

Poetry Series

**Masika Wafula**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2021

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Val

Enchanting eyes,  
Val`s.  
Thinly veined lids,  
Half closed,  
Veils.

Enchanting eyes,  
Val`s.  
Bowling warmly,  
abaft the veils,  
their gaze,  
warms.

The eyes have it.  
Val`s.

Masika Wafula

# Cutie

With no henna,  
Yet you gleam,  
A heart you bloom,  
Likened to the Alba.

Masika Wafula

# Nearest

I could not help see you flow  
Away from me  
Dearest

Rather  
Nearest to me  
I would smile seeing you flow

Masika Wafula

# Taut

Somewhere  
On a narrow path  
Snaking  
Through the leafy cane plantation  
Flourishing on either of my sides

A bird chirps  
My heart skips  
Tension!  
Thickens the air

The wind whistles by  
Thinning the air

The pounding heart  
Eases

Masika Wafula

# I Can` t Wait

Forever!

Gives me goosebumps

I can` t wait  
For our fate  
To come through

I can` t wait  
For our fate  
To come true

Masika Wafula

# Not Me

My hands?

No! Not my hands

To bring forth life

My hands were formed

An accomplice in death?

My hands were formed not

No! Not my hands

They bring forth life

Make mothers of babies

Crying babies

Still babies?

My hands make not.

Masika Wafula

# If Only I Could Talk

How joyous  
At last I was conceived  
But;  
Instantly, fear engulfs me  
Mom seems frightened  
She fears- I fear

Dad! Powerful dad!  
To make good his reputation  
Ironically turns out to refuse  
On receiving the bad news  
Naive mum becomes of no use

Backstreets!  
What a quick option  
For my grieving young mom  
She thought of no one to turn to  
No one to guide her  
No one to urge on-her  
No one to comfort her  
For she had kept it to herself  
All because of fear  
Woe is me for I could not talk

Her decision proves final  
Woe betide her  
For women in the backstreets  
Ruthless and ready to miss-treat  
Blindly sprang into action  
Termination was their mission

The excruciating pain, the guilt feeling  
I thought would be my saviors  
They never were, for nothing seemed to stop her  
From getting rid of me  
I was unwanted  
Mother of a dead child- would be a joy to mom.

Your lust for money



You! Old women  
Your judgement- society needs not me  
So, your crude weapons at work  
Devouring innocent me  
Stayed within your comfort zone  
Yet you had the ability to talk  
My mom- young and naive- needed only a word  
A word to guide  
A word to assure her  
&quot;A bend in the road is not the end of the road&quot;  
I was unworthy you concluded  
Made her fail to make the turn  
You cashed in yet you were my last hope  
You have heard her last groan  
Her soul gone  
My soul gone  
Women enemies of women

Dad turned away from me  
Mom`s fear brought her to you  
You were my last hope  
Yet you decided otherwise

Your verdict at last has left you scheming  
On how you will get rid of us

Masika Wafula

# Coated Words

Out of the heart`s store  
Words of the mouth flow  
Words of counsel  
Words of deceit alike

But beware of them  
The brood of vipers who say  
Of good things yet they sway  
Away from them with foul play  
To put you out of the way  
For in their hearts evil stays.  
Coated with words of counsel

Masika Wafula

# You And I

In my daily errands  
I have bumped into many  
More willing to be looked at  
But not so beautiful  
More willing to be touched  
But not so attractive  
More willing to be heard  
Their voices not so soothing  
I overlook them  
I yearn to see you  
To touch  
To hear  
Your voice; soothing and melodious  
It`s you and I

Masika Wafula

# Living On Your Behalf

Worthless life

Limited oxygen yet the basic

Blame it on the stinging stench

From the burst sewer lines

Snaking through our shanties

A life worthless to live

Hopeless and existing

Gasping for life

A cry of the worms

Confirms my emptiness

To cool them down

I risk my life

Tomorrow not a guarantee

For I don` t live my life

I live for you worms

Masika Wafula

# Empress

Empress

Our last embrace

Chest against chest

Merged heart throbs

I still feel your warm breath

Warming my neck

The firm grip

Giving me a lovely tender touch

Tearful eyes

Glittering eyes

And your numbness

spoke more of your love

Masika Wafula

# Want To Whisper Into Your Ear.

My darling dear  
To whom love entrust in me here  
Fear not move near  
Want to whisper into your ear  
'Deep in my heart you peacefully rest'  
Though we are miles apart  
Nothing can do us apart  
For we have something in common  
A single soul binds our love  
Growing stronger day after day  
Lucky me.

Masika Wafula