

BLEAKS OF A SCARRED STAR

Anthology of poems



Faith Jerop
[Kim's the poet]

Copyright © 2019 Faith Jerop

All rights reserved

This publication may not be reproduced, in whole or in part, by any means including photocopying or any information storage or retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the specific and prior written permission of the author and publisher, except where permitted by law.

First Edition: November 2019

Published by Elong'o Publishers

This book must not be circulated in any other binding or cover and you must not impose this same condition on any other acquirer.

ISBN 978-1-709-25736-0

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I have to start by gratifying my mother Anne Jepkoech who has uniformly stood with me through thick and thin ; thank you mom for being the first place my heart would always call a home, extended vote of thanks to Ruth Jemjor a girl full of moxie who has invariably kept my burning spirit of writing ablaze, Cliff Oyugi Kerage my poetry teacher, Lewis Wamwanda my young mentor, Caren Jepkogei my close friend and advisor who has kept me resolute and to always go back on my knees to start again after a give up, my high school teacher Angeline Songon'y who always applause me in my poetry work and Maureen Jebet my young mother. I have nothing to give but a place in heart for you all, Margaret waweru Wairimu your truth and realism has kept me going, Brenda Hellens to me you are more than a sister. I salute you friends, to many others unmentioned who have always provided me with strength and resiliency through this work I respect you all stay blessed.

To Belinda Keter, it's through you I earned the linguistic command.

To Florence Okari Mokeira my school lecturer and a mother so Clement who has my back always extended gratification unto you mum.

To Paul Wanyonyi, our Champions Director, blessed is the work of your hands.

DEDICATION

I would like to honour this book to my parents Anne and Henry Kimutai, my darling brother Alex Kipkemei who is also a close friend, my sister Winny Jepkoech, different flowers from the same garden my twin sisters Daisy and Diana; dear girls, sweet are your voices at my desire for solace, to my uncle William Kipkemboi Sirgoi a man with always an indomitable will to assist and Nelly Jepkoech my campus mother and a friend for keep.

My girl mentees; Betty Chebet, and Anastacia Chelagat, my close mother friends; Everline Jepng'etich, Leah Rutto, and Theresa Rugut, My close friend Mercy mwoki and Antony Kibet my cousin.

Table of Contents

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT	iii
DEDICATION	v
PREFACE	10
LOVE FOR POETRY.....	11
LET'S HAVE A DANCE TONIGHT.....	12
WOUNDED	13
PRIDE YOU ARE A FOE.....	14
THE PLIGHT OF A CAMPUS STUDENT.....	15
SHOULD I TELL	17
MASKED.....	19
DEPRESSION	20
IRRESISTIBLE	21
DEAR LADY CRUSH.....	22
IT HURTS.....	23
WISH SHE KNEW	24
HOUNDING MEMORIES	26
SHIFT IN IDENTITY.....	27
THE GIRL I GOT	28
SICK.....	29
MISSED CALLS	30
DEAR EX.....	31
DEATH IS CALLING.....	32
CONSTRAINED	34
CORNERED	35
FOR HER SAKE	36
SHOULD I	37
MY GIRL POEM.....	38

TO HER I MADE A SILENT PROMISE.....	40
UNREPLIED NOTE SENT BY FLIGHT.....	41
WHAT IF.....	42
WAS IT AN EMPTY PROMISE?.....	44
ASK ME WHY.....	45
STAY OUT OF MY WAY.....	47
JUST BECAUSE AM A GIRL.....	49
SORRY FOR THE LOSS.....	51
SHOULD I TELL.....	53
THE LATE ME BEYOND IMAGINATION PART ONE.....	55
THE LATE ME BEYOND IMAGINATIONS PART TWO.....	56
WILL YOU.....	58
MERCILESS VAMPIRES.....	60
MY LOVE FOR BLACK.....	62
HOPING A WIPE OF TEARS.....	63
COLOURFULLY CONFUSSED.....	64
FORBIDEN SWEET SIN.....	65
WAR IN MY SOUL.....	67
IN LOVE WITH LONELINESS.....	68
CANCER THIS IS MEANT FOR YOU.....	69
WOES OF A STREET CHILD.....	71
SHE CAME FOR MY RESCUE.....	73
I GOT A GIRL.....	74
LIFE IS A THRASH.....	75
IN THE MIDST OF A DARK FOREST.....	77
HEART RUPTURE.....	79
LETTERS FROM MY STEP MOTHER.....	80
IT'S DUSK AGAIN.....	82
TO MY SIBLINGS.....	83

CHOKING CLOGS	84
LAMENTATIONS OF A MOTHER	85
DROWNING	86
BLACK TEARDROPS ABROAD.....	87
DEAR MUM.....	89
LOST IN THE BLUE WATERS.....	91
FOETAL ILLUSSIONS	92
DEAR DAD	94
OUT OF WEDLOCK	96
A DIFFERENT ROSE IN THE GARDEN	98
STRUGGLES OF A FIRSTBORN	100
SO MANY HUNGERS	102
BLEEDING SCARS	104
THE FACE OF POVERTY	105
POETIC DRYSPELL	106

PREFACE

Pain and suffering are two main identities of many. However, uncoiling what one has in heart is not easy as such, Faith Jerop unfolds through the magical realism and fiction the mimesis of the prevalent pretty evil space that we exist in. She clearly vindicates various issues on identity, struggle for survival, oppression and voices out reason on behalf of the meek in the society among other concerns in her anthology of poems titled *BLEAKS OF A SCARRED STAR*. She figures out the pains of others, through fantasy, goes a step ahead to don a mask so as to bring out realism on the other side of the world unlived.

She stands out issues that are an exemplary more so to the young generation on matters of perseverance, patience and courage.

LOVE FOR POETRY

Poetry is the epicentre of my expressions

And so when everything happens the way it does

I take my pen and paper

I allow them to be in contact

When my ink bottles run dry

My tear wells burst and tears proceed the verse

The desolate existence keeps this spirit going without a say

As anguish and suffering moments get to transit

My fancy for stained poetry expands

I found solace I poetry

A field I can fight depression with might

When I'm forgotten like snow in summer

I break out through lines and stanzas

When I get vacuum remainders in my heart

Poesy gravity solidifies and sparks in it

I just sputter out ink and I get relieved

Choosing poetry as the one in love, is a wise choice.

LET'S HAVE A DANCE TONIGHT

I received a note

A note from them monsters

They organized a meeting without my knowledge

They didn't send a notification of the agendas

It was a night full of worries

Before they came I took my flute at hand

Strummed the string and aired a weird song

Trying to confuse them

But they bought me time to choir

I called my heart, soul and spirit to a meeting

I cautioned the spirit never to leave my plump soul

I negotiated with my mind on a tease hard

I begged my strength not to let me down

We knelt down to pray and adjourn the meeting

It was all successful and we dethroned them

The dance failed.

WOUNDED

I am crushed to the core
Sutures and stitches sewed in my heart
Bandages and crutches are all over my body
Blood and tears from the punctured me flow continuously
Leaving me a gallery of scars
Failures that are always on parade
Leave my eyes snivelling and doleful
I feel far away from myself
I feel like gripping the essence of my own aroma
My nights consists of falling apart
Always bursting on my marinated bed
I am going bananas on what they discuss behind my back
Their perception on my ulterior motives pierces
I am sad; I always feel secluded
Disgust is spelt on the faces of those forced into proximity
I am tired of being pushed aside
Am I the remnant of a wasted youth or a paranoid?
I am mortally wounded
Thoughts of death are plaguing my mind
I am dying to know is there an end to all these miseries and fiasco?

PRIDE YOU ARE A FOE

At the edge of a cliff I stand

With a shimmer of hope that someone will grab me

And pull me away from the edge for safety

But to my disappointment their pride weighs me down

I consume all the courage to have shared my woes and throes

But they don't bother to attend any of them

I need not a full attention of the same

But even a phrase to lower down my guard

Would serve me better

This is all because I am of a broken will

All to them is to raise their reach to a sky high shelf

Just because of pride

Allowing my persistent determination get choked

Their sandpiper situation contrasts my inner potency

Am I a moth drawn to a flame?

I am drowning in their concealed and silent insults

Their pretence as people to rely on

Are like a daggers

That slices down to the abyss of my soul

Would they someday please break the rule?

And lower their pride heights

Because see; when one is prone to build a babel

Even the smallest stone has a set out.

THE PLIGHT OF A CAMPUS STUDENT

Call them kings and queens of the masks

Learners who yearn to get better but keep being pushed down

Life in campus if we are to say; is really onerous

We be okay just for the sake of it

Parents would just be proud to have a child in campus

But deep down we hang upon a bleak wall

That's bleached by dissociation

Everything that we encounter suffers our judgement

See the differences in classes

The differences in voice in courtesy of tribes

'Campus life is awesome and with a lot of beauty with freedom'

Is way a scam

That place is a trail of scattered sugar over four years

A strange place of unbidden happiness

Anxiety attack after an invention of a missing mark

Walking around as a debtor of kales from that one struggling *mama mboga*

Landlords on the other hand won't apprehend our situations

Hand outs will demand their part from the impoverished us

We at times miss lectures due to distance preferred in courtesy of rental cost

Lack of transportation or stress over incomplete meals

At the end of the semester finance office brings us on board

We fail to write exams because of financial instability

We really need a lot to sustain us

But we flip flop along our shower shoes

Depression is crashing us down

Hands up in readiness to surrender

But we owe our parents a lot

SHOULD I TELL

I know you have had suspicious observations
Today I want to unleash what's behind the deal
Brought from my home afar as a house help
Found this old moustache man who is the father of the house
I called him dad not and until it happened
Alone in the house with boss I was left
You know what it takes
To have been given a suggestive look for moons since you came
At teen age that would always send jiggles down the knees
Of yearn for a touch; who to blame
At the back of the doors the grounds man has had a thing with me
Not only that but the mid age son of the boss too
All those concealed to myself
The boss however was irresistible
Why...?
Maybe a turn down will lead to me being fired
Fear of the meek; we so tem it
I gave in that first day
It was bitter sweet
I was young but for all he cared
At his satisfaction his bossy nature resumes
A demand of this and that followed the suit
A scold to hide the mess was a timely meal

Used and abused has been my identity

Should I tell...?

I need liberation from this imperil

MASKED

Nobody knows what am made of
Nobody knows the real me
Nobody knows what's behind the curtains of my face
You have always seen me as a person full of delight
Because my lips are always apart
I smile with an overflowing fullness of joy
But deep down in my heart and soul
I am fragile and friable
The golden mask has always donned
Is just because I choose not to exhibit to the world
How crumbled the real me is
Instead of being glum
I choose to put on a glistening face
Just to lie low my miseries and drifts

DEPRESSION

I am not an alcoholic
But I drink to the brim
Till I crawl like a small child
It's not my fault either
But that one time after 'it's over' from her
My heart was shattered
And I skipped the sips of a glass
To drinking directly from the bottle
After it all my mind could now scream through the halls
Trying to fight of demons claiming to drown me
At this point I would wish to die
But I couldn't give in
I just lay low to cry
Feeling wasted with a racing mind
But soon before it
My depression intensifies
And I have to run to my substances
Since they could cloud everything
Bottles beg to party with me
And make me alive
Alcohol remains my best option
Because taking depressants would be an understatement to my depression

IRRESISTIBLE

Let this get to my girl

Girl for how long will you leave me in darkness

Girl for how long will your acerbic words stab my soul

Girl for how long will you wash your hands with my tears

Do you mean you are less humane?

You've broken me

You've beaten me

Girl please wouldn't that be enough

I am yours; I want to remain yours and you be mine

You the sweet evil ruler of my body and soul

Why should you leave me wander and boggled?

Why should you break the cursed bond of us two?

You making me queen of darkness

Despite the fact that you glow some light

Let me have your hate if I so deserve

I can't stop loving you

Girl you the most addictive drug and I can't try a quit.

DEAR LADY CRUSH

Hope this extends to you
On such a cool eve
That if and only if
Am given discrete entities to depict my feelings for you
I would be the happiest person in the universe
But words seem to fail me a time and again
And so I choose to settle for the same in a verse like this
Your mellifluous voice puts me off
Your smile weakens my knees
Your presence and touch
Mesmerizes and entangles me completely
I love you twice in my life
That is now and forever
My desire for you today
Would be to have you as mistress to my children
And a live together for eternity

IT HURTS

It's really hurting and scathing
To lay on bed
Just to wonder why me
Why my heart is craving for that company
The company it's far much aware
It cannot have once again
At this forlorn moment
A go through my gallery
A small tear escapes my eye
The tear is full of loneliness
When will my heart stop being empty
When will my bed feel our weight?
At times I swipe my phone in darkness
And your beauty shines the selfie on my screen saver
I then close my eyes and pray for your come back
So that the insomnia that I have be cured
Before I say amen then am asleep
Because am taken off by a thought that you girl really loved from heart
But who squeezed you forcefully out of my heart?
It hurts.

WISH SHE KNEW

I wish she knew
The reason why I am awake
At this rum hour of the night
Is all because of my vehemence
To have her by my side

I wish she knew
That right now I got somnambulism
To look for her despite the darkness
Where could she be?
When am wool-gathering for her touch

I wish she knew
That all these antsy nights
Is because of delusions
Of her blows of kisses and loveliness
That the memories of a hangout with her
Gives me an eminent incubus

I wish she knew
That I need her now
That this cramping notion
Is because of dry spell

And I wish she was here with me

HOUNDING MEMORIES

I entered the cafe and sat at the window
It was an eve and I watched the dawn creeping slowly
The sun slowly hid beneath the tides
I craved for her presence
With deep untold memories
It was hard to imagine
I went down slowly
Left out on life's reasons
I lost my mind for once
I don't know where have been
Where have been watching from
Have I been dreaming?
I am lost and alone
Fading dropping and locked behind myself

SHIFT IN IDENTITY

I call it freedom of inexorable strictures of patriarchy
It appeared a black aversion though,
This one girl came my way not by chance but should I say heaven sent
Yes, I suppose,
As my heart was still stinging,
And pangs of emptiness filled me,
An angel appeared
In didn't knew it would work
Since I was born a woman still with flawless traditions to maintain
But who am I to overcome the beauty in heart and physique,
I thought of shifting my identity to being Sapphic
But why
The registered heartbreaks were no giants to attack
Enough and no more became my religion
I had to follow the desires of my heart
I had tom go for broke,
I presented myself
And so it coincided
She had the same thought too
Of halving our hearts and conjoining them together
I got her for myself
She got me for herself
We got to taste the pleasant disposition of the forbidden fruit.

THE GIRL I GOT

I must have been misguided by my own thoughts
This one girl I thought would warm my frozen heart
I took great care of her
I kept her going
Hoping for her warmth back
And a take care too
Instead she burnt me into ashes
I had trusted her too fast
And so I charred my heart on her carelessness
And for real we all know when we play with fire
Aren't we asking to get burnt?

SICK

I am sick and tired
Of being sick and tired
My emotions are sick
My soul is unwell
I am exhausted
My pen is unwell too,
Because my brain is drained,
This sickness is making me weak and void,
Everything to me has turned a sick bay
Lying there helplessly
I need some doctor,
Or some medics
Or a counsellor
To tell me all that all is going to be well
That no more hospital admission for me
That no more stitches to mend my heart are meant my way
If not all these
Then for how long will it take sickness to barge in me.

MISSED CALLS

I vowed to you that I would never leave
You promised not subject me to cold
By releasing me out of your warm heart
Yet here it's now the irony
We are far apart in distance and thought

Blocking is a blessing and girl you used it well
I regret giving you my heart
A life without you is no life at all
I just wish you would pick up my call

With several attempts have lost faith
I think this then is our fate
Did I make a mistake?
By choosing you over a pool of girls.

DEAR EX

Heartfelt gratitude's
For the love you exhibited unto me
For caring and showing concern about me

I am sorry love
I was stuck in dark a black forest
With an obscured and fragmented compass
Not in a position to trace where you were

I know I was careless and my acrid words pissed you off
I watch our tattered heart pieces snap and howl in the wind
And they make me regret
Of how all these happened

I still miss you and I got a wish
That if I am given a choice
I would request time to be backdated
So as to allow us share that last warm breath

DEATH IS CALLING

I know you don't expect any storm the soonest,
But put yourself in my shoe
Loneliness has been my constant companion
Pain has been my core friend
And for real I can't withhold this for some other time
The jaws of death to me are so loosened,
But a reminder for you darling,
When I cease to breath,
Please permit me to go,
Annul all the thoughts about me,
And don't imagine of my ghost,
Let me not come back as tears in your eyes,
Just let me go and don't think twice,
Remove all the memories,
Erase all my photos,
All the selfies we took
I mean stub me out of your gallery
Expunge and squelch all my poems,
Overwrite me in your poetry book
And slowly my memories will wane,
All your anger will be manumitted,
I know how it sounds,
But just forget about me

Because death just made a call,
A call to me so inevitable,
I am picking it right away

CONSTRAINED

Since I could not withstand the wallop
I had to look for the best way for my catharsis
A blade booked its place in my heart
After a long time of strike
It called for my attention and submission
I could not escape for this time
I had to honour its directives
I hug it so tight and took several chops
Which was a direct channel to emptying my body
From its bloody fluid
Emptying my ink bottles wouldn't be exceptional
Because I had to let you know
That this is directly proportional to the voidance in my heart
The pain is way deeper to be put on paper
But the slushing blood out of my body
Can narrate it all

CORNERED

Should I say it's an exposure to vultures?
It came that fine sundown
Not too late of a night in a work place
Black out took its order
Way through to the exit is way deeper in hue
Being the youngest in the field
And so they imagine a game with her
For quite some time she has had soul warnings
Of a found off guard in a shady place
As a gallant of interpersonal relationships
So she was mistaken for wrong identity
And so from behind they came to her
Held her tight and close a way so daring
But decorum was her religion
She could not shout but beg to be released
However, the imploring phrases felt in deaf ears
Tears rolled down her ruddy cheeks
But the inviolable culprits could not let her go
And so she had no otherwise but to dance to the tune

FOR HER SAKE

So as to allow her win: I had to pretend
For nothing I had to adduce
I could not uncoil my heart bleeds too direct
Since I knew her better
I had to doff my heart desires
Just to guarantee her felicity
But so I got some long term effects
And it came this other day
My once tarnished heart
Which I opined to have healed
Just started to sludge some pus
As a call for admission
I had to check out with the saw bones
I heard them say
They would execute a surgical procedure
To me that's trauma
Why a surgical procedure
Will I exist after all these?
Right now am confined on this bed
Not knowing what will come out as a result

SHOULD I

Laggard dawns and illusions
Came along with nightmares of her presence by my side
It was too young an age for us to do it
I tried my best to shove and shun the abnormality
But the more I did
The more her tears haunted me
I don't know why me
Just me all the time
I have tried my best to explain myself
But it's as if am adding salt to the sour wound
It's my explanations are acrid to make her heart bleed
She needed us to break the holy seal
Of which it has really a hard task to partake
But due to trials of time and again
Everything got to some elastic limits and beyond jurisdiction
She gave that first move
I behaved like me
But the blows were no giants to attack
We did it this afternoon
She went away smiling
Here I remained with illusions
Should I go sneak her out of her tenement?

MY GIRL POEM

To me is a memory so fresh
This one girl who's my poem
She seemed exhausted, but not for me
I can say there was no otherwise yes
But however much I try to forget all that happened
Thinking about her makes me still amused
Those very days that I held a key to her heart
My existence was worth it
A pretty girl like deity
Whenever I said a word of love for her
Her lips would always part for a smile
And I at ease could realize I was falling for her
She couldn't speak a lot
Her eyes did it
My heart for once stood an ovation for her
All these was worth a give in
She showered me love
Which in turn made my worries out of sight
For this I knew I was hers
But came a trepidation for once
And she begged to differ
Maybe she had seen greener pastures for her graze
Maybe she had new pages for new ink

My girl poem.

TO HER I MADE A SILENT PROMISE

To my girl poem

As the sun ascends above the hillcrest

And dew vanishes upon the grass

So does the joy of my heart rise too

And I get consumed by the warmth and love from her

I suppose I should vindicate this that

I will seldom digress or side track from her life

Regardless of the ups and downs

It's at night and I sit to watch over her

To avoid a mosquito's bite my queen

Slowly professing my love for her

I enjoy the stillness and calm aura

As I watch her smile and dream

Like a small child

Aw this girl brings hoosegow to my heart

Like that of a slow flowing streams

Love is seeping through my heart and soul

A smile steals my face as I quickly mirror

How I got myself a princess

I make a vow to myself

To love and always adore her until my last day of breath

UNREPLIED NOTE SENT BY FLIGHT

Hey darling on the other furthest end
Hello dear one
A small note for you
To lighten up your day
I wish I could talk to you
So as to bring out clearly the personal appeal
Face to face one on one
As I look into your eyes
To derive what they desire
But it seems hard
Because you're far away from this world
Yes, I can trust you love me
Just to convince my cold heart
But will it change the fact on the ground
That I am not good enough for you

WHAT IF

What if I am to choose?

Between the two flowers

Between the two roses of different colours

The sprouting and the budding one

Should I pick the former or the later?

What if I am fixed to elect?

Between my two love girls replicated by the blossoming flowers

My own lover and my *crushie*

The once inherent in heart and the newly annexed

For both I got attached strings

But the first one we have had more beautiful moments

The second one yearns to break the record though

What if unveil what I have concealed

To my old girl that

That I have seen a flower

And so I need to pick it up

And guard it to maturity

How will she react?

What if I choose to pristine one?

Then I just move on without making the former girl aware

Will I be disrespecting the cadence of her heart for me?

What if she takes it ill?

To discipline me and my new catch in a way we don't know

Will we ever live?

What if I take both of them?

Will I be too avaricious?

I hope not

Reason being I want to save the two hearts

WAS IT AN EMPTY PROMISE?

It's now six moons or so
But I vividly recall our days as if it was yester night
And each and every other time you cress cross my mind
A tear drops slowly down my cheeks
To me the earth stopped spinning I should say
Your last words are a broken record
Which repeats in my mind at time after the other
Ou girl, I still smell your fragrance
In the emptiness next to my bed
I loved you more than myself
But now you left me hollowed out
We made vows together
You even gave me a chain and your word for assurance
That you would love me to death
And then change of heart schedule
You attested our vows fake
You just walked away as if the bell had gone and you were late to leave
Well I think that pain has fed my heart to its brim
To last the rest of my days in existence

ASK ME WHY

Ask me why I am always phlegmatic

Why I aren't at ease to comment

Why I am not always ready to argue

Why I am not social enough

Ask me why

Ask me why I am not in love at this age

Ask me if I have never had a man to woo me

Ask me why I have never said yes

Ask me where my distant being commenced from

Ask me why

Ask me why I keep off

Why I don't subtract or add

What you'll always expect to me a provocation

Ask me why I always allow you to win

Instead of a win-win situation as its normalcy

Ask me why

Ask me why I am always alone

Why I don't spend time with friends

Ask me why I would always fake a smile to lie to your innocent face

Ask me why I am always afar in the outskirts of the student premises

Ask me why

But whose child

Would sit with me to solve the myriad of problems that I have

Who will submit to the purge of my extreme forlornness?

Who will be ready to receive my explosion of miseries in this tragic life?

Who will yearn to understand and ask me why?

STAY OUT OF MY WAY

Dear ex-girlfriend

I want to be honest

And hope it won't scathe your heart one more time

I want to be sincere

To tell you the bare facts on the ground

It was not my fault

But you got stuck in my heart

You were too weighty for me to unstuck you

I was not into any official consignment

But you stood you seemed desperate

To me it was just a phase

So girl wherever thou at

Please take time to listen to your heart

And keep away from me

Before you said it was over

To me it was much over between us

I could not live a lie for so long

So when you chose to behave yourself

To me it was a burden relieve

For all that time we were together

My attention was divergent

Annie was dominating my mind

She be the reason for my life
So dearest be kind to yourself
And keep off one more time
And do me a favour
Sign out of my life

JUST BECAUSE AM A GIRL

Just because am a girl
Doesn't mean I should be looked down upon
To always be submissive
Not to voice out my mind
Not to take part in decision making

Just because am a girl
Doesn't mean I should not be educated
To be always a baby sitter
Not to meet up friends in school
Not to take part in learning activities

Just because am a girl
Doesn't mean I need a man to survive
To be always in to pay the bills
So as to see me worship him
To discriminate me to cook, wash, iron
And even feed him at times when he is drunk

Just because I am a girl
Doesn't mean I got no position and place in the society
To always be seen as a thrash
I need equity

I need to unfold the desires of my heart

Just like a boy has been allowed to

Just because am a girl

Doesn't mean you will do me what you want

Force me to FGM just because you want a woman fit for the society

Just because you want me to be a real traditionalist

Just because I am a girl

SORRY FOR THE LOSS

The sully sullen bell went for ninety-nine times
The hundredth time his only father was no more
It was hard for me to watch him transform
I couldn't believe it was just what it became
Friend; I know you have lost a pillar
But believe you me dear
Everything happens for a reason
God knows why He took him
How I wish you recollect your ruptured heart
And move on again
It's not for the faint hearted I know
But be strong to supersede the deep heart
Have always on strongest person ever since in my life
And you are that person to be specific
Death is cruel I know
I wish I had powers to grab and kill it before it took your father
I would have fought that battle till it capitulates
However, I got your back at this motive of grieve
Whenever you cry
We too dry our tear wells
All because we share the intense pain
Take heart and courage
Hardworking hands have stopped working

And golden heart is now at rest
We bound together in prayers

SHOULD I TELL

My son is six years old now
I have something have always had to hold
She is widening in thoughts
And with all my soft spots
I fancy our ties in heart
Should I tell?

He is always out to play with friends
He hears them shout daddy when they see a man approach
Checks in back home
With fastidious expectations
To know where be his daddy
Should I tell?

He is an illegitimate child I know
But he is too juvenile
To brush this skirmish of psychological torture
It's an intolerable situation
Should I tell?

A quest of identity is not easy to deal with
It takes me back to an inferno
Where I should tell that

It was not all by my defect
But I had to pay back the gathered bills
During the time I was crudely pitiable
Should I tell?

I feel so torn apart
To unleash the slide to my eager son
Will he curse me to have been morally diseased?
The shameful constraints keep containing me not to
But for his love my son
Should I tell?

THE LATE ME BEYOND IMAGINATION PART ONE

A life that has been full of hope
Has been cut out of a shining prime
That evening after a mental strain
A tiresome day indeed
I struggled to get to my residence
Before I could take a breath
A teeing sharp sound is all I heard
From the left side of my head
Pain pierced my skin acerbically
Blood spiked out of my nostrils at a supersonic speed
I only gained consciousness confined in that hospital bed
Sawbones stood by my side looking so restless
I heard them say
'It beyond our ability'
Hu...Sshh I sighed
I was slowly going off
Blinks reduced and my eyes closed
Memory desisted and gloom was everything
I was gone
My creator took my soul instantly
It was hard for them who lived to watch me depart

THE LATE ME BEYOND IMAGINATIONS PART TWO

The worst day came, my burial day
They gave my eulogy better than when I was alive
My friends with t-shirts imprinted my name
Wandered around in sorrow and grief
Few of my relatives sat around my coffin
As if they were expecting me to wake up from my sound sleep
My mother was the most affected person
She was too feeble to stand all these
Heading to the graveyard to see me off for once
She fainted and she was carried aside
An ambulance was conducted
I don't know what happened after that
My father was no man anymore
He was not himself
He was growing thinner and thinner every time his picture appeared to me
My brother looked hopeless
To him he had lost a warrior
He nearly dived in the dug ditch that I was being laid to rest
But he was held back
He took heart and went away tears rolling down his ruddy cheeks
The last thing I heard was shrill deafening cries
From my twin sisters
They had lost a golden heart

Soil was skunked to the brim on top of my coffin

Darkness gorged me

I am gone

WILL YOU

What if you wake up one morning?

And see my cold body

Laid outside your doorstep

Will you scream for attention or run away not to be blamed?

Will you?

What if I surrender my life today?

To the fierce demons and monsters

Just because of their scathing pats of torture

Will you be afraid to have lost me?

Will you?

What if you get some sad news?

That the sawbones executed a mistaken surgical procedure

And my condition is terrible

Will you come check on my last kicks?

Will you?

What if you slept soundly?

Dreamt and saw me lay in an ocean of blood

After an attack of the unknown

Will you to save me or continue sleeping till I get consumed

Will you?

What if I cried for your help?
To rescue me from bloody thorns
That I taste their stings every time I try a turn
Will you come to my rescue?
Will you?

MERCILESS VAMPIRES

I couldn't believe my eyes
But it happened a way so unknown as I watched from afar
Slowly they took their sharp knives
And blades alongside
They held her tight
She tried to combat
But she was stroke at the neck to cause a crick
Did she swoon?
None of their business
Tied her up with knots
In readiness to slaughter
Lifted their knives coated crimson and acerbic poison
They stabbed her chest towards her heart several times
It started to produce some pliable turf
Without realizing that
They took the blades and chopped her wrists
Blood pooled to drown her
The vampires were demon possessed and heartless
Their spiritual utterances buried her
They didn't care
They saw her succumb
They tried to run away but slid on her mixed up tears and blood
Bathed in them and now the vampire smelt a criminal

It was a liability

But they got stuck in the blood a muddy space around her cadaver

An enigma: how should they bring her back to life?

They tried to feel their heartbeat

She was gone

This to them is a conundrum

They're still there waiting to be held captives responsible

MY LOVE FOR BLACK

See the way I fancy the cordial similitude between me and black

Am in love with darkness

Not because am evil

But the uncountable number of scars I have had

Have widely contributed much on top of my dark melanin

The blood clots due to vein clogs have made me black

The bleeding of my heart all through

Has turned my whole body black

I sell charcoal to earn a living

And so black can't escape my proximity

I am always pessimistic with a gloom future

A new day for you is a black day for me

See my ink bottles always contain blank ink

My tear wells went dry due to life miseries

So I shed black tears blood stained

I mean am stained black all over

I do gothic black poetry

Because my thoughts and ideas are like dark shades

Above it all I was born an African

So am clouded black

I can't fight the blackened darkness out of me

And so it I can't beat it up I crown it.

HOPING A WIPE OF TEARS

O I see the gleaming of the golden morning
And down from the flaming sky
Am attended by shining angels
To wipe away my tears

O I see the harps breaking forth in sound of this daylight
Blending my voice
My hoosegow is all with praise crowned
Darkness has no powers in me because of the sweet chant they hear

O as the earth rolls onward to light
And the darkness steals away at thy behest
I pray not to be dismayed by whatever is betide
Because god will wipe away my tears this new day
And carry me through

COLOURFULLY CONFUSED

Should I frown or smile

I love you, I love her

You make me feel special and wanted

But she makes me feel the same

I can't ignore the tale tell cries

Of nothing but maddening heartbeat pace due to confusion

I think of you daily

But something keeps popping up

Her name

I could sound evil and good

If I claim both of you

I wonder if it will ever happen

My heart is messing me up

I know I have to choose

Between you two yes; but loosing either of you is not my portion

I see light and darkness

For I really don't know what to do

I am befuddled

You two shine brighter than the stars in the sky

It's a moment so emotional

What's wrong with my hearts mixed signals?

Should I shove them all or connive?

I am colourfully confused

FORBIDEN SWEET SIN

It won't work the way you want
Were her exact words
Words that sullied my heart
It made me callous and humdrum
I would be something trifling with her
A loud thought escaped my mind
I organized a meet up
Actually nothing alters that first impression
It was indeed inevitable
That first tight hug was driving us nuts
Her eyes were enticing
We had to check out our privacy
Behind the school precincts is where we bound our love
I sneaked away with her to my house
Promising nothing will happen actually
But whose feelings are to be disrespected?
I mean we did it until we were wasted
Sleep took us off in one another's arms cuddled
Woke up late the following morning
I took a stolen glance
But she covered her face with her hands
I planted a kiss on her saccharine and syrupy lips,
Do you love me? I asked

How would it be no

Yet we had tasted the forbidden fruit's sweetness.

WAR IN MY SOUL

There's this situation wild and complex
Have always tried to quicken what's ripped
But my soul has other micro souls in it
That give it suggestions and advises after the other
Making me feel as if there's an inferno inside it
A lot at hand to solve
Makes me spilled in the intensity of my youth
I gasp for air and beg for relief
Drowning in broken promises is not easy
Tears are etching me
Am fordone and burning
There's an emission of rising wisps of soot
That have surrounded and suppressed me in a gloom gutter
Will my soul get a rupture?
I am worried
My emotions are ruined
Am lost in an inauspicious labyrinth of my mind
Soul burst to my death
Will lease this torture

IN LOVE WITH LONELINESS

I want to empty my heart to myself
Despite being in a congregation
I feel so forlorn
Despite their trial to talk to me
I only hear choired silence
I am not deaf
But I don't one anyone to talk to
I want to sit alone in my house
I hate and love it that way
I am falling on my face
I want to fight for myself
Alone in the battle field
With those fierce loneliness demons
I can't eat meals
Because I yearn for a warm cuddle at this point in time
But who's in for this
I am living for me
I am pushed down by loneliness
I need to love me
Since I embrace the lone nature

CANCER THIS IS MEANT FOR YOU

Without the fear of contradiction
I want to orate my lamentations for you
Not like Jeremiah but of revilement and denouncement
You are a misery and a demonic monster with horns
Each and every other time you have added capital to the grave
Making it smile and run its business well
You've ceased the life flow stream of many
Without giving a damn
You took our grandpa
As if that's not enough
When you still red mouthed
You come for another and another one
Why are you becoming a prey to our existence?
You are the only whimsical creature with pungent jaws
That slice us without Ruth and compassion
Leaving behind widows and orphans
Dear foe; with you this world is sinister led
You provoke woeful verses from us
Broken pieces to mourn you
You have made us weak in heart
You have made our souls lone and dry
You have made our dreams horrible
Because nothing for us that's got no virus of thy name

You choose the juicy and fleshy part; best of our own friends
I wish I knew your zero vector
I would start a demise with it
As I walk around majestically with a bow and an arrow
Looking for all your relatives to assassinate them
I hate you with passion and by chance you show a random occurrence
Be warned because I will lunge you to death.

WOES OF A STREET CHILD

Saidia has always been my selfhood
But you've never taken a minute or two
To heed to my achromatic tears
Because you always term me a rob of your pocket
But I cry for a warm attention
Did you see my mum?
Do you know my dad?
Would you please take me home along with you?
I want to feel the sense of belonging
If not that way, then lend me a coin
To gather at least one meal
See I miss all the meals
I put on tattered clothes and half naked
You see and laugh your away from me
You call me rude and stubborn
Not because I want it
But because true motherhood is not your religion
I sleep along the riverbanks at risk
Where mosquitoes pay me frequent visits as if am admitted
Sickness is part of my meals
Since I got no balanced diet like your own child
I did not sneak from home for blame
I found myself here

I am not sure if I am my seniors' illegitimate child
Or am among the pool that was brought by the monsoon winds from the west
Born of unknown that is
Take it at hand as if I was one of your own blood
What does your heart beat communicate to you?
To see me suffer and perish or at least make me part of your family

SHE CAME FOR MY RESCUE

I felt in a pitch black ditch

Gravity joined in pulling me down

It asked for my hand

Tried to coil them

But it forced them to stretch

A dark place so scary, empty and bare

I petition and in dire need of a saviour

I scream at the top of my lungs

Only to find darkness in the ditch is louder than my scream

It pleads for my soul

Telling me I have no control

Who's in to save my life?

Then for a moment I am blind

The flashlight came along with somebody

Who smiles at me with all the might?

I take her hand and with a warm embrace

We take a flight to somewhere safe

I GOT A GIRL

Yes at last
Heaven sent to me an angel
She came to change the notion of love
Feelings that were once hidden
I can now express to her
My once stormy days
Are now the brightest blue
Times that once were lonely
Are now filled with pleasure
All that we mine alone
Are things we both share and treasure
Nights that were once cold
Are now comforting and warm
Fears have gone away with the storm
My heart is now getting finally mend
Dreams that I once longed for
Are now all coming true
The love I once thought was gone
Has now been revived
I got a girl who I will always confide in

LIFE IS A THRASH

Obscurity blended me well in its womb
Then released me to a life that's full of hollow nothingness
Where I walk on an aimless path that leads nowhere
With no meaning and purpose
Where I drown severally in a spiralling depression
Where I cry silently in anguish trying to clench the pain away
But scars bleed words of hate
The lousy and awry thoughts cloud my mind
I feel entrapped in my own mesh
By my own feelings and thoughts
By my own life tragic situations
My self-esteem has always vanished slowly
My heart is messy broken to the core
It is a life drought that's full of faithless walk
Should I sell my life or inquire an exchange?
Because nothing is visible beyond these looming black-storms
My life is a magical riddle
Even I can't unravel it by my own
Am I destined to be mortified early?
I can't see myself living beyond early twenties
Happiness to me in this life is an illusion
I hate life, I hate the me in me
I wish there was more to see than the blacked remains

Of my burnt and worn out soul

The scarred remains of my nightly woes and battles with demons

Why does this version of me exist?

Everything left unanswered

IN THE MIDST OF A DARK FOREST

The place is as silent as a graveyard
Only the chirping of the birds as they sing praises of roses and peddles
And the ta ta sounds of leaves falling
I hear the footsteps from behind and I stop to give my attention
It's nothing actually or maybe a stop for a stop
Fierce winds blow to sway the huge trees
They break the o'er deafening silence and my heart stops beating
My vision is barricaded with dark blue shadows of imaginary fierce beings
I slowly creep with an attempt to trace my way out
But all in vain, my legs are fastened to a tree I don't how and by who
I am made senseless, slaps landed on my cheeks with thuds
I try to scream, yell or cry but my throat is dry
Acrid objects start to pierce me from nowhere
Branches fall down one after the other to hit me hard
They start to whip me mercilessly
Blood oozes from the wounds they hit severally but they are pitiless
I hear unknown sounds of unknown voices
It rings in mind that am sentenced to deplete
I want to give because I was already dying
I slowly close my bleeding eyes
And before the eyelids met
A shard was projected my way on high velocity
I tried to dodge it

Dou you know what happened
The whole tragic event was a dream

HEART RUPTURE

This was actually a true definition of heart
A broken heart is the worst like broken ribs
Nobody can see that but it hurts every time we breath
An unfortunate reality that
Every beat of my heart is comes along with a blood leak
His coarse voice made my heart crack
The depth of the cicatrices went deeper and deeper with her actions
War raged slowly by slowly in my heart
As I got buried to my neck in blues
I am afraid to answer a woo of a new suitor
Just because you ran away with my trust
And smashed it into dust
You left my heart ruptured
How will it be warm when it has holes and potsherds of its breakups
That not even anyone can fill
Because he will be jagged by those potsherds
It's malodorous because of the bleeds
It has stings of blood that can't give conducive environs for one to bench in
See who will be the next in my love life
How will I know if he means it?
Maybe he has come to rip my heart apart
I no longer find rhythm in the word love
To me it's just an avarice

LETTERS FROM MY STEP MOTHER

Found her first letter on the kitchen counter

You are as useless as tits on a boar

Do you know you are an illegitimate child?

You are here by chance and grace

You deserved a miscarriage you creature

Find your way out of here before I come back from work

Found her second letter below my pillow

You girl not worth a plugged nickel

Could you see you are physically challenged a difference from your siblings?

You have no sense of belonging in this house

You are just a stranger

And a prey to barricade the progress of my family

Found her third letter beneath the mug of my tasteless coffee

It can be a brutal pill to swallow but you don't originate of a similar vein

Like the other smart children of your father

So don't act like a foolish mice lost in a maze

Trace your way back to your mistress lest I smart you with a knife tonight

Found her fourth letter stuffed on a suitcase packed my clothes

It's not amusing anymore to pardon our wicked stay here you pest

I don't need you here, give up the ghost and if not so then wait

I have loaded my bullet in the firing chamber

Tonight I am going to liquidate you

Pray hard when the sun goes down because you will not see tomorrow

IT'S DUSK AGAIN

My fear for the night

As you celebrate you are going to rest

Worries torment my soul

Sorrows mingle in my mind

Because I know the dusk is bringing along darkness

Pitch black darkness that will suffocate me

A dark night will that will empty every essence of me

It will come along with nightmares

That have always requested for my hand

To join them in killing me

In pulling me away from my future

The solemn stillness of the world

Lay down to hear how darkness pervades through the earth

It finds me as the only tall obstacle from the ground

It has to sway me to the other part of its deepest

Through the cloven paws of the weary world

Sad and lonely cold night

You are a crushing load for me to carry

I want to disown you dear dusk

Go look for glad and golden hours of the dawn

And come swiftly along with it morning blessings

TO MY SIBLINGS

You know all is because of her
Think twice and wipe away her cascading tears
She has stood a bread winner
Through the thorns of roses, she always struggles
To see us smile, eat and learn
Let us all make her rest some day and enjoy the fruits of our success
A living we earn in that home is because of her
She has fought the battle and you know that
She is a queen an empress a mistress
A goddess would describe her better
I am always shoulder high because of her
I work hard only for her sake
Dear ones it's my plea that you do the same too
You have a place in my heart but make mum your first prior
Let me come last as your primogeniture
I know you are nice and smart
Break my set record and make mum smile
With love; Faith

CHOKING CLOGS

Not by a meat or flesh of a bone
But the dust you have shaken have blocked my vision
They venomously entered my eyes and they irritate
I have to rub them and in the process I fall down
My life path is clogged with mud from my tears
And other shapeless obstacles with no transparency of a through way
My ideas are cuffed in my drained mind
Just because of the fright of suppression
Do I need pills alcohol or decongestants?
The worst of it all, my veins are clogged
But why; my heart stopped beating
And thus blood seeps were brought to a halt
My speech got choked
It desisted instantly and I went numb
However, silence is choking me
I need a pointy object to break these cloudy clogs
But clouds are meant to bring rain
And raindrops would serve me better
Because nobody will notice my tears over clogs in a rainy season

LAMENTATIONS OF A MOTHER

Son lend me your ears

I am the one who borne and brought you to being

I am the one who nurtured you to be whom you are now

For my heart you have always belonged

Son you have been a great treasure to me

Remember that time you gave me mood swings for nine moons in my womb

But I did not mind to extirpate you through abortion

Remember that very a time you would put my legs under detention

But I did not shove you, I hold on to adopt your infantile and puerile being

That other time I was at my equanimity

But your childish smile made me not to vex but smile back

You have not seen all these of prominence

You point fingers at me in the name of a woman

You hurl silent insults in the name of what your father saw in me

I took you to school but you've come back to ask me where I was sight that I didn't study

You come back with a different culture from the one you took from home

You've come along whom you term your desire of heart

You have forgotten what it took me to school and bring you up

Son don't you think I should come first before your priorities and voice

Son, wont it be a blessed curse when I don't to expectorate to you a good fortune

DROWNING

Have you ever drowned within your thoughts and feelings?

Your own personality and identity

Sight that you don't know whether you are a remnant of a wasted youth or a paranoid

And suddenly you are crashed into waves

And you see your body floating

Then slowly sinks below the waterline

You slowly feel the cool breeze that glides over your skin

As lights fade off and you get consumed

Deeper and deeper you disappear until what's left is a faint glimmer

The undersea creatures curl and pull you under slowly and further into darkness

You try to open your mouth but darkness fills your lungs

And weighs you down for its creatures to consume you

The weight of your burdensome body drags you deeper into despair

And the lights that glimmered hope

Slowly vanished and faded away

That's my prevalent set up

I scream and call out for help but the space that confines me

Swallows all my yells to nothingness

BLACK TEARDROPS ABROAD

Who fashioned tears my way
I was born black and so they won't hear me
We share one dad that's the most high
But they say my skin colour is a connotation of darkness
And so when I pass around the will always put on lights acclaim to see me
well
We go to study together in the same class
But they seclude my seat because they say I will stain them
They sit in groups to rumourmonger of my black skin
I hear them whisper my white a milk teeth are not fit for coal
I try to apprehend and for real it smarts
I don't concentrate for the whole time that the Lear is on
It ends after a troublesome negotiation with my wits
Immediately I leave the room and I see myself walk alone down the aisle
As they work in pairs just because my skin colour to them is bizarre
Tears form a wonderful number eleven on my cheeks
One more time I steal a glance
They are at the top of their voices with their native language
I hasten the steps to my house
I choose to take a mirror to look at myself
Black sheds of tears have charted an African map on my face
I think of how to get back home to my motherland
But it will take me time

How will I survive this hate rooted place?

DEAR MUM

Dear queen of my heart
With you have fashioned no hurt
But an assurance of you brought up a star
However, scarred she is always count on her a spur

I know you are here for me to stay
For with me I have a lot for you to pay
You have always taught me to pray
However, things erupt and turn grey

You are empress I will live to confine in
A strong foundation ever for me to lean
You have taken me through great things
See now have grown wings

Wings to take you for a flight overseas
To get relieved of the struggle crisis
All because you qualify and deserve
And so it's your turn for me to serve

You are an epitome of courage
Not even a sword threat to you would discourage
From seeing me pursue my dream

And get to have a flawless life stream

Mum I don't know how to you I should gratify

Words alone can testify

Maybe if I am to recite or write

Several verses adding up to a book will explain you brightly right

LOST IN THE BLUE WATERS

This is another bitter hour
Alone in a mournful closet beyond the valley
That I am presented to the judgement hall
Where the beast torments me with its Beelzebub
Beats, binds me, reviles me and arraigns me
How do I meekly bear all these?
It's a mist flow chill
With fragmented compass and lost sign posts
Loveless sate of unfulfilling anything
I feel forsaken who will keep through the aching point in time
Dreams and vows of my youth are faint
They accuse and steal away my worth
Waves slowly peel off my conscience
I remain floating as a wanderer
With a weak soul and sore heart
Who will cheer me up, the faint
Who will raise me from my fall?
I am burning with earthly passion turns
To dust and ashes from the waves heat of the blue waters
Who will snatch me in pity and pat my back saying all will be well
Who?

FOETAL ILLUSSIONS

I remember that very day when that man cheated on some girl
It was a rainy season and cold was all over
Fortunately, or unfortunately, do you know the result of that cold season?
I was conceived without their knowledge
To a girl of my age or below it was not easy for my mother
I remember how I watched silently
When my mother started to vomit
And right away her mother couldn't give her peace
But accusations of being gravid
Since she didn't know what was all these about
She had to seek medication and was tested positive
She tried to reach her man but he missed her calls
She wrote to him but all in vain
The best thing was to check out from his residence
It was uneasy squabble and trouble
Between them, the man was rejecting the non-living me
I watched in awe and because I couldn't talk
I relaxed as my mother girl went back home in tears
I was in a position to read her mind which was in a funk
I was to be given a premature termination or mum takes her live
She had to ran away from home lest she face the wrath of her mother
She settled in her aunt's place after negotiation
Three months later I kicked softly in her womb and she listened in awe

I kicked harder to communicate with her conscience not to do me any ill
She must have listened, I enjoyed the warm environs of her womb
Nine moons later I came to meet her and we both smiled
Long live mum, I love you.

DEAR DAD

Hello my fate master

I want to express something too heavy to you in a tone so lighter

Are you entitled to be called a father?

The way my empress worth's to be a mother

Why did you run away from me?

Did you ever of all it had to be

For a girl to survive as if in an orphanage

Yet you smile with the new family as if in a pilgrimage

Listen to me dear elder

I needed a dream builder

The way you know how father-daughter love is

But you left me all in amiss

In the midst searching for identity

You appeared after I had suffered in my step father's sovereignty

As if that's not enough, you didn't give me any attention

In claim of the other children appropriation

See you have taught me how to be a hard-core

Don't blame me if my love for you is an underscore

Nevertheless, I may be the one for you to lean someday

Or maybe guide your children and to gather for all their bills when I get a pay

If you get to read these

Please let your heart be at peace

For I got a well-wisher and a saviour

Who to me is a dream and destiny flavour.

OUT OF WEDLOCK

Being born out of wedlock is like being subjected to tortures in a wholesale

I wish I had known before taking up this task of life

I would have sent a not to my mother

To stuck me to death not to be brought into being

And into this labyrinth hell of life

See the several knots of life that have had to untie alone

Imagine being left alone to that ever drunk old grandfather

Who threatens to chop off my neck?

If I had not cooked or take up all the house chores

When all the juvenile generation were out to play with friends

I would be in for a house wife

No one to fend or check on my welfare

When my mother was off to see her new catch

The other man who was not my biological father

And just because of this, she could not take me along with her

I walked alone through the tension

I survived the hard way through my schooling

My soul and mind was torn asunder after my high school

Due to pressure that I was going through

I was growing to widen my thoughts

On where do I really belong

Whom should the curse be to?

My father me, or my mother

I needed to proceed with my higher learning
But how in the midst of all these frustrations
That kept casting me down
Hands up in readiness to over give
But a question kept tickling in my mind
Will a star glint bright where there's no darkness?

A DIFFERENT ROSE IN THE GARDEN

Ever seen how roses blossom in a garden
But we have one that's been chocked by the others
And the other that's buoyant than all of them
Thorns from different roses can sprout faster than others
Why is it so, because tall roses can acquire sunlight at ease for
photosynthesis?
When small and stunted roses are meek and voiceless

See the implication of being that different rose
I was brought of a different mother but of this same father
They'll always oppress and use me in a way they thing
Since I am still young and with a soft spot
Kymani do this, Kymani do that
Go milk the cows, then wash dishes
Even my so called siblings would bellow as if

During meal times other kinfolks would be served first
As I set the table for them to dine, get them salt from the drawer before I sit
I be the one to clear the table and at times launder them with icy water
I wondered why I was not being treated like the other children
It raised my eyebrows and I wanted to know why all this crabbiness

I approached my fathers close friend when they had gone upcountry to see grandpa

It took him time to spill the secret beneath his heart

My nosiness corresponded with how he had always seen get well-worn

He instructed me to keep it low, but I couldn't withstand the thump of this reality

I left him standing marooned high and dry

So that is why I was a slave, I got back home tears parching my eyes

Closed myself inside and busted on my marinated bed

Life to me is pretty evil and cruel

STRUGGLES OF A FIRSTBORN

Being the second parent is not an easy task

Was born this type of a person with a well set of number of siblings

Finished my high school and it was a u turn of my life

I worked at my young age in a contract basis so as acquire at least some bills for them

Social constraints between me and my boss however led to me being fired

It was an etching situation to stay home formless

I had to think outbox, so I open a grocery at least to earn a meal for them

I sold onions vegetables and fruits and people supported me

Little did I settle the government demanded for licensing

This was a displease, whatever I was more than little

I was given a week to take the licence lest the business be terminated

I wish they knew how much I was struggling not for myself but my family's wellbeing too

Remember my mother was not working, whatever she did for us to survive was a heartfelt strife

I had to shut off the grocery and start up a new business of being a broker in the markets

I attended all the market days and linked up with cattle and sheep dealers

It was a good pay but my gender was not fit for the same, a girl on my early twenties

I survived it after some time, the deal was low and slow

And the market centres were closed till further notice
I had to stay back home but how, I had studied better off than my siblings
So they had expectations

What will be the next step, I could have worked hard in school maybe
But the financial instability abused my rhyme to hard work
Should I engage in an illegal business upcountry?
But I am a girl, what if I am suspected, inspected and pronounced guilty
Will my mum understand me?
But it's all for the accountability of being a firstborn

SO MANY HUNGERS

This world has pretty bleaks called hungers
That we get subjected into in our daily lives
Hunger for lust and satisfaction
Our comrades are killed because of satisfaction
They become victims of diseases because of lust
Double tragedy when we are submissive and needy

The hunger for capital to run government programs
Has raped our poor economy
We need to toil to earn less and still pay taxes
We have to stay hungry then so as to prior feed their hungers
Churches at times demand a tax apart from tithes
Oh what a scarred world do we live in

The hunger for employment is a disaster to many
The number of connections we need to secure a job opportunity
Are more than those of Kenya power electric station
We attend interviews uncountable number of times
But it's no longer survival for the fittest
But actually survival based on how close and conversant are you with the
employer

Hunger for education, we need to get to an equilibrium

But see our thinness in finance due to background humilities

We are starving for a free educational system

But for all they care, nobody will feed us with it for free

Rather we have to feed the educational bodies with a fee

When will all these hungers get fed up?

BLEEDING SCARS

My gallery of scars went full
And so now the scars that has formed a pool
Have started to bruise and bleed
With me here today they plead

For me to take a razor and them I scathe
I just did that and in an ocean of blood I bathe
Blood from them come along with words of hate
That threaten me to give up like I have no fate

I thought the wounds that were once healed
Will never cost me any hound in getting them sealed
But they tickle so much in in a mush
Forcing me to scratch them without using a slush

All my scars are now bleeding and hounding
I am pleading with the nurse to help me in grounding
Of which if they aren't ready to do it in fact
Alert the mortuary attendants they have a deal for them pact

THE FACE OF POVERTY

Poverty is base seated in every place I walk

Today I want to address your poverty

Are you hallucinating, where are your relatives?

You are lost and omnipresent

You face is dazzling bright because you have robbed us everything

To make yourself rich and blessed with a mountain stomach

Whereas we suffer because of your gluttons

The last car I have been we travelled together

Your smile is enticing to many; you hug us day in day out

When will you bid us bye, poverty when will you?

The little we get you fight for your share

We try to divide but we remain empty handed just because you are a bully

You have stagnated in my place since I came to exist

With suggestive eyes seeming to look for pity from us

But today I want to declare a reputation

You are a menace that needs to be clenched, sliced and smothered

POETIC DRYSPELL

My thoughts went thrashed out, away and afar
All my pens went fertilely deserted
All my ideas went void and out of taste
Whatever the filtrate in mind rings
Are all clumsy drab and crab?
When I try to ink something all sounds insipid
I try to reach my mind in wits with a storyline
But it misses to show up with poetic juice
I want to sell my soul because it's empty
My heart too because it's no longer beating for poetry
My lungs emit something else away from poesy
I can't take my pen across a paper
Because I am dull and bare
The stormy winds of clogs, must have blown everything away
Leave me ground high with a soul so arid
I am no longer poetically gravid
I need my ink bottles refilled
But when will this prosaic season end?