

Suspended Fear

Benard Oluoch

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My poetic Side 



Dedication

I dedicate this poetry volume to The Three Strong Women Pillars in my life: My mum, Perez, aunt,

Teacher Rozen and senior lecturer, Professor Mweseli.

My mum; pillar of strength,

Teacher Rozen; pillar of physical and emotional support.

Professor Monica Mweseli: Pillar of inspirations. Her enthusiasm and commitment to teaching poetry,

inspired me to learn more and produce more.

About the author

Oluoch Benard Juma is an accomplished poet whose love for the written word was ignited during his time at the University of Nairobi. Having studied literature, his passion for poetry writing blossomed, stemming from his high school days at Lela Secondary School in Kisumu County. It was during this time that Oluoch would pen rough manuscripts purely for personal pleasure, marking the beginning of his poetic journey.

His poems are a reflection of the harsh realities and cruelty that exist within society. His work delves into contemporary challenges faced by individuals, exploring themes such as the struggles of teenagers within society, questions of gender, and other thought-provoking subjects. He draws inspiration from the world around him, capturing the essence of the human experience through evocative and compelling verses.

During his university years, Oluoch found motivation in the creative endeavors of his peers. Witnessing friends like Omotto Babra, a talented young female student, sharing their poems in various groups and on social media platforms for feedback, inspired Oluoch to further develop his own craft.

His poetic voice combines introspection, social commentary, and a lyrical sensibility that captivates readers. His ability to weave words into poignant and powerful compositions allows him to connect with audiences on a profound level. When not engrossed in writing, Oluoch can often be found exploring different art forms and immersing himself

in literature from around the world.

To stay updated on His latest works and engage with him, you can visit his website at

<https://mypoeticside.com/user-52616>

Or MwalimuWuodMwalimu at My poetic side follow him on Twitter

https://twitter.com/Benwuodwo?t=uboJuYC_frwp55xkwmujVQ&s=09 , or connect on Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/mwalimu.w.mwalimu>

He welcomes discussions, collaborations and the opportunity to connect with fellow poetry enthusiasts and readers who appreciate the beauty of language and the art of storytelling.

Mwalimu Wuod Mwalimu at My poetic side

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Buried Hopes Unearthed

In the midst of barren land,
Where sun scorches the earth with its fiery hand,
There lies my hope, a buried placenta,
But as I look around, it seems like a cruel adventure.

The rays of hope that once shone bright,
Are now dimmed by the shadows of blight,
For this land, I believe, is witchcraft based,
A place where love is scarce and greed is embraced.

When the educated speak, they are silenced with disdain,
And when success is achieved, they become the object of shame,
This society is a friend to none,
Where foes and traitors outnumber the one.

My heart is heavy, my eyes are shut,
For this hopeless home where only back-friends strut,
They rejoice at the sight of others' downfall,
And mock those who rise, making them feel small.

The learned, the bright, the poor, and the dropouts,
Are all treated with the same disdain and knockouts,
They laugh and jeer at the casual workers and their plight,
As if their own lives are perfect and right.

Thus, I have decided to take a leap,
To search for my hope on the horizon deep,
I shall not return for many a day,
For change in this society is hard to sway.

The youth must unite, the average age the same,
To bring about a transformation and end the shame,
For a society without love is doomed to fail,

And true progress and prosperity shall prevail.

As I bid farewell to this land,
I hope that one day, it will understand,
That unity and love can conquer all,
And that hope and prosperity can never fall.

The Dawn Of A New Day

In the web of broken promises and lies,
A friend turned foe before my eyes.
Betrayed and left to stand alone,
A victim of the garden's unknown.

The orphans left with none to care,
Lost in the thorns and the weeds that ensnare.
Their hearts yearn for love and light,
But society's garden brings only blight.

The young ones, full of hope and dreams,
Lured into darkness by society's schemes.
Their minds clouded by poisonous vines,
And the toxic fruits that the garden provides.

In the barren fields and strife,
The garden of society is rife.
With treacherous paths that lead to pain,
And thorny bushes that leave us slain.

But we must seek the hidden gems,
The flowers bloom amidst the hem.
For amid the garden's gloom,
Lies the beauty that can lift us from our doom.

So let us tend the garden with devotion,
Planting seeds with nurturing emotion,
For in time, they'll grow and bear,
Fruits of love that we can all share.

At her one and ten

You're a bitch !

You took advantage of their trust
And betrayed their innocence with lust
You preyed upon a young child
And left their lives forever defiled

You slept with their daughter, so young
Their grandchild, barely begun
Their only hope for a better tomorrow
You left them with nothing but sorrow

Now you seek to manipulate and deceive
By building a house that no one should believe
A sketchy scheme to evade your just fate
But your sins cannot be erased by such a bait

You claimed to be helping the child
But in reality, your intentions were vile
You are a monster, devoid of any compassion
Your actions a clear violation of human dignity and passion

The child you exploited was only eleven
You, a forty-year-old predator of children
Your heinous crimes deserve the harshest penalty
To protect society from such depravity

Your actions are inhumane, cruel and unjust
And your lies will not wash away the trust
That you have shattered with your vile deeds
You are a disgrace, the lowest of creeds.

Ember To Beacon

In the forge of academia,
A metamorphosis of self,
From an ember of naivety,
To a beacon of erudition.

I treaded unfamiliar paths,
In the labyrinth of knowledge,
But found solace in the companionship,
Of kindred spirits, intellectuals.

Lonely echoes of solitude,
Were eclipsed by camaraderie,
As time wove its tapestry,
Four years of shared growth.

No longer a solitary figure,
I found kinship in these hallowed halls,
With each passing day,
New friendships blossomed.

Gratitude effervesces from my soul,
Like a bubbling spring of appreciation,
For the knowledge weavers, who illuminated my path,
Replacing shadows with radiant wisdom.

Linguistics, the symphony of language,
Your teachings resonated within me,
Creating harmony in the web of chaos,
Bravo, guardians of lexicons.

Literature, the realm of imagination,
You nurtured my creativity,
Unveiling worlds within words,

Bravo, custodians of narratives.

I stand here now, shaped and transformed,
A testament to the power of education,
With gratitude in my heart,
And a smile upon my lips.

The Alma mater, my crucible,
Where I forged bonds and memories,
Grateful, I embrace the achievements,
Etched upon my soul's parchment.

For in this journey of self-discovery,
I have found gratitude, happiness, and achievement,
Symbols of a life well-lived,
In the embrace of academia's embrace.

Paint Yellow and Purple

I have her.
An eternal beacon of warmth and grace
?but she can't.
My lord, why didn't you give her even a little?
You gave dad to grandpa
but took him so early from mum
Lord why?
Brothers you gave me
Found their ways in trials
But came back hands flapped with dirt
Another to the forest, lacked even a fruit for jaw test.
The eyes watched long a day,
Hands crossed, flapping up and down.
In the holes, big like small craters,
Cried sweats and sweated tears.
Palms swollen, the folks playground
Lord why?
Even that 'one' with a one, a zero then a zero
will do.
Let the ends meet, for the young to paint purple this sprinkled red and blue.
Let black too be talk of yesterday.
My eyes glanced...
With a whispering sigh, the moment hushed,
A silence pregnant with anticipation,
Then, a click? so sharp, so sudden? rushed,
Echoing through the air, a proclamation.
It pierced the stillness like a silver lance,
A tiny sound that held a world of weight,
An orchestra conductor's subtle dance,
Commanding attention, sealing our fate.
Another one, there he is.
In the realm stormy strife,
He braves a harsh and tough life.

Running faked blues to Sunday,
Fighting for his Monday.
Muscles obey all the weights,
the skin all the whips.
He has to reach Monday,
just to delete black.
I will brave the darkness,
Nightmares and I, twin sisters,
Just to to paint yellow and green.
But purple will do more.

Whispers of Resolve

The mind thinks about it
The brain perceives it
My heart bets it
But my lips whispers NO.

"I will have to return when the time is right"

I heard concluded men of the olden days
East and West,,,
But there comes a new in me
New inhabitants for myself for my peace
"It's never best when worst is the reward"

Woe to you the peace threaters of the old-known peaceful land
Your reward is death
Mass of gases will accept to burn together
To have you dusted
You,the ill breeders of the land
The river of the past
You flow from all generations
But the rains must stop
And you must stop
Your waters must run dry
The silts in you to the brim
To stop your entire flow
Cows must feed on the grass
Lions on the flesh
Both quench their thirst
As He made them to.
I see River Jordan
An inch wide off my path,
Canaan calls,yes I see.

Resurgence

When the time is right,in Kano,all the birds chirp; our alarm
Men test their legs with heavy boots,
Women rush, baskets and containers in their arms
Men and women,both gather differently, just to bring back before darkness calls

Wakes and Walks timed, suit to the far ends , rags to the rectangles
Schools,to the brim, welcomes the corporation of the seasoned travellers
Kano the land of blessings.
Sent forth I was,folded within four seasons,
To the far horizon,empty handed,I embrace.
But the top sparkling in and out
The cruelties doubled the expectations ,
Oh God! Why this?
My son, no pain no gain!

In a quick recups, thought in acceleration,
In swift reflections, thoughts surged like a rapid tide
And came in revelation,
A once mentioned silver plate, whispered its refrain;
Men of the olden days,
In Kano's realm, did confide,
Sacrifice and determination, their key to unlock the gain.

There arrived the stick,to add a leg for the aged,
I, aged to unfriendly world, I never imagined.
I braved the cold winters,the summer never warm either.
My imaginary stick,the phrase for bold and determined,
Nothing comes on a silver plate
The bright cloud to keep me walking in the day
The smoke to direct me when the night falls.

And now, behold, your son returns this day,
Sent forth empty-handed, now adorned with gold,

Went in tattered rags,back in colombo,I say,
Sent in and with doubts, but now with sparkling bravery untold.

I shall not rest, until the world braves the nights,
Until the shadows are banished by courage's light,
For in this flowing journey, strength ignites,
And my voice shall not falter until the struggles take flight.

Eternal Anchors

In the vast grove of existence,
In the ever folding winters and summers,
A forest of souls thrives,
Each oak bears its unique design.
Behold the leaf oak, fleeting hearts,
In the colony of trees, their parts they play
Intertwine in friendship's embrace,
East to West then to all points of the direction,
Sway together, sharing moments of grace.
But a small whistling, a soft rustling,
As winds of change blow and whisper,
Away they scatter, seeking their own place.
With wary eyes, I took heed,
When tempests roar and lightning's blaze
Silent dancers, trees sway in nature's rhythm.
Once steadfast, in times of calm and tranquil
Now they sway, branches knit in treacherous play.
Their presence dissipates like morning haze.
The branch oak ! , sturdy and strong,
Bear the weight of the other trees, lifelong.
But tread with caution, lest they may break,
When burdens grow too much to take.
They linger in seasons of moderate strife,
But when adversity looms, they seek respite,
They live alone with a heavy heart.
In the garden's centre,
And among this transient parade
Left and right, only one in a million of millions,
Emerge the root oak, profound and true,
Unseen by many, but oh, how they value the infirmed.
With steadfast support, they stand by their side,
Nurturing their growth through trials and surge,
Unfazed by the tendrils' stature,

They simply love them, day and night.
Again and again, all the species,
Day and night at every short hand of the clock,
Meet and chat, agree and disagree,
The judge will always want to know,
Who will remain by the tendrils' side till the end?
Yes, in all the four, Autum, winter, summer ____
The unexpected occur,
As the trees sway left and right,
Only the roots, deep and unyielding,
Will weather every season, every storm,
Anchoring tendrils to love's unchanging embrace.
From afar I glimpse a dance of hues,
Brushed by gentle winds nature's muse.
Though distant I feel the colors bloom,
Through fingertips and eyes they fuse.
Root oaks! Root beings! Dear soul!
Cherished by the species,
For they are the keepers of constancy's role,
The foundation upon which true friendship thrives.
In this ephemeral dance of existence,
It is they who remain, unwavering,
Through every season unfold, every
change,
Guiding species with love, forever and always.

Shadows And Lights

The ministry besieged, three fronts arise,
The Church, The world and The government, in guise.
Ministers lack belief while overshadowed with envy,
Everywhere tainted in sight and smell,
Unspiritual motives, their battle faints.
Stands apart another, staccato souls,
As wider asunder as pole from pole.
Unaware of truth as pretenders take tolls.
Thaumaturgist! Seek powers from darkness, sorcery's reign,
Misleading the faithful, who study in vain.
But discerning false from real,
Sieving darkness from light, they fail.
Unrelated to deliverance, truth they derail, they subotage.
The ventures into an olden age debate,
Regulating what they can't grasp, church state.
Church's saltiness wavers, as they exploit,
The failure they wield, to gain more clout; their mark.
Yet El nino ?
In His time, healed and set free,
Promise disciples would surpass His decree.
Infront, the curtain, white and sparkling,
Only in truth and spirit, the power lies,
The message it conveys.
Our battles must be fought,
Wisely should they be chosen,
The best, where faith abides.

Dark lyrics of our land.

Dark lyrics of our land.

Whenever I wake up every morning

Whenever I spend every hour of my day

Whenever morning unfolds

To the time darkness calls

It opens always

The box of entire memory

In it to the brim,

The memories of our land

A little glance to it's two corner

Into my sight appears him.

The nemesis of mine

The nemesis of river Kira,

The river of our forefathers.

The poison of our flash

The dimmer of our light

We're his best backfriends

I call him a beast

The best name a devoted man

From a cathedral can offer

Many a names can do

But the arrow will converge

At him ____

An hyena of our land

The unwanted arc in our drawings

The unnecessary comma

Of the old known flowing kira waters

That sends its growths to a coma

He caged the features of our futures

Like the orphaned chicks in the coop

His blessings takes after the coal

Wishes sower, like a carelessly

Homemade ghee

Bitter like the peeling waters of a lemon
He whispers dark heaven,
Remotes our branch to abyss
So long in depth like his heart
Full of silt of River Nyando.
So hot are his smiles
From the ever grinning lips of deception
Like the ever flowing magma of an active volcano.

—
He forced sweet challenges into our land
Spread the own curses to our beds
He eats our future like bedbugs and lice
Always prays in reds and black
Gowns his face like a village monk
But a cobweb is his heart
Crosses his hands while bowing
Like a pump-type pliers off use
A sign of compressed tomorrow,
Brighten darkness and dimmed lights.
Our day is a Sunday, Tomorrow is a Monday.
His eyes closed,
Our Monday, his target to bomb off
Oh! The golden bull, the wall against our Monday
The distorter of the river, The bearer of the pain
A day must day, The dream must stop
The end must ____
God for us all.

Holding on to Hope

My dear friend, I hear your plea,

For love that's true and sweet as can be,

For ____

Who holds your heart so tight,

Whose beauty shines so bright.

You speak of her sweet appearing lips,

Of her brown and cute fingertips,

Of her figure-nane shape so fine,

That captures your heart and mind.

But though your love for her is strong,

She seems not willing to play along,

To say the words that you so crave,

And accept the love you wish to give.

Oh, how it hurts to love so much,

And yet, your heart she will not touch,

But fear not, my dear, for love is kind,

And in time, it may yet find.

Keep loving her with all your might,

And hope that one day, she may see the light,

And return the love that you so give,

And make your heart truly live.

For love is patient, love is kind,

And though it may take some time,

It will blossom and grow strong and true,

And make your dreams come through.

So hold on to your love, my friend,

And let your heart be on the mend,
For in the end, love conquers all,
And will answer to your call.

A Long Road For Our Delilah

In the shadows of judgments, we find her plight,

Divorced: She can't keep a man, they whisper, contrite.

But do they hear her voice, her heart's lament,

Or merely echo the shallow judgments that are sent?

Raped: What was she wearing, they ask with disdain,

As if her clothes could justify the searing pain.

But where's the empathy for her shattered soul,

Lost in the depths where compassion takes its toll?

Childless marriage: She is barren, they claim,

Words heavy with pity, an insidious game.

But can they fathom the ache within her core,

The longing for a child, a love to adore?

No male child born, it's all her fault, they sneer,

A son absent, her womb becomes a mirror.

Yet, do they see her worth beyond gender's plea,

Or blindly confine her to roles she must not flee?

Rich and independent, they label her so,

A prostitute, they say, her worth laid low.

But can't they see her spirit soar and dance,

Beyond the confines of societal stance?

A bad child, they blame the mother's hand,

For spoiling him, a judgment firmly sand.

But can they see the broken cycles that unfold,

Generations wounded by stories yet untold?

She wants to play some sports, they scoff and scorn,

A girl's domain, they say, her dreams forlorn.

But can't they see her strength, her fire unbound,
A force that defies the limitations around?

Single and driving a car, they wag their tongues,
Potential suitors scared off, like broken rungs.
But can't they see her freedom, her wings unfurled,
A testament to her strength in a biased world?

She speaks her mind, they label her bossy,
A woman's voice, they say, should be less saucy.
But can't they hear her wisdom, her thoughts profound,
A treasure trove of insights to be found?

Unmarried in her thirties or forties, they sigh,
Irresponsible, they claim, with a weary eye.
But can't they see her choices, her path unbound,
A life not defined by societal ground?

Married: Becomes her husband's property, they state,
A notion archaic, where love abates.
But can't they see her strength, her individuality,
A partnership built on mutual respect and equality?

Cheating spouse: It's her fault, they whisper low,
She made him do it, she should be prayerful, they sow.
But can't they see the scars, the trust that's torn,
A victim blamed, her worth unfairly shorn?

Widowed: She killed her husband, they cry,
To take over his properties, a venomous lie.
But can't they feel her grief, her soul laid bare,
A heart in mourning, burdened with despair?

Remarries: She didn't mourn enough, they chide,
Her love diluted, as if she's cast aside.
But can't they see her resilience, her heart reborn,

A second chance at love, a hope newly sworn?

Domestic abuse: What did the woman do? they ask,
As if she somehow prompted the tormentor's task.
But can't they hear her cries, her pleas unheard,
A soul trapped in anguish, a voice deeply stirred?

It ain't easy being a woman in this part of the world,
Where judgments rain and expectations swirl.
But through it all, she rises, with grace and might,
A testament to her strength, her enduring light.

In reverence, we shall stand, applauding her fight,
Respect to every She out there, shining bright.
Remember the willows of the winter, and the new era's delight.
Their fight, a radiant beam, their flight, a righteous sight,
Beyond the dark talks of the night.

Sunset At Dawn In Kachland

Today, the dawn started with darkness
Just a gloomy morning, light its weakness
At her door, people swarmed like bees
Warming Del like a pot of ghees

Every eyes red and lubricated
The lashes overflowed with tears
Noses run fast of their sorrows
Her soul almost smelt morgue.

Her baby crawled out unsteadily
Her eyes almost closed steadily
"Ma'am! ma'am! ma'am"
Her cries filled in the air

Ooh the bitter morning!
"Ma'am don't leave Lif!"
"Ma'am don't leave Hel!"
" Don't leave us too early"
" The day won't bear us joy!"
Hel's cries could be translated
Ooh the cruel morning,
You bear space for pain.

Lif came out in short
Old and tattered rags
Lifts Hel, his little sib
In his arms he carries her
They all solo and chorus in pain
"Ma'am ma'am, the mother of us"
"Don't leave us too early"

Lif stumbled begging his mother

To never leave Lif and Hel alone
"You gave mam to dad"
"And you're now taking her away from
Us all!"
" God, are we sinners? "
?-

The sun just rose
Its fiery hands almost radiating
"Should we carry her to the doctors?"
"The grandpa just denied us his car"
The report was quick one.
What a gloomy mornin' for Del

Goz walked worked on,
Disturbed by his lackness
But never wanted Del to reach her evening
As soon as that unwanted time.
Look! Tears washes the other
Competing on which to drop drop first
Oh ! The poor Goz!
Goz knelt before his wife
His two arms holding his children
Wishing the clouds would turn gay.

The beast withheld his car
His in law a non useful in his self
Ooh the black grandpa
His heart is a dark room
Where mosquitoes breed and multiply

He left his dau' in law,
Del, the beauty of his arm
The bearer of his grandchildren
To starve in sickness,
And to die like an orphan dog
As he stands his white engine

Infront of his house
His motors run 24/7
Just to deliver his meals
As Del rot of sickness in her place.
Oh the cursed grandpa
?

Four samaritans hold the dying Del
Towards the far reached doctor
With empty hands, they will plead
The docs' would do their best
That's their prayers.

"Ma'am! ma'am! ma'am!"
"Ensure you're back so soon"
"Daddy needs you ma'am"
"Lif needs you so soon"
"I need you ma'am"

Hurry mum!
Remember to enter the room for life
Do not talk to undertakers,
We still need you ma'am
Don't forget to enter the room of hope
Because if you come back in eternal box,
I swear I will curse grandpa.
I already curse it, the birth canal
That retired him to this world.
It should say sorry to us,
The rebel descendants.
Ooh ma'am! Remember to come back.

Song Of A Widow. I

Why did you have to depart

The sweet aroma of my nose

Just a dots of years when we met

You are no more darling,

I'm now a wife to a hill of black soil.

Stressful nostalgic moments,

When we held our hands in support

As we adventured the cold streets of Nyahera

When we shook fingers in plays

This stress gonna kill me soon.

I joined your land as a choice

Kano, the sanctuary of the gods

Where rice keeps birds

While rice and birds kept us

In this beautiful sanctuary

It was mutual

As your love was my love

Your malaria my pneumonia

Your handsome love was enough

Ooh dear! Won't you come soon?

But something disturbs alot,

Now listen I tell you

Shape the ears like the rabbits

Attention as the blues in the battle

You left me in a tag of war

Where only the tougher wins,

The piece you left me with

Was taken the very day you smelt a morgue.
As the undertakers surrounded you
Their hearts swarmed on the little
You left for your children.

Your brother AAA, a beast in a jungle
A domestic hyena that walks on two legs
Grabbed the little you left your wife
And children with,
Cocked the bitter towards your
Wife and children.

I also refused the hot life,
He wanted to shoot in me,
He wanted to make me,
An altar for his sacrifices,
The church where he prays,
Ooh the unbearable burden!

Your mother chirped every morning
At my doorstep,
The rare things she did when your
Two legs could stand.
All her words called me names;
The killer of his son
The backwash of her river
The poison of her waters.

Stand and give us a quick response
Of the brigadiers when the duty calls
Your house is on fire
The curtains are inrescued
The only three legged stool
And the springed bed
That you left us with, have caught fire.

My dear husband extinguish this fire
It's a pain unbearable,
It's a disease I can't find it's treatment
Oh my love! Rise and rescue your waters
Your river can't flow uphill
The ways have been blocked
By the ever piling silts
From the branches of your mother river

Our land is far away from us
The hyenas and lions
With the big belts and bellies
Have widened up the distance
The fare is much on us
We can't reach it again.

An eighth acre you left us
Is out of our hands.
Guys in black paraded around it
Like a troop in their assembly.
Saturdays and Sundays
It was under a bargain
Till its deal got done.

The sights beams on the little calf
That its sun rose when yours set
"It's almost"
The all time phrase of their tongue.
Its days are numbered
Its Saturday almost reaches
When the bosses with papers
Come back home for their vacation.

Your kids nolonger attend the lessons
Their term melted suddenly
Like a subliming iodine

Exposed to a small heat.
Though their hands are dirt'
Their heads blow candles
But none has to keep them going.

Your brothers and mothers,
A hole that swallows.
Their hands fear serpents
In their pockets,
Because their stomach are red
And their grins are dark.

Olu' The mater of my ovum
The sire of the so called bitter children
My remover from my fatherland
Come to the rescue of your sper'
The land is no longer proper
For your only fruits of a long journey.

Dear Olu' give us an eye
Or come for us all
The battle is much tough
For a widow so lonely.

Even the tendrils lean on the oak
But in this forest the oaks are burning us.
Seek the permission from Kir'
The ancestors of our land
So that you rescue your kins
The wounded waters of his branch.

Song of Jahera

Kan, a beauty from the Kam' land,
Her forehead a symbol of love so grand,
With a figure-nane that mesmerizes the eye,
And a brown complexion that makes hearts sigh.

But alas, her heart bears a burden heavy,
Her thoughts melts brevity, trust is her worry
For she fears love from a Luo, oh so dreary!,
Her trust in them shattered and torn apart,
Leaving her with a guarded, wounded heart.
A heart that shines no doubts and weaves pieces .

Yet here I stand, a Luo with a love so true,
A love that burns bright like the morning dew,
A love that condense not whether it reads one,
A love more than a gold, not easily won,
My heart ablaze with a passion untold,
For Kan, my love, with a beauty so bold.

Her love, like a rose in full bloom,
A fragrance that fills the hearts of the room,
A soft whisper in the gentle breeze,
A melody that puts the heart at ease,
That is Kan, my morning devotion,
You smell dodo, the fruit for a vacation.

With each embrace, I feel her love's embrace,
A love so pure, with no hint of disgrace,
And in her eyes, I see the world anew,
A world full of hope, with love shining through.
A planet where grass are red and sky her sister,
The sphere for the two plants to grow a minister.

Kan, my love, stay with me forever,
Let us build a future that nothing can sever,
Let us build a Saturday and Sundays
That Friday can't match in million 'ays
A future of laughter and faithfulness
A future full of love, happiness and grace,
A future with our sons and daughters in our embrace.

So let us leave behind our fears and doubts,
And let love lead us down the path of no routs,
Where hugs and kisses restore happiness,
And our hearts, the sanctuary of our bonds,
Our children, the golds of the sanctuaries,
For in each other's arms,
We find our peace and comforts
Our love, a bond that shall never cease.

A Good Girl

A good girl...?

"A good girl does what she's told."

I remember what my mum once said

I respected those words, I adored those words

I followed those words, I cherished those words

I wanted to be congratulated, I wanted to be acknowledged

I was mummy's good girl

I was the one girl who did everything she was told

The one girl who always put a smile on my mum's face

I was the good girl

"A good girl keeps secrets, don't ever tell."

I recall what my father said

I kept his words close

I chose to keep the secret

A secret only we knew

A secret he said would make my mum sad

I wanted to be a good girl, I wanted presents

I wanted to be loved, I wanted to be adored

Keeping secrets became our thing and I did...

Because of my mother's words

I kept the secret.

I was the good girl

"Liars go to hell, a good girl should never lie."

My aunt was a mean one but her words...

Her words I understood, her words I knew were truth

Never telling lies, I grew with that

I embedded those words in my heart

Engraved them on my bones like a tattoo

Always telling the truth when asked something

I was the good girl

"How could you? Tell us what you did!"
I was to tell the truth but how?
I wished to escape but I was in trouble
Telling the secret would destroy my bond with my father
Staying silent would break the bond with my mother
Telling a lie would brew trouble with my aunt
How was I to prove I was a good girl?

"You are a disgrace."
Their words killed me inside
My mum couldn't look at me
My father turned away with a sneer
My aunt rolled her eyes in disdain
I was done for
Everything I had done so far...
Where did it all go wrong?
"You're a bad girl!"
Those words I feared the most
I humiliated my mum but... I always did what I'm told
I annoyed my father but... I had kept the secret
I failed my aunt but... I didn't tell any lies
What was a good girl to do?
How would I prove that I'd been a good girl?
How when they all looked disappointed?
How did I become the bad girl?
I simply followed the rules so how...

The Taker, The Giver and The Problem

It's all about give and take
Maybe give and take-out

The Taker

You give wanting something back
You offer because they is a return
There is a gain
A goal to be achieved

And receive from the other
But you not only take from whoever gives
You rip out a part of them
A piece they can't get back

Because they offered it
You didn't ask
But they gave
They offered

The Giver

You don't take, you give
Not just give, you offer
You offer even with the knowledge...
That it's a hoax
It may never come back

You offer your heart, it gets shattered
You offer your trust, it gets broken
You offer your soul, it gets trampled
You offer your body, it gets battered

At a point you have nothing else to offer

You throw caution to the wind
Live life as you want
But then you remember
You need someone...

Someone to hold
Someone to touch
Someone to love
Someone to laugh with
Someone to smile at
Someone to call your own

You start again

You offer your heart, it gets shattered
You offer your trust, it gets broken
You offer your soul, it gets trampled
You offer your body, it gets battered

You get hurt, you heal
You cry, you wipe your tears
You scream, you appease your anger
You beg, you get comfort

You say you'll give up
But can you really?

Can you sleep with no one to hold?
Can you eat with no one to talk to?
Can you live with no one to smile to?
Can you laugh with no one to laugh back?

You say it'll be okay
Thay you'll do fine on your own
But humans...it's a habit
You still go back...

You offer your heart, it gets shattered
You offer your trust, it gets broken
You offer your soul, it gets trampled
You offer your body, it gets battered

The Problem

Relationships...
You want it, you demand for it
You need it, you go for it
Once you get it, the thrill dies
It's not what you expected
You leave

It's a habit we can't fix
A game we keep playing
A horror we enjoy
A sorrow we brace
And a death we welcome.

Compromise?
We threw that off the roof
Love?
It's just for show
Trust?
It's just a word
Happiness?
It's just a facade
Smiles?
These are just masks
Life?
We just welcome day and night

It's all part of the cycle.

Dark Paradise

I keep asking myself why?
Why Basil?
Why can't you be normal?
Why cant you love like others?
Why can't you laugh like others?
Why can't you smile like others?
 Why can't you be free like others?
Why cant you care like others?
Why can't you be normal?
But as expected,
No answer

It all used to matter; a million questions
Why can't I be her?
Why can't I lead?
Why can't I have that?
Why can't I do this?

I had a lot of wants:
I want friends too
I want a boyfriend too
I want to write a letter too
I want to go out too
I want to laugh too
I want to love too

All my worries went away with the wind
I too had found it but then...
I trusted too much
I laughed too much
I smiled too much
I wanted too much
Desire topped by greed became a driving force

But then it got crumbled down by humanity

At a certain point it all doesn't matter anymore

All I want is to be in my little paradise

Its dark but there is a light

Its cold but also cosy

Its lonely but bearable

Why do I keep going back to my dark Paradise?

Why?

Its because no one can hurt me there

I can be my own hero

I can be my own happiness

I can be my own pillar

I can be my own friend

I'm my end and my beginning

You'll ask

I'll say its fine

But really.... Is it?

Forgotten

4. Forgotten

What point are you in life?

What purpose do you serve?

I'm sure you have your answers

But I also have mine

Its not that I don't care,

It's the people that say I don't

Its no big deal

Thing is, I can't

Why?

I've forgotten how to

You'll ask how?

I'll say, I don't know

Does it really matter?

I've reached a certain point where I can't feel it

All of it is blurry

I want to care but I can't

Why?

I've forgotten how to

A point where all there is...

Is 'pain' and 'fear'

The pain of betrayal

The fear of being left alone

The pain of being looked down upon

The fear of having to bear all of it alone

I should care but I can't

I've forgotten how to

A point where we embrace the tears

A point where nothing matters anymore
A point where all you want is peace
But you know what.....
It doesn't matter, we don't care
Why?
We've forgotten how to

I'm mad

I'm mad....

I'm mad and I don't know why

I'm mad that nobody asks why

I'm mad that nobody understands why

I'm mad that nobody tries to find out why

I'm sad....

I'm sad that nobody cares anymore

I'm sad that nobody calls anymore

I'm sad that nobody texts first anymore

I'm sad that nobody truly loves anymore

I crave...

I crave for the forgotten friendships

I crave for the smiles that shined so brightly

I crave for the buried relationships

I crave for the innocents that once trusted so lightly

I crave for the neglected responsibilities

I crave for the hearts that loved so easily

I'm happy....

I'm happy because of the memories we made

I'm happy because of the fun we had

I'm happy because of the troubled we brewed

I'm happy because of the time that was...

That time that was...

Paralyzed

Have you ever felt the way I do?
All you do is wait for the day to end
So you can sleep and start yet another day?
All you feel is a void and nothing else

The only time you laugh is when watching something funny
Movies and music become your everything
A day without music feels incomplete
A day without a movie feels empty

I know what you're thinking
"It's impossible,"
We need people, we need interaction
We need human affection and touch
We need love, care and bonds
But that is everyone else

I've seen... I've seen...
Affection turn into power points
Interaction turn into driving forces for bullying
Love turn into hate
Care turn into disregard
Bonds turn into shackles.

I've seen and I don't want that
I don't need that pain
I don't need the sorrows and the worries
I don't need the constant stress
I don't need the half-hearted concerns

I want to feel something too
I crave it, I desire it
But it's all faded

I have the keys to the box I locked myself in
All I have to do is open it
But....

Nothing matters anymore
I'm paralysed.

Lost

I feel lost...

Lost in a time that never was

Am I the only one that was?

Am I the only one that saw?

Am I the only one that felt?

Am I the only one that heard?

Am I the only one that...?

I feel lost...

Lost in a dream that never was

I was there... I swear I was

I can promise that indeed I saw

I can confess that I truly felt

I can attest that I clearly heard

I can... I know I can but...

I feel lost...

Lost in a past that never stays...

It is proof that there I was

It is proof that indeed I saw

It is proof that truly I felt

It is proof that I really heard

Maybe it's just me, maybe I was the only one...

A Half Past Six

A half past Six
Darkness claims its hold,
The sole solace he finds,
Oh Jonne!
What a shadowed stroll for the young!

The friends and foes
Flutter like birds to their nests
Jonne and dumb now lives
Under one furnished room

Oh, the Sun!
Why must you cease your descent,
Denying Jonne a taste
Of fleeting joy on this path?

What a bitter journey Jonne!
?
The sun retreats slowly,
Eclipsing the only happiness
That propels Jonne forward
A joy short-lived,
After nature's light fades.

Oh Jonne!
Your heart has gone
Your heart is waning
Your fleeting bliss paves its way
It's hidden by the concealed sun
Under the horizon deep

Your lips come alive
Only when darkness conceals

Oh, this world!
Oh, young orphaned!
What a pity!
Your tender heart,
Now a crimson heap
A cross, the signal of the head.

With whom will you converse,
Now that she rests in silence?
Who will guide you,
Now that he is but a heap of clay?
Who will rouse you for the morrow,
While they slumber
Deeper than your rest?

Oh the bitter sphere!
You're harsh to the hearted,
Unkind to the tender-hearted.

Round Of Streets, Kenya

Kenya weeps,
Kenya mourns,
The unseen change,
Life decays, festers,
Under the reign of His Excellency.

Smoke shadows the cities,
Nairobi, a square,
Where people gather,
Their tears flowing,
Before His highness.

Young men and women,
Trudge through cold and dust,
Weary, with ribs protruding,
View a city in perpetual suffering.

But tear gas clouds,
Become their sole reply.
Some meet eternal silence,
Butchered by inhumans,
Clad in blue uniforms,
Dotted like the cheetah's spots.

Children tremble in fear,
Counting hurried steps,
Tallying the countless tears,
Of anguished, hungry mothers and fathers,
Who tirelessly traverse Nairobi's corners,
Confronts tear gas and braves thorny streets,
In search of a brighter tomorrow,
Beyond today's despair.
Standards of life raised,

Taxes included in greetings,
We endure it all.
Men and women sacrifice,
Day and night pleading with you,
For relief from burdensome taxes.

Lack of healthcare,
Expectant mothers dying,
Within hospitals' walls,
Without medicine to save them.

Fuels and commodities,
Rising with each passing morn and eve.
What a senseless ordeal,
In this nation we call home!

Tears For My Beloved Country

Today I stood up very early
Before the lights and rays
Flooded this sphere
The land of unripe lemons
Where owls glide along the banks
Like silent river ducks

Today, I mourn
The morality of my beloved country
It has officially plummeted to zero
What will our children learn from this?

Owls dance everywhere
They own the upper chamber
Spreading their presence
Like residents of a toilet
Extending greedy hands for loot
While inflated balloons
Fill their empty bellies

It has officially plummeted to zero
How will our mothers survive?
The lower chamber lacks
Insects dwell in quarrels and doubts
Birds and animals strive for better or worse
Lack has claimed its presence

Mothers have nothing to carry back
For their children and the disabled
Oh, God!
What will our children say?

Today, I mourn

The morality of my beloved country

Mother Country

Sons of K'nya,
Daughters of K'nya,
Our land of pride
Has been revised
By the looters,
The thieves of thieves.

They've rewritten our laws
To suit their own agenda
To plunder our green,
Our flag, they want colorless.

The budget soars
High in the sky,
Affordable only for
The privileged few.

People take to the streets
Of central Nairobi,
Striking in shifts,
Thrice a week,
Once or twice
Under the moon.

Strikes flow freely,
Strikers swarm
Like bees in the nation's streets,
Their voices calling from afar,
But unheard,
Instead met with black and white smoke,
Their pleas ignored.

Their tears flow

Like the waters of Nyando,
Streaming relentlessly,
Drowning out their needs,
Silencing their voices.

Orders come from above,
To end the strike,
To clear the streets' congestion,
To suppress the seekers of justice,
The oppressor's hand strikes,
Weakening the resistance.

What will our neighbors say?
Our Excellency, the one who kills
The future of his subjects,
A lion who commands
His blue-clad soldiers
To conquer and subdue.

A misguided king
Who summons cheetahs
To prey upon the innocent
Creatures of the land.

Now behold, the nation is in darkness,
Movement is chaotic,
Businesses shuttered,
Investors flee,
Churches divided by decisions,
Oh, Excellency!
The Zacchaeus of our land,
The Levi of our generation,
Offering a small relief
To your tearful people,
Would it not kill you?

The white of our flag
Is no longer pure,
But the red still reigns,
As a reminder of your deeds,
A call for justice,
A plea for the nation's restoration.

Plea For Change

We yearn for justice,
We yearn for peace,
We yearn for harmony,
We yearn for togetherness.

Oh, Excellency, listen to us,
Oh, deceitful Excellency, listen to us,
Kenya is our homeland,
Do not cast us away
With this burdened life.

Living standards have soared,
Taxes burden us,
Fuel prices rise,
Education has become unaffordable.

Fear has gripped the people,
Fear treads their steps,
Your soldiers, under your command,
Disperse them with tear gas,
An oppressive haze.

God, hear the cries of Kenya,
God, listen to our prayers,
The Leader you sent to us,
In this cherished nation,
Has transformed into a tyrant,
God, save us from this plight.

A Cry For Joy And Freedom

Joy flies and flutters away daily
Like cumulus clouds in pursuit
Of a mountain, yet rain fails to descend
As anticipated, leaving us bereft.

Our joy withers like a flower
Planted upon unyielding rock
Its tender shoots fail to sprout
For want of necessary sustenance.

My country is engulfed in smoke
As His Excellency, heedless
To the cries of his afflicted people,
Refuses to offer solace or relief.

Schools lie dormant, their gates closed
Fearful of the students' massacre
Teachers flee for their safety
Friendliness abandoned, replaced by fear
Their profession no longer noble
As the cost of living soars above them
They are compelled to walk barefoot
Among the common Mwananchi
In the fight against rising expenses.

Officers find no respite or rest
They remain vigilant day and night
Carrying out the orders of His Excellency
Trampling upon innocent citizens
Who dare to defend their rights.

Doctors toil ceaselessly, endlessly
Operating on bodies riddled with bullets

Fired by men adorned in cheetah attire
Oh, the agony of this relentless generation.

Daughters and sisters of liberty
Exercise utmost caution, I implore
For this battle is ours to fight
But my friends, take heed
Avoid the frontlines of conflict
Lest you never fight again.

Voices Of Broken Pieces

Our hearts desire peace,
Our yearning for unity,
Our thirst for change,
Yet answers elude us, cease.

We cannot rejoice,
While the black bull still holds sway,
Our voices united, we raise,
For justice and a brighter day.

My son, lost in that demonstration,
Taken from me, my precious one,
His voice silenced, a tragic summation,
By brutal murders, his life undone.

Listen to my plea,
My only brother, too, now gone,
To lands of the dead, forced to flee,
By inhumane officers who were so wrong.

They obeyed His Excellency's orders,
To quell innocent voices, they sought,
Eliminating those who dared be supporters,
Of their rights, they were brutally caught.

The cost of living, like evening winds, rose,
Leaving us struggling, our pain exposed.

My fellow mourners, hear my cry,
My only daughter, just a teenager,
Taken from me, no chance to say goodbye,
Her future stolen, her life a wager.

Only five years old, so tender,
She sang for peace, a hopeful render,
Yet they shot her brutally, no defender,
Leaving her mother's heart torn asunder.

Seeds Of Peace

Cry, seek peace,
Shout to save a life
From strife's decrease,
Tears flow for rodents
Invading hearts,
Flowers trampled
By hate's fiery darts.

Weary of the divisive politics,
Allergic to the borders
That wars engage,
Sonder the land
Once a hub of commerce's lifts,
Now a battlefield,
hearts in disdain.
Highlands and flatlands,
The enmity lives

Bows and arrows launched,
Hurl from highland heights,
Catapults soaring
From Lake Victoria's shore,
Communal rifts sprout
With renewed spites,
As political indifference
Breeds hate once more.

Seeds of hatred, dormant,
Now awake,
Hatred germinates,
Corroding like rust,
Affecting the petals

Of the peace flower,
Fed by indifference
They cause hearts to break,

Cry not for violence,
But peace to ensue,
Then 'us aim for goodness
Always in our Do's
Funerals no longer
To mourn the fallen,
Let justice and unity
be our callin'.

Famine In Kanowa

My child tasted half-cooked milk,
As their only siblings watched in tears,
Yearning for my ovaries grounds ,
To the warmth of my nurturing care.

No milk from my breast did flow,
No energy left to breastfeed,
No water to induce a drop of urine,
The child regrets having such a mother.

A mother with but a droplet of milk,
A mother drained of all her strength,
Allergic to even the act of breastfeeding,
A life accident my child, a wish not from me

Nights stretch on for eternity,
Twice the time God made,
Darkness blankets my house ,
Oh! The bitter cold and searing heat.

The house I inhabit has countless vents,
A hundred windows as vast as the president's palace,
Yet, I find no joy in this world,
My children echo the same sentiment.

I dream of change daily, but it never comes,
I am lost, without a path forward,
Only to witness the congregation,
Mourning me and my three children,
Lowering our humble bodies,
Into the earth, our final abode.

Night's Noturno

Darkness falls, a twelve fold light
Bids her bye, waiting to come
Again , a twelve-hours fold later
In umbra's cloak, men of the jungle
The unwanted soldiers in petty coats
They creep at night, but no voice heard
Keenly to parade, their normal assembly
Bedbugs rise, lice with their guns
Tiny vampires, seeking blood,
Stealthy hunters, on my 2 cen'm
Joined horizontally parallel reeds
In silent corners, they reside,
Below our sheets, they softly hide.
In tatters, humble beddings
That has breathe history's tale,
Their presence felt with itchy bite,
A nocturnal dance of parasite.

Buoyant And Winged

Below the azure sky they glide,
Birds of feather, wings spread wide,
From tree to tree, they swiftly roam,
Quality dance, a graceful poem.
A joy of flight, they soar,
From leafy boughs to distant shore,
Their journey incised in skies above,
As they find succour, peace and love.
Look! What a destiny!
Through branches potent, they find their way,
Guided by the sun's bright ray,
In ane unity, they take their flight,
A spectacle of pure delight.

The Pot

Hey wake up
Your time is running faster
Like the _SGR_ to M'mbasa
Set your right dawn
Which is the sunset
As your peers do always
Just not to keep their naked customers awaiting
By the corridors
Of the flowing markets of Ahero
And the dark streets of Kisumu.

Cut your s'kts short
Let the dark thigh wave
To your lickers
Cut your _top_ short
Make it reach your waist
Not as soon as Christ return

Make a shape infront
Cut some part if breast hide
Let your nipple wave
And make your customers warm
Cut some pieces from your back
Have a mark for your lickers
Let them feel you care

Let their presence flow
One after the other
Legs apart, sides by sides
Give your love and heart
To the pains for penny
Cry slowly as the street dogs
Lick your known beautiful pot

Rush and make your pot naked
Every twilight and dusk
If you will and want more cash
Strain for money
Call closer your destiny
Altogether,elongate your eulogy