

FROM THE AFRICAN LEFT
HAND INK

Duncan Kemei
[Duncan's the poet]

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DEDICATIONS

I dedicate this book to my family; my father Elijah Maiyo, and mother Bathsheba Maiyo for they are the pillars that I find strength and the urge to do more and more. Gratitude also to Darut, who has always made me feel supported in all my doings for she has contributed to the outcome of my first anthology.

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HORROR

Buried without a grave,
Without a coffin
Vultures, hyenas made a feast
In the open night club
Leaving bones out of his flesh

He had direly wished
To die and be buried in a golden coffin
With a stone grave
His crazy wishes in the diary
That there be wine for his funeral party.

That worked not out
For his bones lie out in the open
And not even water for the party
For not even a party was held.

CRIMINAL

Beside the road in the village
Under the whispering Cypress towers
Before the growling draught
I met a thief, who guessed I had
And innocent heart for her to steal

I gazed, her hair was that of a mountain sheep
Her eyes, brown black beans in milk
Her arms, and like wine gourds, her breasts
Her throat uttered fresh banana juice.

I touched, but long before I even tasted
My heart had flown into her breast.

WAIT

If you feel something like love for me
Don't let me know it now
When I feel nothing so certain for you
Wait until you conquer my pride
By pretending not to care.

If you think your beauty gives you away
When you know it will force the moment
Wait until our heartbeats settle
Then put your head on my chest.

Don't let us surrender into passion
Let's stop and look back,
Let's stand back to back
Let's draw apart and sigh
Let's say goodbye for the day
And walk our different ways.

If you find yourself interlocked
In my embrace
To kiss me and keep me silent
Wait until my hands are free
Then listen to me
Wait until our love is primed
Because at now, I feel nothing for you.

LET IT LIVE

I don't know how many times I should tell you
That I'm keeping this baby
Haven't I told you it's unethical
And irreligious to terminate it?

It's getting late Belinda
We have to do it
Besides, keeping it makes you no saint
In any case, we broke the rule already

Stop being sarcastic Wagura
I won't engage in such hocus pocus
This will cost me
For I may suffer hemorrhage and die

Be not scared, it will be quick and safe
All will be done
You won't even feel any pain
Then we're done with the snare

Wagura we're talking of human here
Not metal boxes
I will let it live
Like it or not

I HATE YOU

What again Belinda
I told you to heed to my advice
Now see what happened
I lie on a hospital bed

I'm so sorry Wagura
I never knew it would be this way
But then look at her
Beautiful and sweet

Yes, that is, but look
You're home, no school
Just because of this little thing
That you kept?

Wagura you are heartless
You talk no sense
And I'd not love to hear more from you
For I hate you.

ENVY

Sun burns, scorching the skin
Sun burns to kill next of kin
Casts the entirety to darkness
Until takes all boldness.

Shines red and myopic
Burnt ones go deceptive
Until fights turn epic
Until all go offensive.

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