

Embracing the shadow

Poems from the heart

For learners and lovers of poetry

ALVIN M. N. MWANIKI

© **Alvin Mwaniki**, 2023

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the author.

Names, characters, places, events, and incidents are products of the author's imagination and any resemblance is purely coincidental.

ISBN-13: 979-8373-91-539-7

Published and Printed by **Elong'o Publishers**

P.O. Box 944, Narok Kenya

Email: info@elongopublishers.co.ke

Website: <https://elongopublishers.co.ke>

CONTENTS

PART ONE: THE GIRL CHILD

- Who Stole My Cake?
- It's Not My Fault
- Cries of Agony
- Devil's Reincarnation
- My Education; My Priority!
- My Brother
- My Kitchen, My Recipe

PART TWO: THE BOY CHILD

- The Stolen Crown
- What Shall I do?
- I Will Survive
- The Epitaph

PART THREE: POLITICS

- Whose Cassava Did I Eat?
- The Chef
- Thank You!
- The Camera
- The Big Fish
- Will You Marry Me?
- Terror No More!

PART FOUR: SOCIAL ISSUES

- I Have a Reason to Smile
- Young but Dumb
- What Better Beauty

PART FIVE: SPECIAL DEDICATION

- The Mighty S. M.
- Wee Amba Ūtīge Thome!

DEDICATION

I dedicate these poems to my progeny: Earnest, Prince and Juliet. May yours stars always shine bright.

PREAMBLE

The following poems were scripted majorly to be performed during the Kenya drama and music festivals. The poet was inspired by the current affairs that were trending during various seasons.

The verses have been performed at various festivals with some qualifying to the national level.

This book is meant to serve various functions such as recreation, education, sensitization, motivation among others.

Some questions have been provided at the last pages which would be very useful to students who want to hone their knowledge and skills on matters poetry.

PART ONE: THE GIRL CHILD

Who Stole my Cake?

How do I describe my situation?

This unexplainable protrusion,

The tingling sensation,

The morning indisposition,

Is it an allergic reaction?

A kwashiorkor symptom?

A strange reaction?

Did someone steal my cake?

Don't give me that look!

Deserving of a crook,

You make me puke!

Twas by fluke,

I got into this yoke,

My innocence he took,

His mischief I now cook,

But he's not off the hook,

I'll bring him to book,

Do you know who stole my cake?

Could it be you, classmate?

During that revision date,

You tampered with my geography,

Confused my biology,

Then came the chemistry,
Before I could say, "Wait!"
I had already swallowed the bait,
That business sealed my fate,
Could that be how I lost my cake?

Could it be you pastor 3:10?
In your vestry came for prayer,
Casting spirits with such a flair,
Then, descended a spirit so weird,
Your 'holy' hands slid from my hair,
And sneaked down my chest,
Began to press, caress, undress...
One thing led to the rest,
When you finally said, "Amen!"
I feared my cake had been stolen.

Could it be you dear uncle frank?
I got you from the gutter dead drunk,
Walked you home hand-in-hand,
But at the Honia river bank,
Twas after the sun had sunk,
Threw me down like a potato sack,
I used my all to fight you back,
But you were stronger than a truck,
Could that be how I lost my cake?



Could it be you, *bwana* honourable,
As you rode in your big black Prado,
That lift you offered was such a gumble,
How could I have been so gullible?
What you did is far from honourable,
You bought my silence with one big bundle,
But even bigger is this scandal,
Could that be how I lost my cake?

It takes two to tango,
Why am I alone in this limbo?
Should I carry his trophy alone?
Shouldn't he also put on a crown?
Should I carry the evidence alone?
Shouldn't he also put on a gown?
Please, tell me, tell me,
Who stole my cake?

It's Not My Fault

It's not my fault
That my eyes are lovely
My teeth are radiant
My cheeks are chubby
My skin so smooth
I've just been fed well

It's not my fault
I've grown so fast
My body has enlarged
My bust ripened
I've just been fed well

It's not my fault
That you admire me
Though still a child
Of mummy and daddy
And still schooling
I've just been fed well

It's not my fault
Smitten by my beauty
Your blood boils
But when you beckon
I turn you down



I've just been fed well

It's not my fault

You faultily desire me

Your hair rises

Your heart palpitates

Since I'm so attractive

I've just been fed well

It's not my fault

When I'm walking by

You lose control

Don't you rape me

I'm still a child

I've just been fed well

It's not my fault

That boys my age

Irresponsible husbands

Even prominent men

All desire me

I've just been fed well.

**Continue reading by purchasing the
ebook**