

**ON THE
WINGS OF A
WAVY FLIGHT**

Ruth Jemjor

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DEDICATION

It's with gladness that I worthy this book to;
My Dad, Mum, Alfred , Chebet ,siblings and entire family
at large.

Also to all fans and or lovers of poetry.

This book is meant for you people. It's because of you
that my writing ministry is ablaze.

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ON THE WINGS OF A WAVY FLIGHT

With fastened seatbelts and frightened faces
The planed roared its way into the sky
The sun shone its rays towards us
And I perceived it'd be a smooth flight.

Clouds moved hastily to admire the scene
The skies bowed with respect, or so it seemed
Fear slowly crawled out of me
It was a fascinating experience!

As the clock ticked uncompromisingly,
The clouds gathered below us in oneness
Darkness engulfed us, yet the skies just stared
The beginning of a dark regime it was.

The vision became blurry
The plane was no longer steady,
We were thrown up and down carelessly
Were the heavens angry?... I don't know

Breath hitched at my throat
And I humbled myself in precaution
Hoping the Deity would hear me out
Since I wasn't so far from his palace

So we trailed aimlessly...
Control was out of reach...fate is what we relied on
But we landed anyway~ destination reached
After losing a tooth or two



JUSTICE OR NO JUSTICE

The morning was bright and the sky was clear.
It was pleasant day with eagles flying up high

When noon came, the sky turned black
The clouds moved in unison across the sky
The earth's surface became chaotic too

That noon,
When the minds erupted with pleas for justice
The hallways filled with empathies of angry scholars
And black became blood.

Afternoon arrived almost immediately
And with it, came the men in blue
Carrying heavy firearms, jogging out of their vehicle
They surely made good use of their tools.

When dusk approached,
There was silence all over
And in the heart of whom we shared a womb,
There was no beat.



QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES

You see, I'm lucky,
The luckiest woman in the world
Being the first in a bunch of seventeen girls
Is it really not a privilege?

You don't understand what that means, I know
But let me tell you – its leadership in its own package
It's like being crowned a princess in a jungle
So that all others become your subjects.

When meals are cooked by the woman of our clan
My role is to serve all the siblings
With fairness and equality, they say
But, dare cross my path for an empty stomach

All the household chores in this dynasty
Waits for the princess to do the assignation
Well, my soft spot is always lucky enough
To lay her lazy ass all day long

See, my father calls me queen of the fairies
Because ever since I was given the responsibility,
No soul has ever complained
Even those who got brown and black dresses for Christmas



THE GIRL IN THE MIRROR

On the dressing table yesterday
I looked at the figure in the mirror
Horrible would be an understatement
She looked like a skeleton

Her eyes were locked into the inner zone,
Seems normality was scary
She looked like a fierce owl aiming at its prey

I took a comb and scratched my hair
She did so too, she was imitating me
But her hair was falling to the table
Weak and tired, or so it seemed

I always know am pretty
But I pitied the girl in the mirror
Her face was all occupied by pronounced rashes
Did she have an allergy, who knows...

I woke up to leave, before tears fell due to pity
But I couldn't hold myself, I don't know why
With a dry cough, I fell with a thud
And disappeared into the blinks of unconsciousness

UNSENT LETTERS

Seated on an old mahogany chair,
Hands on the matching table,
I pulled out another empty sheet
My mind was flooding again

I write this 29th letter to you
This time its genuine,
I hope it will be delivered
And if not, my pen won't run dry

I'm pregnant, carrying twins
Their father is committed to his family
And won't spare his back for us
Please do something

I got sacked today
Because of office misconduct
I ate the other day's *githeri* for dinner
So you can't blame me for the foul smell

As am writing this Letter,
I am seated on the verandah
I was thrown out hours ago,
My rent payment is poor

I hope this letter gets to you
Please relieve me of my burdens
Am slowly being outweighed

I slowly fold the coloured paper
Flip, into the drawer it lands
The 29th unsent letter
Never to be delivered



GREENER PASTURES

The grass is greener on this side
Yee members of the city
Why are you eating trash
And calling it digital food
When the fields are flourishing with all kinds of victuals
Eaten when fresh and healthy?

The grass is greener on this side
Yee members of the city
Why do you kill and fight for women
With artificial figures and fake faces
Yet there are ripen angels, with beautiful hearts
Not so far, just here in the country side?

The grass is greener on this side
Yee members of the city
Why do you live in small houses
Equalling the size of a cattle shed
When there's abundance of space here,
That we even got room for mice?

The grass is greener on this side
Yee members of the city
Food is in abundance, surplus
Water is free, God given
Land and space is large too, no suffocation...
The countryside is a paradise on earth



FALLEN VICTIMS

She was a great teacher,
Spreading content, nurturing souls
But she never stayed long enough to witness the success
She succumbed to the virus

He was a warrior, brave and courageous
Fought countless battles and brought victory
But when dawn came the monster had found his way
He never died by the bullet

He was the village priest,
Loved by all and served all, in special regards to women
Hand in hand with the bible in the temple for years
But died naked, in a bar– the monster

He was the city farmer
Feeding all, regardless of class
Highly respected by all, adored by few
He slept his last on the afternoon nap under his shade

The student never got to achieve success
Babies grew up orphans in the society
There's weeping and mourning all over
The monster is grabbing us one by one



DUE BLESSINGS

With sweat trickling down her tired face
And a belly protruding confidently
She dug into the rocky soil
Ignoring the scorching sun

Her potency was weakening
And she could feel it too
'No work is left incomplete' stated the rule
So she had to finish the daily quarter

She pulled herself sluggishly to the shade
At least to have a gulp of water
But then, she was welcomed by sharp pains
Time had come, pain was accorded blessings

So at that noon with the scorching sun up high
A lone woman, tired and thirsty
Brought forth joy to the world
A bouncing baby boy



BLESSED WOMAN OF THEIR CLAN

‘Blessed woman of our clan,
A little flour for my hungry kids
Before they go to school this morning’
She looks at the potion remaining
And shares it in half and gives

‘Blessed woman of our clan,
My husband is back from the farm
A little oil to nourish the collards please’
She sighs as she looks at the almost empty bottle
Then she gives all with a smile

‘Blessed woman of our clan,
Evening porridge for our men is cooking
Sugar is needed, fill this cup
Then afterwards, come clean the utensils
And find whatever is left of the drink’

‘Blessed woman of our clan,
A few matchsticks to light the evening fire
The children of this village
Are dedicated to our land today
Wouldn’t it be a pleasure if you attend?’

She slouched to her skin on the floor
And fell into a disturbing sleep
Wishing for at least a child
And a husband of her own
The blessed woman of their clan



TALES BY OUR OLD FOLKS

Seated by the fire place in the cold night
With thin blankets wrapped around our bodies
And our hands tightly hugging the legs
We listened intently
To the tales of our old folks

Qualities of storytelling they had
Beginning with 'once upon a time',
And ending with 'and that's the end of the story'
We always got carried away in those fantasies
Traveling in an imaginary world untamed.

Once or twice an owl would hoot,
And everyone would be silent
To try to pick any message they sent,
Or so the old men of our clan said

A little more wood would be added to the fire
Throats would be cleared and a sip of '*Chang'aa*' taken
Then the story would continue, till the middle of the night
When most of us were long gone into slumber land
Our grandpa would then extinguish the fire
And close his eyes too to catch some sleep

FATE

Slowly, the curtains open
Voices are heard from the inner circle,
But darkness is what engulfs the view
Afterwards, a dim light is evident
Then ululations follow suit
Celebrations are raved till dawn

As the birds chirp melodiously,
Eyes are opened
Speech developed
And soil stepped on
So the first success is achieved

Books and papers are opened,
brains stacked with knowledge
After a decade or two
A square crown is placed on the head,
The second level of success achieved.
New rays shine again
And a person is met
Love is played and hatched
And now a ring is on the finger
The third level of success achieved

But when eyes were closed
She had no crown in her head
There was no ring evident in the finger
And naked she was...
With no dignity nor integrity
So they burnt her alive
And her ashes taken to the forest
For she, all along, was a cursed being.



MEMORIES

As I sit in class
I remember us playing in the grass
We were so happy then playing with coins of ten
Our favorite game was chess
You could run down the fields with a chase
We fed on popcorn and water
I called you one name, Walter
You always kissed my cold feet and brought me shoes that fit
We used to share one shawl
As we sat by the fire in the shaw
We used to stare lovingly at the stars
Because a deep emotion they stirred
Its just the memories that still linger
Of how we used to frequently bicker
Now you're a forgotten story
But in my heart, you're a living history
Of a beautiful love once shared



NEW HOME

Led by two men in blue at his sides
Chains on both his hands and legs
The procession begun down the hall
An old woman was weeping quietly at the corner
A group of teenagers stared with disbelief
Pin drop silence was heard in the hall

Loud thunder cracked spontaneously
Orders were barked fiercely
And the boy was led out of the hall
Muffled voices he heard from a distance
As he slowly approached his destination
He took one last glance at the surrounding,
And made a grand entrance to his new home
A home that was his till death



FREEDOM BY THE WATERS

I'm standing on a high ground
Staring at the sky in deep thought
Hush! Do you hear the thunder?
The still clouds are turning grey
The serenity in the atmosphere is long gone

So I watch in awe as the dark clouds gather
This is what I've been waiting for
So I take a deep breath
And wait for the rain to wash off my dry tears

Oh mighty rain shower your waters
Disperse the creation in all directions
Let the fields flood and rivers overflow
Let them carry my sorrows with them
I need to be free



INSOLENT KAMAU

With the sun up high
And the villagers in the farms
Backs bent, hoes on the soil
Kamau passes by the village path
Sniffing white powder

When noon approaches,
When smoke is rising from hut to hut
And the hoes are left unhooked in the shamba
Kamau becomes an uninvited guest
At *Mama Njeri's* homestead.

When the sun travels west
Kamau is the first in the village square
He takes big gulps of village booze
And leaves the place dancing in staggers

At 7.00 pm, when darkness begins to fall
Kamau raises his nose up high
Then runs to the doctor's homestead
Seems a cock has been slaughtered.



YESTERNIGHT

The night was still young
The stars had just got out of their hiding places
The full moon was shining bright,
And the breeze, seeped into the veins

They were all assembled
Dressed in blue, white and pink
Purple and red too
It was a colorful night

I watched the birds cheer
As they took their vows, till death
They jumped from tree to tree in ecstasy
And the celebrations raved till dawn

As the morning breeze blew the curtain
And dried my last teardrops
I realized that true love still exists
Just maybe, the dawn would be different.



YOU ARE WRONG

Saying that am handicapped
That I'm cursed, an outcast
That am dark and twisted
You're wrong

Saying that God hates me the most,
That I can't go anywhere in this life
That am a disgrace to my family
You're wrong

Laughing at me as I crawl
Not helping me up when I fall
Just because you think am different
You're wrong

You're wrong because I'm human,
Just like you but without legs
That's not a problem to me though
Because my strength it is

You're so wrong
Because the more you talk the more I shine
And we'll meet at the end of the belt



TIME FROZE

I was walking along the street
Just at the crack of dawn
Humming to a sweet tune
Before everything came to a standstill

I saw him
Dressed in an oversized coat and boots
I couldn't depict the colour
But he had a bottle in his mouth

On my left was a brand-new car
'Harrier' it read
In it was a huge bald man
Scratching his head

Across the road was an old man
Light skinned with a white beard
Pushing the bin down the street
With a broom on his hand

A small boy ran into the school bus
While biting the last piece of the banana
He threw the peel across his shoulder
It landed on the old Man's chin

Birds flied and flies buzzed
The sun shone its rays with pride
A plane roared across the sky
Time had frozen



MY NAUGHTY LITTLE BUTTERFLY

Oh beautiful butterfly
With pretty white wings
Flying from branch to branch
You're my naughty little butterfly

Yesterday I caught up with you
But you escaped my feeble small hands
Tell me, don't you like me,
My naughty little butterfly?

Momma will welcome you come
She'll make food enough for us all
Please let me take you home
My naughty little butterfly

My bed is big enough for us two
Warm and so accommodating
Please let me take you home
My naughty little butterfly

Let me take you home
Where you'll be treated like a princess
Not just that beautiful one,
I'll make you my best friend
My naughty little butterfly



OLD MAN'S FATE

With glasses on that afternoon
His eyes were glued to the newspaper
His feet tapped the ground rhythmically
And the wind blew.

A mango fell off the tree, landing with a thud
He raised his eyes with curiosity
The wind blew dust into his eyes
He rubbed with despair.

Then he heard a plane's roar
It seemed to pass directly above him
But his eyes couldn't open,
No matter how hard he tried to

Dusk arrived, still seated on the plastic chair
And it brought forth darkness with it
Pitch black darkness
That became his turning point



MY JOURNEY

With the scorching sun up high,
Trickling sweat down my dry cheeks
I trod down the thin path

Kids are running home from schools
Farmers have their hoes on their back
Cows are streaming down the river for a drink

Pangs of hunger and thirst threaten to choke me
The heated ground burn up my bare feet
But the destination must be reached

One two three four steps
Tap tap tap tap my feet strike the ground
Nearer to thee I come



THE KING IS UPSET

The birds are chirping from their nests
Disturbing his peaceful sleep
He wakes up, rubs his eyes
And mutters a curse to their existence

Breakfast is served on the table
A whole lot of varieties, can't say there isn't
But the size of the eggs brought
Makes him bang the table with fury

On his way to the beach ,
He encounters a woman in labour
"Drive!" He shouts at the driver
And mutters inaudibly under his breath

The beach is so serene this morning
Its calm, and perfect for a disturbed soul
But the king sees it differently
Maybe he likes it noisy when it isn't

SAVIOUR

At the battle field
With red horses aligned to the far end
And silver swords raised up high
The horn was blown

Something was wrong though
Her horse was white in color
Her sword, golden
And she was the only one among the hes

Roars of laughter erupted
Rhetorical questions murmured across
She was looked down upon
They termed her a ' mistaken identity'

But when battle turned to battle
When the swords dismantled the bodies
When the field turned a pool of blood
She was still there, at the front

Her sword was up high
Her eyes glowing with passion
Or was it determination, can't decipher
She took them down, soul by soul

The sky turned grey with dusk
And the battle came to a bitter end
All the soldiers dead
And few surrendering in fear

But on this bright side though
On her backpack
Was their enemy's head
Just as the king had requested

MARRY ME, A SAINT

See, I hope you hear me out
Lest you regret in the future
Why you never paid attention,
To the most perfect man ever

First, I love God with all my heart
So all my life, I'll love you with my body
And my mind, when it isn't busy
You wanted a Godfearing, well, here I am

Honestly, I'm a sober man, always
Just that the Bible says,
"A little wine is good for your health"
So I take four to five glasses a day

Kindness is a virtue I embrace,
I'll treat you like a Queen
One more thing you should know
Patriarchy is my potion... The boss of the house

I'll give you the kids you want
Tall short thin fat
Black and brown, whichever
But bear in mind that I don't hang out with kids

Last but not least my beloved
From your father's house we'll leave
At midnight when everyone's in another world
Because weddings and celebrations ain't my thing

So dear saraphina,
One whom I love with my body and mind
I'll stand because I don't bow to women
Will you marry me?



THE WHEELS OF CHANGE

The journey began at the crack of dawn
When the sky was so clear
The ground was adequately dry
And a little bit of dew on the scattered grasses

The engines roared aloud from the starting point
The steering wheel was held so tight
Weak nods amongst them could be seen
Drips of sweat stated their anxiety clearly

With a pace never recorded in history,
They ran with determination towards freedom
The wheels turned and twisted in the rough landscape
The wheels of change

Not even halfway towards the intended destination
Heavy downpour interrupted convoy
Strength was slowly wearing out
The wheels got stuck in the mud

They had to come back
To at least get some help
But fate did its course in the jungle
They never came home

OLD AND NEW

During his reign
They wore suits and shoes
They carried books in their underarms
and made presentations at the altar

They toiled in the scorching sun
Uprooting the weeds in the farms
They stayed till late in the night
Listening to how Jesus walked on water

Evil was shunned then
Their mouths spoke blessings
Day and night together in prayers
It was an era of bountifulness

But when the mighty stood up,
Failed to take a step and fell,
And darkness consumed him,
They welcomed a new season

Crops were no longer planted
The lands remained grassy and ugly
The nights turned into something else
Boozing and staggering all-round the kingdom

Church became history
Seems it was buried alongside the king
Suits and ties were banished
It was the reign of t-shirts and sandals

Life became stylishly ugly
Darkness was taking toll
Immorality was now a cup of coffee
I guess the king is turning on his grave



THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

At the crack of dawn yesterday
In my father's office by the window
Taking small sips of mac-coffee
A horn was blown from afar

The gates flew wide open
The compound was flooded
In their hands laid yellow envelopes
High pitched voices corrupted my peace

When order was restored
A tall masculine guy stood amongst them
Their grievances he brought forth
That their land was being seized

Out of his office, the minister emerged
With a well typed speech on his hand
Sympathising with the crowd,
He took the titles promisingly

Today, as these flames rise with fury
I see the pleas of his subjects in the smoke
A tear drops involuntarily,
As I toast to a new home



FERIHA

Is it true,
That you live in a mansion
Who's you know not
That a little pleasure, twice or thrice
Will make you a land lady?

Tell me Feriha,
Is it really true,
That the coins mum sent you
Were thrown like trash
As notes were being counted for you?

My dear Feriha,
I heard them say
That you're no longer in terms with books
But your grades are an amazement
Tell me, is it true?

I heard you're now two in you
Trust me, I don't want to believe it
But how can I ignore Feriha
When our future is at stake
Are you really living with the virus?

Oh my! I'm in total darkness
For it was you I once trusted
But the city has taken you away
So I'll request one thing
Please come home,
Let's bury my mother in peace



FROM A DISTANCE

As she had her first breath
As she toppled over tables and chairs
As she made her first step
I watched from a distance

She ran with fellow kids her age
Playing hide and seek in the bushes
Moulding pieces of clay
And building homes in the fields

As I stepped into maturity
I watched her beauty manifest
Breasts protruding like Sodom apples
Transforming into a fine young woman

When I gathered some courage
And came closer to her
She recoiled disgustingly
"Village boy" she termed me

So as the convoy progresses to her home
And the tents of white pitched all round
When she's dressed in all white
Still, I watch from a distance



A LIFETIME

From the moment I found myself in this crazy world,
From that time I understood addition and division
From that time I used to teach cows and trees
Till now I'm a chalk holder by profession
She was there.

Pulling me up when my feet got sore
Walking me through the thickest of the bushes
Swimming along even to the deepest waters
She was there,
Granting me success even at the verge of failure.

See, the stairs were too steep
And sometimes two steps forward meant ten to the back
But she never turned a shoulder
But instead, gave me one to cry onto.

Even at the scariest of the nights
She took my fears away
She was the light of my path,
And she still is.

So as she flaps her wings to heaven
My soul mourns in pain
For she was my better half
The one sent by God himself
To bear and nurture a soul like me



I WANT TO WRITE

I want to write you a poem
A sweet poem of love
But of what use will it be
If you won't understand?

I want to write you a poem
So deep and emotional
The one to render one numb
But will you comprehend?

I really want to write a poem
A poem of celebration
Of our unholy matrimony
But will you even read it?

My hands are itching to write
Of how our son is a blessing
Yet a pain in the ass
I could say he was given your traits.

Tell me, will you comprehend
The pleas of a suffering woman
Who took a vow till death
With an excuse of a man like you?

This poem in my head
Is rendering me insane
Because it demands to be let out
But then my hands cringe with fear



MOTHER HEN

Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!
Mother hen calls out
Her chicks come running
Twelve of them

Scattered rotten grains
Captures their attention
They get down to business
Gulping them down their throats

Mother hen goes for another hunt
Before her eyes sees danger
Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!
All the chicks run to her

Covering them protectively
The enemy comes strategically
And within twenty-nine seconds
A loosely held chick is gone

So as always, it's a day of mourning
It's the ninth time the enemy victors
She guides them to their home in fury
Everyday for her is a loss.



A CHICKEN

When the storm came,
Still from a distance
I heard him take an oath
"Thru the high and low tide
And even the most destructive wave,
I'll hold your hand
Never to let go"

But then came a splash therein,
Just a mere splash
He recoiled with fear
And ran far away from me
So I see through the eye of this storm
Whilst the words ring through my ears
'I'll hold your hand, never to let go'
Mere words, mere words.



BLOOD CLOT

On that moonless night
With no stars in the sky
Her innocence was deprived
By the one whom she shared a womb

Not once nor twice, severally
Till her cervical veins bursted
Till her strength faded away
She lay there, helpless

So he defiled her
With no humane feelings at all
At their favorite spot by the wood house
Where their mother's grave laid

MOONS AND STARS

For the twelve moons, the stars twinkled
And in my life, she is a star

Eleven for the nights she cried herself to sleep
For me to have sweet dreams

Ten for days loneliness crawled towards her
Yet I still kept her at a far distance

Nine for the hours she needed someone to talk to
Yet I was not within her reach

Eight for the change,
Whence the holy seal was broken

Seven for the moments spent in books
With nods and kisses

Six for the matatu rides
Desire burning our lips helplessly

Five for the coffee dates
Spent sprawled on the cold floor

Four for the bonding sessions,
Eyes boring deep into one another

Three for the silent love stares
Amidst the books in the library

Two for the untold sacrifices for love
A love whose worth is immeasurable

And one last star, fore the oath unbreakable
A love to last forever.



BOOKS AND LOVE

Brains at work
Yet glances on each other
He smiles, She smiles
They look at the shelves in the rear end

Nodding in unison
She goes first
Opens some few books in pretence
Before she gasps at the kiss by the neck

Silence, harsh breaths,
Harsh breaths, silence
Ecstasy loomed in the room
As the lay gently on the books



TRANSITION

Anticipation
Harsh breaths, deep sighs
The moon is on motion
A glint of longing in her eyes
Tick! Tock!

A company of four
Aunts and sisters probably
This day they've been waiting for
Curled on the mats comfortably
Tick! Tock!

Impatience looms
Silence prevails
Her face fills with gloom
The atmosphere gets heated with wails
Tick! Tock!
The gate crashed with vigour
Cattle are drove in in tens
She see's his manly figure
As he makes his way to the tent
Tick! Tock!

He seizes her body gently
And nods satisfactorily
He listens to the silent area intently
Then they left through the thick bushes happily
Tick! Tock!



HER TASTE

Strolling by the dirty streets,
Under the heat of the scorching sun
And stacks of people walking up and down
She notices him
The tall brown guy from a distance

Now she's seated at the park
Enjoying the afternoon breeze
A guy sits next to her
Tall, brown and with quantifiable beards
Her eyes widen with admiration

She passes by the coffee shop at dusk
She trips and lands
On the chest of this guy
Light in complexion with sleepy eyes
And her heart skips a beat

By the corridors
By the markets
By the football fields
She stands daily in wait
For her tall brown hairy guy



CHOICES

Sometimes imaginations corrode logic
That even the most innocent souls turn to fools
Human beings are the wisest of the creations, they say
But the wild on fours seem better in the current era.

See, the eyes deceive, yes like eve in the gardens
But the mind has the power to choose
Between obedience and rebellion
Between decency and being immoral
And between discipline and spontaneity.

As the holy books say,
Good deeds are rewarded
The bad ones too, accordingly
So then why all this evil
When it doesn't cost a penny to be upright?



WHO KNOWS

Perhaps it was his blue tie
Or the white shirt of fine linen
Maybe it was this red coat of his
With a blue ribbon on the chest

No, maybe it was his golden watch
Shining aloft his dark hand
The shoes might have contributed too,
Yes the shoes, yes indeed, shiny and black

Uurgh! Honestly, I don't know
He had beards, but am not sure if that was it
Oh no!... The Adam's apple
Bobbling up and down as he took the drinks
That was enough to drive me haywire

So I was driven insane by this form of a man
With breathtaking outlook ~material wise
And a not so bad face
I went with the trail
And sailed a boat with him



FIRE

Fire!... To the east west, north and south, fire!
Life is taken away from him
And religion demands it's rights
So by the impenetrable walls, his body burns
Vruum, fire!!

The forests stand still
A minute of silence for the fallen soul
But the matchstick is the enemy they've kept voting for
And not even before 24 hours elapses
Vruum, fire!

It extends to the plains
Where man lives
Does it spare his hut of grass?
I don't know but I heard vruum!, like fire!

His only son, after 18 years of barrenness in the land
Laying by the mat in deep slumber
Was choked by the puffing smoke
And everything laid to rest and waste,
Vruum, fire!

So fire! Fire! Fire!
To the east, to the west, to the north and south
Killing and destroying souls
Setting the rich land bare
Descending loss and poverty to the people
I hear the sound of vruum, fire!



COST OF COWARDICE

She could not stop
Every time I opened my mouth to utter
Her lips twitched with what seemed fury
Her eyes widened with anticipation
And her stares sent daggers that pierced to the core of my soul

My lips remained parted
I was sweating and my body shaking
One second to a minute, the clock ticked
Words were left unsaid

I tried again , believe me
I took a deep breath and braced myself
But those eyes, those devilish eyes
Snatched all my courage away, with just a stare

Four minutes to six, time wasted
The hammer was lifted, the verdict passed
The halls went quite, a deafening silence
I was guilty



FAMILY HEIRLOOM

It came from our ancestors they say
The grandfather to my grandpa's grandpa
Passed down to the first-born son
But in this case I was a girl.

Sitting on a throne like traditional chair
They poured an ointment with trembling hands
My father closed his eyes as if in pain
The seal had been broken, the deed had to be done

I opened my hands in anticipation
As my eyes remained completely shut
I couldn't comprehend the murmurs and voices
So I travelled to my own world of imaginations

Startled by a heavy weight on my hands
I hastily opened my eyes in wonder
A huge black porcelain pot, with a demonic carving

I threw it away furiously
And tried to take my leave, but no
Dark smoke emanated from the broken pieces
And I could feel blood draining from my system

I dramatically slipped from the 'throne'
And fell to the dusty ground with a thud
'She's a curse' 'an outcast' are some of what I heard
As I plunged into the depths of unconsciousness



ENCOUNTER WITH THE DEAD

Unnerving rattles are heard
Followed by a pregnant silence
Listen,
The graveyard is black
They seem to be in a meeting
Loud voices follow suit
But there's no one in view.
Scary!
Left, right, clear.
Muffled voices are getting louder
Fear is creeping in
And running is the only option



HER

They call her the dark stained poet
But I call her, a refined young iron lady
For I know her inner self
I've had communications with her heart
And for sure, she's of substance.

Day to day battles with life,
But still remains unmoved
Sometimes it got me wondering if she's human
Or a Shadowhunter with supernatural powers

She's kind hearted to all
So charming and caring
Selfless at that because her needs come last
She would cry herself to sleep, just to see you smile

Oh, about her determination
She's outstanding if not the standard
With set up priorities and goals
Not just set, but on hot pursuit for them

If I'm to tell all, I would write a book
Her life is worth an example
If not yours then mine it is
It's her that I treasure and cherish.



MIDNIGHT ENTERTAINER

Hallo members of my community
Who's a legend like me?
I gave birth to twenty-nine sons
With only three in skirts

My land is adorably huge
I could sell an acre each day
And never fail to plant my crops
Tell me, who's a legend like me

Am highly respected at the village dance
I buy booze for every thirsty soul
All the teens clap when I belch
Young girls still find me adorable

I am a respected member of this clan
Bringing up the young to uphold heroism
I advise the teens to live my life
After all , who's a legend like me?



YESTERDAY

Yesterday I made a decision
A decision I was happy about
A decision that would change my life
For better or worse I don't care

So yesterday, I approached liquor
It was unfriendly at first
But then we came to terms
So I gave it a responsibility
To take care of my thoughts, always

I also bumped into cigarettes
They were in a haste but heard me out
So after a little persuasion
My health was taken care of

Smiling, I made my way home
When I met a rope
She was lonely and in tears
So I took her with me
Her task would come later own



AFTER PARTY

On that evening,
After taking countless glasses of liquor
screaming out loud and dancing all I could
I felt dizzy, alcohol was draining into my nerves
Slowly, I walked to the exit

After that party,
I unsteadily made my way down the driveway
I searched for the car keys in my pockets
Before it dawned on me that I didn't own one

As I left the club,
Heavy downpour begun
I thought someone was pouring water on me
So I hit hard, but it was a pole

As I neared my mansion
Darkness engulfed since it had no streetlights
I fell down with a thud
And cursed the ground for ruining my Sunday best

The rain washed away the drunkenness
And reality came dawning as I approached my hut
The sad bitter truth

My fiancé got arrested that morning
My younger siblings needed fee
I had lost yet another job at *Mama Ngina*
And my bed was wet from the leaking roof



NOT MINE

Amidst the woods I saw you
Caught up with you and made you mine
Made a home for you in my heart
And prayed for the good days never to end

I gave my all even when you were breaking me
Afforded a smile for you while fighting back tears
Gave you a shoulder to lean on even when I couldn't hold
myself
Trusted you with my heart yet I knew you would break it.

I searched for you in every tune
Dived even the deepest oceans
Went back to the woods time and again
But you never were mine to hold



LOCKED IN A JAR

The world is huge
Too big for me, I can't face it
I feel as if am just a drop of water in the ocean
I feel like a lost grain in the granary

Everything about life is just too much
I get a view of the outside world from the window,
Because am too minute to be noticed
I feel like am a specimen locked in a jar for experiment,
But then the scientist suffered from amnesia

One step outside wears my potency
Just one attempt to jump out of this jar sucks my breath
I can't hold it anymore
So I slouch into my plastic container
And let fate decide my destiny



WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR

Boldly to the battle field we went
Faces absorbing all light and reflecting none
Defending our black ancestry,
Standing for our black nation

Identity politics is a sick game
But are already in the field, fight we must
What are we fighting for?
Our black ancestry
Our black nation

Is this fight all a dream?
Because reality begs to differ
If you pull back the curtain and take a look,
You'll see our wives and daughters
Plastic surgeries on the marjory
Collective cosmetics, stocks are lasting

Then we scream at the mountaintops
Against racism and favourism
While they blow their faces with fans
For the applied colors to fade not

Black, A beautiful colour
Embraced by a few~Rejected by many
Black, A colour of love
An emblem of power



THE SOUND OF SILENCE

Ever since you left
My life took a turn
I don't know to which direction
All I know is that everything changed

My hands became numb
I no longer strap the strings of our violin
My eyes are swollen
They now differ from yours

When I look into the mirror
All I see is a different version of you
And it hurts me girl
That you're not here with me

Mummy no longer talks to me
Dad's always on the window,
Staring at a distance
Lil brother is always on tears

I'm only left with silence for company
Silence so loud
A deafening silence
Along with silent sobs.



Loop Poetry

PAYING DEARLY

Chains tied around my hands
Hands dirty and rough
Rough from odd jobs and stained life
Life full of pain and regrets
Regrets due to indulgence in use of drugs
Drugs that changed my thoughts
Thoughts that led to robbery
Robbery done with violence.



EMOTIONAL CAPTIVITY

Ever since my mind was taken into captivity
I've never had an interaction with her
I feel we are two different passengers on a plane
Seated side by side but afraid to converse

She stares at me with so much hate
Her eyes send daggers that Pierce my soul,
And leaves my heart bleeding
I don't know exactly what I did, but I pity her

She is an abandoned cave,
Where spiders have done the weaving and made homes
Where old bats fly aimlessly
The acrid smell of desertion completes her

Sometimes I wish we could come to terms again
Because am hollow and void without her
But how can even say hi,
When all she got for me is resentment?



DEAR GOD

Dear God,
Give me the strength to work
To do everything wholeheartedly
Always doing it for your glory.

Dear God,
Give me the will to possess patience
To be composed even in trial
And to learn to wait for you.

Dear God,
Give me the urge to pray
Letting my requests known to you
And being thankful always.

Dear God,
Give me the wings to fly
To soar up high like an eagle
And to aim beyond the skies.



CONCEALED REALITY

Dawns arrived with a yawn
With birds chirping melodiously
He washed his face to remove the dried tears
And with a plastic smile on his face
He set out to face the world

Silent noons came,
With nothing but the scorching sun
He grew extremely weary
And his mask was slowly fading off
He longed for dusk ~solitude

When the nights grew darker and colder
And the crickets disturbed the outer peace
He sat in a corner in solitude
With a flicker of a candle,
A pen with black ink
And a flooded paper.



CURSED

Three years ago,
Mum and dad went to heaven, or so they say
They left the eight of us , with no roof over our heads

A few months after,
My little brother collapsed in the field
They said *mama* and papa wanted him

Days after,
My sister's hair dropped from her head
She looked like a zombie, so scary

As days progressed,
She grew thinner and thinner
And finally slept, never to wake up

So I've always been the witness
Of my siblings leaving one by one
Wondering where they went

Now the homestead is deserted
There's only one soul roaming; mine
Am I cursed as they say?

With these persistent coughs
And the dryness of my skin
I hope they will come for me too



THE LAST PRAYER

Spreading out the curtains,
I inhaled the fresh air from the atmosphere
My eyes gazed at a distance,
What I presumed to be heaven

With teary eyes and heavy heart
I conversed with the heavens pleadingly
I needed God's mercies more than any other,
Or so I thought then

A painful low cry startled me
My potency faded and I fell on my knees
Crawling to the crib, I saw her
Solid and lifeless...
My 22 hour old baby, never to flourish



SHE LIVED SHORT

In the morning, she was born
She suckled her mother's tits till noon
Her mum left her alone in this futile world

Her father came in at an arm's length
But he was weak too, he never saw dusk
She sucked her little hand and her eyes wandered in fear

Dusk arrived to the east, west, north and south
Darkness invaded the whole world
She ran in all directions, looking for a glimpse of light

But during the night, her potency weakened
She grew feeble as the clock ticked
And fell before midnight



NO QUITTER

Like sun at early dawn
It crouched at the entrance
Slipped through the tiny spaces
Finding its way to the core

Life was sweet
No suffering, no death
He clicked his tongue in rage
And set his mission rolling

Days, nights, weeks, months years
Traveling overseas mountains and grasslands
Bringing down soul by soul
Man died a slow painful death

Now centuries have passed
Still, he's not had enough
As the clock ticks, he hungers for more
He's no quitter.



DIRTY SHOES

Every ground she steps on
Gets plastered by pronounced dirt
The noses scrunch with absolute despises
Due to the stinking smell it announces

Every place she goes
People watch in disgust
As she makes careless steps
Soiling even the sacred of places

Everyone she encounters
Stares in utter wonder
She diffuses uncouthness in
Leaving one void of benevolence

She wears muddy apparel
With a white scarf full of blemish
Her eyes are dull and hidden
Dirty shoes are hers



THIS PARTICULAR MAN

This particular man
Is an enemy of humanity
Roaming aimlessly in the space
With sharp claws, ready to devour

This particular man
Climbs into our fortresses
In the stillness of the night
To disturb the reigning tranquility

This particular man
Stealthily creeps into our veins
And discharges the venomous clams
Leaving souls lifeless

This particular man
Seeps into our brains
And begin his mission
To rob us of all sanity