not even one of your lineage you will recognize?

What is age?

When all you can do is sleep till forever comes if not alarmed

I wish... I wish old was not age

I supposed it were just a page

That we just turn and forget about it

But see all the tragedies come in form of a skit

I rarely apprehend

how fast black turns to grey

Grey to beautify her to gold yes _'Old is gold'_

But a sharp contrast as such

Old is an age so incurring

Everything for her was a blink that she grew young and old at the
same time

That her mental picture as a youth is erased

Or maybe I was not in her youth but I wish I was

See, I wanted her old very fast so that she chat me narratives of her
time

But now I really wish I knew back then how old was going to be like

I would hold on time to have her remain young for me

What is age since then, when all I have is not in account like hers

What do I have in store for her rather?

Have I learnt something from her so Paramount?

Time will tell

But I regret to have not realized one key thing

That she has been our family bridge to destiny...

And that's why we are here.

SICK

Sick, is one word for many
It's a one syllable and four lettered word that carries foul in it
It just knocked in my door
And without knowing its identity I allowed it in
It's now unraveling it's personality
As thunder that threatens to strike me with lightning through my
waist
Sickness is creating mayhem all over my body
Causing me a rain of tears
It makes my life a sad and tragic movie to watch
Sick is a coffee that stops me from sleep at night
It's an monster onion that easily makes me cry
It would proudly ask me if am tired of living
And with shame I will say am tired of dying instead cos sick kills me
daily
So when sick sends you a notification for a meeting
Please turn it down
And when it calls for a visit
Ignore that,cos to you it's a deadly tour.

EVERLINE KHALAMWA

EVERLINE KHALAMWA is a budding writer with a wide scope experience in literary genres. Her first anthology of poems **From the Bottom of My Heart** is live in Amazon and her other poems are also featured in this anthology **A Gallery of Scars** She is also an author of short stories titled **On the Verge of Destiny**, that's yet to be published.

AMANDA!

I see you displayed,
For sale.
I rush to purchase you,
Because of the contores.
Inside me,
I know you,
As a manicure,
Displaced for sale,
Amanda.

You are the beauty queen,
Displayed,
Exhibited,
Without your consent,
By the owner ,
Of you.
Oh!Amanda,what can you say!

Amanda,
If you had a voice,
You would scream ,
For help.
If you had legs,
You would take off.
If you had,
Eyes to see,
You would take them ,
To court.
You have no voice,
No legs,
And no eyes.
Amanda my queen,
Decolonize your mind.
Have your voice,
Have your legs,
Have your eyes,
And take off,
You,
Amanda!

GO AWAY!

You cry yourself to sleep
Every single day of the week;
He didn't call,
He didn't answer my message,
He didn't send me money for food,
Go away!

Day in, day out,
Life is in your hands.
To make right
With the one that cares for you,
Most!
You are not looking.
Neither are you seeing.
You feel its too much,
Go away!

Why don't you go,
Go away to yourself,
Where nothing matters,
But ,your love for self.
Spoil yourself,
Get something you love,
Kick the madness away,
Of crying and sighing.
Of victories unknown,
To your own heart,
Go away!

YOUR TIME IS NOW!

Madam, arise.
Arise to raise,
The praise,
Of yester years,
When mama taught us,
To sing the songs of praise
Of every raise,
That came our years!

Arise to the inner beauty,
That was taught to us.
A beauty so naïve,
Madam arise!
Wont you arise,
To mystique
Embedded in you madam?

This is your time madam,
To sing the song of praise
Praising your self
In an innuendo
Given and implanted in you!
Arise,
This is the time madam,
Arise!

THE ARMOUR

The entire village is watching,
A fight between brothers
A fight among sisters,
To the neatly gritty of all,
Since all of them are armed!

The brothers are learned,
In the most expensive
Higher learning institutions.
Each of them commands respect ;
In their places of work,
Among their peers,
And in their homes!
The armour will tell it all.

The sisters, too,
On the other hand,
Are learned!
And have an extra degree,
Of men from afar,
All learned too!
They wish to participate,
In the deal of siblings fighting,
Because of the armour.

The armour knows it all.
It knows when to strike,
When to duck,
When to shoot,
To lame the target.

But do the siblings know?
Nay,
They are interested ,each
To show the armory,
That their parents left them.
The armour of pride.
The armour of egoism,
The armour of a bad heart.
That's what they want to show!

MY CROWN IS FOR YOU!

Man of God,
My utmost sincere crown,
To you,
In these hard times,
When men have stopped to listen
To the one that created them.
You soldier on,
With a God given mandate,
Telling them about God,
Simply, complexly,
Without tiring.
My crown is for you!

I have known you for a decade,
You are still the same.
The weather changes;
Cold, warm, burning hot,
All on you!
But you soldier on,
My crown is for you!

Once, you were mistaken,
For preaching a doctrine so hard;
'That God loves all of us'.
The heat was turned on you,
The crowd had no understanding,
'For God loved the world....'
My crown is for you!

Man of love,
Love that is heavenly,
That has a big heart for all.
I salute you,
You are blessed of the Lord.
And many days you live,
To declare the love of God,
On a generation that 'knows it all'.
My crown is for you!

MR.NET

My name is Net.
Net,
That nets
Netting very many.
I roam around,
Looking for the most,
Vulnerable, innocent, naïve,
To accomplish my mission.

I prey on the naïve,
When they look for answers,
From the fastest machine invented.
I give answers,
'How to become macho'
For young men.
'And how to become beautiful' ,
For young women,
I net them!

I have many friends,
Netted years back,
When modernity,
Became a joke.
Some took in the jokes,
Others shoved them aside,
For the naïve,
They took it all in,
And became netted!

My friends came with
issues of life.
Some do research,
Others want fun.
But majority of them,
Lay their troubles bare,
I become their friend,
By giving answers.
That's how I net them.
My name is Mr.Net,
Be very careful around me!

KABOOM!

I walk on the streets
Lonely noisy streets,
Then,
I hear paper like sweets,
Kaboom!

Hurriedly,
Every corner of the pleats,
Is a rushing gloat,
Of untamed ooze
As people bump into streets,
For the boom is near them!

Boom ,kaboom,
The noise is deafening,
And people scatter,
Kaboom, boom,
On the streets.
Kaboom!

SORRY

I want to say sorry,
To mum.
For having quarreled ,
When she meant good!
Throwing temper tantrums,
Unnecessarily,
Sorry mama.

Sorry papa,
For the times I fretted at you.
Because you,
Never lived up to my standards,
Even when you tried
I wanted more and more,
Sorry papa.

Sorry ,
To my siblings,
For being a drama queen,
Covering up for mistakes
I made purposely,
All the time,
In good and bad times,
Sorry dears.

I say sorry ,
To my peers,
Who warned me,
Of the precarious mistakes,
I enjoyed doing, despite the warnings,
And pits I found myself in,
For being stupid.
I am sorry.

Sorry dear teachers,
You took time,
To talk, guide,
And promise heaven,

For me,
If and only if,
I changed,
This fell on deaf ears
Sorry.

I am sorry,
For the trouble I caused.
To all that loved me
To all that cared,
To all
that gave me wings to fly,
Sorry my dears!

DARLING DOC!

My darling,
It still lingering
In my minding.
You went schooling
Eight years schooling,
In enduring,
Ending living.

‘She walked in majestically,
Ready to bring biblically,
A new seed metaphorically.
You ended her periodically,
By, killing methodically
What would be majestically,
A scientifically,
Modified offspring!’

My darling Doctor,
Another walk in mortar,
Walked in with a metaphor,
Of your healing mortar
With her baby in his armour!
You practiced on the meter
On babys’ mortar,
And left it mortified!

Darling Doctor,
I brought mother
To your mentor,
You were away.
He made a butcher
Out of her mortar,
Now I cry butchered,
For mother left forever!

My dear Doctor,
How long doctor
Will your butchering,
Continuing,
With generating butchering,
Amass the wealththing,

That is killing?
How long will you
And your friends
Use the power,
Of your profession,
To mortar
And butcher people!
How long?

THE FACELESS PEOPLE

Its new normal for us,
People gleam and curse,
As they move about business.
Some do not know,
What the new normal means,
But anyway, it's a term in use of late
So they embrace it unnecessary!

The faceless have taken control,
Of their lives:
When to awake,
When to eat, sit, walk,
What a nuisance,
A terrible nonsense,
Especially for a nation without a boundary!

News is all over,
The cartels have invaded again.
In the new normal.
The clothing does not fit,
Its of cheap quality,
And when the medics fit in,
It embarrasses,
In the middle of an operation,
How do you expect,
The man next to life and death,
In this new normal to flatten the curve?
How do you want them,
To watch a horrifying movie,
With them being lead characters?
I say nay,
As the faceless take the boom
Donated by monetary funds!

The numbers today are alarming,
We have moved to a danger zone,
The man in charge declares!
On the other hand,
The faceless are calculating,
How much they gonner take home!
'85 billion has been donated,

By World bank,
375,million by African bank,
50 million by fellow citizens,
275 million by friends of....'
This is real motivation,
They are on it,
Identifying companies for tendering,
Since the new normal,
Things are out of order,
And accounting will not be done!

The faceless people have it all.
In the new normal,
Their pockets are full,
And so are their accounts,
On donated monetaries,
Meant to assist the nation.
How do you feel,
Faceless people?
When a granny goes without a mask,
Homes without food,
Private schools close down,
And teenage pregnancy and drug,
Substance abuse
Are on the rise?
How do you laugh with your pockets full,
When ten million young people are jobless?
You, one person took this,
And you walk around telling us ,
How you make laws.
You faceless people,
Stack in your greed,
Haven't you read the Holy Book?
'Real riches added no sorrow,
You reap what you sow'.
Some day, it will come to you,
And your generation will take the heat!
I pray ,let it come,
While we are alive.

BEATRICE ONYANGO

BEATRICE ONYANGO (Njambi) is a poet and a creative writer. She's a student at Bondo Technical Training Institute taking Diploma in Human Resource Management and a contributor of this poetry collection *A GALLERY OF SCARS*.

THE COVID-19 AGONY

COVID-19 dances with smiles
Inside is a lake of tears
Multitude of hidden fears
A country drawn to its knees

One hell of a disaster
Claiming to be a master
In just a short period
Dividing families

Buildings once known for rescue
A pathway to danger
Culture being changed
Unity is no longer our strength

Hopes to cling on
But not for everyone to hold on to
A third class country
Fighting the same monster defeating heroes

We make jokes about it
Maybe its the only thing
To draw us away from the misery
We all die smiling

LOVE MADE ME

Love made me give you
The control of my heart
You drove it at your pace
And I had to adhere
Like a slave
I was at your mercy
Never to tear me apart
I kept hoping that if at all
You ever get tired
Like everybody else does
You'll return it in one piece

Love made me give you
The control of my whole being
All the pleasures and pain
Was up to you
To decide the dose for the day
Memories were made
Both good and bad
The little fights
Some brought joy some brought pricks
And a baby on the way
And like roses everything good had thorns
The pricks were bearable
And I was still in one piece

Love made me give you
The control of my heart beat
You could make it red cool or ice hot
And so you decided to drop it off
Stepped on it with your boots
And kicked it off the road
I could have dimmed off from all the tear
But I had another tiny heart inside me
That yearned to grow big
I had to pic mine up and save it for the little one
I was in pieces but who cared

Love made me give you
My whole being
Coz inside me

There's one true love
A heart that's bound to be mine forever
And even if part of love teared me apart
Love gave me an eternal joy
The little kicks
Got my heart back to its pieces

BABY MADE OF PAIN

Love you might be pregnant
Would you like it
Let's not talk about it
Until we are sure

Recalled the two red marks
Tears of joy and sadness
Aura of confusion created
Happy sad I didn't know

Love I am pregnant
What do you want to do about it
Got my mood to zero
I was sure I was sad

What else do people do
After pregnancy if not deliver
Then we should keep it
I had chosen right

Never worried about the young age
Never cared about finance
Love was all I needed
Love was all I had

Two weeks of happiness
Then a bombshell dropped
Terminate the pregnancy
I'm just a mere student
We can't raise a baby

I was keeping it
Even if with rugs
I was already attached
And was never willing to let go

The unending story of life
So vivid in my mind
The calm night

That wasn't going to be ruined
The two of us and our little angel inside

The cuddle and kisses
Made me love him more
Each second that passed
Was a memory made

I treasured every moment
Before it turned to a regret
The only meaning I had for love
Was the man lying on my bed

My heart pumped for him
And when I saw her on his phone
Sweetly saved loved
It had to be a dream

A nightmare indeed
I wasn't sure if I wanted to die in my dream
Or wake up from it
Maybe death would be better

I was just another girl in his life
And he had love somewhere waiting
Why was he here
Because of thirst ?

Walked out to the dark
Fear gave me courage
How could he be so heartless
How could he lie to my face

Sat on the dark
Tears flowed freely
Felt my uterus move
From the hiccups of my pain

A lot crowded my mind
Was my baby sad too
No little angel mummy is okay
Dried my tears and carried myself to the house

Saw his face again
Ohh no I wasn't okay
Got my pain following again
My hearted peeling with every beat

He tried to calm me down
It isn't good for the baby
It was a mistake
I had never felt so much pain before

THORNS OF A ROSE

Sleepless nights
Unending thought
My brain could pop out
What was I going to do

Woke up to a text
It just happened
I've never wanted to hurt you
Come to think of it
My little angel deserved a dad

He promised to leave her
Brought a little peace
But would never be the same again

I'm doing this for you little angel
You don't have to be like Mama
Always wondering where daddy is
I consoled myself

ONE DAY AT A TIME

Rambles in her tummy
Pinches in her heart
Shivers on her skin
As she saw him flirt

Holding her hand
The same position he held hers
Walked past the two
Her butt on his lap

Walked with her on the roadside
Never bothered the pain he inflicted
Her hands always clinched together
Just as hers used to

Sudden feelings of nausea
Turned back her attention
Stood for awhile to hold her tummy
And walked her head held high

She had hope
Love bound to last
Was thriving inside
Was supposed to be shame
But it was her pride
And once again
She lived another day

ONLINE EDUCATION

The dusty road
The stunted trees
The skinny children
The emaciated women
As I journeyed home
I'm a description of success
All because I went to the university
It's a normal thing in your village
In mine I'm a super star
Not to brag but I'm sure hmm mmh
A role model to every little child
The bumpy bump brought me back to present
I'm an explorer
Though in my own imagination
The devil sent pandemic
That brought me back to mama
Ooh does mama know
How to sanitize
Do they think it's a spell
My crazy village people
They'll go for the herbs instead
Ooh the government
My learned leaders
My ignorant village
The online education such a sweet tale
I'm home already
The welcoming is so absurd
I'm covered with dust from head to toe
Nobody minds I'm home finally after a long journey
Back to my exploration
My village siblings
With no electricity in vicinity
No digital anything around
I'm sure I'm the only person
With an android phone
I'm not bragging hmm mmh
No network my phone is worthless
Will we always be left out
Who makes the rules
Who makes decision
Are we even studying the right syllabus

In my village coz we are always ignored
Assumptions assumptions
Government of assumptions
We will always be assumed
Only the governor and I can access a phone
I'm not bragging hmm mmh
But in my village even the books are not available
In this rate
Not to brag hmm mmh
For a long time I'm sure
I'll continue to be a super star
Until I get a job and bring the change
On my own
Only then will my village siblings get a chance
Online education such a sweet tale
To us in the deep rooted villages
With no roads no electricity no classes no security
The online education such a sweet tale
The free laptops peaceful resting at the chiefs office
Who knows how to operate them
Where will we charge them
Where will we keep them
My learned leaders
My ignorant village
Who makes the rules
Who makes the decision
Will we always be assumed
The online education is such a sweet tale

LIKE A ROSE

Nature is more than beautiful
Enhanced by the glow of your face
Superb to every glitter from your eye balls
The reflection of the rays on your teeth
Like the snow on top of mountains
My love for you is like a rose
Ripe and red fresh from the blossoms
I tried to hide my pain
From the ever watching eyes
Of people who cared and those who doesn't give a damn

I'm at the verge of breaking to pieces
Coz my heart can no longer hold it
My baby bares my life
Coz I've got a life to live for

For a moment I forgot
That writing was my safest place
And today with these words
My tears flows

I'm tired of hiding
Behind anger and pretense
Behind jokes and smiles
All these comes with sun

In darkness I'm a mess
Broken to every inch
My sorrows keep me awake
Thinking of what might become of me tomorrow

BURDEN OF FRIENDS

I'm bitter of being so good
To every ungrateful soul
Who are never there when I'm in need
But I'm always a shoulder to cling on

I bear my sorrows alone
And bear everybody else's with them
I yearn for true friendship
I yearn for true love

All I know is I'm strong
But that doesn't keep from breaking
I'm always craving for support to stand up
There's never a hand when I raise my hand

RISEN BEAST

Pangs of pain as he draws close
Another nightmare for today
Her rescue for demise
Her protection he should be
But he's a distractor, a monster
She is done crying
She's done hurting
Her wounds are her friends
His filthy hands grabs her mercilessly
Then the filthy act she thought she was used to
Bitterness slowly turning her into a beast
Venom running inside her veins
Like blood they share red
Pain is her regular heartbeat
She forgot how to smile
She forgot her own song of laughter
Happiness is a fairytale
But maybe one day she will be fairy
She has been making a wand
To cast all her wishes
So tonight is the night
At dawn her dad lies beside her
Covered in his own mess
Criticism to the evil girl
Who slayed her dad mercilessly
But do the society know
The cruelty of this man
The ignorance of their own
What he did can be forgotten
All eyes on a heartless murderer
Her happiness is
One beast is back to it's abyss
She's broken into pieces under her skin
She's yearned for rescue
That wasn't coming
She knew she had to save herself
That's her consolation

A LITTLE BOY

A hand shot up
Of a soul full of dreams
Who wanted to be a doctor
Save lives and bring smiles

Mounted layers of critics
From the evil eyes of jealousy
Trippy roads to fail
Some baited by friends
Never easy but all in all
Save lives and bring smiles

Fainted heart at a glance to the window
A reflection of failure
A drug infested body
Scary eyes and unsteady hand
Unable to save lives and bring smiles

A hand shot up
Of a soul full of dreams
That were once to be full filled
But yet remained dreams forever
Of a grown man
Consumed by addiction
Never to save lives or bring smiles

TEARS OF AN AILING WOMAN

A woman overwhelmed by her sorrows
Her husbands chosen to her by her children
Are hungry selfish hyenas
She yearns for peace

A women dignity is lost
Her children are working tirelessly
To make her life better
But her husbands are greedy beasts
She yearns for peace

A woman once full of beauty
Green vegetation on her breasts
Watered by the rivers running through her lips
How curvy, but her children
Took that away

A woman bore her children
To make her life better
Her husbands as helpers
There's no unity among them
Nasty lashes from her husbands
And her children taking sides

A woman is crying
Her lips are chapped
Vegetation are drying up
Her eyes floods all the time
Only a handful of her children cares
The rest are self centered and yearns for full stomachs

A woman is loosing her attractive features
What will become of her in future
What about her needy children
Always at the mercies of her selfish husbands
A woman yearns for healing

A woman is covered in debts
Coz her husbands didn't work hard enough

Her children are suffering the cost
Of the selfishness and disunity
A woman yearns for healing

A woman once known for her rich heritage
Now known for her diseases and debts
A woman at the mercy of fellow women
To help her stand on his feet
A woman always hoping her children and husbands
Will one day bring her health

I SLAYED MY PRINCESS

Guilt is not punishment enough
The pain I have cost her
What did she do to deserve this
Is loving me her only mistake

I watch her drowning in tears
I have reaped her apart
I'm a monster, a beast
I do not deserve life

A jewel I met
I swore to protect her heart
I wanted to be her pillar
I was to be her safe place

She called me her king
I was more than her prince charming
Her knight to whom she surrendered herself
She trusted me with her heart and soul

I can't look at my own mess
How I was able to tear
A loving heart and caring soul
That I was supposed to keep guard

LOST IN THE WIND

Lost in the wild
Tangles tangles to unbuilt
Of a life full of bounds
Dropping daily to the ground

Lost in the wild
Circles and circles to unwind
To straighten and find
The way back to land

Lost in the wild
Clouds and clouds to fold
Clear the storm so bold
To get a vision before I'm entirely blind

Lost in the wild
Voices and voices that need sound
To come out clear and loud
To be heard and heal wounds

Lost in the wild
Chains and chains to unbind
Of a past full of bounds
To start up on clear mind

FANTASY

Melancholy taking over
Lost in aura of your cruelty
Covered in dreams and vision
Of better days coming
Living in fantasy

A thought for change
Ever crossing my mind
That one day there will be light
At the end of the tunnel
A tunnel longer than eternity
Living in fantasy

Strong strong
A song I sing to mind
To keep up with the shitty shit
Am I really strong
Living in a fantasy

Scars and scar pilled
Memories of past and present
Drying up and cutting again
Is this my fate forever
Living in a fantasy

Going back to my present
Tears a daily dose
Dream world my vacation
I get to smile sleeping
Living in a fantasy

MATHEW MWIDEKERA

MATHEW MWIDEKERA is a shy poet who talks less but writes more. He was born in 5th/Nov/ 2000. He discovered his talent of writing poems at the age of sixteen and poetry became his way of life since then. Apart from being part of this great anthology titled **A GALLERY OF SCARS**, he has gone ahead to publish two poetry collections on watt pad and others are yet to unfold.

BETRAYED HEART

A betrayed heart
No longer knows how to trust
For it has been taught
The future is reflected by the past
It gives up hope of ever being protected
It protects itself instead
It knows that anytime it can be attacked
Anytime it loves it might be killed
It refuses to be tempted to love again
That's the only way it's safe
It's a wounded and torn heart,
There's pain
A betrayed heart makes a silly decision
That loving again,
There's nothing to gain
(Hunkie Noveh)

CHORUS STUCK IN MY HEAD

You are
The pain and hurt
You are the cause
Of the scars on my body
You are my dream
That never came true

Why won't you get out of my head?
You make me feel like
I'll be better off dead
I wish I never met you
I wish I could erase you
But you're a chorus stuck in my head

I laugh when I remember
The days I cried for you
And I cry when I remember
The days you made me laugh
Your memories hurt
But they make a beautiful art

If I knew how to get you out of my brain
I'd be free
Thoughts of you sting like a bee
I dream about you
Yet you are the reason I can't sleep
(©Hunkie Noveh)

ME AND THE MOON

Me and the moon are the same
We have the bright and dark side
Everyday we have different versions of ourselves
Sometimes we are weak and wan
Sometimes we are strong and full of light

We don't fight,
We don't worry,
We don't hurry,
We attract,
And gently influence

People don't understand us,
They don't understand why
We always come and go,
It hurts them sometimes but,
It's out of our control

Me and the moon can't stop tides
We see everything but remain silent
We are never tired playing it cool
Me and the moon are surrounded by star
But still alone
_©Hunkie Noveh

TIME WILL HEAL

Time will heal
And I'll forget the color of your eye
I'll have understood why,
You always caused push and pull

Time will heal
Memories of us will fade
You won't be in my heart or head
somebody else will replace you

Embers of my love won't retain their fire
I won't let them trouble you
I will be far away from you leer
Distance will help me forget you

You were not my soulmate
Because a soulmate never walks away
You were somebody I met
When my feelings had led me astray

Wounds you've left me with are painful
But after all autumn leaves have fallen,
Summer will come and I'll smile again
Missing you I never will

_©Hunkie Noveh

BUT MY LOVE

But my love
'I love you' is not enough
You need to show me that you really mean it
Love everything I do
Don't shout at me, I already know
You love me

Being in love means a lot than saying
You love someone
Real love is more than those three words
Words are just words
No matter how pure and real they are

It's a magic feeling knowing someone feels
Deep about you
It's beautiful
It's even more beautiful knowing that
The one that loves you
Cares about you

My love, show me love
In the way you kiss me,
In the way you hold me,
In the way you smile at me
In the way you pour me a glass of wine
In the way you argue
In the way you say my name

I want you to love and need me
I need you to make our love alive
And always be there when I need you
I promise I'll do the same
That's what love is
Not saying I love you a thousand times
©Hunkie Noveh

LOVE STILL EXISTS

All this beautiful love songs I listen to,
All the love poems I read and write everyday
The magic feeling I get every time you come around me
The way you kiss my lips

Love has gone no where
Love is in the air
And all over your heart
True love exists in us, we are true love
Love is when you smile and I smile back
Love is when you cry and I comfort you
Love is when I'm always there for you
Love is here to stay
Love is in our fingertips
Love exists whether you believe or not
©Hunkie Noveh

YOU'RE BROKEN BUT DARLING, I LOVE YOU

I've fallen in love with your tears
I've fallen in love with your fears
I've fallen in love with your scars
Even though you are scared,
I'm not here to take the little love left inside
I want to fix you and always be by your side

I find peace in your violence
And a beautiful song in your voice
You no longer see the value in you
But when I look at you,
All I see is something priceless, no money can buy
Let go of those who keep hurting you
Choose those who always choose you

You have made mistakes before
But I'm not here to judge your past
I'm here to make your future all right
Your wrong move has forged this path
But be glad because destiny is finally kind to you
You see the end of everything but
I see the begin of a new life

I want to make you happy
I want to see you laughing
I want to bring light in your heart
Or stay with you in the dark
I want to raise your spirit
And make you my most cherished possession
I know you are broken but darling, just breath
Lie in my arms and I'll give you the comfort you need
©Hunkie Noveh

I SENT LOVE I RECEIVED PAIN

I sent love, I received pain
I gave more, I got nothing in return
I cared about her, but all in vain
She said she doesn't love me again
I still remember it was 2:24 pm in the afternoon
I'll never forget this time she let me down
I thought it could be an happy hour, comfort zone
Laugh at the mistakes we've done
But all hell broke lose, I don't blame Satan
She walked away, left me sitting alone
Under a sycamore tree, on a stone
She told me that the next day she'll go
to a funeral down town
I'm wasting her time telling her about what I plan
When she's supposed to go to a salon
She didn't even wave bye bye, her hands were down

This feeling I have I'm dealing with it on my own
This emotions are bitter sweet in between
She left without a reason
'Cause she couldn't explain
I burn alone asking myself this question,
Was her love for a season?
I thought she is the one
To fix me, to be with me from dusk till dawn
Instead she left me empty and broken
Went for a handy man
Who paid for her manicure and pedicure that afternoon

I sent love, I received pain
I gave more, I got nothing in return
I cared about her, but all in vain,
She said she doesn't love me again
I wish I knew her intentions
But it's to late, she finished what I began
Sweet love, my broken love, what have I done?
I'm dying in your shallowness
and the reverberation echoing is pain
This heart which is broken
Will bleed until the next season of the moon
Because sweet love isn't coming soon

ME AND MY BROKEN HEART

My heart once knew love
And trust rested freely upon
My fingertips
It was painted with innocence
Still shining a new

My heart was kind and loving
But everything changed
The moment the one I loved
Betrayed it
Someone I trusted
Allowed my heart to be hurt

I couldn't leave it to bleed for long
I picked my broken heart and
Placed it inside my
Hallow chest

It wasn't the same heart
It became heartless
It made a vow
No longer to be the same again
Kindness meets suspicion
For my heart has learnt,
Nothing comes without a cost
©Hunkie Noveh

CONFUSED

You want me to stay
But you keep pushing me away

You want me to be happy
But you make me sad everyday

You want me to be comfortable
But what you doing makes me squirm

You say he's just a friend
But you keep him closer

You want us to go right
But why are you turning left?

You say I'm a winner
But, why I'm I losing you?
©Hunkie Noveh

LET ME

Let me
Pour out my heart
and bottle my teardrops
For no one will
Wipe them for me

Let me
Fall
and pick myself up
For if they help,
They'll praise oneself

Let me
Walk alone
If I get lost,
I'll blame no one
I'll have known that's the wrong path

Let me
Lower my expectations
To avoid disappointments
I'll still be fine
If people don't keep their promises

Let me
Live my life
How I want it
Peace, happiness,
and water to quench my thirst
Is all I want
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MISSING YOU IS LIKE RAIN

Photos of you in my gallery,
Poems about you in my diary
Remind me of the time nothing caused worry
We were lucky and cheery
You were my cherry

The way we promised each other forever,
I didn't know there's a day it will be over
And I'd fake a smile, sadness to cover
While my heart is weeping for losing a lover
Who caused fever and became a leaver

You left me in a universe of pain
It's walls painted your smile and my frown
Missing you is like rain
That never stops pitter-pattering on my skin
Without you winter comes again and again
Please come back my sunshine
This time I won't let you down
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I'M HAPPY FOR YOU

I saw his arms wrapped around your waist
As you crossed the road
I guess you didn't care who was looking at you
I was on the other side leaning against the wall
dealing with my loneliness
You had wore a cute crop top, a high waist jeans
and the hot heels I had bought for you
You looked as beautiful as ever

I spent months trying to win your love
But now I know why
You always turned me down
You moved on with another man
That makes my heart break even more
to tiny little pieces
But I'm glad you did
I'm glad that you didn't befriend pain
Instead, you made me grieve you
While you were somewhere with your new lover

I hate to admit it but, you look happier with him
You smile and laugh more
You act different
I hope you're not pretending
Sometimes I get a little jealous
that he's making you happier than I did
But then I remember what matters is your happiness
I'm glad you found it
And everything is falling into place

Embers of my love haven't extinguished
Days have passed like a blur
Yet I still feel the same about you
If only I knew what to do to make you stay,
I could have done it
So that I never lose you
But you never told me what you wanted
I'm a hopeless romantic
It will take time to find another
I hope she won't be a liar

My flaws,
reveal them not
To the ears of the curious
Keep them a secret for me
Treat your new lover better
I hope you won't promise him forever
Then walk away like you did to me
I hope you'll be truthful to him

Don't worry about me
Just know,
I'm happy for you
I'm happy that you're without me
I'm happy you're with someone
You want to be with
I will always remember
The way you kiss my lips
The way your eyes lit up whenever you smiled
It was just breath taking

©Hunkie Noveh

WHEN I'M GONE

When I'm gone,
I'll miss my family and friends
who we shared precious moments,
pain and laughter
I'll miss talking to them
The ones who didn't like me, I'll be no where to annoy you

When I'm gone,
I'll miss my playlist
And my favorite artists
I won't be the noisy neighbor
who plays loud music
To disturb your ear
I will be six feet under
Somewhere quiet

When I'm gone,
I'll miss staring at the stars at night
I'll miss the rays of sunlight
I'll miss the shadow under trees
and rain droplets
that used to wash away my worries
But I won't be worried anymore

When I'm gone,
My lover will find someone better
Who will promise her forever
I can't promised her forever
Because I know life is too short
And full of surprises
I'll be smiling from heaven
Because I spent my life with someone I really loved

When I'm gone,
I hope people will remember me
I hope they'll remember the good things I did to them
I hope they'll discover me in poems
I have left behind
And keep finding me in those words

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UNDER MY HAT

Under my hat,
I wear only tears
Dripping profusely

For you my dear
Sky is falling,
Wind is blowing

I sit alone
Wishing again
Your smile was here
©Hunkie Noveh

TRUST ISSUES

I've been bitten by a snake
in the morning
I'll be afraid of the rope by the well
for ten years
Snake bites hurt
and so do people I trusted
But disappointed

Angels became evil,
Lovers hurt me,
Confidants revealed secrets
The once I thought were here to stay left
Everyone I trusted backstabbed me
All they left me with are regrets
I don't know who I'll trust anymore
©Hunkie Noveh

THANK YOU HEARTBREAKER

I'm thankful for how you
Drastically changed my life
And painfully taught me great things
That made me the wiser and stronger
Person I am today
You truly had influence in my life

Thank you for teaching me that,
There is more to life than loving
And devoting oneself for one person
Thank you for allowing yourself to be
An instrument who taught me
What love is and what it's not

Thank you for teaching me not to
Depend on people for my own happiness
Thank you for teaching me not to
Be patient waiting for people
Who will never wait for me
Thank you for everything

You are the reason why I gained patience
And how to let go of the things which hurt me
I forgive you even if you don't ask for it
I pray for you to learn how to love
I've learnt that one day you may have everything
The next day you lose everything
Life is truly full of surprises.

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CONFUSED

You want me to stay
But you keep pushing me away

You want me to be happy
But you make me sad everyday

You want me to be comfortable
But what you doing makes me squirm

You say he's just a friend
But you keep him closer

You want us to go right
But why are you turning left?

You say I'm a winner
But, why I'm I losing you?
©Hunkie Noveh

SOUNDS OF WALKING AWAY

Birds in my world are no longer chirping
I feel like you're the only reason for it
You have chased them away
I hate to tell you why I feel this way
but I have to tell you anyway
I feel helpless with you
than without you

Like autumn leaves,
I'm falling
I don't want to be in the sky with you
I'd rather be down in the dark alone
Where there are no stars
Even if I'll land with a broken bone,
I'll be happy I'm on my own
I'll slow dance in the dark
with sounds of you walking away

Dear lover,
I don't want you to talk to me
Your silence has become my favorite sound
You disturb my soul
especially when you sing love songs
When I'm with you,
I feel so lonely
and sorry at the same time
I want somebody to hold me,
but you are so hot,
You burn me every time

Don't be startled by my sudden change
I have no reason to stay the same
You molded me to what you wanted
Now look what you made me do,
I'm breaking up with you!
I don't know if it's the right thing to do
I don't care if it will upset you

Wait for me if you think I'll come back
for you
I'm going to spend time

with the people I love
If I forget I kept you waiting,
remind me
I have a tendency of forgetting you
©Hunkie Noveh

MISLED

I gifted you a red rose
A beautiful red rose
I bought from the supermarket

You were happy at that moment
But I knew it was a lie
You misled me

Later I asked you
If you are really in love with me
You said No

Why did you pretend
To love me
Yet you accepted my gifts?

Is it the money that made you
Come my way?
I'm kinda confused

You hide behind every lie you hissed
I wonder how it feels
To be fake and a liar

I'll leave, but remember
The world is a circle
Fool me today tomorrow you'll be the fool
©Hunkie Noveh

MERCY MWOKI

MERCY MWOKI commonly known as #joy cppyz# is a Kenyan poetess at her early twenties. Apart from taking part in this great collection titled A GALLERY OF SCARS,her work of art as well has been featured in WODP Magazine , Power poetry and other social media platforms. Poetry to her is innate form of catharsis.

STUPID LOVER

I am a stupid lover
Who calls her boyfriend past midnight
With no genuine reason
But curiosity

I am a stupid lover
Who cares more than he cares for me
I give much love
And receive limited instead

I am a stupid lover
who works tirelessly to impress him
yet he is always busy to see all that
yes, am stupid

I am a stupid lover
I fight alone to keep us
but I don't really understand his stand
towards this so called love

I am a stupid lover
yet am afraid
I may be infatuated
giving the wrong chance to the wrong person
folks
I am a stupid lover

MY TRUST FOR STARS

I trust the stars
Coz they are brighter than
the paradise you promised
The first day we met
I like the moon
It's light is genuine
More than the tunnel
Of love you led me through
I owe the sky my happiness
It's dark sides reminds me my worries
And the brighter part of it;
How they want to fade away
My little puppy it's all my attention
All the moments you went away
It gave me company when you took your leave
©Joy copyz

HE BEWITCHED ME

My mind says no
"Oh no dear heart,
Let it go, just let it be
He loves you not, a slave within you he sees"
My heart still holds on it
Love that seems to have died long time ago
Maybe it wasn't made for us
But I have a feeling for him,
I still love him
"Dear soul,
Let me go for him
He might change, plz let me"
Fuck this love
Fuck up the lies
On his lips a sweet soothing lie
Not a word on his actions
He bewitched me
I can't see a flaw
He got the whole me
Locked me up on a cage
I only see his perfection
Though a wolf like a sheep
Deep down monsters that will devour me roar from a distance
My mind is straight; it's clear
See me neglecting the reality
Folks, he bewitched this so called me
©Joy copyz

REMIND ME

Remind me of them days
That you used to kiss me passionately
The deep French kiss
Then pecks could follow
The days you we walked in the streets
Holding hands,
With great zeal of love
Those days with great memories
On our usual meeting point
You could carry with you chocolates
And a package of roses
The old days
When love was meaningful
Everything about it sensible
The love, I wholly enjoyed

DIAMOND SPARK

Her angelic look eyes
Like two beans on a bowl of milk
The dimples on her cheeks
Well out as she smiles
Her smile humbles the demons
And her soft talk makes them flee
Her slow moves
You can admire from a step
She owns a wide heart
Full of love and care
Kind is her second name
Coz all she got is generosity
A look at her curves
Always tempting
Her baby like face
Glows and shines like the morning star
She is a star
A star that sheds my darkness in the early morning
A star that reminds me that am still alive
A soul; the rare species
©joy copyz

KEEP OFF

Hey you,
even if u saw me least
don't mind about me
and don't list me in your dull list of the minor
its true u see far
but your eyes are not compound enough to see my future
never think of judging my foolishness
maybe I eat that foolishness
u may not know what am thinking of
or other u are not licensed of undermining me
outreach your welling miasma
leave alone the willows on my bridge of success
I make my great day in silence
before the light falls, not lost..
in trumpets will celebrate and call u witness
that great day still on my way.....

MY PASSION

If I write,
I write for the nation
not that I hide
but I keep the determination
its clear that am simple and simplicity defines me
but don't defile my dignity
I say it loudly and I publish
coz am not fade
I declare to reform the devoured
please be informed of revolution
And if possible get involved into the act
its hard to preach peace
the story of love and unity is like a dream
in nightmares we seem to be moving
its my passion that we get there soon
if I will fight
I fight for right and not for rite
end if I win I win for our pride not our ride
its true, its paining
but I wont say sorry
coz I too am thirsty
you end I may be worried
but we must make the difference
like those tight youths..

THE SECRETS

If I fail to tell it
if I fail to make you understand it
if I fail to bring it out clearly
if I make it hard for you to handle it
if I make you get entangled by it
please please please
I beg remind me
its either am gone or done
its either I want to publish it
or maybe I hide the secret
all u have to please do it
remind me it was a secret

COME OVER PAPA

I thought without you I could live
but I see life meaningless
I wish you stand with me
but you declined my thin and thick
now that you left..... what do you mean?
I wish you could stand alongside me
that you get what I mean
may be you could quench my thirsty
I deserve that paternal love
I trudge on.. but in wrangles
my life filled with wrangles
hoping that one day I will be alright
since I believe am not yet done...
my best is yet to come..
in need of you papa...

SWORD MY MEAL

my big popping eyes
reddish swallow its norm
more of a giant I am
blocks...my muscles
miasmas is what am used to
hard black heart my portion
inhumanity is part of me
yes am wild
I like seeing blood
vengeance is contained in my veins
I love piercing much more
running swords through all about me
anger is my true definition
pools of blood.....they taught me
my demons taught me
I am a murderer
ignorant to hurting yells
begs of release
am deaf....cant hear your cries
scars I want to put on your face
and toss my knife on Your skull
all I want to see is cuts

SHE MADE ME DIE

I saw her last night
Walking down the streets
As her hand was glued to yours
Little did I knew she owned you

I saw her kissing your forehead
Then the lips, deep French kiss
So passionately you sunk into abyss
I never knew you two were one

I saw her hugging you
So tight and firm
Holding you so high
I never thought of intimacy between you two

I saw her lying on your chest
So reluctant and comfortable
As she warmed your chest
I never knew your hearts were intertwined

I saw her playing sound with your charming body
With love and so much excited
Joy and happiness on the move
Little did I know you were lovebirds

Your love made me a burning furnace
I was hurt and left in rage
Bitterness, though nothing I could do
She owned my all time crush
©Joy copyz

THE MUD YOU MADE ME MAKE

Its hard to get
How I played with dirt
How I made mud outside mama's yard
Last night I was full of mud

I made mud with my own tears
I couldn't control the flow
Every moment I thought of her
And your strong guts to let me see her

I boiled on watching her walk
Into you house, and when she entered
Unending hug that boiled my blood
Anger overtook me last night

I was full of mud
When peeping through your window
And when I heard you say she is "free"
I thought of the last words...
"In my heart you got a home"
The pool on my cheeks grew thicker

It hurts see her bounce in joy
How you make her happy unlike me
And seeing you pretend too
To me with lies everyday
I just wanna make more mud till the pool dries
©Joy cppyz

THE HELL WITH MONSTERS

Four hours in hell
Fighting a battle so fierce
Struggling with the bitter monsters
Holding high my temper
They kept on bullying me
Harassing my weak soul
Threatening to smash my heart

Four hours in hell
Struggling for my freedom back on earth
Pulling my neck up
As my weak hands entangling the chocking string
I felt myself in bliss
My heart abyss of evil

Thinking so hard how to survive once more
This depression almost killed me
The battle left me in scars
So many marks on my wrists and thighs
Again I felt my spirit out of me
And my soul so far away
Life had gone away from me

#last night's chronicles
©Joy copyz

S.H.A.T.T.E.R.E.D

Sitting on the back bench
Looking so messed
With swollen eyes
My skin is so pale
I feel so blue

My heart is torn, left in mess
Fighting battles so fierce
These demons are on peak
They haunt me
In need of more blood

These voices are so real
Silencing them is a big deal
Kicks so tight and strong
Beating up my strength
No more energy left

My cheerleader left the other day
Alone am drowning
Caged in my own thoughts
Eating me from inside
A bit by bit they are finishing me

Pain is what I know better
My heart and soul in bliss
Am dead inside me
My soul and spirit incompatible
Far away from me, my spirit is wandering
©joy copyz

DREAMS BE TRUE

have lived to dream
see my dreams come true
see my worries fade away
with my eyes glued in the high skies

yesterday I was bruised
my heart was tormented
my sight grew blurred
yet the wounds were bleeding

my spirit stepped aside and waved
my soul leaving my heart
in a mess;
my body remained cold

I watched my blood boiling
the urge to to expel it raged
like a burning furnace I fumed
the same question; ' why always me'

my wrists I slit
the monsters had paid a visit
yet I was too weak to rebel
the battle grew sweeter; tears

with a pool on my cheeks
my eyes pleaded with the angel of death;
called out with my breaking voice
"dear angel of death, please spare me
I see my dreams come true"
@joycoppyz

DEAR MAMA

In this episode of life
taking u for granted would be like a crime
I wont be dumb for u are dime
and less violent like lime
but its all coz I have no time

bringing me up wasn't in vain
buy I understand it was in pain
but u stood with me via thick end thin
I get your feeling and passion
that I may be of help to that dean

in this great forest of thick
coz I know u are drick
I swear to use this trick
to let u be in great flick
for u not to be in click

ETERNAL TORMENT

its just a mile
with me no smile
my face is dull
my mind is blockhead

it hits me hard
I get the meaning of guilt
I feel so filthy
though I take my blame to nobody

am sorry to myself
sorry to the world
am sorry for my already gone angel
I still can hear your cries darling

it haunts my heart
and crushes my soul hard
it kills my passion of living
but see, unfortunately I had to

I was ashamed of my big tummy
they all knew I did it
just coz of my fires of passion
down the sheets of pleasure
lost in my innocence
my confidence was lost

Angel I never saw you
but I felt you
the sweetest moments
created the worst decision

My angel
your dad neglected you
and run away from me
I had nowhere to take the shame
rather than cutting short your existence
am sorry dear
the fate never allowed you to see the world
@joy coppyz

THE GIRL ON A BLUE MASK

Her heart is blue like the skies
Her soul sinks in abyss
Of pale blue cold skin full of despair and frustrations
She bleeds, deep down a wonder
Like the grey dim light on the Amazon

This girl on blue mask
Hides within the crevices of her heart
Holding tight her broken pieces
The void within her is real

She feels empty and blue
The voices blowing her head, too loud like the tantrum
Her spirit wanders far from her
Her blood boils, sending shivers all over her
On her face, bitterness well drawn

A smiling mask she wears
Hiding her torn and black heart
Pain fashioned itself better on her
The scars on her wrists, there lies her strength....
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