

Anthology of Brian Otucho

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To my mom, Consaliah Nyang'ara, poets and aspiring pilots.

Acknowledgement

I acknowledge my high school teacher(at Kapsabet high school), Madam Sharon who encouraged me to write poems. She always read poems to us and had a good knowledge of many poets.

About the author

Brian Otucho was born on 2nd September 2006 in Kisii, Kenya. From childhood, he loved music and learnt to play the piano by class 6.

He then was admitted to Kapsabet high school where he is currently studying. He has learnt to play some music instruments here such as French horn, trumpet and cornet.

Brian loves writing short stories and poems although they have not been published yet.

Brian aspires to be a pilot after his high school.

summary

A Sleepless Nation

I Will Return, Mom

The Marriage Life is my Shepherd

The Crossroad

Freedom

I am Amazed

I Will Return, Mom

Many feet below

A New Dawn

Savannah Grasslands

The Pacific waters at night

A Sleepless Nation

In my country,
the poor do not sleep-
because they are hungry.
The rich also don't sleep,
because they are rich.

The poor man has a den of lions
Huge,angry, hungry lions in his stomach
The lions roar every time.
Njaa is killing him.
But nobody is willing
to put his stick to the dying fire.

The rich man has countless wealth.
How he gained all of it, I don' know.
His home is beautifully built and decorated,
but has an enormous wall around it
has tight security;
CCTV, watchmen and dogs.
Yet-he has no sleep.

The poor man has his small mud hut
He is proud of it
no fence, no watchman, no CCTV
but he has warmth within,
However, he can't sleep
because his stomach- it is a den of lions.

Rich man at night as he sleeps,
a branch falls striking his roof,
He wakes up, his heart a voodoo drum.
A THIEF!
A cat falling utensils, he wakes up again

Yet he has a wall, watchmen, CCTV and dogs.

So the rich man also lacks sleep,
No! He doesn't sleep, just like the poor man
But for the poor man, it is his stomach
while he- he worries for his wealth.

Then who will sleep in our nation?
At least for one whole night sleep comfortably!
We have a nation of sleepless men and women.
Nobody sleeps,
A Sleepless Nation

I Will Return, Mom

Hunger-stricken with rugged clothes on my body
I have served here like a madman.
Beaten up and insulted.
Graveyard silence like passing through hell
No space for me to rest
No space for me to sleep
No space for my Hurt head to reflect my life.
What mistake did I do
that brought to me this punishment?

Oh hawk that flies so high
in the sky
You know what burns in my heart.
Is mom still standing, waiting for me
When she gazes over here?
Oh my mom, I'm coming home
I'll return, may it be death.
Even if I return, a corpse
Cut to thousand pieces,
I'll return home.

When I get through this wall
to that side where there's sunshine.
I'll return mom...
Even if it may be death.

The Marriage Life is my Shepherd

The Marriage Life is my Shepherd; I shall not want
It makes me lie down in a squeaky bed.
It leads me into emotional stress;
it restores my faith in my wife's whereabouts.
It leads me into a spendy life, for my wife's happiness' sake.
Yeah, even though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of quarrel I will fear no woman
for my fierce fists are with me, their punching power comfort me.
They preserve for me a winning battle, in the presence of a quarrel.
Surely poverty and quarrels shall follow me all the days of my life;
and I shall dwell in an oppressing marriage life forever.

The Crossroad

The sea is not blue.
It's a mere reflection of the sky.
This I knew when we came to the crossroad
and you vanished
leaving me alone.
Everything grew dark
for I knew not which road to take.

Freedom

I know what the caged bird feels.
It no longer twits as it did;
that song it used to sing
as it perched on petals, sucking nectar,
is no longer heard.

That song it sung
in the morning when I wake up,
I no longer hear it.
The cheerful song
has changed to a silent prayer
-hoping for freedom.

The bird is lonely.

Not that I don't care.
I have tried many times:
buying it from the seller
and then let it to the air.

But the hunter traps him again
and puts it back to the cage.

How long, then,
will I buy, free him
while the hunter is trapping
him again?

I surely know what that caged bird feels
But what can I do?

I am Amazed

I always wonder
When I look at this bird
I really wonder.
How a bird survives
during the storms.

How does it survive?
During the harsh whistling wind
that shakes the trees vigorously?
Doesn't its nest fall?
I wonder.

I always peep out of my window
when the storm is over,
and I see the bird singing,
repairing its partly damaged nest.
I wonder how it survived
the biting cold.

I am amazed.

I Will Return, Mom

Hunger stricken with rugged clothes on my body
I have served here like a madman
Beaten up and insulted.
Graveyard silence like passing through hell.
No space for me to rest
No space for me to sleep
No space for my hurt head to reflect
What mistake did I do
that brought me this punishment.

O hawk that flies so high
in the sky,
You know what burns in my heart.
Is mom still standing, waiting for me
When she gazes over here?
Oh, my mom, I'm coming home
I'll return, may it be death.
Even if I return, a corpse
Cut to thousand pieces,
I'll return home.

When I get through this wall
to that side where there's sunshine_
I'll return dear mom...
Even if it may be death.

Many feets below

I stare at the setting sun
I feel its warm embrace
I stare it from this isolated hill
on this island of Fuu.
I see my Hope's sink with the setting sun
together with the red rays.
I thought it was a nightmare
that you've left me all alone.
They had already told me
- the world.
But I refused whatever they said
and believed that you're always with me
till this day I received your letter,
the letter that's this coffin
being lowered into the world
(many feets below.)

A New Dawn

The big black clouds over the sky
gath'ring together forming shapes
of images, I wonder why.
Folded in these clouds are secrets.

The red setting sun at the far
horizon, like scissors cuts thro'
sending red rays to lands afar
and also the islands of Tuu.

Behold, sunset is coming soon
as the lake glimmers under the sun
But, from here I smell a new dawn
Delicious dawn on our islan'

Savannah Grasslands

Son,
be careful when walking
between this tall grass,
very tall with rustling leaves,
an attractive scene.

But there's some entangled grass
you may not realize.
It will trap you,
It will make you fall, my dear.

So, boy,
be careful in every path you take
for this grass is like a knife.
It may cause cut marks
on your once pretty skin.

You may not realize this
till when you're going to rest
under the gigantic baobab tree.

The Pacific waters at night

They repudiated me, their God
Invincible was what they claimed to be.
Telling the world about their gigantic ship
And nobody, even I, would sink it.
Now, where are they?
Into the cold waters, they went;
Cold, cold, cold Pacific waters, at night.