

Anthology of Aloo Denish Obiero

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

*To my beloved mother, Prisila Adoyo Aloo,
Whose love and guidance have helped me grow,
This anthology is a tribute true,
A testament to the bond we share, through and through.*

*To the world, I send these words with care,
May they ignite hope and banish despair,
May every verse, every line, every rhyme,
Inspire hearts to bloom, stand the test of time.*

Acknowledgement

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to Almighty God for the gift of creativity and the ability to express myself through words. I am humbled by the inspiration and guidance I have received throughout this journey.

To my parents, for their unwavering support, love, and belief in my dreams, thank you for nurturing my spirit and encouraging my pursuits.

I am indebted to all the circumstances and experiences, joyous or challenging, that has touched my life and kindled the fire of writing within me. Every joy, every struggle, and every triumph has enriched my perspective and fueled my creative expression.

Lastly, I express my gratitude to all the readers who embark on this poetic journey with me. Your presence and appreciation are the truest validation for my words.

With heartfelt thanks,
Aloo Denish Obiero

About the author

Aloo Denish Obiero (popularly known as Aloo Denish) , is a Kenyan bioscientist (biochemist) , leader, and author born on January 2nd, 1994, in Olando Village, Gwasssi East Location, Suba District, Homa Bay County, Kenya, to parents Ghands Aloo Aira and Prisila Adoyo Aloo. A passionate scientific researcher, he has conducted extensive laboratory-based research and analysis for various institutions. He is a contributing author of the book '\Protocols for Cyanobacteria Sampling and Detection of Cyanotoxin.\' Among his scientific publications is '\Identification of Toxic Blooms of Cyanobacteria in Marine Water Habitats.\'

Beside his scientific pursuits, Aloo is an avid writer penning science articles, poems, quotes, and other general pieces. Among his notable poetic works are '\ Ubuntu - I Am because We Are, '\ 'The Mighty Thought, '\ 'The Quest for Wisdom, '\ '"From Potential to Greatness, '\ '"Goodbye for Now, '\ '"A Bizarre Naked Dance, '\ '"Let Dialogue Unfurl, '\ and '\The Reign of Thornbush, '\ among others.

Aloo Denish displayed exceptional brilliance from childhood through his academic journey, from primary education to university, achieving First Class Honours degree in Bachelor of Science in Biochemistry among other excellent performances. When expressing his passion for science, he eloquently states:

?The true power of science lies in its ability to

challenge assumptions, dismantle misconceptions, and pave the way for new frontiers of understanding.?

Aloo Denish is a promising young leader with a history of serving in diverse leadership roles, such as Speaker of the Congress and Representative of the faculty of Science and Technology at Chuka University Student Association, the Chairperson of the Chuka University Biochemistry Student Association among others. He is a fervent advocator of environmental conservation, transformative leadership, good governance, and the responsible use of science and technology to benefit humanity and the surrounding environment. In defense of his dedication to environmental conservation, he emphasizes:

?The beauty of nature is not to be conquered, but to be cherished; for it is a fragile gift that sustains us all. Let us be mindful stewards of the Earth, let us be vigilant guardians of nature, let us be the conductors of environmental conservation and the architects of her restoration; for the preservation of nature is the preservation of our very essence.?

summary

The Mighty Thought

The Reign of Thornbush

Goodbye for Now

The Quest for Wisdom

Let Dialogue Unfurl

The Right Regimen

From Potential to Greatness

A voyage to the Uranus

The Shooting Star

Ubuntu: I Am because We Are

My Anthology

A Bizarre Naked Dance

I AM AFRICA

Every Breath of Air

Environmental Legacy

Beyond Sound

Beyond Words

Beyond the Past

Biochemistry: The Language of Life

What is Biochemistry?

Time Marches On

The Classless Jealousy

The Mighty Thought

The power of thought is like a flame,
Burning bright within our brain,
It starts with a seed in the mind's eye,
And grows into a vision that can touch the sky.

Thoughts shapes our world and guides our way,
Through every moment, every day,
For what we think, we bring to life,
With every thought, we change our strife.

Our own thoughts can build or break us down,
They can lift us up or leave us to drown,
Guard your thoughts with utmost care,
And choose prudently every thought you dare.

With positive thoughts we can soar,
And open up infinite doors,
With negative thoughts we can stall,
And create a life that feels small.

So let us harness the power of thought,
And use it for the good we've sought,
For in our minds lies the key,
To unlock the life we want to see.

The Reign of Thornbush

One day, the trees sought a king,
A ruler their hopes would bring,
In the land where trees stood tall,
But in their quest, a cautionary call.

To the olive tree, they first appealed,
"Be our king," they fervently revealed,
But the olive, revered and grand,
Declined, oil slipping through its hand.

"Shall I forsake my oil's divine glow,
That honors gods and humans so,
To rule over trees, in earthly domain?
No, my essence, I shall not profane."

The fig tree, adorned with fruits so sweet,
Was beckoned to take the royal seat,
But it, too, refused their noble plea,
Preserving its purpose, fruitfully free.

"Shall I surrender my succulent prize,
The taste of delight that satisfies,
To govern the trees, in earthly embrace?
No, my harvest, I shall not erase."

Next, the vine was summoned to sway,
"Come, be our king," the trees did say,
Yet, it, too, declined the sovereign plea,
Sparing its nectar's celestial decree.

"Shall I relinquish the wine I bestow,
That warms both gods and humans, aglow,
To rule over trees, in this mortal realm?

No, my elixir, I shall not o'erwhelm."

Finally, they turned to the thornbush bare,
Desperate for a king, in their despair,
It offered shelter, with a warning clear,
A choice to embrace or face fire's sear.

"If you crown me king, your sovereign guide,
Seek refuge within my shade, wholly inside,
But reject this, and witness the fire,
Consuming cedars in a dreadful pyre!"

Too late did the trees learn a lesson profound,
As do good men who stay silent, unbound,
Choosing passivity in public affairs, they bear,
To be ruled by the malevolent, a price unfair.

So rise, oh virtuous souls, heed the plea,
Engage in the struggle, let your actions decree,
Take up the mantle, courageously embrace the fight,
For evil triumphs, only when good turns a blind sight.

Goodbye for Now

I've set free my best, my finest now untamed,
Released her to the wild, to the terrains unnamed,
To you, O vast world, with humility I implore,
With kindness embrace her, she deserves more.

Crucify her not, like the innocent Christ of yore,
Whom you condemned in ignorance and uproar,
For God sent him not out of hatred, but boundless love,
Likewise, I send my sweetest with deep affection from above.

In greater glory than before, Christ with grace,
Returned to the Father's warm, loving embrace.
With love even sweeter, I hope in time and space,
My best will reunite with me, back to her rightful place.

The Quest for Wisdom

Where does wisdom reside?
Where does understanding hide?
Not in the land of living souls,
Nor depths of seas, where vastness rolls.

Hidden from eyes, from all living things,
Even birds in the sky, it elusively clings.
Destruction and Death have only heard,
A mere rumor, nothing more, of its word.

Mortals toil, seeking treasures confined.
From the soil, iron is taken, copper refined.
Silver mines and gold's refining cells,
In depths of earth, where darkness dwells.

Its value cannot be contained,
By gold or silver, it's not attained.
Beyond the jewels, the precious stones,
Wisdom surpasses all thrones.

God alone understands the way,
Where wisdom resides, where it stay.
He views all beneath the heavens above,
And measures wisdom with truth and love.

To humankind, this message He imparts,
"The fear of the Lord, wisdom's true start,
To shun evil, that is understanding's key",
Embrace wisdom's path, and truly be free.

Let Dialogue Unfurl

Leadership wrangles, a nation in turmoil,
Chaos and confusion, no end to the quarrel,
As leaders fight and bicker, the people suffer,
Their hopes and dreams, lost in the clutter.

With each side fighting for control,
The nation's future, left in a black hole,
Their interests come first, the nation comes last,
The people cry out, but their pleas fall fast.

Deceitful politics, the norm of the day,
As leaders play games, and the nation pays,
Their egos clash, their hearts full of hate,
The nation's progress, grinds to a stalemate.

But there's a way out, a path to peace,
A way to heal, and let tensions cease,
To put the nation first, and set aside pride,
To come to the table, and let dialogue decide.

For conflict resolution, begins with a talk,
A chance to listen, a chance to walk,
In the shoes of others, and understand their plight,
To find common ground, and make things right.

So let us choose dialogue, over hate and strife,
And work towards a better future, a better life,
For our nation, our people, and our world,
Let us lead with wisdom, let dialogue unfurl.

The Right Regimen

Dear President, I thank you so,
For setting aside any pride and ego.
To lend an ear to the opposition,
And seek solutions through cooperation.

We've seen leaders fight for power in the past,
Citizens suffer, property destroyed, lives lost,
Economy shut down, leaving us all in despair,
But you've chosen a different path, since you care.

Please don't give up the course of unity,
For the sake of the nation's prosperity,
Let us work together with sincerity,
Towards a brighter future of dignity.

Thank you, Mr. President, for taking this lead,
And showing us that we can indeed,
Rise above our differences and succeed,
In building a nation that we can all need

From Potential to Greatness

Potential is untapped power, not defined solely by past performance,
Potential is a latent ability, not useful until put to purposeful action,
Potential is a hidden capacity, not just a measure of immediate success,
Potential is unrealized aptitude, not limited by circumstances.

Potential is a dormant talent, not realized without effort,
Potential is undiscovered strength, not the previous achievement,
Potential is undeveloped skill, not solely determined by genetics,
Potential is the yet-to-be-harnessed reservoir, not useless, but remains so unless utilized.

Potential is a thirst for learning, not stagnant or unchanging,
Potential is the belief in progress, not bound by past limitations,
Potential is a mindset of improvement, not inhibited by fear of failure or self-doubt.
Potential is self-awareness and belief, not constrained by external opinions or expectations,

Potential is unexplored opportunity, not fully known until it is tested,
Potential is a seed of possibility, a gateway to greatness not yet fully explored,
Potential is getting out of your comfort zone, not only this but giving your best,
Potential is the YOU that is YET TO BE SEEN, so WHAT in you is yet to be seen, and WHEN?

A voyage to the Uranus

Uranus, a wonder to explore,
A mystery to unravel and adore.
Seventh from the sun, a world of blue-green,
With secrets to unveil, like none you've seen.

Tilted axis, a unique sight,
At 98 degrees, it spins just right,
And negative 224 degrees Celsius,
Uranus is one of the coldest, no less.

Methane, hydrogen, and helium,
Uranus' atmosphere, a scientific realm,
Deeper within, a layer of ice,
A mantle of rock, so precise.

13 rings of dust and ice,
Water ice, their primary guise,
Faint and challenging to see,
Studying their composition, a scientific spree.

27 moons orbiting around,
Titania, the largest can be found,
Rock and water ice, its makeup,
Probing Uranus, a chance to shake up.

A cosmic task, a scientific call,
Uranus, a planet that mystifies us all,
Why explore its chemistry, you ask?
To know our place in this cosmic puzzle.

The Shooting Star

Deep in the village, far from city's charm and gleam,
Primitive childhood days, with toys of mud we'd dream,
Swinging on tall tree branches, our airplanes up the skyways,
Butt scooting down the anthills, our high-end cars on highways.

Once a moonlit night so clear, with dazzling constellations afar
Would unveil a gem so rare, the SHOOTING STAR,
The stellar herald, our surest destiny's bearer,
That carried our dreams, through heavens' mirror.

We believed, if to this celestial magic, you spoke your wishes,
Assuredly, your future dreams would come true, even riches,
But only while the brief light streak shone, could wishes find their way,
Once gone from view, chance lost, 'til next uncertain day.

"I want to be a pilot!" one would exclaim,
"I wish to be a doctor!" another would acclaim,
"I'll be a president!" a soul would declare,
Wishes rolled as swift, as the star's radiant flare.

Today we're of age, the dreamed future's here and now,
The city's beauty familiar, cars and planes are real, avow,
In our dreams, we still believe, hope gleams on our brow,
Ready to embrace our destiny, oh shooting star, where art thou?

Ubuntu: I Am because We Are

"I am because we are," a truth profound,
In Ubuntu's philosophy, our humanity's found.
Our shared existence, interconnectedness so strong,
In unity we thrive, together we belong.

To be truly human, the first maxim shows,
Recognize others' worth, let empathy flow.
In others, our mirror, humanity reflected,
Respectful relations bloom, connections perfected.

When choices arise, wealth or life to save,
Opt for life's preservation, the second principle crave.
For human value, far outweighs riches' gleam,
Thus, benevolence and compassion reign supreme.

Even the king's power, the third tenet's clear,
Springs from people's will, to whom he owes dear.
His status, a communal gift from voices below him,
Their will becomes his role, to uphold without a whim.

Solidarity's our strength, collectivity's our might,
A life of sharing, a love life radiating light,
"Umuntu ngumuntu ngabantu," the Zulu recite,
Let's live Ubuntu's truth, day and night.

My Anthology

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Whose love and guidance have helped me grow,
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A Bizarre Naked Dance

In Ongata Rongai's club, a memory song weaves,
A tale of Newton Karish and daring thieves,
Late '90s, New Year's Eve, a lively show,
A sold-out crowd, in high spirits, they'd go.

Karish, unlike modern stars who mime,
With a live band and dancers, he'd shine.
From 10 pm till dawn's early light,
He'd entertain with all his might.

Dancers lost in rhythms, the crowd in delight,
As midnight approached, spirits took flight,
But then, at 2 am, a sudden hush fell,
Speakers went mute, a foreboding spell.

A gang, six or seven, with weapons untamed,
Machetes, clubs, and rusty guns they aimed,
"KILA MTU LALA CHINI!" the leader's decree,
Patrons, sobered, herded, as fear grew free.

"EVERYONE, GET NAKED!" his next demand did ring,
So, they stripped down to nothing, a peculiar, shocking thing,
As the gang searched pockets, taking what they could find,
The crowd cowered on the cold floor, fear etched in their mind.

The gang's leader, bold with humor in tow,
Ordered the speakers to once again glow,
Onstage, Karish and his band stood bare,
Naked and vulnerable, in the chilling air.

"START SINGING!" the gang leader's absurd command,
Karish, his voice trembling, had to withstand,
"Muthoni Kifagio," the song he must perform,

A satirical piece, to ridicule and inform.

Adding humor to the tale's unique lore,
The gang chose a dancer, a man to explore,
An old, pot-bellied, short figure in a cowboy hat,
Dancing comically for the gang; imagine that!

The heist was brief, mere minutes had passed,
And the gang disappeared, leaving the patrons aghast,
Naked and frantic, like a colonial scramble they raced,
For clothes to wear, in haste, they embraced.

Karish and his band, furthest from the pile of clothes,
Landed mismatched attire, confusion arose,
Karish in a spaghetti top, a scent of perfume so strong,
His wife at home, his troubles, he'd explain ere long.

No offense, but imagine the scene so bizarre,
As the pot-bellied dancer, in a cowboy hat, old by far,
Wore lady's biker short, oh what a sight,
In an unexpected place, a humorous plight.

To this day, Karish worries and ponders,
How the dancer, in his unusual wonders,
Explained to satisfaction, to his wife's delight,
Why he wore lady's biker short that night.

I AM AFRICA

I am Africa, the cradle of mankind,
Where ancient footprints in the sands of time entwined,
The birthplace of humanity, divinely designed,
In my esteemed valleys, where life first aligned.

I am Africa, the cradle of civilization,
Where mighty empires rose with determination,
From the ancient Egypt's pyramids to the Great Zimbabwe walls,
From glorious Mali Empire to Kingdom of Kush, history recalls.

I am Africa, adorned with wonders untold,
From Victoria Falls, a sight to behold,
To the Serengeti, the great wildlife migration known,
The winding Nile River, nature's masterpiece shown.

I am Africa, land of majestic savannas,
Where lion roars and elephant wanders,
From Kilimanjaro's peak to the Rift Valley's floor,
Nature's grandeur timelessly spectacular, evermore.

I am Africa, rich in resources so rare,
From Congo's minerals beyond compare,
To Ghana's gold gleaming bright,
And Nigeria's oil, a source of might.

I am Africa, richly endowed with resources untold,
Diamonds, platinum, copper, and tantalum behold,
I offer fertile soils and abundant rainfall,
To sustain life's rhythm, from the great to the small.

I am Africa, proudly dark-skinned and beautiful,
Melanin-rich, skin kissed by the sun, dutiful,
From the Maasai warriors to the Zulu kings,

Cultures and values that makes a heart sings.

I am Africa, scarred by the slave trade's hand,
As ships sailed away with souls from my land,
The Atlantic's cruel passage, a harrowing tale,
Yet from that dark chapter, my resilience did prevail.

I am Africa, the sleeping lion now awake,
To reclaim my glory, no more to forsake,
I stand tall against any disdain, my destiny to behold,
Socially strong, economically stable, politically bold.

I am Africa, acknowledging and ready to confront my flaws,
To root out corruption and greed, oppressive laws,
United in accountability, good governance, equity, and might,
I march forward with determination, embracing the future's light.

Every Breath of Air

Every drop of water,
Every breath of air,
Every blade of grass?
Whispers the same truth:
We are but custodians of this planet,
Entrusted with its care
For generations yet to come.

Environmental Legacy

Our lasting legacy lies not,
In the towering stone structures,
But in,
The forests we nurture,
The oceans we safeguard, and
The skies we keep pure.

Beyond Sound

To hear is natural, to listen is an art.

To hear is instinctive, to listen is a skill.

To hear is automatic, to listen is intentional.

To hear is effortless; to listen demands mindfulness.

To hear is to sense; to listen is to understand.

Hearing happens by chance; listening happens by choice.

Hearing is passive; listening is active.

Hearing is surface-level; listening is profound.

Hearing fills the ears; listening fills the mind.

Hearing catches sounds; listening catches meaning.

Beyond Words

The language of love requires no translation,
The language of trust needs no explanation,
The language of honesty needs no interpretation,
The language of wisdom requires no noise,
The language of kindness requires no words.

Beyond the Past

The past is a lesson, not a prison,
The past is a mentor, not a captor.

The past is a tale, not a jail,
The past is a page, not a cage.

The past is a foundation, not a stagnation,
The past is a phase, not a maze.

The past is a guide, not a slide,
The past is a map, not a trap.

The past is a chapter, not the answer,
The past is a teacher, not a tether.

The past is a story, not a worry,
The past is a friend, not an end.

The past is a history, not your destiny.

Biochemistry: The Language of Life

Biochemistry, the language of life,
Spoken in the smallest of parts,
Yet felt in the grandest of forms.

Biochemistry, the alchemy of nature,
Transforming simple elements
Into the majestic tapestry of life.

Biochemistry, illuminating life's invisible pathways,
Guiding us toward a deeper understanding
Of the complex molecular web that shapes life.

Biochemistry, the molecular blueprints of existence,
Empowering us to unravel life's mysteries,
And harness its potential to better humankind.

To study biochemistry is to decode
The code of life, written in the language
Of atoms, elements, and molecules.

What is Biochemistry?

Biochemistry? the chemistry of life's design,
Where molecules dance, interlink, and align,
A bridge between cells, atoms, and earth,
Defining each process, from death to birth.
From cells to tissues, to systems whole,
Biochemistry reveals life's molecular role.

Atoms join with bonds of varied might?
Covalent, ionic, in complex rite.
Molecular structures, their shapes decide,
How functions emerge and systems collide.
Water, polar and bound by bonds unseen,
Becomes life's solvent and essential scene.

Carbohydrates fuel, in branching chains,
While proteins give shape, structure, and gains.
Lipids form membranes, barriers and walls,
And nucleic acids hold life's codes, small but tall.
Each plays its part, in pathways intertwined,
The building blocks of life, so meticulously designed.

Catabolism breaks, releasing life's spark,
Anabolism builds, leaving nature's mark.
Glycolysis starts, the fuel we ignite,
The citric cycle follows, energy in sight.
ATP fuels the cells' endless demands,
In bioenergetic chains, life expands.

The enzymes, catalysts that spark each course,
Signal transductions, relay with molecular force.
Channels open, gates control flow,
Compartmented spaces, with roles to show.
Each process precise, a well-ordered dance,

In the cell's intricate, coordinated trance.

DNA spirals, a double helix of code,
Blueprints of life in sequences bestowed,
Transcription to RNA, a message to read,
Translation to proteins, each cell's vital creed.
Genes regulated, expressions controlled,
A symphony of life meticulously told.

With spectrums and gels, we separate, define,
Electrophoresis' bands, chromatogram's line,
PCR amplifies genes to explore,
CRISPR edits, opens new doors.
These tools unearth life's secrets concealed,
In every lab, mysteries revealed.

From medicine's cures to agricultural yields,
Biochemistry stretches across modern fields.
Personalized treatments, precision designed,
Green tech and ethics, the future aligned.
At life's smallest scale, in molecules profound,
The promise of science and progress is found.

Time Marches On

Time marches on, through dusk and dawn.

Time marches on, through silence and song.

Time marches on, unmoved by pleasure and pain.

Time marches on, unmoved by grief and glory.

Time marches on, past valor and vanity.

Time marches on, past fame and fall.

Time marches on, beyond triumph and tragedy.

Time marches on, beyond fortune and failure.

Time marches on, above wealth and want.

Time marches on, above crowns and crutches.

Time marches on, whether you laugh or lament.

Time marches on, whether you stand or strive.

Time marches on, transcending wrong and right.

Time marches on, transcending birth and death.

Time marches on?

and we, merely moments in its march.

The Classless Jealousy

Jealousy is not the portion of the unsuccessful alone;
even the prosperous are consumed with envy.

Jealousy is not the lot of the poor;
even the wealthy are corrupted with spite.

Jealousy is not the flaw of the worldly alone;
even the religious carry it behind sacred veils.

Jealousy is not the preserve of the unlearned;
even the educated are not spared its poison.

Jealousy is not the garment of the uncivilized;
even the well-travelled are ensnared by it still.

If jealousy be the final stage into witchery,
then no wonder even the exalted cast the darkest spells.