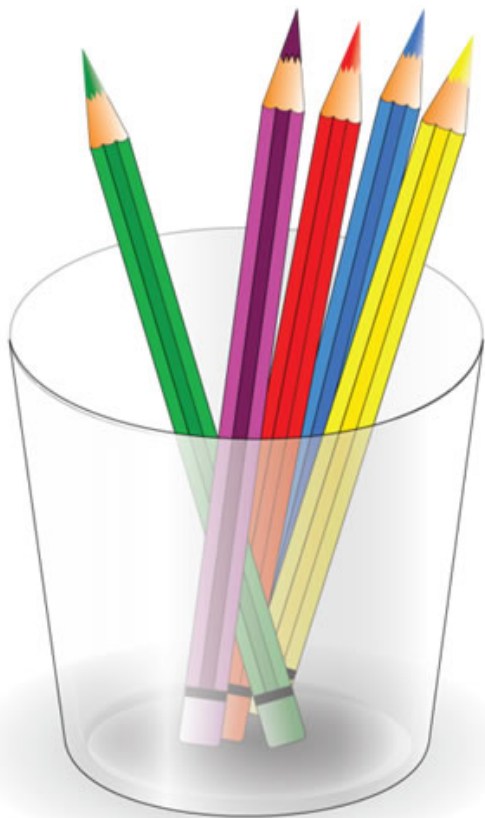


Anthology of Sakwa Francis

Francis O Sakwa



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

This work is dedicated to all lovers of poems

Acknowledgement

I thank my mom - best friend ever who has always encouraged me when no one else did

With a warm heart I give my credit to poetic side may God bless you abundantly for choosing to publish my work

Best of thanks to my all teachers who have relentlessly showed love and effort in developing skills in my education journey

About the author

Francis Sakwa is a fervent fan of honour , loyalty , and chivalry.

He brings to life worlds where men and women stand shoulders to shoulders, steady in their desire to make the world a better place for all people.

He is an author of several poems including
" Show me Africa"

He also runs his own business as a freelance editor and virtual assistant for other business owners.

In his free time, he likes to find libraries, obsess over stationery and all things planner related, read , play karate , and play video games.

Francis resides in Western part of Kenya .
He received his Bachelor degree in Education Arts from Kisii university

summary

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A covenant by His Blood

The mighty voice whispered across the nations
A voice of true hope and redemption
In the midst of broken humanity
He shed his precious blood of new covenant
The blood that speaks better things throughout generations

In our flaws and failures
Jesus has raised us to new life
What a manner of love is this
No condemnation for those that believe in His name
For his blood has reconciled us

Sin has no grip in our lives
In the battle Jesus is mighty
In his assured victory we walk
We sing unto God who saves
No shame no guilt only grace abounds

Out of a foreign land of oppression
God called his people with open arms
He paid all debts through His only son
Spreading his wings over jaws of fear and death
By his blood he blotted out evil ordinances

Not by law not by works not by religion
But through his blood nations are made free
Chains of wickedness are broken before him
Believe in his name and be saved
Times of ignorance are over.

A cry of Black Man

A heart is pricked with arrows of bitterness
Today seems no better than yesterday
A wound in my heart is a breaking news
My voice lies dead in a ballot box
I no longer cry tears but blood

By the roadside she cried and wept
Her strength was sapped and drained by hunger
Birth pains developed, sharp pricking sensation cut her
A cry of new born was heard, a cry of Black Man
I saw her eyes turn red her body became cold

If I were to smile, tears would betray me
No medication, no towels, no food, no water...
A new creature didn't survive, it cashed in its chips
Gunshots were heard, bullets became breakfast
Vultures gathered, carrions become their feast

Like floods, life carried us in refugee camps
Strange disease sprung up, a cry of Black Man was heard
Newspapers were written, writers were employed
People died like flies, human heart became calloused
It began with a vote, all hopes were shattered

A cry of a black man ,is a cry of change
To set the mind free from cages of war
A light is shining on a black land, if only people can see
Space stations on a black land , can become a breaking news
It begins with a positive mind, yes it can be done.

A lost Generation

When fountains of life are forsaken
The only springs of hope being blocked
When our wells dry and cisterns are broken
Where is the true hope for this generation?

Their gates no longer opens for good
Each day is a fine opportune time to kill
In every city and town there is bloodshed
Mind is poisoned and soul has no peace

They feed on their fleeting pleasure
Born today only to die before they are weaned off
Their bodies are painted and sold out on streets
Daughter and fathers share same bed

I am part of this lost generation
Crooked and warped offsprings
To them day and night makes no difference
Their appetite drives them to graves

Where are the pillars that guided our ancestors?
When true love existed on their marriage bed
Sex has become a shopping list
Anyone with money can purchase it

Who are the wise in this age of civilizations
Who feed our children with pornographic drink
Our mothers are displayed naked on screens
Dirty games are the joy of their callous hearts

It's a lost generation with no future
Black veil covers their eyes with no hope
Travel around institutions of higher learning

They are training camps for thieves and swindlers

Is there hope left for this plundered people?

Yes, there is light shining and spreading its wings

Only to those with seeing eyes and understanding heart

What are you doing to save our generation?

A New Cigarette

It's here with us inside our pockets
One calls one answers one tweets
It's smokeless but can be seen
No hands but controls the mind
Addictions flows in it's shanks

Lives are lost through it
For it kills concentration and focus
It's claws are ugly with poison
No real friends are found though it
It robs happiness from society

It's another kind of competition
New packages are delivered
First internet and preferred storage
It's appetite drives loots in town
No peace one calls one answers

Young generation have succumbed to it
Ugly and shameful acts are committed
Crimes and life threats in its puffs
Time is wasted all day on it
See beyond on what can be looked at.

A small Sin

Deep into these dark end time ages
When everyone seems to be confused
To the selected family of God Christians
Who assuage gossips among brethrens
But open scriptures for hell to homosexuals

Tasteless! Tasteless! The salt is tasteless
Shouting on the pulpits is not anointing sometimes it's annoying
Where is your light to shine on this generation?
When you're okay with small sins
Jaws of pornography are eating up our generation

Who has given devil a chance
When scriptures are twisted with lying lips
Money are looted from orphanage as tithes
This is a small Sin
White garments of saints are soiled

It's Spirit against flesh and flesh against spirit
Spirit gives life but flesh counts nothing
Which side are you?
The war is not against flesh but against all principalities
Against all powers of darkness and evil forces

All are sinners who have fallen short of God's grace
But why do you design hell and heavens among you?
Sin is sin and the wrath of God will be revealed
To homosexuals and lying "Christian's" all alike to be judged
But why die in ignorance when Jesus Christ sets free?

Darkness! Darkness! When lights are off
A cruel blade of fornication devours the saints
Watchers are a sleep enemies gains entrance

Just a little time everything will be shaken
Check your foundation and strengthen your feet

There is still hope and light of peace
For God is pure Love
Why be enslaved by sin?
Call on the name of Jesus Christ
Arise! Arise! And shine.

A wasted Degree

Several years counted
Their hearts grew weary of prophecy
For their king had forewarned them
"A big snake will crawl on their land"
Some thought of killing it some thought of fun

Behold , every city has a prophet
Some to feed their bellies some to salvage
Finally, a snake crawled on their land
It breathed smoke and separated villages
" Age of civilizations" began to birth

Their culture were termed as archaic
Men who feared trousers and canned meat
People equally to baboons with no future
Schools were built to teach sense
Degrees were offered to test brains

Young men were flown to foreign lands
To equip and build academic muscles
In gymnastic rooms of classes they studied
Mental muscles were build by foreign cultures
But " hearts " became calloused

They became educated fools with degrees
Superior celestial research were done by them
But they forgot to search true love for humanity
Lands became polluted with wasted degrees
Enlightened priests denied true theology of God

Villages became wasted pits
No fear of parents was taught again
A young man with no wife but with seven children

They flee to streets and turn to be thugs
Where is the degree you studied for?

Africa, Scratch Your Belly

How long will you lie down with discomforts?
All pollutions are forced down your throat
Your only hope of survival is in dustbin
You sleep on your treasures without consent

Scratch Your belly to find your resources
Develop wings of an eagle and fly
Don't settle on hills but on mountains
Let your belly be allergic to corruption

Your children survives on crumbs
Your sons are shot on foreign streets
You nurse the wounds of skin colour
A spark of change strikes in your belly oh Africa

You have build castles in foreign lands
All energy has been sapped and drained
A hunger in your belly is evident
You have drunk enough poison , your belly murmurs

Your own children deserts you to foreign lands
Some are looking for green pastures only to starve and die
Your sons are buying coffins in new worlds, their minds are poisoned.
You open your mouth and force them down in your belly

Call your people and play their tunes
Listen to their melodies and dance to their rithym
Civilizations are under your belly
All your hidden potential codes can be scratched

African Race

One thing must I do dear me
To quench my pride and cool my feet
For I have set my face as a flint
To run this race
It's African race

Like Waters of River Nile
So is like my blood flowing in my dark skin
The change I desire
The visions I see
Tis too is African race

It's a spark that ignites fire
Warmth of African loins where life resides
It's not a race of warships
Nor a convoy of rockets to the space
It's a race of purity and serenity on our land

Not by a mistake not by a luck
It's by a divine order of My Maker
To set my right foot on starting block
A heartbeat! Du!Du!Du!
Encryption of my heart: You win we win.

Animals Think Better

Once I was in a park and I saw
Unreasoning animals , creatures of instincts
How they multiply to raise their offsprings
It was a male lion mounting female one
They think better than men

Once I was in a foreign land and I saw
In the midst of technology and Civilizations
Men made in the image of their God
Reasoning beings , creatures of insight
Doing unthinkable before my eyes

Once I returned in a zoo and I saw
A Giant Panda feeding her young ones
She disciplined those that went a stray
And in the evening she gathered them around
All the night she watched over the little ones

Once I observed in human society and I saw
How orphans were being treated
Thieves and swindlers drove them to streets
Fathers failed to look after their own families
Society became flooded with unruly creatures

Once on my tour to oceans and I saw
On my capsizing boat I cried for help
A pod of dolphins came to my aid
On their backs they carried me to offshore
They smiled broadly at me and dived back

Once walking on streets and I saw
Traffic lights turned red and I was crossing
A voracious driver knocked me down

In my pain I saw " selfies smartphones"
My friends wrote on their websites " RIP"

I returned to forest and I saw
Bees were busy in their empire
No greed nor self ambitions in their society
Maximum cooperation produced their honey
I fell in love with animals

Am Deeply Concerned About Black Land

If bells of wisdom could jingle
How many black people will hear?
If melodius tune of change could be sung
How many black brothers and sisters could dance?
On black land dreams are real

Why do we settle on crumbs on dining table?
Look, think ,reason , dream , above all wake up
Education is no longer a key to success
Black Land is surrounded by rich criminals and school dropouts
Fools occupy government positions, where are the learned?

Am deeply concerned about black land
Things that unite us don't matter to us
World cup unite us yet it's not played on our soils
Funeral homes unite us yet it's only sorrows and wailing
All fruits of our labour lies in basket full of holes

On the table of civilizations
A cake is spread and decorated with fine speeches
Super powers gives direction on how to cut it
Every power with its own share
Oh black land when will you be free?

We don't wrestle against black magic on black land
But against ignorance, deception and false fantasies
Gambling won't make us rich but our deserted fields will
Through knowledge and skills black land will fly
Breaking limitations is not done through fine speeches but through hardwork.
Yes it can be done.

Become Useful

Ideas are conceived
Let your ears be attentive
Plans are drawn
To Mark a change in every season
Focus and become useful

Great men are born though they die
The ink of their work remains
A history they wrote still speak
On your grave a word will be written
What are you doing with every opportunity?

Everyday is not promised
But it's a chance to change our world
Put a smile on a wounded soul
Become useful to that dying generation
If you can sing , let your lyrics heal

If you can write , let your message bring hope
If you can teach, then revive crushed souls
You can't do everything yes
But something useful can be done by you
I am because you're if am useful

To a generation without hope
Strive to plant seeds of hope in its soils
Somebody became useful one day
And we got bulbs on streets to shine
You can shape our society , if you become useful

Black Donkey Became Tired

A land was quiet, love was a language
In its environment, a tranquil haven of peace and serenity ruled
Green Cypress danced joyfully to the tune of wind
Streams of pure water competed to unleash their lives.
In its palace, Black Donkey ruled perfectly.

A strange voice was heard on the land
The sounds of galloping hooves of strangers
A palace was invaded, a king was deserted
White horses were on the land, a race began
Strong to survive, war of cries filled air

Fields were scorched, jaws of hunger sapped the land.
Flaming sticks of strangers consumed the palace
Black Donkey fought, all His courage was spent
Arrows of betrayal drained all strength
A palace grew weak, it was reduced to shreds

A steeplechase race continued, Black Donkey Became tired
A palace was divided , White horses reigned
Boundaries were drawn, King and Queen separated
Freedom was gone, epitome of power became a fantasy
A Black Donkey pulled a cart, all His fodder was gone

The same cry was heard in a neighbor's yard.
Love was no longer a language, all subjects groaned
Young ones lacked milk, crumbs of bread were seen not eaten
Strong governors were taken captive to foreign lands
All day long , they worked in the fields.

A ray of hope stroke His mind, a king remembered
Children learned wisdom, knowledge became power
To fight and restore tranquility on the land , was a call

Courage became a partner, feeble knees were strengthened
A king doesn't die, He only loses his power

White horses were gouged , A black voice roared
Freedom was restored, a wounds failed to heal
Ink of boundaries of divisions, dried and bolded on the land.
Eyes saw freedom ears conceived hope , but mind was still in a cage
White Horses bled, faintly walked back to their land.

Black Skin is Not A disease

On the six strings of musical guitar
A song has been heard, harps have been played
Great minds have discussed, smart ears have listened
Lips with wisdom have spoken , mics have magnified this song
I can change my language but not my skin , I was born black

Black Skin is not a disease not a cloth that I can change
My ancestors were black our soils are black so I am black
My DNA is black only red blood runs in my black Skin
Why hate me when love knows no any boundary
I didn't choose this skin it's a great gift from the Maker

I know my origin you should know yours
If today we were all to go home
On the gates of entrance and in the land of hope
Yes, Garden of Eden is our origin
Why hate me when we have same origin

A wound in my black Skin continues to fester
All antidotes of racism are spent
A black Skin is now a disease on the white lips
My skin is my judge on the table of civilizations
All my ideas are rejected

A mind that can't think it's still in darkness
With black Skin you will know a man am supposed to be
My people cry they have believed a lie of unworthiness
A black man should have filters in his ears
White injections have been made to rob us our identity

Light is still shining
I can change my tune with vocals but not my skin
In the mind of Great Architect I existed as Black

A black ink drew my identity on black land
Let no one cause me trouble.

Boys Don't Marry

Amara is tired
Amara is wounded
Amara is betrayed
She thought to have found him
The one to be merged with her

The first night with him
Gently touch and soft kiss
Her heart leapt like a wild gazelle
When his testicle bells hit her thighs
Amara squealed

She has missed her period
Her breasts are tender and swollen
Amara is vomiting in the morning
Abdominal pains bites her
She is sick with mood swings

Nine months are over
The fetus's eyes and pupils are more developed
It's time to push
Amara is alone
Amara is bleeding

She's carried off by paramedics
The blade cuts through her
She wriths and groans in pain
Her angel safely arrives raising alarm
Amara's child

His phone is off
His address is invalid
He was last seen with Jane

Rumours have reached Amara
He is planning to marry Jessica

Amara is weak
Amara pays all the bills
Amara's child is sick
Amara carries her child to hospital
In a hospital she stands behind a young man

He's speaking to a doctor
To give him more rubbers
There is a night dance to attend
More gardens to be ploughed by him
He's done , his eyes meets Amara

Amara is shocked and terrified
She drops on the cemented floor with her child
Jerry's head meets the floor
It bursts open splashing blood
Jerry passes on

Darkness and silence!
He took to his heels
Across the highways cars tooted
Undercarriage there he went in peace
His body lies next to Jerry.

Common Sense

Ignorance is the language of a fool
Why fret and fail to do what's right?
Our streets are stinking who has sense?
Water pipes clogged men waits for a plumber

Common sense is everywhere but not common
Look how birds flips and fly in rows
Lions knows when to growl in their dens
Human mind is in a cage why destroy our planet?

Educated mind is friendly to nature
Enlightened heart preserves springs of life
When rules are broken tears floods society
Industrial wastes in rivers when managers are degree holders

Common sense is expensive pay homage to it
A heart full of pride is a thorn to a bag of knowledge
A degree without sense it's a history without a proof
Old men dies with wisdom libraries are burnt down

It's no longer taught in schools
All curriculum without sense it's a poison to the mind
Think about young generation and build a bridge
Surround a village with pillars of sense for this it will flourish.

Dead Springs

Sound the flute
Deep calls unto deep
Who's wise among my offsprings?
All are lame and invalid

Hands stained with blood
Blow trumpets to the east
Wisdom sleeps no one is safe
All springs are poisoned

They used to fly and perch
Look around they have deserted
No place to call a home
Arrows of betrayal sank in their hearts
Oh! Lung cancer! Air I breath
Stomach ulcers! Water I take
All springs are dead
Fight for your springs

Everlasting Perfect Joy

He stood at my door knocking
Every day I heard of Him
I decided I will open my door for Him
Oh , what a perfect joy He brought in
Jesus ,Jesus ,what a wonderful name it is

In Him there is fullness of joy
My mortal body didn't fully house Him
For his joy was breaking me into pieces
Oh how I laughed uncontrollably
Oh how I wept in his Holy Spirit

Hearthens thought I was insane
Yes I was, but not in wine and drinks
Oh till you meet Jesus, till you meet Jesus
He's a live , Jesus is the saviour
Precious friend to keep ,is Jesus

Some think am writing madness
Oh yes it's , but not carnal mind
For who can fathom His ways fully?
It's His Holy Spirit in me that gives joy
Some are filled as they read this

His heart is full of joy and love
Jesus loves his children every moment
Iam a testimony of His love
I know this by myself
Welcome home and be with Jesus

Don't speak of the adversary
Devil is a defeated foe and powerless
I walk as if it doesn't exist

Only my eyes fixed unto Jesus Christ
The Author and Giver of eternal life amen.

Every Wind Carries A message

No one knows where it comes from
It blows to wherever it wishes
No one knows where it's going to
To a thousand generation it has spoken

To the lazy it says " work hard"
To the weak it says " be strong"
To the sick it says " be healed"
Every Wind carries a message
Its waves goes beyond seas and oceans.

Sometimes its lips are full of thorns
Don't kiss it for it hurts
Our beloved ones are gone for it speaks
Morning till evening it ceases not
Today we don't know what it will speak

Everyday its mouth is full
Trees sways to and fro when it raises its arm
Rocks are reduced into dust when it roars
Clouds are swept and cleared from the sky
Everything goes with its flow when it leads

Today when it speak be strong
Don't die with its depression speak like it does
For it's not afraid with its message
Show love today for you will win
For we all sail with our message like the wind.

Foolish Education.

Who are wise in this crooked generation?
Western springs flows endlessly to dry places
In parched and wasted valleys they rest
Every day in class to learn
Only to die in ignorance

Who are educated juries?
When discernment is an enemy to their minds
Who legalize same sex marriages without shame
In class they sat to learn
Only to poison their hearts

Who are enlightened priests?
When holy Spirit deserts their bodies
Only to fall in hands of seducing spirits
When rights of evil ones are protected on pulpits
Only to die in sins

Who are brilliant scientists?
When children are specimen to harmful chemicals
Evil is the business of their minds
Who suppress truth and deny only True God
Only to thrive in folly

Who are wise Christians in this age?
Who profess to be followers of their saviour
When fornication is the air they breath
But who acts mad to homosexuals
Only to die in darkness.

Give Us A Break

Oh miserable Africa,
When will you find peace?
A heavy laden you carry on your shoulders
You're despised and disrespected
Hell worms have landed on your land

A foreign culture with iron claws ,
To devour and cut off your offsprings
Your young girls and boys altogether
Where will your next generation spring forth from?
When boys to boys tie knots

We are tired of your ill behavior
You're a monster on our land
We know your footmarks
It's full of blood and revenge
Where are our ancestors you killed?

When you step on our land
Yes, that black and glorius land
A red carpet is rolled out for you
But your feet poisons our green grass
Your handshake drains our values

Ignorance has become your language
When mother nature speak sense at your doorstep
You fail to wake up and listen
A man shall marry a woman
Were you born of a man and man?

Give us a break
Africans can think and reason
Allow our wounds to heal

We are still mourning for our ancestors
Africans are beautiful.

Go Tell That Fox

As long as am here breathing
I will press on to reach my goal
For divine assignment awaits me
I hear Satan roar and plan to kill me
Go tell that fox , I have Jesus Christ

Through adversity and prosperity
My knees forever married to ground
I am a soldier who fights best on knees
I see my generation arise and fly like eagles
Go tell that fox, I am the temple of God

Though sickness afflict my flesh
I will arise and enter His Holy Gates
In his presence I choose life and not death
I call upon his Majestic Name and he hears me
Go tell that fox, By His stripes am healed.

Yesterday today tomorrow forever He is
He changes not for He's not a son of a mere mortal man
In my camp I rejoice in his presence
I hear rumours of war in my ears
Go tell that fox, I have the Prince of Peace

For I swim across oceans of this world
I have decided to keep my head above its currents
For I won't wallow in mudpits of these systems
I hear of microchip and evil digits of six six six
Go tell that fox, I have been marked by Holy Ghost

For I hear that Satan roars like a lion
Seeking to devour helpless and weak
Who's this that has no defence in Jesus mighty name?

Open and read eternal constitution of the living GOD

Go tell that fox, it's written I will not die.

God Is Not for Sale

Who shall speak and teach us these things?
A wound in my heart continue to fester
That which was begun by the Spirit
It's now perfected through flesh
" Sow seed" has become a language of the saints

Blood of the saviour no longer speak salvation
But money power fame and prosperity?
Anointing oil and prayer clothes for sale
Lazy gluttons steal from innocent souls
Freely you received now with money you sale?

Wake up from your slumber oh saints
Let the dew of the morning wash your eyes
Let streams of life spring forth from your heart
The way truth and life remains to be One
Who is this that will purchase God?

Preachers have become looters of the saints
With sweet and perverse doctrines they loot
" Don't touch anointed" a coat on their lips is seen encrypted
They forget to imitate the Anointed One
Heaven is not for preachers but to those that does the will of God

God's business is not money and silver
But transformation of sons and daughters into His Kingdom
God is not for sale but for save
Take courage and sail through His word
His Son is standing at your door knocking for free.

Graves In the Churches.

There is a plague on our land
Yes, one kind of bubonic
In our hearts and minds
These worms infiltrates and kills
Tears and dry bones each day

It's a monster that kills
Gullible and unwily are its victims
Spiritual fantasies stains their reality
One kind of anointed , one kind of miracles
Their throats are open graves

Magic and evil incantations
Innocent blood floods pulpits
It's a den of thieves but a house of hope
Who is hurt? Who is spared?
It's a wall of prison and a heavy load

Praying clothes and one kind of 'oil'
Buy stickers to protect your house it's a sermon
Whose business is this?
No light in these graves
All people are a sleep

Fear is cheap people buy it
It has turned them into psychopaths
Fasting and praying to be rich
A veil in their minds , graves
Let truth speak , know it and be free

He is The Message

Jesus Christ

Hearthens are asking daily
Who are you Lord?
For you're the Message of life
A thunderbolt in the camp of enemy

Jesus Christ

Some say you're a mere messenger
A religion say you're a son of Mary
But who are your my Lord?
For you're the Maker of Heavens and Earth

Jesus Christ

Some are looking for you in heavens
Asking where are you Prince of Peace?
For you're here with saints replying
"Go into the world and preach my Message"

Jesus Christ

People are lost and looking for a way
Some asking in religions where is the way?
For you're the way truth and Life
Who was ,who is and who is coming

Jesus Christ

My friends are looking for joy and peace
Some asking where is true happiness?
For you're the giver of joy in the Holy Ghost
Gladdening the hearts of those who believe your Holy Name

Jesus Christ

Some are looking for great names in history
Asking, who was the greatest king on earth

For you're the Great IAM who lives forever
Your name is above every other names

He sets You Free

Once you were dead,
Now you are alive,
Make sweet melodies to Him,
He who has set you free,
His name is Jesus Christ.

From eternity to eternity,
A man without a race,
A man with only future,
From His mouth comes redemption
He gives life to dry bones.

Once you were not a people,
But now in his name you're saved,
Proclaim His name to nations
Sing unto Jesus the Saviour of mankind,
He who forms the mountains and seas.

I know Him by myself,
For He first loved me in my sins,
While I was still a sinner,
Jesus set me free and free indeed
Go and tell my enemies I am free

I was born poor into this world
But now I am full and rich,
For His precious blood has washed me clean
To inheritance that cannot fade away
For all things belongs Him.

From captivity to freedom
I am a testimony the world's looking for
From miserable life to a divine message

He stood in my place and died for me
Oh death where is your sting?

Wipe tears my dear precious people
Render your hearts before him
For He's the Great Physician who heals
He binds broken hearts with his word
He revives nations after three days

Once you were lost in sins
Now you have been found in salvation
Be fruitful and multiply in His name
For He's glorified that you bear fruits
Justice and righteousness reigns with Him.

Some were fugitives on foreign land
He made them owners of heavenly treasures
By his stripes He brought healing
He abides in me forever amen
Tell my brothers and sisters I am free indeed.

He's not far from us dear saints
We worship Him because His Name is near
Cast down every doubt and fear
For the missiles of hell have been quenched
Stand in the Lord and let devil flee from you

Open the womb of a barren woman
For the world is waiting for the next Apostle
Let closed destinies splash open
The fountains of Life break loose
For the King of kings is coming back

Walk like free people
For you have been redeemed from High
Repent and call upon his name

Cast your heavy burdens unto Him
For He sets free, free indeed

I will go Back

I know my identity
Therefore I will arise
With truth and determination
I have set my right foot in history
Goodbye shackles

I long to see you black land
To smell sweet aroma of your freedom
My blood boils in my veins
When I remember "Isukuti" dance festivals
In my chains I cry

Tell momma am coming
Show Papa leg irons have eaten me
But tell my people my skin have not changed
I am still black a son of Black soil
Found in banks of river Yala

There is a plague in this foreign land
That eats my own skin and blood
Evils are the mind of our masters
My sisters are sex toys in their masters bedroom
Our values are destroyed

Across great oceans we sailed
Uncle Mandla fell sick and weak
With chains on my hands and legs
I could not help him from those fierce wolves
His body was fed to sharks

Tears is my food and shame my close friend
No maps no direction but I have decided
I am coming back home

Our masters are not people
They are beasts in white clothes

Their white hands are full of innocent blood
Their mouth is full of viper's poison
Don't allow them in our homes
For they are coming to enslave you again
Fret not I am coming back home

In His Presence

Who's this that speaks to the mountains
Who calms the storms and ravaging seas
Who forgives sins and restore nations
Who ascended in grave and swallowed death
He's anointed one of God, Jesus Christ.

In His Presence there's healing
He sits on mercy seat and forgives all sins
Surely He's fast coming to His creation
We were wounded but He healed us
No shame no guilty let's rejoice in Him.

I hear the Saviour say today,
" Gather my faithful ones in my presence
Let my sons and daughters dance and rejoice"
Where are those who reviled His Holy Name
The pure in heart sing , " Hosanna, Hosanna"

In his presence prisoners are set free
Camps of enemies are deserted by His word
For He stretched His right hand for salvation
For anyone who believes in his name has life
He's author of faith and peace to all flesh

Sing and call all people into His Presence
Let the sick be healed in His holy name
Crushed bones rejoice in his holy Spirit
Darkened hearts be washed in his blood
For his precious blood speaks better things in us

There's life abundance in His Presence
His garment is anointed with oil to heal
The straps of his sandals am unworthy to untie

His hair is pure wool of heaven
His belt is truth that flogs the devil

Once it was spoken twice have I heard
All power flows from His Holy mountain
He's the head of every power and authority
He's from everlasting to everlasting
Jesus is the essence of all that matters.

In the heart of Black people

The glorious sun shines on a black land
Rays of hope illuminates fruits of our labour
Whatever was began in our mind in our heart we bind
We are not yet free till we enjoy our own fruits
Western springs promises life but only poison our hearts

Their wells are full of vipers
They sting and kill my people
With lies decorated with deception
My people are prey in jaws of strangers
Their bodies lie lifeless on foreign streets

Better a dead body with identity
Than a man who Can't trace his origin
We have believed a lie that we are not worthy
All deadly vaccines are tested on our black skins
All humanitarians slept when help was needed

All refuse find their tracks in our land
Expired cooking oils are sold in our supermarkets
Who cares about black people?
Enemies are our own government
Who is stealing from us?

In the heart of black people there is a still voice
A voice of change and equality
Echoes of sons and daughters of our land crying for change
You can make poison in your labs to kill us
But our voice in our hearts will still echo till our people are free.

In the Mind Of Great Architect

The sky is a colossal carpet of fine arts
With twinkling and dancing of stars stills the soul
The sun smiles broadly upon face of the earth
In her beauty the moon dances all night
Heavens are filled up in the mind of Great Architect.

Search keenly in the nature
Nature is beautiful, quiet and serene
Nature is the forest, with it's many shades of green
Around me the trees stirs in their leaves
With sweet melodies that heals the wind chants

It's the arm of the Great Architect
His finger measures the depths of oceans
With wisdom He lays rocks beneath the earth
He decorates underground with fine gold
Light shines forth from His beautiful eyes

The waterfall's babble and trickle whenever it pours
Wild ox quenches her thirst in the flowing streams
Trees sways to and fro and dances in harmony
Droplets of rain from the sky, oceans are filled up
A shoal of fish play and kiss their young ones

In the mind of Great Architect men are made
Black people first ,yes, great fine tough with muscular system
The beautiful rich color of black man
Frizzled hair of the negro with delicate physical organization
Then all whites are birthed to add number to the arts.

Whether black or white or red
In the mind of Great Architect all are equal
In his mighty and glorious arm all have life

As rivers flows in their streams let peace flow in our world
Search the nature it's the mind of Great Architect

Iron Mask

Trod in footsteps of her history
Perhaps you will uncover hidden mystery
It's a journey to walk and discover her ministry
When eyes grow dim and conscience turns into casuistry
No vision no breath no smell all efforts are sophistry

Desire to speak with no freedom
She can't allaud her children in their stardom
In a foreign land with discomforts all is boredom
All her wealth and strength are in private fiefdom
Her children are slaves and wanderers in their heirdom

Identity is lost and burried
All virtues in her offsprings are impaired
It's hot it's heavy eyes turns red
A future that was aborted her people wallow in ocean of blood
A spectacle to the world all her fields are plastered

She is a slave
Her children departs at tender age to grave
No smile no laughter no speech she's told to behave
All her vain fruits are gathered in basketweave
It's dark it's dark it's a grave

Lost Voice Of Africa

A shofar was blown, a sound was heard
Our cities are occupied ,men taken as captives
Arrows were cleaved , quivers were full of them
A voice was heard in Ghana, " What are we waiting for?"

Great heroes fought, a history was written
Black soil turned red, hills were covered with oceans of blood
With tankers and missiles, strange voices were defeated
A voice was heard in Ethiopia, " Africa must unite"

Strands of three cords, sprung up like shoots in East Africa
Great teacher arose, his lips were pillows of wisdom
In his mouth, a voice was pure as the driven snow
" If a door is shut, attempts should be made to open it" a voice was heard in Tanzania.

Umbilical cord was cut off, black man became free
A voice of strangers was wounded , his coalitions bled
A freed man rejected to breath, he began to faint.
A voice was heard in S.Africa, " regenerate Africa"

A voice of black land was lost, vipers are eating your children
On the table of civilizations, no one listens to you
You have become a refugee, your identity is lost
A voice was heard in Guinea, " it's better to be poor and free, than to live in opulence and be a slave"

Dear great heroes of our land, sorry to wake you up at this time
Your voice is lost in my heart, you fought with passion
All fruits of your sweat are eaten , seeds are thrown away
Only birds echoes your efforts, your children are silent
Your voice is lost.

Mom You Will be Okay

If things got expiry date, you're beyond best before
You cry deeply in your heart , yet you smile to us
When I heard of accident, I winced back in pain
Mom you will be okay.

You groaned in pain, no one covered your wounds
If I were only a bird , to fly and be with you
Distance separate us, yet our heartbeats goes the same

I kneel down to pray, God to keep you mom
Your smile to us, it's a magnet that keep us
One day with us, it's more years for us

It's too heavy for me, men in white apparels surrounds you
Your body covered with bandages , you no longer raise your almond eyes
My heart grows cold, no hopes left for me

You feel my presence, blood's thicker than water
You struggle to get up , still a good soldier
I thought you're no more, men sighs with relief

Hold my hands mom, this place isn't for you
Good soldiers still get up, to go back to base
All pain to fade away, spasms of joy to fill our heart.

Pages That Heals

A little sick , little misfortune
The grace outpoured to mankind
To read and learn of His ways
By His stripes oh by His wounds
It's written we are healed

When ocean roars and sword devours
Mountains totters and there is no peace
The king sits enthroned forever
My heart be healed, my soul find rest
It's written He will be with me forever

A mine of wealth oh gates of gold
Pure white garments of the saints
A sceptre of righteousness in His kingdom
Confidence on His cross of Calvary
It's written it's finished

A little stubbornness, little doubt
Oh believe in His glorious name
On his side and in his hands
Assured sign of victory is depicted
It's written He bore my transgressions

No guilt no shame am free
When my strength fails in this foreign land
I know emergency dial call to my home
My knees kisses the ground , my hands to heaven
It's written He answers when I call

A little sleep , cold heart , little sin
You despise His love and mercy
Arise , be ready , fasten your belt

He's coming , he's coming , he's coming
It's written He is coming with His rewards

Trumpets are ready , shofars are raised
Ready to be blown , only a command do they wait
Everything to be shaken
Where is my confidence?
It's written, those who trust in His name can't be shaken

A little while , a little moment
To meet the king of Kings in clouds
In his mighty procession to trod with him
My body to clothe immortality in His love
It's written we will not all fall asleep

A perfect gift, a precious Light
All addictions all bondages am free
H' ave been made white as snow
To the glorious family , clap , clap
It's written whoever the son sets free is free

A joy to the world
A stumbling block to religions
He saves He saves He saves
To anyone who believe , Jesus is God
It's written , am not ashamed of the Gospel

Religion Won't Save Black Land.

On cardinal points of compass, Bells of wisdom ring
Look North, South, East, West, and find knowledge
Black men in Black suits, all with black cars with black eyes
Neither do they see nor blink, when Black Land bleeds
People are stuck in their traps, blindly drowns in oceans of religions

In every city and villages, eyes are glued on "idiot boxes"
To see and fave sermons, ever learning without understanding
Arrows of religion are poisonous, they devour a sober mind
Divisions on black land, brothers and sisters of different faiths fight
Educated minds have been poisoned, fangs of religions drains wisdom

All religions have a prophet, a teacher of truths or heresies
On black land are like sand in the sea, their lips are deadly vipers
"Plant seed and become rich", gullible members die poor
A gift to think and reason on Black Land, has altogether fled
Tents of religions consume time, without action their faith is dead

A spirit of deception rules, with strong waves it sweeps across on the Land
Only birds chirps wisdom, enchantment of their beaks release wisdom
Everyday shoots of religions sprung up, to bewitch black mind
Superstitions and fantasies, has become a fashion to display
All energy wasted in Western Springs, only to get false theology

Black people drink poison, to test faith in tomyrot religions
Demons speak and dance with them, roots of evils sank deeper on Land
Shiny suits for pastors, is a new budget next Sunday
Religions breathes air of hostilities, serenity on land is a myth
Towers of Babel are constructed, powers of religions now rules

Black land is poisoned, its children die before time
Sheikhs and Imams fuel divisions, claiming authority over Jehennah
Buddhis and Monks once uttered wisdom, twice have taught myths

Work is regarded useless, spiritual realms to feed people
Our schools have become a battle ground , grenades of religions explodes

In a small thatched hut , rays of lights shines through cracks on the walls
This too reminds me of hope, Black people open your eyes and see
Let your minds be regenerated , lay aside your differences
All false doctrines to die, let business books be opened
Let this ray of lights in this hut, illuminate your minds.

She Can't Smile

On a rocky hill she stood up and looked back
The coastal wind gently blew her black hair up
Unveiling her past memories again
How she loved him with a warm heart
But she can't smile

Her eyes are red as crimson
The arrows of betrayal sank deep in her heart
All joy they shared , only her heart speaks
African boy told her " till death part us"
She believed a lie now she can't smile

That gently touch and a warm kiss
All gone like titanic glory
If only today was yesterday
She picks two stones and rubs them together
This too is a memory how they loved each other

The wind changes direction and blew dust in her eyes
She sobs with unending pain in her heart
Sweet fragrance of love remains to be memories
She tries to look in West , golden sun sets in peace
It all began with sweet words but she can't smile

Love is strong as death for the heart that loves
She wipes dust off her beautiful feet
Memories remains and love hurts
The wind whispers to cheer her up
All will be well if she can smile.

Show Me Africa

A stranger stood up on a hill
He raised his binoculars and squinted
A wind blew dry leaves on to his rubbers
He whispered to the boy next to him
" Show me Africa"

The boy smiled and replied to a stranger
" It's the garden of Eden," beloved land
A black soil whose descendants are black
A dew on her grasses never ceases

" A mother to all nations," the boy continued
A stranger became nervous, longing to see this land
Springs of life , flows from this land
Beautiful daughters and sons of Africa, all smile.

Under her belly, civilizations are studied
Arise and fly Africa, a land of possibilities
"I want to stay in this land," a stranger replied
A boy looked up in the sky, where pages of Africa are pinned.

Welcome to our land , oh! Beautiful sceneries are our carpets
Pride of lions roars, a voice of Africa is heard
Elephants spray water by their trunks, a home of wildlife
Beautiful women with curved smiles, they walk downstreams

A history of the land, is written in the hearts of people
Their black lips, are canopies of wisdom to tell
Ask about this land, this is Africa
We fly with the spirit to win

Teacher Don't Poison My Mind

Western springs are sweet
Their deep fountains revives the soul
To dig and drink from these Wells
All magic carpets in the shelves to grasp

Teacher uncover these mysteries to me
Do it with a tender heart of wisdom
My mind to learn these explorations
Teacher Don't Poison My Mind

Plant these seeds in me, wisdom to abound
Water them with love, to give me more appetite
To deep drink them again, up to the brim
Fountains break loose, to unleash life

To make aeroplane and be a pilot
A syringe and be a doctor
A pen and be a teacher
Teacher show me pillows of knowledge

A shell has broken, life begins
Ignorance is dead, mind to learn
To sweep our streets clean , knowledge demands
These magic carpets to carry me around

From their cisterns, these springs flow
To fill my heart, up to the very brim
Thanks teacher for your patience
For your lips , are canopies of wisdom.

Tell my Black People

If my song sounds too good
Check my lyrics and learn
I am a son of Black soil
I may not have more words like William ' Wordsworth'
But tell my black people it can be done

History was birthed on black land
Before its umbilical cord was cut off
It had grown with wings to fly
To all parts of the world it settled
Who doesn't know you my Black People?

When men were chosen to build superpowers
Were you not preferred like cedars of Lebanon?
Your strength and vigour is well known
Tell my black people they are here to shine
It's time to educate our own people

When your sons and daughters are despised and killed
Because of skin colour and no rights in foreign lands
When you become doormats to get greencards and Visa
When foreign embassies treats you like foul disease
Then tell my black people whether East or West home is still the best

I may not have advantage of height like Wadsworth " Longfellow"
But my voice is pure as the driven snow
Changes won't come in words but in deeds
In the mind of great teacher of East Africa
I hear his echo " if real development is to take place , the people have to be involved"...Mwalimu Julius Kambarage Nyerere.

The Battle Of Thoughts

Three years have past,
Since she left my garden,
To unseen world of no return,
Her pictures hang on my bedroom walls,
Her perfume sprays are still fresh in my room.

She was a diamond in my life,
A well packed perfect gift from the Potter,
Heavens opened its wings, my heart received her
She is now silent no more smiles
An abyss exist between my heart and soul

Tears floods my bed every night
I sit next to my window to see her
There she is , in peace she rest
Flowers are all over her body
But there is no life , all is silent.

I know she is in safe hands,
Clean and pure hands of angels,
She flies in my room every day
But I can't see her
I will fly and meet her in eternity.

It's late in the evening,
My sister knocks at my door
Finally iam in my right senses
It has been my battle of thoughts again
These arrows flies in my head each moment.

The Cry That Will Judge

If things got expiry date
Then let my tears dry
Out of their graves they cry
Justice, justice, where is your jury?
Gunshots in the morning bandits in the evening

Before they know how to trudge
Young men falls quiet in red pools
No place to call a home and no food
Some wander in unknown places
The last enemy knocks no one survives

Naked and without hope
Kwashiorkor eats them
Media houses are attracted
Rusty blades devour young girls
Bleeding , bleeding , the land is polluted

In foreign streets the cry is the same
Those with black skins are inferior
Their spray is bullets and their water is blood
Filed and forgotten cases, the cry
Cancer is in our cells the racism

Before their knockers are fully exposed
Sisters are caged in prisons of prostitution
Like doormats they are used and damped
Money in their pockets but souls in graves
My heart bleeds.

The Dark Gates

Lo! I stood and saw something awful
Billows of smoke arose again
No sign of life was shown
A man appeared in a white dazzling garments
In his right hand was a acroll

The scroll was unrolled and I saw names written on it
Written above the names it bore a title
The Dark Gates where Death reigned
Pestilence and disease were increased
No one was safe in these gates

Wailing and gnashing of teeth were heard
A crowd of hungry people appeared
Both old and young with no life in their bones
With their voices they faintly chanted
" We need life , we need life"

A monster arose and stood between dark gates
With His ugly fingers he took the scroll
He gazed on the names and replied
" All of you are my servants becaues of sins"
Bound with chains of fleeting pleasures of life

People doomed to death and destructions
No hope for new life and refreshment
There was still hope as a voice was heard
" Repent and turn to Author of Life" Who is the Author of Life ? They asked

An eternal constitution was opened and read
Acts 3:15 You killed Author of Life
But God raised him from the dead
They repented and life was given to them

A monster was slain to death in his Dark gates

**** Believe in Jesus Christ and you shall be saved for He loves you and cares about you everyday...I am a living testimony

The End of Thinkers

Born of flesh and blood they came
Grew up as little boys and girls
Nature became their teacher
Some gazed at carpet of colossal sky
Twinkling and sparkling of stars amazed them

Passion to think and learn developed
Diversity began to strike their brains
To the stars, a telescope
To the moon, a rocket
To the oceans , a ship

Some were right and became Wright brothers
With determination and bond of love
They flew a "metal" in the sky
On blank slate words were written
"Everything can be done with thinkers"

Worms began to spread to the minds
Some kind of bubonic disaster to the heads
Men inspired by devils and occult
Developed poisonous missiles to kill thinkers
Some to pornography to kill brain cells

Society with mental disorders developed
Poison injections to natural fruits
Genes of a man became altered
Students with no reasoning capacity
Who cheat openly in exam rooms

Duplicators of ideas were birthed
Who don't exercise their God given senses
Justice and equality was replaced with corruption

Platonic ideas are still echoed in schools

The end of thinkers

The Enemy We All Face

On a scroll all names are written
One by one they are mentioned
Who knows who's next on the list
My day draws near every second a clock ticks
A place of silence and darkness awaits me

All flesh face same blade
It puts a sunder even renown mighty men of valor
Both beautiful and handsome alike
It knows no age nor status quo
It has no notification nor a messenger

Its ways are unknown and peevish
If it will be through a freaky accident I can't tell
Who knows if it will be through a deadly disease?
May be an old age when my strength fails
Its jaws are ever open with unceasing appetite

This enemy we all face in our world
It had sapped and drained unseen visions
Its belly is rich with undiscovered potentials
Strength and pillars of nations drowns in its dirt
When will you be satisfied oh enemy?

Great king and queen fears this enemy
It robs palace peace and authority
It's bounds to destroy both great and small
Our beloved ones sleep and sighs no more
Who's next on the list?

There is Still Hope

In midst of troubled world,
There is a magnificent voice calling,
A voice that's pure and pleasant,
As sure as the sun will rise at dawn
There is still hope.

Weep not children for your Father is here,
Keep your hearts warm with pure love,
Feed hungry and preach the gospel,
For he is alive ,the risen Christ
In him there is fountains of Life

Faint not our dear fathers in Christ,
Though you laid a true foundations for this generation,
Young people have wandered off from the true way
Your hearts are grieved and your eyes are full of tears
But on his throne Jesus is exalted

Fear not our dear lovely mothers in the Lord,
For your faith is known and your love is true
Let Jesus reign in your hearts at this hour
Be of good courage in your chains for gospel sake
He who makes heaven and earth is coming

Wipe your tears oh rejected ones
For your comforter has been sent to you
Be of a witness of Him to all nations
Through sword and famine you will stand
There is still hope, hope of salvation.

Those That Feed Africa

There is a cry in every village
Tears floods every town and cities
That black and glorious land mourns
It's inhabitants are sick from poisoning
White hands with evil heart feeds them.

They have come with evil chains
Foreign donors with strings attached
Evil decrees are adopted
Our values are destroyed
Same sex marriage are signed in our courts

Who shall save our youths?
Who feeds you now controls you oh Africa
Identity is lost through freakish agenda
Satan is in your food you eat , oh Africa
Expired food is a multi-dollar to our land

Black man's culture is a demonic dance to whites
When there were no commandments on our land
Taboos were sure tenets in our societies
When there were no Bible's on our land
Great prophets spoke accurately with their black lips

This food is bitter it's loathsome
There are chains around my neck
" I can't breath! I can't breath!"
Let brave warriors of Africa arise
True sons and daughters of Black soil to shine.

Times Of Ignorance

From throne room of heaven
There is a clarion call from the Spirit
A call to repentance and holiness
To all mankind to heed to his voice
Times of ignorance are over

All parables have been made clear
Things that appeared in shadows
For the light of salvation have exposed
Who shall stand before king of Kings?
For surely you know

When all status and success fades away
For the king stands at your door knocking
His voice is pure as driven snow
Through the lips of his prophets he speak
Believe in his holy name and be saved

One says he is too busy to listen
Yet another one has no time
There is a perfect home beyond this imperfect realm
Where eternity and joy overflows
For saints shall dwell there forever

Come Lord Jesus and reign
For our sake you were wounded
The scars in your hands a sign of victory
Blood on the cross of Calvary to redeem us
Ignorance is over for the light shines

Not by works and not by religions
It's by your grave and full of mercy
Oh listen all men on earth

Here comes the saviour Lord Jesus Christ
For he is the way, truth and life.

Unending Love.

There is a sweet name I love to call
When my flesh is weak and sick
I have come to know Him
He's unending Love
Jesus is the sweet Melody I sing

He has opened His armoury to me
All weapons of spiritual war to fight
He has placed His helmet of salvation on my head
All evil thoughts I cast down
I love Him for He first loved me

He has fastened his belt of truth around my waist
Am strong and protected in His love
I call forth my strength from Zion
In him I find deep Wells of life
And I will sing of His unending love.

Let the weak find strength in His love
All inhabitants of the earth declare his power
That truth foundation , assured rock of salvation
That pure sacrificial lamb of Calvary
Sing of His unending love.

We Need Help

They walk and tire everyday
Setting up their imaginations to vain things
A false confidence build up in their hearts
Some in chariots and some in horses
Truth is final, we need help from Jesus

I have listened to music with its lyrics
I perceive it came from a loquacious talker
Who have no fear of God Almighty
All flesh is weak and sick each moment
Who's sufficient and full by himself?

Open and read eternal constitution of God
Observe with your heart and learn wisdom
In the beginning God created heaven and earth
This settles everything in my sick heart
We still need help from the Boss

A syringe in one hand and a doubt in heart
In hospitals doctor's faint and die before their clients
Where is hope for these wounded ones?
A Great Physician from Nazareth calls
"Here I stand at your door knocking"

In their sick hearts they devise devise evils
Calling catastrophe upon themselves
Who claim to be wise only to be fools
The ground is moving away from their feet
Ignorance is a disease, we need help

Earth's not playing field but a battle camp
Arrows flies by the day and pestilence awaits by night
Who's this among men who does not slumber?

He's not far from us , " call upon me " He says
For He knows how He made us.

When I desire Your Will

Your word is precious in my heart
For I desire to do your will my God
But there is a struggle within me
Keep me pure in your sight
Lest I stumble and fall

When it seems all things are okay
There is a wave of discouragement
It sweeps and scatters my grains
Hunger and strife befalls on me
One thing I know , Lord you're my Redeemer

Though washed by blood and water
My actions betrays me in this world
For when I desire your will oh God
Temptations are always at my door
Lord Jesus keep me safe in your pure hands

Through generations you have shown love
Cover me with your love instead of punishment
Uplift me with your mercy instead of wrath
Justice and righteousness are your royal robes
Restore me again oh my king to your pure way

One thing I desire from you my Lord
Fill me a fresh with your pure Spirit
Purge me that I may reflect your glory
That pure and clean heart I desire
Come Lord Jesus , come and reign.

When will I Exist?

Birds exist so do they fly
Sun exist so do it shine
Clouds exist so do they bear rains
Kings exist so do they reign
Everything with its identity and purpose

A battle is within me
I fight neither with guns nor arrows
But with thoughts and minds
I have to exist to be useful
But when will I exist?

An ocean in me is deep and dark
Its currents are wild and choking
It leaves me without breath
All skilled swimmers drowns in their oceans
Every problem is the food of mind

Where are my dreams and visions?
I want to exist to mark a change
Salt is good in a meal
I won't lose my taste when I exist
Every man is useful when he exist

My thoughts and words will shape my existence
I don't exist to die a captive on drugs
Addictions and evil pleasures won't swallow me
Am made in the image and likeness of my God
He's within me now i exist .

Daughters Of Africa

Your are beyond comparison
An undying flower in the scorching sun
Beauty defines you
Take pride in the pigment of your skin
For your texture is like of clay on the banks of River Nile

You're the ink of Africa
The music we sing
The poetry we write
The art we draw
And culture we preserve

In your loins there is life
Don't pollute it with foreign culture
You're the epitome of courage and strength
Marks of blueprints on our land
Utopia in dystopia

Open not your chest to the public
For our culture is still well and alive
Learn from your mother
Our culture forbids a woman to expose her chest
Respect your father and find life.

A letter to Departed African Heroes

It's arvo times here in Africa,
A little nap , a little slumber
But the gods won't give me peace
For there is a cry of ancestral spirits
That keeps nagging me to echo the voice of their sons
Dear African Heroes

To Pixley Isaka Seme,
Sorry to disturb you in your sleep
I have chosen to speak to you
On this occasion upon regeneration of Africa
I am an African , and I set my pride in my race over against public opinion

Dear Pixley , son of Natal in South Africa,
We are sorry . We are out of sorts today
We will be better tomorrow if Africa is regenerated
But instead we have grenaded it
Our neighbors in Congo have no peace
Regeneration of Africa

Hello Dr. Kwame Nkrumah?
Indeed if wishes were horses Doc
Then we beggars from Africa we could ride
I bring with me the hopes and fraternal greetings of the government and people of Ghana to you.

Dear Dr.Kwameh ,infront of 31 heads of state of African nations
No one listened to your prophetic insight message
" There is no time to waste. We unite or perish"
We have been scattered and plundered in every corner
We are fragments of political and tribal wars
No sporadic act nor pious resolution can resolve our present problems
Unite or perish.

In Your Arms , Lord

Lord , in thy tender mercy
Breath on me
Give me life
Stir my heart to love and to care

Make me a person you desire
For my flaws
My scars
Are all known to you
Deep in my wounded heart,
Manifest your character in me
Mould me into a desired vessel
When all is done, let me find hope

In your arms , Lord
Let me find true peace
In abundance of thy treasures
Let my heart be true

Grant me wisdom
To make things right
Understanding
To solve life mysteries

Anoint my eyes with eyesalve
To see my mistake and repent
Grant me the tongue of the learned
To teach wisdom to the world

Abba! Father
Make thy face shine upon us
Give us success
Satisfy us with every good gift

Amen.

It's Strange In Africa

Have you not learned
Or have you not listened
The wise have become fools
Where are those who sat on a three-legged stool

When they opened their mouth and taught wisdom
A woman should cover her chest in this kingdom
Let a man and a woman enjoy marriage
A foreign culture sprung up with its mirage

It's dystopia
Or is it Utopia?
Wisdom escapes from jury
Only do they suffer from brain injury

It's a new birth control pill
When we can't pay our bill
Poison is forced down on our throats
Till our stomach bloats

They move in rainbow apparels
Without understanding they think it's a model
Will children spring forth from it?
It's strange in Africa, a monster that kills and eat.

At Helm Of Power

I'm so lucky to be from the green city in the sun
Where green plants wilt in plenty of rainfall
A desert of moral virtues
Where a thousand busk in the million's pain
We are in power, so we are the Lords
It's seductive
Sometimes lucrative
Till you hear the knocks of ugly coups
Then bloodshed
I'm so lucky to be from a country
Where electorate preference is for thieves and swindlers
When they rise to power
It's time for revenge and looting
Freedom is written in the books
But never to be found in our hearts
Many words are easier said
Than being done
The nation sinks
In the dirt mire of tribal fragments
My tribe is in power so I'm
But we all beg for bread with tears
Tomorrow is the swearing in of our new old governor
Polls statistics were electronically counted during blackout
No, we don't count votes
We say they were stolen
Like magma boiling underground
The nation is overthrown by power maniacs
All juries suffer from academic affiliations
Smoke kisses the skies

....

A Royal Diadem

From rising of the sun
To the setting of the same
Let your holy Name be praised
On the fruit of the lips
That openly profess your Name

In the Majesty of your voice
You declared your glory
Heavens of heavens belongs to you
For the Earth is your footstool
Hosanna in the highest

In your precious blood
A people you purchased
Called by your Name a crown of splendor
A royal Diadem
In the hand of Elohim

You descended down
For us to ascend high
With two pieces of wood- cross
You designed eternity bridge
Blessed is he who comes in the name of our Lord

Make thy face shine upon us
Grant us success
For in faith hope and love we wait upon you
For these three abideth
But greatest of all is your unfailing love.

The Dark Hour

Once upon a midnight banal
Still weak and weary , I pondered in my heart
" Who shall ascend or descend upon this mountain?"
For it's the few that gets there and put off lights
It's night.

Ah , distinctly I remember , it was stark in December
When the old new president ascended on this mountain
A still voice
"Opportunities for unfortunate graduates"
Inspid words

Darkness there and nothing more
Deep into that darkness peering , I stood wondering and fearing
Suddenly, hooting of owls
Is it a parliament of owls?
"Yes, Mr. Bundi will solve all your problems"

A sigh of relief-
" Ladies and gentlemen " I muttered predicting speech
" Genius are born to rule, for they are rare diadems in the world full of conformists and insolent men".
It's time for Me.Bundi to showcase his brilliance.

Lo! Death, death has reared himself a throne
In a strange land lying alone
Blood ,blood
Darkness
The dark hour.

Life Rehearsals.

As a little germ
Then a little zygote
A breath of life
Then a ball of life in a womb

As time rolls by
A strong bond is formed
Between life and life
Then life begets life

Two creatures are true friends
Precious souls of Dad and Mom
Mom, first kicks of new life are known to her
Dad, first embrace of new cry is inescapable

Then society a waits
On a blank slate, it's the first tutor
Character is formed
Life is taught

" Don't touch!"
"Don't taste!"
Every room commands
Curiosity firmly stands on the stage

It feels good
To feel new a gain
Passions of youth are set
Then sudden change

In a raging storm
Character is tested
Some are swept away

But some mounts with wings of an eagle

Life , life, life

Then it has no rehearsals

For what is done today

Find its own reflection tommorow

Life is no a game

It's real to live and move on

Life goes on ,my friend

It feels good live good and again.

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Whatever That Will Kill Me

So deep and vast as a fathomless ocean
So full of spiraling eddies and currents
Who can fathom its horrendous depths?
Its hidden recesses and crevices are inhabitable
Oh death!
Everyday your jaws are ready to devour
Rich and poor alike
Through accidents and brutality of wars
Diseases and unknown menaces
You call forth your victims!

Whatever that will kill me
I am dead yet I live
Everyday we face death
To live or to die
Whatever that will kill us!
Blessed be the womb that gave us life
But who knew this too was a grave?
We emerged out as veterans of war
Now we have to face grave again
In triumphal procession we live again!

Each morning let the sun give us hope
Even though those we once loved are no more
Yet we know in our hearts they live forever
Life will swallow whatever that kills me and you
Let us live!

Forget Me

Sweet and coruscating was your smile
You were top of the pops my love
Inside our blanket were full of strange delights

When your beauty overwhelmed me
As I wrapped my arms around you
And went about pressing your softness tight

The touch of your warm lips
The scent of your perfumes
Great passion filled my heart

That one savoury pie I used to enjoy
It's now in the hands of another baker
I can smell of it's aroma but not taste of it's bite

My only cagoule
That I enjoyed to run the zip up and down
I found it among the wild oxes

Now moving on with life
Left with memories to treasure
Forget me.

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Veronica

Veronica, my love divine, In your eyes, the stars align. Your beauty, like a blooming rose, Captivates my heart, it overflows.

Your touch, so gentle, yet so strong, Awakens something deep and long. In your embrace, I find solace, A love so pure, with no malice.

Your smile, a beacon in the night, Guiding me with its radiant light. With every whisper in my ear, My heart is filled with bliss and cheer.

Veronica, your laughter, like a melody, Fills the world with pure serenity. Your presence, like a soothing balm, Calming storms, bringing me calm.

In your arms, I feel complete, A love so rare, so intense, so sweet. You're the missing piece, my better half, With you, Veronica, I've found my path.

Together, we'll create a love story, Full of passion, grace, and glory. Forevermore, I'll hold you tight, My beloved Veronica, my guiding

Holiday season

In the heart of winter's embrace, a sense of magic fills the air, As twinkling lights adorn the streets,
and holiday songs everywhere. A time of joy and togetherness, where love and laughter abound,
The holidays arrive, casting enchantment all around.

Families gather 'round the hearth, with warmth in every smile, Creating memories to cherish, making
spirits light and wild. The aroma of baking fills the home, with sweet delights in store, As loved ones
gather 'round the table, creating love forevermore.

Snowflakes fall gently from the sky, painting the world in white, Children's laughter fills the air, as
they play with pure delight. The spirit of giving shines bright, as hearts overflow with cheer,
Spreading kindness and love, to those who need it near and dear.

Carols sung with joyous voices, echo through the night, Reminding us of the reason, for this season
of delight. The true meaning of the holidays, is found in the love we share, For it's not in the
presents, but in the moments we hold dear.

As the year comes to a close, and we reflect on times gone by, We hold onto the memories, that
make our spirits fly. So let us embrace this holiday season, with open hearts so vast, Spreading love
and joy to all, and make these moments last.

For in the magic of the holidays, we find a sense of grace, A time to come together, and let joy light
up our face. So let us embrace this time of year, in all its glorious hue, And may your holidays be
merry, filled with love and blessings true.

We All Sigh

Sometimes being human is being humorous
To find a goal in life and live it
To find a dream in life and fulfill it
To have a soft heart and love
But when it turns in a burden on our shoulder
We all sigh

A Seed

Everything sprout from it
It's both in plants and mankind
On a moist soft soil
It stretches its arm

Oh! In plants it breaks limitation of a shell
In mankind it breaks the billows of water
It's a cocoon of life
It lives in us

It flows in streams of water
Marine life knows her smell
It's lively in air
Fowls of the sky knows her voice

It was there in the beginning
When darkness loomed upon the water
And the Seed whispered out of darkness
"Let there be..."

The Gates of My Heart

O' my dear pearl
You're the treasure of my life
In thy four punny chambers
You haven't failed to pump life

A mere four gates indeed
But ample like the expanse of the ocean
You have stored emotions and memories
Have you find peace?

O' my precious garden
Who watered thy gates?
And who planted thy seeds?
It's bitter water and fear of the future

No one understands your voice
You bleed inside
But you force my lips to wear a smile
You break into pieces when love is with held

So delicate you're
Foundations of your gates are so brittle
For you were wired with fabrics of life
O' my heart sail to your place of rest.

Have you Ever been Rejected?

Once you know it
Life loses its meaning
A wound is developed
And its deep inside the soul

Love becomes hatred
Solitude flares the heart
Mind loses its abode
Everyone becomes a liar

It's a burden beyond weight
With no resting point
It's a wound that festers
With no prescription

Days makes no sense
While night only brings terror
Even my own shadow
Finds no peace

Oh! If it were stranger that rejected me
Peace would have been in my heart
But its a flower in my garden
Whose seedlings I laboured for

Time will be my balm
My wounds will be bandaged
My heart will find love again
Rejection hurts.

It Wasn't Love

It was on the eve of valentine's day
When the bread of love became stale
An our nest was no longer fitting us

Love had grown wings
Ready to fly from its perching tree
With only hope of landing on mountain top

She sat cross-legged on the floor
In a sullen mood
She cussed my name

Fantasy became her world
Her mind detached from reality of life
She dreamt floating in air

Our love ran parallel
But not so when we fell in love
When we touched, kissed, and...

I first saw her face in a mirror
In a barber's shop where I sat
Her smile ignited my lips to play fair...

To be continued.

Valentine Love

In a world of roses, you shine so bright,
Your love fills my heart with pure delight.
Every moment with you is a sweet embrace,
Your presence adds color to life's dull space.
Your smile, like sunshine, warms my soul,
With you, I feel complete and whole.
On this Valentine's Day, my love unfurls,
Forever, together, we'll conquer the world.

It wasn't Love

Love didn't make sense
It was a puzzle without a key
A rollercoaster of emotions
That left me feeling dizzy
I tried to understand
The way it made me feel
But it was like trying to grasp
A dream that wasn't real
It was a force beyond my control
A fire that burned within
A mystery that I couldn't solve
A game that I couldn't win
But despite the confusion
And the chaos it brought
I couldn't help but crave
The feeling that love brought
So I embraced the madness
And let myself fall
Into the depths of love
And surrendered to it all.

I will

Stress, a heavy burden on my chest
A weight that never seems to rest
It creeps into my mind and soul
Leaving me feeling out of control
It tightens its grip with every breath
Leaving me feeling scared to death
I try to shake it off and let it go
But it lingers, a constant shadow
It clouds my thoughts and clouds my days
Leaving me feeling lost in a maze
I try to find my way out of the dark
But stress has left its mark
But I will not let it win
I will fight back and begin
To take control of my mind
And leave stress far behind
I will breathe in peace and exhale fear
And let go of all that I hold dear
For stress is just a passing storm
And I will weather it with grace and form
So I will rise above the stress
And find my way to happiness
For I am strong and I am brave
And I will not let stress enslave
I will conquer it with love and light
And emerge from the darkness, shining bright
For stress may come and stress may go
But I will always find my inner glow.

It hurts ...

Hurt is a deep and painful wound
That cuts through the soul like a knife
Leaving behind a trail of tears
And a heart that's heavy with strife
It's a feeling of betrayal and loss
Of trust shattered into a million pieces
Leaving us feeling broken and alone
And longing for a sense of release
Hurt lingers like a dark cloud
Casting a shadow over our days
Making it hard to see the light
And find our own healing ways
But in the midst of all the pain
There's a glimmer of hope that shines
A reminder that we are strong
And can rise above the hurtful lines
So let us embrace our wounds
And let them teach us to be strong
For in the depths of our hurt
We will find the courage to move on.

Trumpet's Call

I stand here in the silence,
Waiting for the trumpet's call,
To signal the end of days,
And the final curtain fall.
I listen for the sound,
Of the trumpet's mighty blast,
To announce the coming King,
And the end of all that's past.
I feel the tension building,
As the world holds its breath,
Anticipating the moment,
Of life or eternal death.
I know not when it will come,
But I wait with eager heart,
For the trumpet's call to sound,
And the end to finally start.
So I stand here in the silence,
With hope and faith in my soul,
Waiting for the trumpet's call,
To finally make me whole.

A Flower ...

My love, my sweet emotional babe,
Your heart is a treasure, a precious jade.
Your emotions run deep, like a river so wide,
I'll be by your side, always by your side.

When you're feeling down, I'll lift you up,
I'll be your rock, your never-ending cup.
I'll hold you close, wipe away your tears,
I'll chase away your doubts, conquer your fears.

Your emotions are a gift, a beautiful sight,
I'll cherish them always, day and night.
I'll be your shelter in the stormy weather,
I'll love you forever and ever.

So let your emotions flow, don't hold them back,
I'll be here to catch you, never to lack.
You're my emotional babe, my love so true,
I'll always be here, just for you.

I breath

Inhale the world's beauty,
Exhale all the pain,
I breathe in poetry,
And release my soul's refrain.
With each breath I take,
I feel my spirit rise,
Words flow like a lake,
Reflecting the skies.
Inhaling inspiration,
Exhaling creation,
I breathe in elation,
And find my salvation.
So let me breathe poem,
Let me be free,
For in these words I roam,
And find my truest me.

A whisper

Softly spoken words
Carried on a gentle breeze
Secrets shared in hushed tones
A whispered melody of peace
In the quiet of the night
When the world is still and calm
Whispers echo in the darkness
Like a soothing balm
A whispered promise
Of love that will never fade
A whispered prayer
For guidance and aid
Whispers hold power
In their quiet, subtle way
They can mend a broken heart
Or brighten a dreary day
So listen closely to the whispers
For they hold truths untold
And in their gentle presence
You may find peace and gold.

Smile

A smile is like a ray of sun,
It brightens up the darkest day.
It spreads warmth and joy to everyone,
Chasing all the clouds away.
A smile can lift a heavy heart,
And make the world seem right.
It's a simple, powerful art,
That shines so pure and bright.
So let your smile light up the room,
And let your happiness show.
For a smile can chase away the gloom,
And make the world a better place to go.

Drop Something

A tutor is within me
To disciple my heart to his course
In this world full of conformists
"Drop Something"

It's a kind of a seed
Perhaps a thought
On fine moist soil
Its roots will anchor

Problems never misses opportunities
To cross oceans I can swim
But why not drop Something?
Ofcourse a cruise ship

It's a doubt
Sometimes a ridicule
Often in solitude corners
Then invention

A grave has to swallow you empty
Plunder the realms of dead
"Drop Something" before your departure
Lest a generation has to suffer

The future never comes
Only golden moments we have now
You only grow in present times
"Drop Something"

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