

# A Salty Kiss...Poems Of Despair & Lacrimation

Bernard Gabriel Okurut

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*This poetry anthology "A Salty Kiss" is dedicated to my readers allover the world, my lovely friends*

*Joyce Albright, Isaac Ebwol, Tracy Majo and all fellow students of Language and literature at Kyambogo University. I love you incomparably. It is also dedicated to my long days of meditation,*

*reading and writing.*

*Glory be to Jah, he makes all things happen.*

## **Acknowledgement**

I owe my success to The Almighty Lord, God...nothing is possible without him.

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I don't have enemies (but if you think you are one, I acknowledge your uselessness in my life).

## About the author

Bernard Gabriel Okurut, a.k.a Blackfut Oracle is a Ugandan poet, singer and songwriter born and raised in Uganda, from Bukedea District. Okurut started writing poetry during his early teenage years in 2013. He is the author of "The Noisy Silence" a Ugandan poetry anthology, available for sale on Amazon. His works are known for carrying a lot of imagery, his wit and pun is exceptional. Okurut is a singer who uses his stage name "Blackfut Oracle" in the musical world. He is a student of English language and literature at Kyambogo University, and a former student of Mass communication at Kampala International University. His works range from short stories, poems, essays and creative nonfiction available for reading on various literary magazines all over the world. Bernard Gabriel Okurut is also the founder of "Psychic Poetry" an East African student poets Movement, he is an enthusiast of creative writing who dedicates most of his time to reading and writing, research and advocating for rights of children and creating platforms for talented young writers in East Africa.

## summary

Demons

I am only a mortal thing.

This coward I have become.

For without you, I don't know who I am.

I hate dawn.

Farewell to the woman I loved - and love still

A Salty Kiss

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## Demons

In the night, I wrestle  
With my demons.  
In the day, I conceal them in a smile.  
I embrace bitterness  
And hide ugliness.  
Like a dissembler, I act.  
Though deep inside,  
I wrestle with twenty thousand and three villains.  
I hope you don't become the twenty thousand and fourth.

## I am only a mortal thing.

Why should you come like a thief at night?  
Wrapped in a mist,  
So dark a cloud!  
Seek you not to suck my blood?  
Rip my heart out  
And put an end to my brief life?  
Fear me not,  
For I am only a mortal thing  
Which in no time will expire.  
I rebel not against fate's desire.  
If you must pay me a visit,  
You're welcome, I won't resist.

## **This coward I have become.**

I almost speak up,  
But your beauty shuts me up.  
I guess I need your help  
To overcome this coward I have become.



## For without you, I don't know who I am.

Perhaps,  
...but a few lines of poorly written verse  
Won't speak to your heart.  
Am thinking of a bad joke not to crack,  
Lest I upset you and break my heart.  
Heavy sighs  
And silence paint pictures of you  
At the back of my mind...  
Save me from myself,  
For without you, I don't know who I am.

## I hate dawn.

I hate dawn

It brings with it a harsh,

Arrogant, cruel day.

I hate hate dusk-

For the cold lonely nights

It ceaselessly throws at my door.

I hate dusk and dawn,

I hate them both.

## Farewell to the woman I loved - and love still

This sweet cruel pain doth comfort me,  
Tears of anguish will keep me company.  
Beauty takes her leave, nostalgia comes in...  
Sorrow will take your place besides me  
Farewell to the woman I loved - and love still.

## A Salty Kiss

Harden your heart not,  
River-like, let the love flow.  
Touch me the old places,  
The pores of my skin your hands by name know.

Save me from this love limbo,  
My heart longs for only yours.  
Kiss me a salty kiss,  
That kiss I have found on no other  
mortal lip.

Stop me not from falling  
Into your river that runs deep,  
But kiss me a salty kiss  
And let me drown in my sleep.

## Vanity

*"Cattle and fat sheep can all be had for the raiding,  
tripods all for the trading, and tawny-headed stallions.  
But a man's life breath cannot come back again...."*

Lend me your mind's eye,  
Open the gate of your soul's ear and listen  
to the song of my sick heart.

It is a song for us who squandered our breath  
And drunk our lives in golden cups of wine.  
It is time's call, inviting us to our final place of rest.  
Us who sought warmth in glittering breasts  
And comfort in blazing thighs.  
It is a tale of the countless sins committed  
By our bloody hands that often held our eyes.

It is now a small world  
For us who viewed life through a deceptive magnifying glass,  
Us who traded brotherhood for worldly beauties  
And rejected humanity, fearing old age and obscurity.  
Darkness was our Purity,  
And evil, our holy communion!  
The stone of the ten commandments we left not unturned!  
We defiled gods, humans, angels and demons.

Listen to the song of my sick heart,  
This stranger to morality....  
But judge me not, for judgement too is vanity.

Where is the glory that we killed for?  
Of what worth is pride!  
What gained we by murdering Christ?  
What happens of us in the world beyond the reach of our eyes?

Will silver, gold, loot and plunder  
Bribe death from stopping by for us?  
Will our riches shut the gapping mouth of time!  
We built castles all-round the world  
But mighty death will not give a damn....

Of what value are legacies  
To restless men baking in the seventeenth parish of hell?  
To gain a world and lose a soul!  
.....what a bargain!..... the choices we made!...  
Wandering in the dark,  
Searching for nothing but our glorious fall!

## Tomb of the living dead

***"Through me you enter the city of woe  
Through me you pass into eternal pain  
Through me among the people lost aye,  
ALL HOPE ABANDON YE WHO ENTER HERE"***

Dark black streets flood with yellow pus,  
Red-hot blood drips down the stinking walls.  
A wounded kob speeds past a starving crestfallen crane,  
A cloud of dust.....  
Tattered drums, coughing children and rotting grain,  
Footprints of the best dancer who never leaves the stage.  
Kakoma cries to God,  
***"we lay the future in thy hands"***.

Fat swine swim downstream the Nile  
Belching, grunting and making love.  
Piglets and mole-rats drag the book of laws  
Deep down the tomb of the living dead,  
A place where the just are condemned.

The serpent seats on his golden throne  
***"for Satan and my country"***  
His disciples patriotically sing.  
He pronounces judgement upon the saints  
And crosses their names out of the book of life.  
Death is the price they pay,  
For virtue in this country is a great sin  
And the wage of such a sin is death.

The ground is dry and barren,  
Crops no longer yield any fruit.  
Guns and ammunition have taken the place of food,

More weapons instead of hospitals and schools!  
Arrest warrants and birth control pills,  
For us who raise not our thumbs  
And on our faces, bare not the yellow mark of the beast!



## Shoot On Sight

Call fire from heaven upon those hopeless sinners  
Who rebel against God and their country.  
Set their homes ablaze and drive their cattle away.

Parade the black Mambas on their doors,  
Trample down their shambas  
And shutdown their bank accounts.  
Raid their homes  
And rape their school going girls.  
Castrate the boys and maim the mothers.  
If the fathers rebel, shoot on sight.

Secure the future with a gun,  
Baptize with fire, paint the streets with virgin blood.  
This nation deserves a Passover,  
The more we kill, the more the future is  
Secured.

Shutdown schools, set Makerere on fire.  
Give not their orphans an education,  
Cripple their minds.  
Take away an education from them  
And gift them with ignorance.  
Kill the pregnant mothers, suffocate them during child birth.

Give the fat juicy jobs to our own  
And make sure that there is nothing "they" own.  
Clear the streets of mouth that yawn, for...  
"We shall never wait for karamoja to develop".  
Shoot on sight, secure the future with a gun.

## A Shithole Of A City

I live in a city built on seven hills,  
Poverty, ignorance and disease!  
Corruption, tribalism, police brutality  
And dictatorship.

I live in a country  
Where leaders cannot wait for Karamoja to develop.  
This cursed corner of Africa,  
Where women sell vaginas for a living  
And recruit young virgins  
Into the vagina trade at an early age.

A shithole of a city  
Ruled by dung blocked eared leaders  
Who only listen to our cries when  
Our mothers storm the streets naked!

A country with nothing to show  
But increasing death rates, inflation and cars  
Stuck on muddy potholed roads!

The stinking urine from statehouse  
Floods the Nakivubo channel to our  
Bedrooms,  
Our sons are hacked to death by those  
We pay to protect them!  
Our daughters seek refuge in brothels.

## Forty two days .

And after fasting for forty two days  
and forty two nights, we were hungry.  
And the tempter came and said to us,  
*"If you are really sons of God,  
command the stones to become loaves of bread."*

By this time, our ribs you could count.  
To their graves our children fell, one by one.  
Death healed many a broken hearts,  
Leading them down into the house of the dead.  
Some the poison took,  
Others by rope their lives took.

Our teary faces did for food plead,  
*" just a little food and water please,  
for these our condemned souls".*  
But with thunderous contempt barked he,  
and reminded us...  
*"man shall not live by bread alone,  
but by every word that comes from the mouth of the law."*

Terribly paralyzed I was by how the devil  
scripture by heart knew.

And then the devil took us to the holy city  
and set us on the pinnacle of the Temple  
and said to us,  
*"if you are really sons of God,  
throw yourselves down at the Black Mambas,  
Kiboko squad, Boda Boda 2010."*  
*for its written,*  
*"He will command the angels concerning you,*

*and on their hands, they will bare you up  
lest you strike your feet on stone."*

I was gasping for breath,  
I was salivating and wishing for bread.

Again the devil took us to a very high mountain  
and showed us all the kingdoms of the world and their glory.  
He said to us,  
*"All these things I will give you if you fall down  
and worship me, board the yellow bus and raise your thumbs in my praise,  
or else... you will ask for fish and will be served with human flesh."*

## Good people in chains

Ask me where the poets are  
And I will show you a heap of bones  
Rotting in a cold prison cell.  
Ask me where the singers are  
And I will show you thousands of men  
Sleeping quietly in mass graves.  
Ask me where the writers are  
And I will show you maimed and mutilated men,  
For good people are everywhere but in chains.

The drum has been silenced by a gun,  
The guitar arrested and the flute assassinated!  
The piano has fled to exile,  
The library burnt to ashes  
And the librarians sentenced to death!

Ask me where the actors are  
And I will show you Stella Nyanzi  
Bleeding helplessly...  
Ask me for the artists,  
And I will show you miserable faces  
Wrapped in a cloud of terror.  
Ask me where the good people are  
And I will show you heavy chains  
Squeezing their necks...  
With the mad man's "order from above".



## **Pain unspoken.**

Oh love....

Speak to me not with your serpent tongue,  
For I know the venom from your fangs.  
Beckon me not to your bait,  
I have been a victim of your tricks and lies.  
Hold me not captive,  
I loathe your cold touch.  
Tempt not my greed,  
For beauty has made me fall a thousand times.

I refuse to lend you my heart,  
Not another time!  
You are such a violent fellow,  
Hating peace and loving sorrow!  
How many hearts have you broken?  
Too much pain unspoken.

You ruin and go unpunished,  
Your reputation untarnished.  
Oh love....  
You are such a violent fellow,  
Hating peace and loving sorrow!  
Your lies I resist,  
From your lust I desist.

## **The sun has fallen ( A tribute to fallen Tanzanian hero, John Pombe Magufuli).**

The birds will not sing, for the sun has fallen  
And darkness blankets the village like a mist.  
Widows mourn and gnash their teeth,  
Little children wail and hurt the earth with their feet.  
Despair fills the sky,  
The singer's throat has gone soar.  
The banks of the Nile flood with tears  
For the sun has fallen  
And darkness blankets the village like an eclipse.

The king can no longer hold tight to his spear,  
Death pricks his heart with fear.  
There is mourning here and there,  
For the sun has fallen and silenced the lion's roar.  
Africa weeps for her sun,  
Tanganyika is dumbfounded.  
Pombe has gone to rest with his elders,  
The brave fathers of the land.  
His soul hovers above the tree of the black panther.

Kilimanjaro's foundation tremble with earthquake tremors.  
They weep for a future lost.  
Africa weeps bitterly for the untimely departure of its hero.  
Like the sun, he rose every morning  
and shone upon the land.  
His golden rays healed and comforted the land.  
His smile wiped the orphan's tears,  
His hands gave food to the hungry stomachs.  
Now he is gone, Africa yawns.



He has fallen,  
And silenced the lion's roar.  
The Alkebulan sun is growing darker with grief,  
Africa is getting darker and darker.  
Pain stings the heart of friends and relatives,  
The whole village is silent,  
For John Pombe Magufuli has fallen  
And fear blankets the village like a mist.