

Mine that I Love

'Love is when you can't fall asleep
because reality is finally better than
dreams '



DUNCAN KIPLIMO

Uncle D

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DEDICATION

In memory of my late grandfathers JACKTON
KIMAIYO RUTTO, CHRISTOPHER RUTTO and
GEORGE SERONEY who instilled in us love, laughter
and limitless guidance and inspiration.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book's seed was set in me during my high school times at Meteitei Highschool whose teachers' love for poetry spiced my poetic life.

For the first part of this book, I greatly borrowed from my own life and times, especially the love life.

Of all the humans I know, Elijah and Bathsheba Maiyo greatly portray the core of this book-that of the undefeatable Parenthood, guidance and parental support.

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I'M MARRYING A NUTRITIONER

I am going to get married to a finer lady,
She is going to bear me sons and daughters
(Handsome and fair)

I am not marrying a poetess,
For our love shall be fictioned
We shan't know our true selves
I won't marry a poetess, I want love, not poetry.

I am not marrying a singer nor artist
Our love shall be sing out
And we shall gaze with uncertainties
I want love not writing and singing

I won't marry a pastor,
Preaching ain't my make,
"Praise the lord" each evening
When I want kisses and cuddles.

I won't marry a doctor,
My patience will run as she handles patients
She will book appointments with handsome sicks
I'll have to be surgeon, so I go nurse my heart back.

I am going to get married, yes to a nutritioner,



She will bring grapes and oranges for juice,
She will bring toothbrushes before we kiss,
We shall be healthier than before,
I will marry a nutritionist,
I want kisses, clean kisses, she will be there to offer.



MINE THAT I LOVE

Baby hold on,
My love hold on,
I want to touch you, the feel of your breast;
Such wine gourds, come let me caress you.
Let me hold you so near, dear let us chase automobiles
Let us live and forget the world
Because we don't need no one just us
Come, dear mate, let us fly high to vacate the world
Let us go underneath the ocean
Wash me oh woman, with your kisses
Touch me till I can hold no more
Let us surrender into passion
Come, lie on my pillowy chest
While yet you hold me fair
You are funny and sweet
You make me smile and laugh
Come with me, on the summer's eve, oh dear
So the sun wakes us up in the morning
While we lie supine, while we sigh, for the day
So we live, laugh and love
A day shall end, one, ...two...three...
Cause I need somebody to be there for.



A Meeting in the dark

“Don’t say a word, sit on the log there,”

That was Franko.

“Let her come chose who she sees best,”

Sheko was last to arrive.

She was the subject of discussion, the beauty Queen.

She reigned my heart, she ruled my empire.

I know she was going to chose me, yes, I knew.

She was the last best treasure without guard.

Great silence, no silence would speak, dearest

In the twilight I could hear

Her silence spoke of him, Franko.

I could not break its spoil.

Hopeless, I dared no more importune

She had betrayed our liberty,

I wondered if the black bearers engrave in her freedom.

I plung to her feet, “Sheko No!”

She kicked me off

I got no alms but scorns of beggary.

“Let her go!” Franko again,

A meeting of three, one is agonizing.

I would in no way hurt her, Franko would at times.

I loved her without hope, a mute offender

what jealous pangs, what shy desparity

I love her now until I die



For I must love because I live,
And life in me is what she gives,
But a love is betrayed.



Because I miss you, love.

Today I sat my arse on a rock
Then I thought of you, Love, I miss you,
Love I miss you,
I admire your pulchritude.
I keep remembering that last kiss-
The one you shared with me, the other day.
I miss you,
I miss your lips, ruddy lips,
The taste of your saliva
Moving down in my gullet I need you

I'm bored and shipwrecked in the soil
I got nowhere to go,
I have your voice all time
I wish there were any possible way
For you and me to hug again right now
Because I really miss you.
Your absence has made me realize
The absence of your presence.
Your hugging, your kissing, your ability to make me
laugh,
And how much I feel wholesome with you,
Is all that makes me want you more.
I wish we had freedom to do that which we like
So that right now when I need you the most;
You be with me, to laugh and talk, and talk and walk.
All I'm crying for is your nearness to me,
When your body presses hard against mine,



Because, my love, I miss you.

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