

**AFRICAN
EXTREME
POETRY**

**Collection Of Poems
By**

BRIAN DREDAN SIMIYU

Copyright © 2020 **Brian Dredan Simiyu**

All rights reserved

This publication may not be reproduced, in whole or in part, by any means including photocopying or any information storage or retrieval system, without the specific and prior written permission of the author and publisher.

First Edition: September 2020

Published by Elong'o Publishers (<https://elongopublishers.co.ke>)
and printed by Elong'o Publishers.

This book must not be circulated in any other binding or cover and you must not impose this same condition on any other acquirer

ISBN 979-8-730-62196-1

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

For the moral, psychological and financial support, I'd like to acknowledge the following;

Mr. Makerious Wakoko, lecturer at Kibabii University and a great friend over the past 4 years. I'd say this whole project traces an inspirational source to him.

Benta Nekesa, a teacher at Bungoma High School. Technically, her silent support has been of great impact to this project.

My dear brother, Brendan Wafula (Lawida Leche), a singer and song writer who is always dedicated to ensure I'm morally and financially stable.

My dear sister Sentrine Naliaka. I'd love to give the best of life to you, for your support each day has awoken the dream I had. I love you dear.

Staysie Minage, a great friend, close than ever, ensured I stay focused and in deep contact with the whole process of writing.

Allan Masiza and Maliq Wanjala, since day one, these two have been a touch.

Finally, I'd like to acknowledge the DRE POETRY WhatsApp and Facebook followers who have been sharing and commenting on my poems.

Table of Contents

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT	iii
INTRODUCTION	9
HE WHOM I MARRIED	11
SHE THAT I MARRIED	14
AT OLD BUT AGILE.....	18
EFULA NAFULA	Error! Bookmark not defined.
WHAT'S LOVE...?	Error! Bookmark not defined.
OLD NASINYE	Error! Bookmark not defined.
GENTLE BELINDA	Error! Bookmark not defined.
PICKED AND PACKED	Error! Bookmark not defined.
THE NEW TOOTHBRUSH	Error! Bookmark not defined.
DENIAL	Error! Bookmark not defined.
SENJE	Error! Bookmark not defined.
OF PAWS	Error! Bookmark not defined.
OF NATURE	Error! Bookmark not defined.
MY NATIVE, OF TRADITION	Error! Bookmark not defined.
THE EQUIVALENT.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
THE BACK LOAD	Error! Bookmark not defined.
THE FAGRANCE	Error! Bookmark not defined.
THE AGILEST	Error! Bookmark not defined.
TARTERING ERUPTION.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
DULL GROANS	Error! Bookmark not defined.
MAMA	Error! Bookmark not defined.
I NEED REST	Error! Bookmark not defined.
THE STALK OF PAIN	Error! Bookmark not defined.
AT THE SIGHT	Error! Bookmark not defined.

SPEAK NOT **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
HEART HOT AIR..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
I HATE LIFE..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
DON'T IF YOU DON'T **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
XENOPHOBIC AFRICA **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
XENOPHOBIC AFRICA II **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
BEHIND **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
COLD WOUNDED **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
DEAD REST **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
MASTER KILLER **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
MELODIC FEELING..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
LUCIA..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
IN LOVE WITH BEST FRIEND..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
THE WRITING RAIN..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
CONSUME BE CONSUMED..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
DO I?..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
PAIN TO CRY **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
MOMMA IS A WITCH!..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
BARE AND OLD **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
SHE TAUGHT ME..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
MARRY HIS GIRL **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
THE BLIND OBSERVER **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
IN AGONY..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
NOT SUZANA, NOT MAGDALENA **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
AKINYI..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
PICK A LEAVE **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
AWAY THE UNCOUTH. **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
THE VAR **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
DEEP LONER **Error! Bookmark not defined.**
LIGHT OF DARKNESS..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

CRIS MY HEART.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
THE CHARM WIZARD	Error! Bookmark not defined.
A LETTER TO HER.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
DEPRESSED LETTER	Error! Bookmark not defined.
SOUR GOOD.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
DREAM OBESITY	Error! Bookmark not defined.
DAYS GONE.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
MY SUITE	Error! Bookmark not defined.
OF DUST AND LOVE.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
THE WATERS	Error! Bookmark not defined.
THIS CALAMITY	Error! Bookmark not defined.
DUSTY TIME	Error! Bookmark not defined.
NATURE	Error! Bookmark not defined.
BOW	Error! Bookmark not defined.
MAD	Error! Bookmark not defined.
MEADOW.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
I'D WANT.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.

INTRODUCTION

This anthology is my first ever published poetry book. I've been dreaming of this since I started writing and thus called myself a dreamer.

As it comes to pass I put down a poem about the dreamer living inside me, dre-amer;

I'm Brian son of Simiyu,
Born Dredan in Central hospital, down
Into the green estates, from which I believe
I drive my inspirations.

I'm a dreamer, and my dreams don't dream
For me,
For I lead me into the dreams that I want
To dream about.

Dre from Dredan,
But I derived the dre from a dream,
For I dream to be an elite,
Sit with the elite club,
Eat on the elite table and dream on
The elite bed for the elites.

I dream to derive a dream from sleep
And live the dream in the world of dreams,
For if I wake up from the dream I'll die a non-elite,
No waking up from the dream.

I was born left handed but I left
The left side of my thought on the left overs
By the compost pit,
I write with the right on my right hand,
For rites don't write my rights, they're defined
By the right honourable, Mr. Constitution.

I'm a dreamer, I'm Dre, dre-amer
Sleeping through the days that I write
To ensure I go through rites of passage,
For I left the rights of the left hand
On the left coach in the right room...

HE WHOM I MARRIED

To you my elders,
Opong', the man I married
Is an insult machine,
He blows horns of abuses to me
And sings songs of torture each morning,
Opong' lives like an old mad man,
Talking only when he's insulting,
My elders,
I'm talking of he I married.

He says I'm too old to know his ways,
And leaves my food unattended to,
He warms not my bed in nights,
He says he'd better watch overnight
Moving images on a screen on the cupboard
Than spend hours with the primitive
Woman of his elders in bed,
Opong', the man you gave to me,
His tongue sour than diluted ash,
That lands shame on my heart,
My elders,
I'm talking of he I married.

My elders,
Opong' is sweet and bitter,
Sweet in the sense that
He's open to me, doesn't hide him,
But bitter like venom,

For he volumes my heart with pain,
He says he wants modern wine,
He's tired of the old school beer,
He says he wants better food,
Not the chinunga
The ash vegetables I make daily,
He says he wants not the naive
He was given for a wife,
He wants a build up high heeled woman,
My elder,
To you I speak of Opong',
He I married.

On the wake of yesterday day,
My elders,
He poured me food on head,
Claiming that I put more salt,
He called me rabbit,
Saying that I'm a sweet woman
Made of bitter creations of the village,
He said I deserve not a modern man,
Who has schooled in London, England,
Who has met every capacity in a woman,
Not to go by his elder's choice.
My elders,
To you I speak of Opong',
He I married.

He wants me to wear make ups,
That's what he says,

He wants my waist to swing like
The merry-go-round,
And bowed out of my dresses
Not hidden like a virgin's,
His tongue is vulgar,
Taking me rounds in shame,
My elders,
To you I speak of Opong',
He I married.

A taboo at home,
In my house lives a young woman
Her skin,
Blended by oils and powders,
She's too clean to enter the kitchen
But insults my food
When I serve her laziness,
She's too modernized
To drink from a Calabash,
But doesn't leave a drop of
Sugarless porridge,
A taboo broke into my home,
My elders,
It's Opong',
The man you gave to me,
He's too modern to house
A primitive woman I am.

SHE THAT I MARRIED

Listen to me,
Oh my people,
I speak to you with a bitter heart
A heart that has bled an ocean,
I speak to you with no confidence,
About the woman I married,
Aladeen,
She's an insult,
Not by mouth but character,
An insult,
Listen oh my people.

Listen to me,
Oh my people,
Aladeen, the woman whom I call a wife,
Is not what you gave me,
She's too wide for me,
Her mouth lacks not a bitter threat
When I approach her weird behaviour,
My house has been turned a walking park,
Coming in late into the silent darkness,
She feel heavy with the long
Pointed shoes planted on her feet,
And her eyes glowing red hot,
But I'm not to say a word,
Listen oh my people,
I speak of Aladeen,
The one I married.

She wakes me up early to cook her breakfast,
But has no time to taste a yam,
She wants sugar coated cakes and
Tea with milk, thick as slippery mud,
But has no time at home,
Has no time to feed my old Nabangala cow,
She has time for church seminars and
Work trips,
Listen oh my people.

Aladeen,
The big modern woman,
She I married, dances late into
The night,
In a town pub,
With loads of lustful men around her,
She sips contents of bitter water
Like a strong urban man,
She strikes the street with noise
Soon after leaving the luxury pub,
Walking to my home with demand of food,
Not wild vegetables, but tomato coated beef,
And puff!
She dived into the land of dreams,
Listen to me,
Oh my people.

Listen, oh my people,
I'm not a man anymore,

I eat not from the pot you gave me,
I starve for months before a taste of it's soup,
She says she's too tired to open the pot,
Too tired to spend time feeding my watery mouth,
My people,
I'm no more man,
For there can't be proof of manhood
Without a seed at the doorstep,
But Aladeen says, she can't be tired of my seed
And leave the luxury pub,
I'm no more a man,
Oh my people.

Listen, oh my people,
On the farm season,
Aladeen leaves before the cock crow,
She claims to have appointments,
Appointments of life for work,
But,
My people,
She walks to the office not for appointments,
But to feed him from the pot you gave me,
She goes into the morning darkness
To avoid a hand on a jembe,
So I'd plough and plant,
While she gets ploughed and planted on,
Before uprooting the new seed inside,
My people,
He's eating from the pot you gave me,
Listen today,

Oh my people.

Listen to my tears,
Oh the people of my land,
Aladeen isn't one you talk of to me,
She's not black as coal,
She bears a beard, on her chin
That makes her more of a man than me,
She groans in anger when I talk,
And whips my heart with pain,
She doesn't acknowledge a seed for an heir
That I fear I'm the last of my generation,
The pot,
Oh my people,
The pot ain't mine here,
You have to give me a second pot,
Give me a polite and humble pot,
To cook and eat from it, to feast and smile
On inside it,
For I'd want an African one, deep into customs,
One who'll bend so low in respect
Not the modern one who wipes off beers
And drinks away all bananas they give,
Listen oh my people,
My heart is bleeding,
Save me from death.

AT OLD BUT AGILE

She's old but agile,
That who bore me, full of agility,
My bearer
Walking from mountain to mountain,
Night dances still fill her feet,
Her window wide open each night,
And the inner of her clothes
Thrown on the floor of her house,
The one who bore me, she's still agile.

Walking across the darkest night
You'd meet her skin swinging rounds,
Her face covered by hands
When one seems to focus,
But her feet stop not from stepping
Out in the most silent night,
She rears smiles for the night,
Beating the biting of the cold night,
The one who bore me, she's still agile.

Days ago, I knocked at her door
But heard no response,
Hit her door,
Got no reply,
Her window wide open,
Late into the night?
What for?
She was out dancing, in a lone bush,
Out spreading her voice across

The old village, the village she once
Was a nude stranger,
Without a piece of writing on it,
Now she runs across the paths
Terrorizing people with wails,
The one who bore me, she's still agile.

Her daylights always silent, with innocent smiles,
Hitting the jembe across the surface of the Earth
Without a show of guilt around her face,
She's of a big heart,
Feasting with all in her home,
Feeding strangers asking for thirst quenching liquid,
And singing in the church choir,
But her nights are busy,
They're full of drama and films,
God's suit on her,
She'd climb a tree and moan like an old monkey,
The one who bore me, she's still agile.

Listen to my heart,
She is the only one I have,
For a look at human
But the nights that run her busy
Sends me to dreams of no outcome,
Dreams of pain crushing the head,
Dreams of nights not adding up,
She's the one who bore me, brought me here,
But her agility breaks my soul,
My eyes cry without a tear showing

So as my heart groans in pain clusters,
The one who bore me, she's still agile.

**Continue reading by
purchasing the ebook**