


DAUGHTER OF RAMOGI

Anthology Of Poems



Cliff Oyugi Kerage

(Poet The Mirror)



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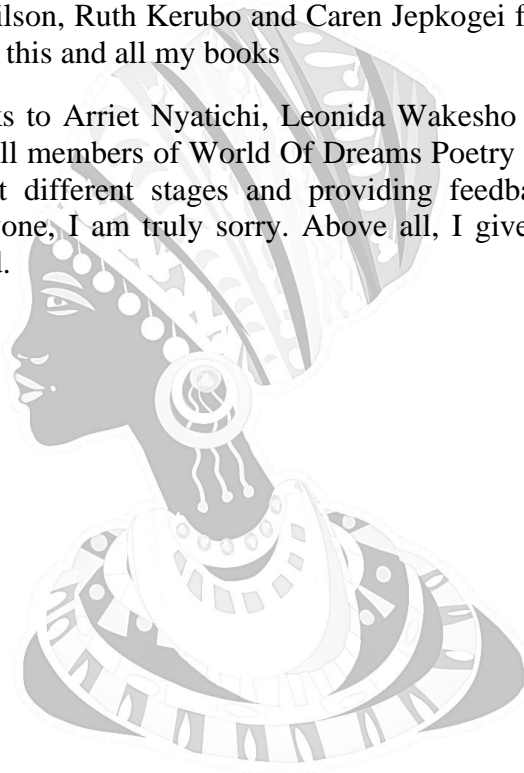
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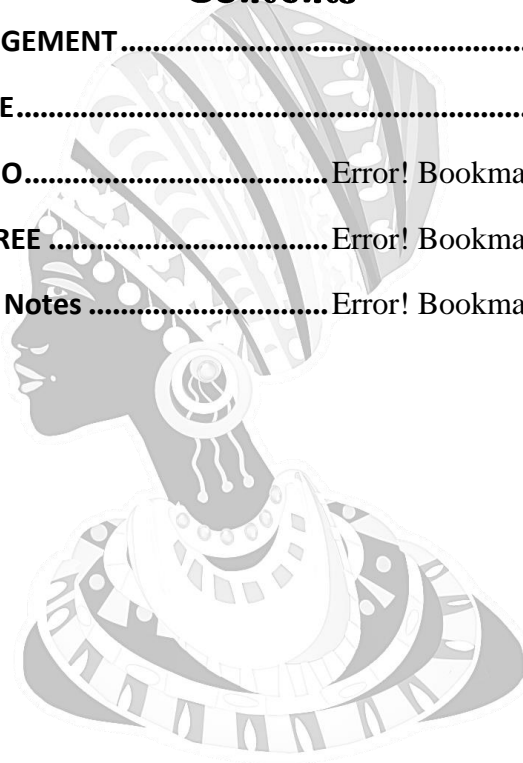






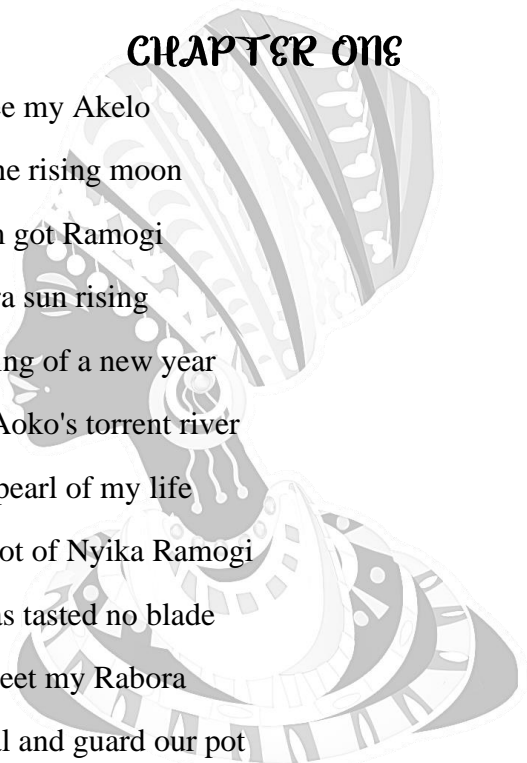
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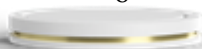


CHAPTER ONE



Should you see my Akelo
Daughter of the rising moon
Beaming from got Ramogi
Like the aurora sun rising
At the beginning of a new year
Driblet from Aoko's torrent river
The precious pearl of my life
Sprouting shoot of Nyika Ramogi
Whose bud has tasted no blade
Should you meet my Rabora
Tell her to seal and guard our pot
I will drink from it when time is ripe

Should you set eyes on Nyako maber
Well dressed in the heart of my soul





With fine and dark skin like espresso
Whose splendid figure resembles a wasp
Her neck slender like a bottle of whiskey
Who makes men turn heads to watch her gait
As she saunters down the isle of Alego like udo
Look no more, that's my aswito Akelo

If you ever talk to my Akelo
Look straight into her shady brown eyes
She lives in the surface of the ice in their iris
Tell her I miss the smoky smell of her clothes
I yearn for her talk flavoured with epigram
If she asks why I haven't come to see her parents
Remind her that I am the living legend
The great jaleny of Gusii Highlands
Progeny of Sakawa, the great seer
From the line of Otenyo Nyamaterere
Who single handedly killed Nyarigoti
I will pay her dowry without dickering





Should you meet my future wife Akelo
Remind her, she is one and only mikayi to be
Whose beauty makes angels lack sleep
Never have I cheated on her back
God forbid ! May thunder strike if I do

Have I not been faithful to my Akelo?
The daisy they gossip about is not my elang'ata
Her name is Naiseku- e- yeiyo - Kiti
The flourishing bloom from the Savannah Plains
Daughter to Ole Koinet of Ilmakesen clan
She came to seek refuge in our rosebush
Away from the ogre of emurata
She is a fresh sprout like the budding Akelo
Her bud has tasted no blade of befoulment
She lives in the smoky hut of my grandmother
Nursing the wounds of her pricked innocence

That reminds me Akelo
I hear you were betrothed to Okumu
Before you saw the light of the day





I am told the kenya is meant to cement the mutual ties
Between chief Rapemo of Ramogi
And chief Otieno from the great hills of Mbita
I hear suitors have been dripping into your fathers simba
Like the whistling torrents of Nam Lolwe
With the aim of plucking the beautiful bloom
Standing glistening among violets in your father's dala

I hear your face is soaked in tears of rue
Have you been sobbing in the smoky ot matin of Akinyi?
Have you forgotten who I am Akelo?
Is my name not Osoro the great?
The Endo of Gusii Highlands
Who roars from the hills of Bogetutu
Like the mighty trumpets of Judah
Am I not from the line of Otenyo?

Worry not my dear love Akelo
I will see you in the next market day
I will bring you a basket of ripe bananas
You know my favourite Akelo





The flavoured soup of omena with kuon

Be ibiro nyuoma?

Akelo, nyar Ramogi

Blooming daisy of the hills

The spring of Aoko's torrent stream

A home without a blossom is like an arid swamp

Nyako dher chak

They should have named you Kit Mikayi

For you are the rock for chief Rapemo's catapult

So revered like the stone of Luanda Magere

You are the fruitful tree of all seasons

I am told cockcrow finds you on toil

Smashing rock, breaking soil

Cutting logs, shifting wood

That your mother's granary is always overflowing

Whenever children are sent on errand

They are told to footrace like my beautiful nyakech

My sweet dichol

Whispers of your beauty have traveled fast like a rumor





Spread far and wide like the Victoria hyacinth
Beyond the valleys of Migori to the hills of Manga Isecha
They say you have a smooth, coffee coloured skin
Your eyes are pools of bejeweled water
Is it true that your crispy hair shimmers like a lake in moonlight?
Suitors are flooding your father's dala
All the way from Ugenya and Usonga
To the hills of Alego in Siaya
To witness the precious jewelry of Ramogi

Wait for me Akelo
I am on my way with my uncle Ogutu
The one I told you, who plays Orutu
I have carried along my grandpa's Obokano
Our culture's norm bars me from meeting my in-laws
Before my elders sit with the council of jodongo
Meet me at the shores of Lake Victoria
Let us listen to the waves' percussion
Under the moon so steamy aroused
Let us trip the light fantastic
To the flowing lyrical of steamy waters





Uncle Ogutu will play the tunes of Ohangla

Come and dance for me Akelo

Shake your bottoms that look like binary crescent moons.

Jahera Osoro

Hero from Gusii Highlands

My fearless jatelo, ja Ugwe

Even the king of the jungle bows to him with fear

He can raise a maduong stone with one hand

Okumu, the son of chief Otieno is not of his match

Jahera Osoro

The only man that managed to steal my chunya

Making me Akelo, the flourishing bloom of miruka

To lack sleep at night

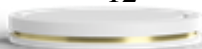
I will inform my father, chief Rapemo

About the planned visit of your people

To meet with the council of Jodongo

I will be waiting for you at the shores of the lake

To sway my hips side to side





Show you the beauty I, Akelo holds

I can't wait to be your dhako

Whoever says, beautiful ones are not yet born

Has not laid eyes on my Nyadhi

Blooming blossom in the hills of Ramogi

Well nourished with kuon and ngege

Jaber ma chalo kola

Her beauty speaks out loud to the plains of Rapogi

Have you seen her flavoured coffee skin?

Smooth and dark like oiled mahogany

Some say Nyasae created her in the cool morning

With fine clay extracted from sun rays

Moulding her posture into the Agulu

If you see her pausing like a lantern

Omera, this girl is an earthquake

She sends vibrations down my spine

Wuod Otieno can bare me witness

How my Akelo makes men feel shy

When she looks at them straight in the eye





Her mates call her Rambanya the lucky one
The only jaber with a gap between her teeth
Whose smile encircles cheeks with ripples
Akelo's gait resembles that of a peafowl
As she promenades down the river mos mos
Swinging her hips like two melons in a sack
Osiepna, this girl Akelo makes men weak
They can't bear the weight of a fly when she walks

If you ever talk to osiep chunya
Tell her she has no replica in Ramogi
Beautiful ones have been born
Blossoms have flourished and withered
But none can outstrip my aluru
Far and wide she is a scarce gem
No one else like the daughter of Miruka
Akelo is a rare species, awuoro

The falling sun of Nam Lolwe
Who melts not only the heart
But also shimmers the soul





A woman of iron

So full of stature

Well moulded body

Fine and smooth like sculpture of Tabaka

Long legs like a gangling udo

Ready to walk me miles

Tell Akelo, she is my mild one

I trust her like the sacred shrine

Woman of style

I have no reason to doubt her

I can't see

Love has blinded me

My heart is tender

My soul is slender

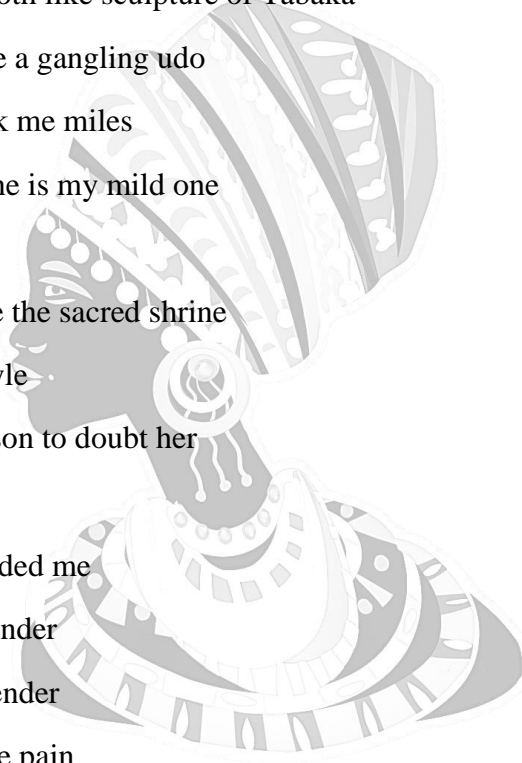
I can't bear the pain

Pure love only

I know,

Atoti has a golden heart

Her lust is tamed





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