

Through the Journey of Hope

A Poetry Anthology

Writers Guild Kenya

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Preface

Poetry has for a long time held a special place in our hearts. It is a way through which we express a number of situations which we face. However, in the recent past, poetry has not been given the best of attention among its peers. It is for some reason that the perception of poetry changed, to the worse, in our schools, and among the young people. What happened? You might ask.

Could it be that the publishers stopped publishing poems because they stopped fetching meaningful economic gains? Could it be that our teachers decided to focus so much on the need to excel in the subject until students forgot to enjoy the art? Could it be that the art in poetry was bypassed with time and that young people found “better ways” to enjoy poetry? What happened, really?

It is these questions that we seek to answer through this poetry anthology: *Through the Journey of Hope*. This collection communicates the beauty and utility of poetry. By so doing, it helps readers to see what they miss when they do not read and study poetry.

The anthology is a collection of poems written by young people. This is because the future of poetry so much depends on the good will of the youth. Therefore, failure to value it will mean only one thing: that there will be no future for the genre.

As Writers Guild Kenya, we have taken a deliberate effort to encourage reading and writing among young people through a number of initiatives. This being one of them, our expectation is that this anthology will trigger a conversation which will spread further and encourage poetry among young people.

So, there goes a responsibility for you, to start off the conversation among your peers and to protect the future of poetry with zeal.

**Gabriel Dinda - Founder & CEO, Writers Guild Kenya
The Writers Centre, Nairobi**

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Theme 1: Corruption

Why we have a role

A Gamble with our Motherland

By Cynthia Katali

Cynthia is a passionate poet from Kombeni Girls' High School waiting to join university and pursue a degree in Design and Interior Decor. She loves reading novels, travelling, and listening to music.

Some gamblers only gamble not to lose.
There wasn't anything for us to win,
Maybe it's not a question of gambling anymore.
It's being more of a habit.
A gamble for the nation,
A gamble by the leaders of our motherland.

Sad as it may be, I had to break my own heart,
Too many nights I sat there all torn apart,
Drowned in my own fantasies.
How long for a corrupt-free country and society.
How long for gender equality.
A country without discrimination.
A society where race and tribe doesn't determine your fate.

I go on for days with a heavy heart,
For how long shall we go through this o'er and o'er?
No tears fall but inside I'm crying,
I have a belief from out of the smoke: we will rise.

Untold Section

By Griffins Ndhine Otieno

Griffins Ndhine Otieno is a youth ambassador and a volunteer talent developer at Maji Mazuri Centre International. Griffins is also a poet, writer, director and actor. He is a Computer Science and Mathematics student at the University of Nairobi. He owns a poetry blog: griffinsndhine.wordpress.com.

Sometimes I think hard
My brains go to slumber
My thoughts wander
Sad times sometimes
I write not sometimes
Words untold

Of the cries in every sunrise
Of the truth-coated lies
Of the city's fake fries
As untold.

Allow me if right
To the dark in the night
The stain on the white
The malice in the eyes
Of bleeding hearts
Of wasted innocence
Of bloody glory
Of drugs, bugs and thugs
Of politics with benefits.

Let me speak to the world
Of the stories untold
Of the hungry in the city
Of the terror in the land
Of the corruption in the blood
Words untold so sad
Let all hear of it, not time bad.

Let the untold give hope and stop the war
Let new seeds grow
Illuminate the darkness
Cure all sickness
Feed the hungry
Calm the angry
Let the untold be told
In black and bold
In pictures and sound
In the sky and on the ground
Let it be told of the untold.

Theme 2: Cultural Diversity

We are one!

Mother, When I Will be Gone

By Francis Omondi

NyarSakwa,
You whom is my mother,
Tell *Jo Sakwa,*
Jo Kaneya,
That I'm gone,
But I will be back.

Mama,
Tell Odit,
Your brother,
That I am coming.
Coming to the county,
The county which,
Katiba calls Migori.

Mama,
When I will be away,
Away from *Jo Nyanza,*
Tell Ororo,
Your only sister;
I will come,
Come to eat,
Eat *Roskoko.*

Mama,
Tell Christopher,
My mad cousin,
I will buy him *chang'aa,*
When I will be back.

Mama Omondi,
Tell Oluoch,
That I will come,
And take *Nyaduse,*
His only milk cow,
Far away,
To reproduce,

For my in-laws,
In *Kamakwa* village,
In Nyeri County.

Mother,
If others,
Will ask for me,
Tell them,
That I have kept silent,
Because you know,
You know why.

Mother I will be gone,
But I will be back.

Life in the City

By Dismas Okombo

Dismas Okombo, also Known as Junior Mark, is a young passionate poet and writer from Homabay High School.

My skirt shouldn't touch the knee,
A rule o' thumb in this lively city,
But inches above the feet.
Or maybe, just maybe
A few inches below.
And the lips are for all to see
Diva, splash the paint!
After all it's common knowledge
'If you like it, you crown it!'

Sometimes as memories flash through my mind,
Of home and the slow-paced life,
I'm puzzled how I fit
In this rush.
But such moments are rare
'Cause I'm always on the run,
To grab the latest lotion,
To grab that trendy skirt,
To do the latest hair style.
Every day, yesterday is old fashioned
And every day, I'm on the move.

It's funny though, that
At home where bare lands stretch

Beyond the horizon unseen,
Only cows and goats
Are on the run.

Here in the city,
The media is my advisor
On what to wear
And what to share.

In this city,
I am not myself!
But who cares to be herself?

Theme 3: Education

The key to life

Our Pupils are Human

By Ahmed Abubakar

Ahmed Abubakar, also known as Noyo Abu, is a poetry and literature enthusiast, a writer and an Accounts student at the Technical University of Mombasa.

Worrying, trembling, distress
Weeping, shouting, pleading
Shame, grief, trauma
Which is worse?

The abuse nests
That are our schools.
Or the hypocrisy
That's our reaction to
Corporal punishment.

Some say
'Brilliance' with the book and pen
Comes at the lower cost
Of a stick.
That You and I
Have probably been there.

So after the
Hue and cry
Boos and cuffs
Sentencing and victimisation
Forgiving and forgetting
Moving on and staying put.

Another pupil will cry.
Another stick will alienate.
Another brutality.
Another recording.
Another case.

Another cycle.

We could choose to
Lose our conscience
Mock our values
Let suffrage in schools
Cause us false shock
Let a cry a day
Keep failure away.

Or
We could see abuse as
Abuse.
Wipe a tear
Instead of causing one.
Pull pupils closer
Instead of pushing them away.
Reasoning, counseling, detaining
Reaches out to
The children in them.

Through My Eyes

By Daisy Chepchumba Yator

Daisy is a poet, a writer and a student at Multimedia University of Kenya pursuing Bachelor of Applied Communications. You can visit her blog, www.daisyduezpoems.wordpress.com, for more information.

Through my eyes,
I see a nation.
A nation full of scholars,
Half- baked scholars!
All for the papers,
None for the brain.

Surely, was honesty just a word?
It's of great concern,
Of the future at hand.
Of the brains,

Slowly and surely made fake.
Robbing innocent fellows,
Of their hard-earned success.
Sitting in the room,
Feeling the blue.
Staring at the abyss
Of the words that flew.

Do not copy,
The invigilator has a good view.
I stare up to thank the gods,
For the inverted screen on the ceiling.
With a flap of my feet,
The neighbours' shoes say hi.
I stretch my thighs,
But, still not enough -
Technology my last resort.

I do not see now,
For the future is blurred,
Our generation killed.
All now before our eyes,
For living in silence,
Fake brains on paper.
An 'A' over theft.

Theme 4: Family

The next battlefield

Daddy, for You

By Munira Hussein

If you want to know what passion really means, then Munira Abdullahi Hussein is the epitome of true passion. A poet and a writer, Munira is also a BSc Microbiology student at the Kenyatta University. Check out her blog: munirahussein.wordpress.com.

Daddy, for you;
I will cross the bridge and walk the mile.
I will dive, toil and pin
I will stay up late,
Miss a dream,
Bend and break my back,
I will strain my little hand.

Daddy, for you;
I will forgo and overlook my needs,
A character you instilled.
Your endless will to provide for me,
Your thirst to quench my lust and love.
Because you lived for me,
You paid my fees,
Educated me,
So I will live for you.
I will sacrifice my life,
To make you happy.

I will daddy,
For you I will fight,
Protect you with my little might.
I will earn you respect,
Buy you class,
And heal your broken hand.
Buy your dignity back,
All the things you lost for my sacrifice.

For you I will strive,
I pray that you live long,
To enjoy victory when the fight is won.
To wine and dine,
With the people you always dreamed of,
And share a glass with.

I will make you important,
Because that's what you are
I will daddy, for you I will.

Family

By Cherotich Misoy

Lilian Cherotich Misoy is a poet and writer pursuing a Bachelor's degree in Business Administration at Dedan Kimathi University of Technology. For more of her literary work, visit cherotichmisoy.wordpress.com.

What runs in our veins,
What dictates our little ways,
What tells the story of our lives,
That we share for all our days.

Is the blood we were born with,
It's the same healthy strain,
That takes up the air we breathe,
As it is of similar grain.

Though differences may exist,
In character and physical form,
Some so different you can't persist,
But still remains in a norm.

Family is always deemed solid,
Since friendships come and go,
But bloodlines are forever valid,
'Cause a friend can turn into a foe.

The beauty in family is,
You are forever linked by relation,
You can't terminate it as you please,
Neither timed for a specific duration.

Mama, papa brothers and sisters,
Extended blood and marriage unions,
Make up those bonds despite shifters,
Solidly reinforced with re-unions.

Thank You Dear Mum

By Onesmus Kasau

Nine months you carried me in womb thine,
Tenderly took great care of mine health to be fine,
And mine life free from anything that could me kill,
Though internally may be I couldn't feel,
Thanks for being my source of life.

Sweet food prepared for me did you,
Hunger and thirst were unheard of to me.
From fresh mashed potatoes to sweet honey,
Never did it matter you had or not any money.
Thank you for your tenderness.

You taught me how to walk,
Dressing you did also.
You trained me how to talk,
Mine name to pronounce and write.
You did train me step after another.
Thank you for being my first teacher.

Why, you knew I cried,
Whether sick, hungry or frustrated,
For me you comforted and tried,
To make life simple and bearable for me.
Thank you for your concern.

Mother, your love never ends,
Your strong courage never bends,
Neither your cheerfulness and kindness.
You are always there, just for me,
Even when am not appreciating you fully.
Thank you dear mum.

In Those Days

By Okombo Dismas

There is a grass thatched hut
Seven yards behind our stone house.
The *mzee* who resides in it
Is slow in speech
And slack in pace.

I love to play in his compound

Dance, sing and run around.
I love to roll
On the soft grass that surround
His humble abode.
And during Aprils, to sit by his fire
Hanging on his beautiful words
Which spiffy his captivating story.

But beyond the story
Beyond the fire, beyond the play
The tenderness of his love
Warms my heart every day.

Our compound is equally large
With flowers compactly trimmed
And the lawns nicely maintained.
The house is furnished with 'comfort'
But see!
Almost everything is statue in its place.
Liveliness is missing
Warmth is missing,
And love too!
Because people are missing.

Grandpa says, when he was of my age
Life was light and very vibrant.
Incomparable to the present
Devoid of the callous city
And stone-houses unheard of.
Life was coloured with love
Not with Crown paints.

The roses were pleasing to smell
And butterflies were teasing to chase.
Tales were interesting to tell
Laughter was enjoyable and genuine.
For family's love was tight and close
In those days.

Theme 5: Oppression
The yoke upon the masses

Drugged

By Douglas Logedi

Douglas is the CEO and Founder of Sharppro Solutions Limited. He is a strategic leader, writer, blogger, marketer and an alumnus of Kenyatta University. For more information, you can visit douglaslogedi.blogspot.co.ke.

You promised to always be there
To stay with me, to really care.
And now these, your dirty lies
That couldn't listen to my cries
It started with a beer
Then two, maybe three
I don't know, you started to leer
After three I couldn't talk,
Hell! I could barely walk.
"I'll help you to bed" you said.
I begged, cried, pleaded, swore not to tell.
So you said, it won't hurt like hell,
You were rough, a hand over my mouth.

So now I walk dead
No one bothers, there is none to notify,
None could tell, none could even guess.
Till I said, till I got the courage to tell.
But none believed, mine wasn't that good,
So though an uncle, why rape a niece?
Though a dad, why drug a daughter?
I lost all; I lost my mum,
I lost a sister, gave me a name,
Slut! The rest just ignored.
Middle of winter, I wandered in the streets.
I made it through, though barely, I still slip up.
Sometimes I cry and think; why me?
What did I do to deserve this way?
But you don't care, nobody really does.

Poor African Woman

By Elizabeth Opiyo

Elizabeth Opiyo is a passionate spoken word poet and a web/graphic designer from Nairobi Digital School of Design. She was the Storymoja Festival 8th Edition support designer. She blogs at eligoflyers.blogspot.co.ke.

No one painted the picture of a classroom on her mind,
She had no right to education.
She never knew about courtship,
She never knew about engagement rings -
The wedding gowns, nor the yes-I-dos.

She got married on her way to the river
That ugly intimidating evening she was going to fetch water.
Attacked, beaten and kidnapped by heartless men,
Led to an old ugly village elder.
She pleaded sadly and screamed louder than the rushing river.
But who could listen to a poor African woman?
Her fate was determined by culture.

Seems like she was an economic burden to her family,
So her father priced her for two cows and four goats
Ten years ago when she was only two
Just three years before her circumcision
Without her mother's consent
Since her mother got married the same way.

That evening she would graduate from a damsel to a tenth wife
Because her ugly old husband to-be, had nine wives already.
And her innocence would be taken away
That evening, and her stunning beauty would be imprisoned for life.
All kinds of daily backbreaking chores would be waiting for her,
Her back, bent, experiencing no rest.
And child bearing would become her new duty.

Poor African woman
Her life rooted in deep regrets, sorrow and pain
So innocent
So helpless
So hopeless
So destitute
And her voice none could hear.

Please, Hear Me Out
By Stella Eunn

I know, I know you've had sleepless nights
I know all you've seen and experienced are the flickering lights
You've witnessed as life got sucked away from your grip
You've sat there in dead meditation as tears from your eyes drip'd.
I know, I know that since immemorial you've never seen the sun in your life for long.

I know that all the efforts of getting sparks of joy ended up like a mathematical formulae gone wrong.

I feel the sour pain in your eyes, every night you sulk and soak your pillow in tears
I feel the tremor in your voice every time you try to give the world a better look with your
fear-filled eyes

I can hear the arguments in your head, they are so loud, shouting that only option that lacks
view of the immediate third side of a coin.

I can hear the heavy breaths escaping your throat as you face those tough battles going on
within you tightening your already loose loin.

I know I'm just one of those miniature incapacitated voices that get sucked in the gushing
wind.

But please,
hear me out.

I may not be able to hold you during your long lone nights when the lights in your world are
grey and fading but please, hear me out,

I can't hold your feeble self from being pushed,

Being dashed getting knocked over,

By whirl wind of life but believe me,

It will end.

I may be that burden that you so want to eliminate,

Get rid of without further torturing suspense but,

A listening ear to me,

please lend.

Life lied to you with a couch of roses but in turn it presented you with a
bed of thorns of roses,

It coated rainbow of colors but changed the face and gave you
moments that tosses.

Please , hear me out,

Mommy

The pain you embrace now is your highway to a future you have no idea of.

I promise you an up thrust of elevation when this vanity is over and done
with.

And during that dark hour of your life mommy, I will be your light at your
feet.

A place with heavens gone grey

Mommy, please hear me out.

Shadows

By Vincent De Paul

Vincent de Paul is an award winning poet, a publisher, freelance writer and a blogger. He holds a Diploma in Comprehensive Creative Writing from the Writers Bureau, UK. He is the author of the 2010 Nairobi International Book Fair Literary Awards xxxxxx. He was long-listed for the Nigerian Belgian-based writer in 2013. He is published in an anthology of New Age African poets, Black Communion.

I'm on my cold bed, in my dark room
Clutching against my chest, alone.
No one to stop the shadows
Slithering into my room, but that's all right
It's the monster in my room I fear.

There's no running away
From this monster in my room
This is where my fear ends
Running away from my dad.

Coming into my room, late at night
Drunk again, or with lollipop
It's what he does I don't like
This is where my fear ends
On my cold bed, all alone.

Staring into the night
All alone, silently crying out
They linger in the shadows
The light doesn't chase.
In the morning I take long showers
To wash away the memories.

I am not happy as I seem to be,
Going about my life during the day.
Playing and laughing with my friends
Shining in class
Dreading the fiend of the night.

It's like no one cares for me
And it's every day
Dad coming into my room
This is where my fear ends
On my cold bed, all alone
The lights I keep on don't chase away the shadows.

The long showers I take don't wash away the memories
I'm not happy as I seem to be.

Woman

By Damarys Wangui

Damarys is a poet and a lover of arts whose main aim is to empower and reach out to as many people as the world could ever give in Africa through poetry. She holds a Bachelor's degree in Purchasing and Supplies Management. She also blogs at Bring Your Own Sunshine (www.damarysw.wordpress.com).

When you finally realise
That the world around you froze
A million years ago
And your feet turned into ice.
No wonder, you did not feel pain walking on the pieces of glass.

When you're almost done
Too frail to even breathe
And everything around you spells defeat,
But the last thing you remember is that you cannot come back empty.
You will have to rise up and fight.

Voices ricochet in the back of your head
Maybe it is a dead end.
Just because you are different
They keep whispering in the darkness of the hour
Women cannot go that far.

Let the light inside you lead the way
Let the beast inside help you conquer everything
And if you fall, wake up and run even faster.
But never let them tell you that you are not better
Just because you are a woman.

Innocence Lost

By Leah Ngari

Leah is a poet/writer and a second year student at Kenyatta University pursuing Bachelor's degree in Gender and Development Studies. She hopes that her writing will one day help educate, entertain, give hope and change people.

Two brothers, 2 and 7
Were present when the robbers attacked.
With guns to their heads they watched them work
Electronics, cash and jewelry they took
And a little bit of their innocence too.

He got pulled over at the roadside
The policeman came to the driver's side
Few words, fake smiles
Some shillings passed his way
None of them registering her presence
Her curious stare at the exchange
The loss of a bit of her innocence that day.

She was five
When he came to her room in the night.
'Don't worry, it will be over soon,' he said.
Banged the door shut behind him
With a blade to her neck, he dared her to scream
He silently slipped out of the room
Taking with him a bit of her innocence too.

A little boy and her younger sister played
Their mother watching from the porch.
A car drove by
Gunshots fired, windows shattered
Horrific sounds engulfing the air
Their mother now lifeless on the ground.
He held her hand as they stood in shock
They didn't just lose their mother that day
But a little bit of their innocence too.

Theme 6: Health Care

The closest reward

I Will Stay Here

By Stellah ??

I will stay here, battle my lungs out
Use my left kidney, do it alright.
I will stay here, conquer darkness, till it's bright
To the right and left, surpass this plight.

I will stay here, fight my aching gout
Treat me till God saves me.
For I got no doctor to heal my bent knee
Just a blank mind, and a fake face in plea.
For those that came, come no more
They drained my pockets and left me like a whore
Reduced me from grace, and humbled me low.

I will stay here, overcome the meander
Of riding on a Honda,
As in pain I shudder
While they lavish, their bellies in condor.
Wander in lies, our property they squander
They bragged on their title, in voices that thunder
As she lay desolate, expectant in the shaky structure
When he scrambles for a place for his bones with fracture.

I will stay here and not surrender
Fight my cancer till it gets under
Even on my death bed
When my feet will be feeble and bones asunder
When my nerve endings
My sight and hearing will be failing me
I will not succumb to their schemes and lethal whims
In solidarity I will stay here.

Lying Next Door

By Ralph Pius Okado

A thought this wide, a life that broad,
But just a thought, that of my confined thoughts,
This campaign, though we run in purple,
And the maternal mind, we left in the hospital ruffle,
Accolades and cries, of the mother and baby.

Of the neighbors, friends and baby daddy,
I listen to conditions, I see no better place,
I see medication, none for my expectation,
I hold sanity, who checked their qualification
In this mess, who drew the quantification?
Medical inscription, fake prescriptions,
Life at stake? Take the prescriptions.

These are cheap, thus cheap I die,
But I got no knowledge, with all these questions,
Is it my way of death, or is it my lack of education,
The baby in the unit, who cared that day,
Before I get out, how will I pay?

No blood in the bank, no money in my bank,
No ambulance in the park, this pain is dark,
But I'll be next door, tear my stained face,
I will stay the day, tears down my face,
As I hope for a day, I can die healthy,
This to hope in vain, my vestigial tail,
But just like before, I will have to wait,
Till the queues die, they can check my weight,
That's if I don't die, if my slide won't bail.

So on this bench I will sit,
Clench my teeth and wipe my sweat,
Sit all day, prays and sit,
Ask God to fill the drug store,
So when they ask me to cross the street,
That the hospital does not have it,
I will walk away, I'll forget to eat,
And this pain shall hold, for this is it,
I'll die in peace at the herbal conduit.

Forgive me Mama

By Munira Hussein

Forgive me mama, for being poor,
Do not curse me mama, for my incapability,
It's not a blame game,
It was the government's responsibility:
 Their siren failed,
 I got you there,
 They said his phone had been off.

I ran to his home,
His door was locked.
I tried mama,
I did,
I felt your pain.
My face is tear stained,
They couldn't admit you mama,
The beds were full and shared,
I could not afford Aga khan,
For that, I bow down in shame.
He announced you dead,
My heart ached.
All you needed,
He says was an x-ray,
A c-section,
And baby Ray would be safe today.
I am scared mama,
He cries each day,
I cry with him.
They should have saved your life,
But it's too late.
There is beyond zero campaign these days,
A hope for better days.
Rest in peace mama,
It is I who failed.
Forgive me little Ray,
Life has always been this way.

Desolation
By Elizabeth Opiyo

A beautiful Saturday morning,
Seems like the moon has true love for the sun;
And so I run into our small creaky hut,
Daddy is down, silent and long gone.
I run to the shade confused
Mummy is out, silent, a life she doesn't own,
I stare with rage, my confused desolation;
My lost concern, my new life in isolation;
I am between the distances, tied to space;
So now I remember, their sickness has earned a pace;

That mad doctor, that cruel nurse;
Or maybe it's the hospital, maybe not their fault?
But what if they cared?
What if they showed a little compassion?
What if they saved the time?
The time on the queue, time to diagnose;
What if that day, they could treat before pay?
And paid more attention, just a little for the theatre.

But they were adamant when it all started,
Cut them profusely and never startled,
I needed it, but I needed them too;
The transplants, the imprints of their love;
But they faced the monster, and risked it all for me,
So today I am gone, I am lonely in decision,
I am scared. Oh! These cruel monsters,
Creatures! They don't nurse, they curse.
Kill hopes, with hearts rare to find.

So as they die, as their lives are shut,
I'll shut this, these little doors,
These memories of folded health,
My cancer therapy; but I need a well-wisher,
For my pills, for my pain, in the drain.
Looking for kindness so I may die,
I'm a baby in pain, and it falls like rain;
I'm a baby with no compassion, no smile; no caring heart.
I'll be fine, but don't tell me that,
Maybe count my days, my hours, my last minutes;
Yes, you can leave, so I may leave this world, this earthly desolation.

Theme 6: The Plight of Kenya

Teach me how to dance

By Eva Shiro

Teach me how to dance
To the anti-racist stance
When we bleach our dark skin
And beauty is two pounds thin.
When we speak in clipped accents
And mid-thigh is decent.

Teach me how to dance
To the siren of the ambulance
When our skulls are shattered!
And the brains are scattered
When hugs are suspected
And religion not respected.

Teach me how to dance
To the eulogistic hash tags
Of pictures that wrap the stories
Of dead husbands and wailing widows
Of unsigned birthday cards on birthday eve
Of open hands that failed to demand.

Teach me how to dance
An energetic trance
On Madaraka day
Before this sadistic creed
Of leaders obese with greed.
Who speak clunky vocabulary
Burning mattresses in a factory.

Teach me how to dance
To the same old chorus
Of small promises.
And delayed vows
In the next general elections
To elect the next diabolic liars.

My Beloved
By Carole Nyabeta

Dance for me, my beloved,
With the rhythm of thine flag,
Bestow upon me thy charm,
Embedded in your colours of identity,
Oh my beloved!

Dance with me
For me, and with me, she danced,
Whirling in a tornado of cries,
Awakening seemingly settled dusts,
The good people, the bad truths, the ugly realities,
Oh my beloved,
Trample with me.

Trample with me, my beloved,
Crushing the borders of class,
Join my tango,
From capitalistic arguments we untangle,
Look down upon the floor not,
Oh my beloved!
Trudge to me.

Trudge to me, my beloved,
Caress me with your jolly pretty smile,
Worth a thousand rays of sun,
Penetrate through the darkness of impunity,
Light up the corruption of morals,
Oh my beloved!
Sing to me.

Dance with me, my beloved,
To the rhythm of newfound truths,
Wave your elegantly-coloured skin to the flawless diversity.
Sway our bodies to the ululations of served justice,
Oh my beloved,
For we are one,
Dance with me.

My Kenyan Woman
By Robin Nyakundi

Woman,
I love the splendour of your outstretched hips
But
It's the kids they will hold for nine months that I ponder on the most.
Woman,
I love the essence of your glossy lips
But
It's their words of love that appeal to my earlobes the most.
Woman,
I adore the stout state of your youthful tits,
But
It's the generations they will suckle and nourish that bewilders me the most.
Woman,
I love the stature of a woman in heels
But
It's her composure beside me when the troubles of life descend that my head grasps the most.
Woman,
I marvel at the thickness of your honey laden thighs
But
It's their sworn secrecy to my eyes alone that I seek for with so much want.
Woman,
I am hopelessly in love with the soulful gaze of your seductive maiden eyes
But
It's their sights for me alone that my soul craves for so much.
Woman,
I seek to fall in love with the very depths of your soul
Please
Let me.

Distraught
By Munira Hussein

The cruel sun is up, so early;
The whirl wind blows the dry soil;
Making it resemble a blazing fire;
Through the hole in her hut;
The old woman peers at the ugly sun;
Her stomach grumbles, hoping the master respond;
She doesn't get out of bed;
For, what is there to do?
And if there was, the energy store is closed.

No shade to cover them;
The children feebly cry;
The last of the animals die;
The old man walks through his farm;
The sight of dry bone;
And healthy flies welcome his eyes;
Erasing the picture of once a green land;
The mother of three looks at the last;
Her children take a final breath;
And she looks up at the sky;
And asks God why.

The ancestors should be venerated;
No animal to be celebrated;
The mocking sun pins them hard;
And they solemnly look at it die;
As they stumble back home;
Only reek for company;
Usual soiree never to be;
But they conquered yet another day.

Two Sides of the Image

By Stella Eunn

When I do a simple reflection
I hear phrases that needed retraction
I see an action that needed motivation
I see ability that needed application
I smell habits that needed denunciation
I taste a language that needed correction.

All gives a perfect conclusion
All chronicles of a wasted and pasted nation
A people on the highway of downward degradation
A society that need not pretty petty talk of perambulation
But rather a mighty hand for a successful elevation.

Be the change we need and embrace salutation
Be the change you need and embrace graduation
Be the change that they need and be their strength for erection

Because;
It's not the way you paint it a world of sophistication.

Mother Kenya
By Elizabeth Opiyo

I may forget everything,
But can't forget that stunning beauty that attracted all the nations to you.
I can't forget that innocent face,
That dazzling smile that welcomed everyone home.
The charming queen you used to be,
That love that made us feel at home.
But what happened my motherland?
You who once grew up so beautiful,
So peaceful, so colourful, so cheerful,
So wealthy, so healthy,
Like mother-hen you fed and protected us all.
I believed in you Kenya,

You raised my hopes so high,
Above the planet's horizons,
Now my dreams shattered,
Scattered, by the winds of terror,
You taught me brotherhood, now so foreign,
So strange.
What happened my motherland?
Why are you so gloomy?
Why are you so bloody?
Why have you turned into grey?
How?

See how we live in fear today
Who robbed your peace away?
Your confidence,
Your happiness, your love, your strength
Your beauty.
Why let them steal your peace, tear you into pieces?
So where is the freedom you fought for?
Where is it if we can't find peace in our own country?
The movies we used to watch have turned into reality.
Hard to accept. Hard to forget.
We watch series of losses of shortened innocent lives, set to the graves.

How will we wake up from the nightmares of the post-election violence?
The violence that took our parents away,

Our siblings, our relatives,
The violence that left many crippled, disabled and depressed.
The man-made violence that left orphans and widows,
In the IDP Camps, in the streets, anguished and alone.

How will we wake up from them if you don't protect us Kenya?
If the leaders we expect to protect us are the betrayers
So loathsome, so corrupt.
If the blind, dumb know the taste of tear gas,
Those thoughts that make us feel like there is a funeral within us.
The unanswered questions, the pain, the fear.
Will never disappear without peace, without security.

Hunger Madness

By Evah Shirow

When the scorching sun became unforgiving;
And the parasitic worms in our intestines;
Began to complain:
When bile burnt our duodenum;
And the fats began to disintegrate;
Our bones clasped so tightly on our scaly skins:
When we became ten pounds too thin;
And our eyes turned grey with horror;
Hunger turned into madness.

When our lands turned into a barren hell;
A vast desert none could hear our yell;
And we danced to the rhythm-less tunes;
Of hot air slapping our dry faces;
So we sang everlasting songs of tolerance:
When our hipbones protruded
And our ribs became razor sharp
Hunger turned into madness.

When our steps grew slower, our hearts heavier;
Our dreams were filled with charging lions:
When the secretary birds and the vultures;
Circled high above us;
Their timeless ancient patience:
We held on so tight to life;
But the ravens could no longer tolerate;
Hunger turned into madness.

When the vultures grew loudly impatient;
And hunger became too much to bear;
We lost consciousness:
Drifted in the cities they sat shamelessly;
Eating and drinking into satisfaction
Stuffing their stomachs to no more room;
And when the vultures caved in on us;
They rushed with their cameras to capture:
As the vultures savagely tore our flesh;
We died; when hunger turned into madness.

147 Heartbeats

By Munira Hussein

So I lie down, I wrote to my state,
My heart beats at rate 147,
Just a number, maybe not,
It is a fear factor.
I think of shuttered dreams,
I think of broken families,
I think of careless bullets, diastole skins
I see it all, bleeding souls
They were holy who died for sins,
A dying misdeed, sins they didn't commit,
Terror looked into their eyes,
But now have no heart, they now are one
So now they heroes,
Sometimes angels,
But these really are,
Victims of criminals,
Criminals who are heroes,
Heroes of destruction,
Torture and pain infliction,
In their lost destination,
The fear they instilled, do their will,
Fulfil their dreams,
So while my heart beats,
147 bleeds.

Epistles of the Forgotten Voiceless *By Carole Nyabeta*

My pride, my statement,

What defines me?
Thou taketh from me!
Leaving me for dead.
Starts like a death sting,
And am stripped of my priceless tusks.
Irony is,
You visit my home donning them:
Earrings, bracelets of the ivory of death,
Without my voice though, I cannot
Warrant your arrest.
Yours truly,
The Elephant.

My source of life,
What supports me?
Thou taketh from me!
Begins with a cynical roar from a powered chainsaw,
And am stripped of my arm-like branches.
Irony is,
You need me to clear the carbon dioxide,
But you burn me to ash,
With the wrath of hell's fire.
But without a voice, I cannot sue you.
Yours truly,
The Tree.

My clear crystal surface,
Reflection of Mother's beauty,
What supports life?
Thou taketh from me!
Leaving me buried in sand crevices and cracks,
Begins with one block of cement,
And am denied my multitude of water droplets.
Irony is,
You need me to fill the dam, produce maximum megabytes.
But I'm voiceless,
I can only soak my tears in saline waters.
Yours truly,
Water.

We lose our pride,
Heritage,
Diversity,
For we lack the voice.
Leaving us the poached, torched and
Dried up voiceless beings,

In you, however, we seek a voice.
Yours truly,
The forgotten voiceless.

Dream or Reality

By Imran Mohamed Shakeel Bakhrani

Imran Mohammed is a passionate poet/ writer from the Writers Guild Mombasa. He is also a student pursuing Bachelors of Education in Science. Want to read more of his poetry? Visit imranmohamed92.wordpress.com.

Through the silent city I walk, graveyard it seems to be,
From building block to block, but no mankind I see,
I no more hear any talk, seems from here the people fled,
Where is the city which once rocked?
The nation once freed.

Free to express, our views in any way,
I'm now under stress, what can one say?
The world is mannerless, none can pray,
So much stress, destruction who shall repay?

Is it that I dream, or is all this for true?
Life has gone so dim, what do we do?
I start to scream, giving myself a clue,
That it isn't a dream, but actually true.

As I walk by, blood all around,
Crying I try, but only see the red ground,
My tears are already dry, no water around,
But deep inside I cry, though with no sound.

The sky is yet very dark, will I ever see morning again,
And the noisy park, and what of the beautiful rain,
There are horrors stark, the world is full of pain,
Seems to be the end mark, and no tomorrow again.

Dream

By Ndhine Griffins Otieno

I saw the president laugh
I thought I saw a mask

I laughed too
Not for it was a worthy laugh?
I could not hide my joy.

I thought it meant better times
Jobs for the jobless aimless youths
Food for the hopeless helpless lot
Even more for the haves.

I thought it meant freedom
Or brought new wisdom
And ushered a new kingdom
Safe from the venomous fangs of the world.

I thought it meant peace
No more wars with Foes
No more hurt and heart sores
No more less, just more and more.

More food to feed all
More clothes to clothe all
More medicine to cure all
More classrooms to accommodate all
More reasons to stand tall
As one nation
One people
One soil.
All I saw in the laugh'
Was a happy nation
Before I woke up.

A Mourning Morning

By Ndhine Griffins Otieno

Tears rolling, owls hooting
A mourning morning
The flow not soothing
It has happened once more
Many lives no more
Impunity and disrespect at its best
May the departed in peace rest.

A dark light has shone
To prove we are not strong
A new face has to be born

Sleeping dogs be sent home with blankets
Let the real humans rise to fight.
This impunity and disrespect at its best
And may the departed in peace rest.

Attack is their motto
'Should show them our *moto*
A tooth removed should be replaced
No negotiation for a life displaced
All we need is unity with no more tolerance
To fight this impunity and disrespect at its best
And may the departed in peace rest.

Why stay with bedbugs
Knowing well they drain blood?
Why allow life long nightmares
Ruin your healthy slumbers
Why allow terror stay alive?
This is impunity and disrespect at its best
May the departed in peace rest.

Pledge to remain a patriot
Pledge to fight on the forefront
Pledge to stay loyal to sing a change choral
Pledge to end this impunity and disrespect at its best
May the departed in peace rest.

The Cry

By Imma Okengo

I swear I will continue with the shooting
Even though there will be hooting
They better stop fooling
Because I was not willing.

Through my guilt they decided to kill
Without faith or humanly feel
After so much call and appeal
They still went on to betray the fill.

How I dearly cry and regret
For there is nothing I can get
Even after the main endless bet
I'm still like their forgotten pet.

This is a fever badly hot

Cooking and boiling in the pot
Busy like bees they sorted and sought
Today most of us lie down weeping after the shot.

Everyday we prayed and thought
In peace we were all wrought
Despite the bitter battles we fought
But inner peace we got not.

How to date we weep and moan
None wanting to make a groan.

Theme 7: Politics and Leadership

Told Tales

By Marie Mwangi

So I listen to the symphonies
The tales of the world
Of endless galaxies, intricate
Universe and sinister portals
Stories of our fragile nature
Tales of creatures that roamed the earth
Breathed fire and destruction
Gods of terror, of reigning threats
Lived by the sword, died by the sword
Wiped into archives and museums.

A new dawn coming, world at knees
Begging for a new king
To protect the realm
When forefathers took the baton
They became valiant, became gods
The primitive cavemen
Now masters of lands
Little dwellers, dominant species
Wise, tactful and smart
Just ignorant conservatives
Slayed Mother Nature's retribution
So tales told
History repeated itself.

Mr Politician

By Dan Kimathi

Mr Politician
"Our community is being targeted!"
Oh!
Not again will you triumph
Barbaric, you won't prevail.
Avid for power you are
Same old monkey.
Lavishly living
With gusto
Fighting for pay hike

Five years down the line
Perennial misfortunes
Abject poverty
My house is ablaze
Graves and crosses
But you bath, million miles away
Lavish lifestyle,
Impregnable residence.

Mr Politician
I will impugn your intent
I won't be divided
You shall fall, in defeat.

The Society
By Lewis Kamau

Expressive nature, mild, a naught
Conformists, we become
To a social caste ranking ground
Constantly dancing to a tune that we loathe
Perpetually ringing in our skulls
As we nod in unison to its drugging rhythm
Puppets to a murky view of existence
Slaves to a political system of infidels
Impertinence, striving to feign dissatisfaction
Beleaguered by a mirage of victory
Providing fortitude to a malnourished conviction
Still holding close to the heart, the dream
A masterpiece opus that is a euphoric society.

Pass Me the Baton

By Stella Eunn

Pass me the baton,
Pass me the baton sir,
Through all the chronicles of your wasted time,
I've sat on the seat labelled tomorrow without a dime,
Waiting upon a dawn where you'll pass me the baton.

Pass me the baton sir,
Don't you think the lane needs new energy, new blood?

Can't you see the deepening portholes on the lane and the floods?
Can't you feel the noisy silence sir, the sound of a dream that's happily defeated?
What should I call this sir, irresistible greed?

Pass me the baton sir,
I thought 't was supposed to be a fair deal, fair relay.
I thought you were to create a perfect deal, a perfect ray.
But sir, there's still time to make it real and abandon the stray
Just pass me the baton.

Pass me the baton sir,
You've reached your limit but you're still running ahead.
You've exhausted their trust and faith but not their need.
Don't tarnish the dream sir, don't make their future bleed.
Just pass me the baton.

Sir, please stop with this commotion.
Just pass us the baton, and we'll set this in motion.
Leave the stage for us to rule.
Let us clear the gray skies to blue,
Vacate the seat for the young mind,
Don't let the money, the power and the game make you blind.
Sir, the globe needs us,
And it begins with you.
Just pass me the baton.

The Bedroom Door
By Lewis Kamau

The doorway to what he fathomed as life
On the other side he had friends
They gave an ear to his cry for attention
Paid attention to his
Grief, joy, ecstasy, felons
On the other side was paradise, serene quiescence
Haven for misfits, worldly rebel minions
Belonging sense for bastards
Foster parapets for vulnerable orphans
On the other side is the pandora ruckus
Messy canvases, stained memoirs
Deranged murders, wielding paint guns
Psychotic, schizophrenics in poetic phantasms'
Quench the urge to purge without
Machetes, blades and shotguns, but in plain words

Behind that door art received the breath of life
Behind my bedroom door.

Impunity Melee

By *Gidion Makenzi*

Am deeply sunk in a vacuum
Six feet above under.
The 'odours' of a perfume
In sting-fang of a puff adder.
What they say is 'venomic'
That constricts pockets' 'economic'.

Pondering about the progress
I will die trying
Creating harmony in this wolf-sheep-lion melee.
Which beast should prey on me?
The lion on top
Or the wolf in sheep's gown?

They are turning their fingers
"It's my time to eat"
"It's our time to prey"
While on my own I pray
For wisdom and gift to lay
The ballot on the either side
Of the beast waiting to prey on me.

They must buy me
To prey on me
When am suck blood-dry
I am six feet below their mind
Where I am buried until they see
The need to be transfused

Which road is the shortest?
To wolf-hell or the lion den?

Well-oiled Palms

By *David Tole*

David Tole is a financial advisor, a banker and a passionate poet. He attended Maseno School and The United States International University (USIU) and holds a Bachelor of Science degree in International Business Administration.

They waved our way,
We waved back,
Our cracked hands,
Evidence of what we left behind.

Demigods to us they were,
We shunned those who differed,
Pushing them down,
To the bottom,
To get our selfish entitlement.

Generations later, a society's dawn,
Turns into the darkest of dusks,
And we look at one another, teary-eyed,
Wishing we dealt with the well-oiled palms,
The moment they waved our way.

Theme 8: Life Emotions

Cry of the Aborted Kid

By Patricia Mollyne Mataga

Hear me O God, please hear,
I pleaded and shouted but none seemed to care,
This poisonous syringes finished me before I was here.
Why did they kill me?

I tug at my mother's womb,
Save me Lord, save me please,
So now my eyes close, bit by bit my cries die.
But why, why did they kill me?

I wished for just a chance,
A chance to live,
To see my progress.
Was I not that fun to have?
Was I a distraction, a worthy destruction?
Didn't they want me to live?
Or why would they kill me?

Mother started this journey,
This path made her happy,
And father liked it, he was happy.
And just when I knocked,
They knocked me over.
But why? Why would they kill me?

Dead in Life

By Oduory Okado

Tell me a story, tell me a promise
Give me the love that smells a rose
Tell me you'll stay when all burns
Stay with me and pull me to your side
When hope is lost an' all ways slide
Tell me you'll stand for me and by me
When all the clouds and all the storms rain on me
To be with me, bend your knee
When my life stings like a bee.

But what is it, what is the motivation?
What is good? That has kept you in motion,

To make you love me, give me that devotion
What is it? I just need a portion.
Plain in me, plain in mind I am,
Eyes can't see, lips are mum.

I am a life that has never lived,
A path for the ants in the bush.
Am the wind that blows to the loved,
A fire that burned the Kush.
So when tears roll down my cheek,
I will slide and roll up my cheek.
When my dough becomes tough
I'll take the tough, make it my dough.

Kill Me Please
By Ivy Chemutai

No, I don't have a fever; I don't have chills either.
My joints are not in pain, but I feel I need a joint,
I am in a lot of pain, but not that painkillers can kill.

One minute am cold, another I am sweating,
I see things, another moment I see things not.
Am lucky 'cause just like this, others lost their sight.

I can only talk to myself, in my sleep, to the rest I sing:
"...take me home, *nipeleke kwetu*"
I have forgotten how to walk
For when I walk I stumble
When I stumble I end up crawling
Like a toddler, I wet my pants too, or go all the way
I am a slave to a master I barely see, I just gulp.

I have lost everything,
My family, respect and worse, I have gone missing.
I don't look like my pictures anymore,
I am my 20 years from now version, frail and a fail;
I got marks and bruises, of road accidents, not of cars, but of me walking home.

I am a reject,
I am a scarecrow,
I am an example, of what not to emulate,
But I am not the malaria-typhoid sick, but I am not well,
Not until my blood turns into alcohol.

The bottle is my life
The bottle gives me life
But please kill me
Take it away
For until I die, then I shall live.

He Died, Life Didn't!

By Daniel Nyairo

Pow! Pow! Dirt hit the coffin.
I peered at grandma.
Her face was paled under the hat on her head.
She hunched and raised her heels
To catch the last glimpse before it disappeared.
Her clasping frail hands gently pushed her dress
Between her thighs as it flapped in the afternoon breeze.
She bit her lower lip and tears flowed.
I looked away!
“Life never dies.”
I heard her say amidst a somber chorale.
“We are here; our ancestors died not.
Our posterity will be here; we won't be a dead lot.
As long as the cosmos holds,
And lets the earth be,
And so the nations -
We'll always be.
Only the time,
The context,
The setting,
The consciousness,
And the body change.
But the spirit and the soul,
Live on.
Not in us, but in life.
Long live life! Long live my love!

Pale Skin

By Esther Musembi

Esther is a writer and a poet studying Disaster Management at Masinde Muliro University. You can visit www.muswrites.goldcorp.co.ke and read more of her work.

I love the sun
I love the way its rays would dance

Dance in my wispy, brown hair
Caress the translucence of my bare skin
To assuage my hunger for the outside
Where birds trill
Where nature drops its little secrets
Secret springs of sparkling water
Young seedlings combusting with nature's energy
And the wind that seems to whisper through it all.

I love the sun
But I also hate how much I love it
My skin can't bear it
She becomes all prickly and irritated when I flirt with the rays
They say I am special, that my skin is special
Mama, her skin so dark, so shiny, so unlike me
Everyday she comes laden with gifts
Fancy creams to reconcile my skin with the sun's rays
Large dark goggles to hide my dancing eyes from its steady glare.

I love the sun
But Papa won't let me
His little girl cannot twirl in the noon sun
She cannot raise her pale nose to the sun for the perfect sun kiss
The sunburn will be too much, stamping her skin with ugly red marks
He puts a big straw hat on the fragile head with so little wispy hair
He promises a dance in the evening
In the pale afterglow of the setting sun
And she will listen to the whispering wind
Twirl in his large arms
Raise her nose for the perfect sun kiss
Marvel at the perfection of her pale skin
And completely adore the sun.

My Letter Back Home ***Brian Chemjor***

Also known as Brascoh, Brian is a passionate poet and a hip hop lover. He is a student at Kisii University pursuing a degree in Bachelor of Arts. You can visit his poetry blog at brascokenya.wordpress.com for more poetry.

If I die in a foreign land,
Tell my family it was as God planned.
At my funeral please hold my wife's hand,
Tell her being a soldier was not my stand,
But dying for my country is something I vowed I'd do.

If I die in a combat battle,
For the years I've lived light a candle,
But if destiny has it I should live then on I will carry the mantle,
'Cause in the enemies' presence I know not who will be swift to pull the trigger handle.
But dying for my country is something I vowed I'd do.

If I die with my rifle by my side,
Tell my mum my last breath I gave with thoughts of her inside.
Make sure my grandchildren are told of how for my country I had to die,
Tell them I wasn't scared.
Because dying for my country is one thing but dying with honour is another.

If I die in the hands of the enemy,
Tell my dad I had dreams of dying, retired at seventy.
I hope my death will be of no waste, may I have in some way changed lives,
May I have saved uncountable lives,
My body I gave to my country but my heart was always my wife's.

As my coffin is lowered down my grave,
Tell my loved ones not to cry,
Because death is only the beginning,
They loved me but God loved me more,
There shall come a time we shall be reunited,
But until then I did not die I am **M.I.A.**

Behind My Smile
By Niceta Nyaga

Niceta is a Linguistics, Media and Communication Student at Moi University. A poet, an editor with The 3rd Eye Moi University Press and a photographer. She blogs at Koola Water Co. Ltd and owns a poetry blog, nicetanyaga.blogspot.co.ke.

Behind my smile
Is an unseen tear
Is the unseen fear.
Behind my smile
Is a grieving heart.
Behind my smile
Is an untold story.

Behind my smile
Is a disturbed mind.
I am lost and I wander
As my heart aches with thunder.

Terror wobbled my smile
Tore it into pieces
In my face as I watched
And set me to the utmost end.

Behind my smile
There is a broken heart
A broken family
A lost friendship
An empty pocket
A broken promise.

I have lost everything
With no hope
Of a curve in my face.
Life does smile at us
We have so much at hand
And makes us feel we own it all
But what we don't know
It doesn't last at all.

Life has to start over and go on
Collect yourself together
Get back to the track
And make your life worth living.

Life gives you so many chances
Today you own the world
Tomorrow you are robbed of that chance
What I have learned so far
Nothing amazing lasts forever
Nothing good comes to stay
What is true will stay forever.

Decide to live life today
Be your own architect
Write a beautiful story
Live life to the fullest
Be kind and honest not judgemental.
Because
Behind every smile, there is an untold story.

Dear Lord
By Teddy Tindi

Teddson Givann Tindi, also known as Teddy Tindi, is an alumnus of Kenyatta University where he studied Linguistics and Literature. He is very passionate about poetry and writes poems on religion, family, love and many other fields.

Dear Lord
Deep words can never define
The depth of your love for me
The intensity of your mercies in my life
And the stretch of your grace
Deep words can't even scratch the surface.

But Lord
I wonder
May I just sit at your feet?
And marvel at the power of your being?
Could I just sit at your feet?
And rejoice in your amazing grace?

Dear Lord, I wonder!
I wonder
Could I raise my voice to appreciate your protection?
To spread the word about your great plans for me?

Dear Lord, I wonder!
I wonder
If I could cover a mile if your grace
Departs from me.
Dear Lord,
What would I be?

Dear Lord
Again I ask
Could I sit at your feet?
And marvel at the power of your being?
Could I sit at your feet?
And rejoice in your amazing grace?
Dear Lord, I wonder!

I'm Afraid of the Dark
By Dismas Okombo

There're things I can't write about

When am all alone
In the stillness of the dark
The air dense, still and chilly
The candle nearly burning out
The shallow short soft snores
From my beloved son asleep
Making up ghostly drumbeats.

I can't write about human spirit
When the clock of darkness is
Past half its way
I can't write about the human longings
When mine and no other soul's awake
I can't write about human power
When empty snores are all I hear.

I know you're wondering why
I can't write about these things
When darkness covers the sky
Maybe am scared, maybe not!
But do I care about fear?
It humbles the human heart
It trembles his pride
It intimidates the human ego,
And I am human.
I'm afraid of the dark.

The Shadows

By Ian Mwombe

Ian Mwombe is an artist, a poet and an author. He is also a Journalism and Mass Communication student at Masinde Muliro University. He blogs at Art Life: ArtisLife33.Wordpress.com.

No race
And no face
Dark like night
Creeping underneath like a knight.

The sun's shine
Does not overshadow the shadow.
I embrace it like mine
With silence, because it's fine.

Bruises and kicks
Backstabs and neck flicks.
Dark clouds hang lowly and lonely
I tell a soul a tale, I can tell
Friends and enemies;
Listen...listen.

Lonely in the lone earth
Seeing no life and death.
Only salty taste of dry tears
In the broken heart it tears.

But it turns to sweet taste
Of the sweetest honey paste
Dripping from a honey comb
I call it a time bomb
Of hope, love and kindness.

My shadow is mine
Though dark like night
Creeps underneath like a knight.
It has no race
And no face but seeks the light.

Theme 8: Poverty

My Mansion

By Onesmus Kasau

Mine mansion I love
Even when many others at it laugh,
Though no glass windows and metallic doors,
Nor expensive furniture or carpeted floors,
I love mine mansion with passion.

You call mine estate ghetto
Because you have them powers veto,
To mock and demolish mine dwelling place,
And at your whims me displace,
Please let me be.

My mud walled mansion is cute
Comfortably I live playing my flute,
Yes, my ten by ten wooden house,
And snugly we fit.

My great neighbour lives in a carton city
Kindly stop looking at us with such pity,
Happy we are and enjoy we sound sleep,
No need for your coming to peep,
It's my lovely mansion!

At us though you look lowly
Mind you, upcoming we are slowly,
Making them improvements a many,
With our resources, our own penny,
And we gonna succeed.

Academically we are proud
Boasting of best brains around,
Film stars, doctors, entertainers and producers,
Beauty queens too, title holders,
Mock us no more, we are proud of our talents.

Ours are iron-walled and mud-walled houses
And ours clad in the cheap shirts and blouses,
But actively we build our beloved nation,
Voting, working, farming and dancing with passion,
Yes, mock us no more.

Call my estate ghetto no more
Upgrading is still going on,
Displace me never, demolish my mansion never,
Grab not my little plot,
It's all I got.

Slum life is not akin to failure
Nor the synonym of doom,
Associate our slum with insecurity no more,
Nyumba kumi initiative works perfectly,
Like siblings of the same father and mother we live.

Drainage tremendously improved
My mud-walled mansion never stinks,
Flying toilets are a thing of the past,
Our water, fresh and clean,
This is our cosy habitat,
This is my cosy habitat,
Yes, slums are human habitats too,
My mansion, my slum, my life, my pride,
Yes, slums are human settlements too.

Theme 9: Random Thoughts

Jezebel

By Kellen Kithinji

"The serpent slithered slyly slowly swiftly". Stories of the odd ancient folks.

Orange lethargic sun arose from west earnest.
Sharp.
Or pale in portions.
Smaller.
But no!
East the sun rises
And beautiful the mornings.
Bird's grace
All is merry.

Every time the dog barks,
It feels like quick sparks.
For lavishing is life.
My soul mate and a friend!
What's more to it?
But the cat mewed,
The dogs barked,
Cows moored,
And the heavens thundered,
Each time I beckoned upon thee Jezebel.
Harder,
When I called her friend.
Faster,
When I lamented on her shoulders.
Even more,
When I chose to shut my eyes and stay happy.
Laughter and ghastly smile!
Our very simple connection.
Was mocking and mimicking my wail of grief.

Then one darkening dawn -
I gazed upon!
Jezebel.
The skin flawless,
But eyes' bitterness
Filled with frantic rage
The appalling eyes
Which long I took to sight on,

My latter half saw and made flee from them.
Her merciless curves robbed of all modesty,
Yes! Those lean hips that flaunted with poise from left to right,
Confusing the darting of his eyes swayed him along.
Her demeanour of coldness professed vacant horror
Ere that I see all.
Crafted lies, deceit dreadful utter.
The venom behind the innocence.
Behind all these scenes
I see Jezebel.

"Your mind trust not
When your heart is victim,
Nor the sun that sprouts
During the rainy season.
Jezebel a slimy serpent
Trust not her flashy skin"
My mother had said.
Before in peace she was laid.

Flowers in the Thorns

By Munira Hussein

Laughter comes and goes
Tears sometimes flow
Conquer mountains and make paths on the snow
Nature provides, that we claim to know
Learn to let go of things that don't grow.

Life's not all about living
It's surrounded by many other lyrics
Laws to be obeyed even when unwilling
Dreams to be fulfilled without freezing
Whether in hardships or in grieving
At times we feel like leaving
The long race seems never ending
You have enough reasons to keep breathing
Never give up, keep the fire blazing.
You will soon realise that you are a blessing.

Know Them

By Ndhine Griffins Otieno

It's good to make friends
Good friendship even to the dead ends
Friendship setting brotherhood trends
No fake faces, no framed smiles
Just joy, harmony and peace piles.
Be brother's keeper like a beekeeper.

They the good friends want you to be
They who want you to see
Every sunshine of your life
And every deep darkness
They share your past
They help you find the right road
The perfect path to your future.

Others cry when you smile
And smile when you cry
The human chameleons
Like chicken gizzards
Friendly enemies
Friends indeed.

You have they stay
You lack they play away
Real friends help you make
Fake Friends help you break
With fake faces and framed smiles
I know them.

Now I know all inner faces
Now I know real smiles
I know what lies in their eyes
I know what runs in their thoughts
Two times wise, I now know them.
Once bitten twice never going to happen.

Seeds You Sow

By Ndhine Griffins Otieno

She gives you her number, you remember
She is brown to the sun
Her figure is one well bottomed
She is well bosomed
Her lips so glossy
And her hips bouncy
You remember?
You felt the thirst and felt the lust
You did not surrender.

You gave her a call at night
And told her she looks beautiful and bright
That her outlook was online so you linked
She giggled.
You felt the thirst and felt the lust
You did not surrender
You gave her a date.
Told her Cate
You are my perfect mate
She opened her gate
You went in with all the thirst and all the lust
Scattered your seeds.
Mission complete
Her number delete.
Days later
Saw someone better
Then the thirst and the lust
Do not forget your own.

A man with the tendency for every pregnancy
Firing shorts, hitting the target then takes off like Tergat.
Leaving the hunt to rot in the jungle,
A really deadly gamble.
Seeds you sow you must reap
Will there be a time when men will have no stomachs
That want to put in more meat
As their seed lose weight.
Chains and cartels of a chosen few
Having life on a daily stew.
Are you, are you?
No! Such files are encrypted,

Details private and confidential
But behind the white board lays a black board.

Seeds you sow you should surely reap
Will there be a time when guilt will be felt
And things will change
And time will revenge
For freedom is a responsibility
Life has its dignity
Let it germinate
Do not terminate
That growth has a worth
Do the math
Be proud of the aftermath
Seeds you sow
You must reap.

Respect!

By Cynthia Atieno

Cynthia is an Bachelor of Education (Arts) student in Rongo University College with special interest in gender and human rights issues. She is a passionate poet and an enthusiastic reader who believes that reading can restore our values as Kenyans.

Respect is a pension
So you have to live for a reason
All people worldwide
Need you for a ride
Because you are the best
...and compliments the rest.

In big institutions
People need you for situations
Today, I'm in labour
Tomorrow it's you my neighbour
Life is about giving, in order to keep receiving.

According to statistics
It is very realistic
That all beings, without strings attached
Are attached to own needs
So, beware of the negative energy

Always go for optimism
And run away from pessimism.

So, Whom do You Trust?

By Cynthia A Otieno

Whom do you trust? God? Yourself? Who?
Yourself? Then why do you pretend so much?
Then why do you think of yourself so much?
Then why do you harm others so ruthlessly?
Do you trust your country? Does it trust you?
Then why does it provide the ground to fight other?
Then why does it provide so many guest rooms to break families? Why...?
Why does it consider your name when employing you?
Why...?
Why does it group you and call you with one tribal name? Why?

So, whom do you trust? Parents?
Then why do they look after their jobs and forget you?
Why then do they run away from responsibility, why don't they take care of you anymore?
So, whom do you trust? Your degree?
Then why does it take so long to give you the 'job'?
Then why does it celebrate when you lack a place to call 'workplace'?
Whom do you trust?
Church?
Then why does it think of you no more?
Why does it milk you so much?
Why does it show you non-existent "miracles"?
So, whom do you trust?
Maybe God.

Theme 10: Romance and Love

Don't blame me

By Stella Eunn

Do not blame me for refusing to believe, that love only exists in fairy tales;
Don't give me that blank stare and glare that burrows deep through my already sore dermis with persistence;
I refuse to heed to your words that keep on ringing in my ears, banging in my head, again and again, with false assurance;
You see, I didn't choose to be born where love was just a phrase;
A space filled with blackness and sweet pain;
I didn't choose to be brought up in a community where affection was rare like sapphire;
Jumbled up in a head-aching puzzle and washed down the drain;
Excuse me if I push your hand away from mine;
Mine is prickly and heavy with sorrows of the world.

Don't mind me if I pull back from your embrace;
Because all I feel is intended suffocation.
I refuse to abide, get caged and conformed to what they call love.
Love is for the weak at heart;
For those who want to find a reason to hope in a hopeless world!
Because to me, love is a mask from reality;
Just don't blame me for that.

Done with Love

By Munira Hussein

Let me tell you about loneliness,
About emptiness that's fond of filling me up,
About a sadness that is so happy to stay,
About a laugh that is nowhere near my hedge,
About this confusion in my head,
Every time I am alone with nothing to do,
Thinking about a love so true,
Pure, honest, it does not need a proof,
A love though, that's nowhere near my roof,
Even company good enough to keep me strong,

A movie without love,
That I don't feel so lost,
A song condemning no feeling,
Not heartbreak, just unheard healing,
Satisfaction on that face,
When the phone does not ring.

Feeling of completion,
Patience and transition,
Confirmation,
Of existence and self-satisfaction,
Accomplishments,
No dejection,
Society appreciation,
Of woman living in their mansions,
Of man creating their own kingdoms,
I'm just asking,
Does it have to be all about love?
And those that have been hurt,
Those that can't heal to have a good laugh,
Maybe I want to create a world,
A world that supports those that strayed from love,
A love that crushed them after a simple smile,
I just want a life for all living,
Happiness for those bleeding,
That's not a battle,
It doesn't need winning,
Just understanding and conceding,
Agreeing that love is not everything.

Solemn Vow
By Kellen Kithinji

Chains hang loose
Happy ending years back
Heavy flashbacks
Tracing diverted footprints.
"For better for worse"
Solemn vow! Fanatic holiness
That loneliless feels better.

Tossing, turning, thinking
Diamond on my finger still
Yelling and screaming

Something stronger keeps me calm
Composed and creative!

Morning, birds grace.
Sun sprouts in a summer mood.
Chores punish my back with pain
More to it I ache out of neglect.
Noon, lunch is ready
But the solitude makes the taste undesirable.
6:00pm, the cock crows, the door knob twists
Softly I pray, slowly it opens.

Smiley!
A sigh within my heart
A long lost embrace now feels warmer
A kiss carries me to good memories
Supper with my best god
I stand by the solemn vow
"In good times and in bad times."

Chains may seem to hang
But never will they break loose.

I Made Love with Sin
By Carole Caetry Nyabeta

Came to me like a man,
Sensually curved and modelled by the gods,
Muscle riding high in its places,
Eyes that spoke nothing but passion,
Overwhelming soft unending skin,
Oh! The inviting dip beneath the torso,
Hips that told a story, stamina,
Legs that spoke swift stories
Lips spoke no promises, silently prepared me.

He invoked this carnal desire to possess him and possess him fully,
The moment our lips touched,
I could feel his perfection in my blood!
All it was probing was my already throbbing gem,
I had two heartbeats, one of the heart and another of pure lust.
Possess him... I did
Left him trails of my nail rakes, teeth nibbles, hot breath...

But he only gave me one thing,
His "snakes".

Snakes that marked me for the rest of eternity,
Then I saw him flaunting it all again, but this time with a piece of a woman,
One with chubby feet, cross eyes, nasty freckles,
Sagging breasts...
Yet his eyes burnt with the fire of want for this woman,
He forgot that he left his signature that proclaimed he was duly mine!
"To hell with you mistress"
Next I awoke he was next to me but the air filtered out all passion,
All I could breath was vengeance!
Rage!
His wrath!

He struggled so much to get his hands on me,
But when he did, it burnt my pale skin
Imprinting pain, like punishment from hell
And no,
He did not make love to me,
Merely rammed into me, no emotion,
No connection.
My pride led me to take over,
I am this purported miss independent.
Milk him dry I did, there he lay motionless,
Conscious, unconscious, sub-conscious?
It mattered not.
I had gotten more than I wanted.
Or needed rather.

On my bed he lay,
Peacefully,
But often perturbed by my presence.
I cared not about this stench emanating from him,
He deserved it.
For he had been my greatest sin.

The Love Song

By Ajiambo Immaculate Samantha

My soul has a song,
My heart has a clown,
It wants to dance,
The music is real,
Let me blow the trumpet,
Let me beat the drum,
Just for you my love.

Lucky men have women they loved,
Luckier ones have women who loved them,
I am the luckiest.
I have the woman who I love; she equally loves me,
To the galaxy and back.

We will take our love to the paradise of romance,
The city filled with lovers,
Where singles are not allowed,
Widows are not permitted,
With no room for bachelors,
And no chance for spinsters,
Monogamy is the foundation,
And fidelity the key.
I love you.

My Love is Wooden, Its Bell Never Rings

By Oduory Okado

So all I've done for the little mind I have,
Is all I have and all I have done,
You see all I did was to rest a dove,
But the dove I had saw that was none,
And my loving heart that would fly above,
Can fly no more not even to clone,
You know I gave my love, I can't feel my nerve.
That's how my nerve, became a con,
That once upon a time, that had a curve,
Was left just to serve, like ecstasy and porn.

You see life was sweet, like the sweet little things,
But the sweet things were little, they didn't' last a day,
And the love was short, like a dwarf that sings.
But the songs were short, and nobody bought to pay,

Soon the network couldn't port till my heart pings.
But pings were dollars, I couldn't keep the play,
I left love in a room, so it could talk alone,
I left my room with love I hope they never clone.

I wept while alone, I wept in secret,
I did it all alone, so don't judge and rate.
For the poor stature, for the weak in mind,
For the lonely manner, for me and my kind,
For those that talk, to walls that don't talk.
And go for a walk, to where they shouldn't walk,
For my love is wooden my bell never rings,
With a diamond heart that iron can slay.
Though my heart is magnetic, to love it clings,
My love is slippery, glides like clay.
So today I sit at the doorsteps,
For my love is wooden, my bell never rings.

Take my Claim
By Oduory Okado

So what's up with my heart?
But what's up with what you can't shut
Did my heart get shut?
Did love kick out my heart?
May be love kicked you out
When you could not pay rent
Or the monthly dues were too much
So love came badged you a dent,
But I live by such
Since I lost my clutch
Getting a catch
Has since proved a tough match.

I am left to awe
I am left to feed my vision
But I have a class, I have a prayer to bow.
I see them here
And they get that near

Closer to me they get
But may be for me they are set.
Or maybe they are just pets
And when it's time to pay debts
Love locks me out
Though my heart tries to shout.

Who lost her wish?
And who still wishes for a wish?
'Cause I have a wish, to be her fish
Down I go let her come and fish
May be its you, maybe you are like me.
Yes I do, But how do I know, you too like me?
That's why I sit at you I gaze
I may not say but you truly amaze
Maybe I didn't say but you are my wish.
Just wondering when I will be able to fish
Save me shame, save me the strength to claim.
Could you be my strength, could you take my claim?

Yes I Miss You
By Oduory Okado

Well I don't miss you like you miss me
But I miss someone who never misses me
And for all the love, for all the feelings I have for her
I don't want to miss no one but her
It makes no sense, it's stupid to say the least
But sometimes it's funny just how stupid feels nice
That I can fall in love with a beast
And hate the love of a price.

Well I stay up, gaze up, something from the skies
To stay up to date, I want no more lies
I wanna see, I wanna be the only witness
The one to see, how God drops a princess
That I lied, I do miss, I just miss a miss to miss
Had one, but one was not so good a kiss

So I repent, I go to church, pray for a blessing
If you miss me come we play, come be my blessing.

A Woman
By Elizabeth Opiyo

The first time I met Seth,
I was confused and infused.
I couldn't wait to tell him that he was cute,
I lacked the exact slang word to use; between hottie and a hunky.
And I was thinking of a hot *selfie* with him at the same time,
But when I got the opportunity to tell him, I only said "wow!"
And he asked "what?" And I told him that I've seen my dream car.
I thought that we were bound by fate and I wanted us to go for a first date,
It felt like the ether together with the angels had paid me a surprise visit,
And they gave me a brand new face filled with a wider dazzling smile,
I saw him in everything that came my way,
He was the reason I talked, smiled and sleep walked.
The reason I cried when I was supposed to be smiling,
I wanted him by my side,
'Cause the feeling I had for him I could not hide,
He showed me what it takes to love someone,
How it feels to kiss someone,
How it feels to miss someone,
I wanted to make him my lifetime best friend,
The one friend I never wished to offend,
His flaws I wanted to hide under my toes,
Because I only trusted my shoes at keeping secrets,
I wanted him to put a ring on my finger,
And between the same fingers,
His strength and his hope, I wanted to give a home.

Yes, I wished for this,
I dreamt of this,
Until I forgot and abandoned me,
The little innocent girl I used to be,
I never knew that I had grown up into a woman I wasn't familiar with,
A woman who had become her own enemy,
A woman who had left her place in the world,
Locked up her thoughts in prison,
And found a dreadful space in the cruel heart of a beast,
But with a little introspection and self-realisation,
I was strong enough to walk back... back, back, back,
To that little pretty innocent girl I had left in the world of reality,
Just to hug her tight and tell her sorry for my witless personality,

Just to remind her to forget the pain and start again,
A life of change full of hope,
Because hope never died,
Hope was only waiting for me to decide.

Couples City

By Gutto, The Wordsmith

I want to take you down our memory lane
Like they do in the sorry Fairy tales
Three wild words out of my lips
And I left you in stitches.
A couple of drinks later
You'd left me speechless.
Fearlessly tagged your arm round mine
Slithered next to me on the dance floor;
Stuck in my warm embrace till nine
Effortlessly led me through the back door
Through the dim street lights of Couples City
Two strangers quite tipsy
Our laughter echoed the empty streets
Our hearts singing, souls mingling...
Free... at last.

Stabbed

By Imran Mohamed Shakeel Bakhrani

A million miles away, my heart beat for you,
The happiness ray, proved my love true,
The blind eye never saw, what the pure heart had,
Stabbed it with claw, a story so sad,
Tears of blood went down, but now dried,
Be happy as I frown, my love you lied,
Once you would kill me, rather than million snuff,
Patriotism you didn't see, with love you played rough,
I pity people as such, who cant value trust,

I loved you too much, you surely weren't just,
My love never died, till the day my heart you stab,
I really cried, my heart squeezed when you grab,
A million miles I moved, with tears filling my face,
To you I finally proved, that you lost the race,
I finally walk with smiles, having a better her,
With whom I move miles, now life even better,
My turn to stab you back, best revenge is my smile,
To give you what you lack, integrity of a great mile.

Fraud of Passion
By Rodgers Ogada

Rodgers is a poet and a lover of words. He's currently pursuing an Engineering degree at the Jomo Kenyatta University of Agriculture and Technology and finds science adventurous. He blogs at [Pillows of Life \(ogada.wordpress.com\)](http://ogada.wordpress.com) where he gives snippets of his writing.

Let go of that skin
The cool uptight skin
That dresses you up to the neck
Slide into nakedness.

Drop into the nakedness of eyes
Let me touch you with my stares
And free you as your hair runs down.

Search through me
Through the fraud of my lips
Those rob you of your balance.

Get out of that strength
Be weak as I walk you through your cloister
Let your body walk with your thoughts.

Slide into nakedness
That can only be covered with the run of my fingers
Away from the uptight cloak
That strangles your beauty
Ridding it of the air that's my stare.

This tale is about breaking rules
Setting new ones
New ones that jump from organic sensations
To conjugal thirsts that grasp moments.

Listen to one rule on your nape
As the other beckons you to scream
Naked screams deep from your bosom.

This is about asking memories
To sit right at the midst of this big space
And admit to fraud.

This Thing Love

By Kelvin Kimanthi Mutune

Kelvin Kimanthi Mutune, also known as The Wordsmith, is a passionate poet and writer. Kelvin is a first year student at Kenyatta University pursuing Bachelor of Science in Biochemistry.

Everyday I look at you

My cheeks turn blue
And I get scared
Of getting scarred
What if I die?
What if it turns out to be a lie?
What if someday I wake up
Decide to go on a morning lap
Then come back home
And find you and your bags gone
And then I'll be all alone
Gnawing on a meatless bone
Not really satisfying
But still gnawing.

I've decided to walk tall
Decided to forget about the ol'
Give you what I never give
Hoping that someday you'll not leave
To give another what you never gave
In the process wave
Me goodbye then go kiss
Other's lips and still be at peace
I hope by then I'll have died
Or maybe I'll have lied
And gotten myself into the dog pound
Waiting for the executioner to pound
The ball where my brains are bound

And scatter all my brains around
So that I won't see
How happy you might be
In the arms of a king wannabe.

I hope I'll forever be your king
The only bird that'll sing
For you in the morning
Then lull you before sleeping
I hope I'll be the cock
That'll wake you up at the top of the clock
The one that will lock
All doors before we lie down and talk.

I hope to be your morning sun
Warm you up in the morning before the all-day run
Then massage you in the evening with my soothing burn
I hope to be the best you'll ever have
And the only you'll truly love
Because that's what I plan to do
Keep you beside me like we on glue
Love you everyday and keep it true
Do it till my days are through
And I go into the infinite blue
That's what I plan to do.

The One
By Esther Musembi

Have you seen her?
The one with the wide hips
The one with the small waist she could break into two
Her trilling laughter, from her rose-coloured lips carrying over the compound.

Have you seen her?
The one with the ample bosom
The one with the devious backside that seems to enthrall all of them
And eyes that seem to swallow you whole the moment gazes lock.

Have you seen her?
The woman who has replaced me
The one who has brought a kindling to the dying embers of my man's bed
The one with luscious curves that harbour night pleasures and spill daytime thrills.

Have you seen me?

The one with droopy breasts
The ones that were sucked dry by five of them
Their swinging a pendulum weight bestowing me a permanent stoop.

Have you seen him with her?
His youthfulness has returned
His vitality felt in waves, returned in three-fold
By the one who has stolen my home
Her trilling laughter becomes a ringing in my ears and their joining a mocking in my face.

Theme 11: Technology and Innovation

Let the Chief Speak

By Ralph Okado

A leader, poet, technologist, writer, an actor and an alumni of Kenyatta University. Raphael is also a Senior Research Assistant at Geopoll; Mobile Accord Incorporation.

We let the chief speak
Some for the love of knowledge, some for wisdom
We gave him a stick
His back at the edge but this age has no room
For this chief is too weak and the stick we gave him squeak
Time has been quick, he forgot his form.

But there is a new form, in town by clowns
A form for tomorrow's Tom, spoke in torn nouns
They looked at screens and printed their faces
The cycle of technology troubleshoot their messes
So they played alone when they play aces
Did it in their bedrooms all their court cases.
Conference rooms, boardroom babies
Virtual nuggets fought by electric rubies
Lonely husbands rubbed the puppies
Lack of knowledge maybe, or wisdom wannabes
Life taught them well, just not to be good.

They will pray for reservations in heaven
Take the candle to be even
They will be angels made on earth
They will lose their path, just to gain it back.
Is it just me? But I have paid my fee.
May be am new at this, but I've got no peace
I just skipped my gig for my niece
So let the chief speak as I take a break
And smoke some nice cannabis.

Necessity

By Munira Hussein

Necessity, mother of invention;
Mental capacity, father of innovation.

It was all depression;
A farmer's plight, his need for a work-horse;
Need for news, what happened abroad?
Marathon's death, communication breakdown;
Arrows fail;
There was need for a machine gun;
Weather changes;
Dire need for dresses.

Desperation in moment's extremes;
Ineluctable need for machines.

Then there was inception;
Inexorable determination;
Wright brothers desire for flight conception;
Karl Benz, his thought of four-wheel connection.

Telephone booth;
Absurd dance moves;
Bedroom mobile buzz;
Music with a tune;
Mark Zuckerberg's Facebook;
Bill gates;
His college was a mistake;
Innovation was his piece of cake.
Ian Koum and Brian Acton;
The rise of Whatsapp duo.

An era of vibe campo;
Ardent to necessity;
Ask Brian Nyagol;
You deserve a laurel wreath.

The Death of Yolo

Author?

Always easier to play possum
Lie still while events unfold
A spear to the side for a mild applause

A stab to the back, always a turn on
With the right pieces of silver coins
Serenity, wouldn't it be bliss?
A euphoric path devoid of bends
Ridiculous, but still we dream
Or is it? Or do we?
The Russian roulette, the gun clicks every turn
YOLO picks; the gun speaks
So YOLO dies, he rests in peace
For though he lived, You Only Live Once
YOLO!

Her Story

By Sophie Wahito Maigua

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In this world
There are stories untold
Yet they unfold
Stories that deal with matters no one understands
Stories about the fake gold
And the real old gold
Stories no one gives their experience.

At an open play ground
Was something going all round
His eyes met hers and a smile was found
What followed, a stare
A stare of trust
A stare that gave birth to love
A stare of betrayal.

After five meetings, which she called dates
Was her fate
She gladly opened the gate
Thinking this was her perfect mate
Wrong she was
The guy a killer.

Hunting young women like her
The media, only looking for juicy news
The investigators, bribed
The parents, kept in darkness
Another young girl, the next victim
And the serial killer, FREE
It is a game that never ends
And only one party wins.