

Poetry Series

**DEDAN ONYANGO**  
**- poems -**

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# DEDAN ONYANGO()

# A Friendly Request!

Ever received a friendly request  
That made you freak out?  
The anonymity of the person  
Made blood in my veins change its tributaries,  
I opted for a quick scan of the person's profile  
May be or may be not I will stumble upon something  
To make me unravel the anonymous identity;  
First there is no photo,  
There is no biographical information,  
I scanned again for any recent post,  
None popped up!

I scrolled back to the person's profile,  
May be I didn't check his list of friends,  
He has no friends!  
May be I will be his first Friend,  
But why me?  
My fingers shook as I scrolled back to his time line,  
This time I saw something,  
X has just joined Face book,  
X would wish you suggest friends to him,  
I looked at the time; it was late at midnight,  
Why create a Face book account at the wee hours of time?

I scrolled up again, this time,  
Ready to delete the friendly request,  
My racing heart spoke to me; he just want to be a friend,  
I gazed at the name of my friend to be  
Or is it an anonymous to be?  
His name is not familiar; he is of tribe X,  
That makes it even worse,  
Why me and not his people?  
Could it be a mistake on the button?  
I looked at the time again,  
Why midnight?  
Could this be a ghost?  
I looked at his timeline,  
It is devoid of any familiarity  
Could it be...?

Any way it is just a friendly request,  
I scrolled up and selected: Confirmed!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# A Letter To Mama Miti

## A LETTER TO MAMA MITI

Dear Mama Miti,  
It's long since your demise  
Mama, with your affectionate smile  
You gave me life on this earth,  
With your gentle- like hands  
You caressed my child-like roots and gave me water  
Water to drink to quench my thirst.

Dear Mama Miti,  
You sacrificed your life desires  
To make sure you sired me to adulthood,  
You fought many battles with multitudes  
Nay forgetting the big wigs with their metallic sticks  
This left you bruised  
But still you cruised to the shore of greenness.  
And here I am,  
Now stunted and smoked.

Dear Mama,  
You remember Nairobi River?  
The only river that brought life to the busy town  
Now it brings death to the busiest town,  
In it Mama,  
You can find any kind of merchandise you could think of,  
From Plastics, to ticks,  
From spare parts, to rats,  
From foodstuff, to hand kerfs  
Mama, Nairobi River smells decay,  
And I your child drink from its tray.

Dear Mama Miti,  
You remember that Belt,  
Yes the Green Belt that you gave to Kenya?  
I am afraid it's no longer green.  
Uhuru Park can attested to that,  
It's now dirty and unkempt  
You would think it is a brown belt

Surrounded by engines that make it sweat.

Dear Mama Miti,  
I miss you!  
I miss your green smile that  
Competed with my leaves  
Your green African Kitenge  
That camouflaged my world  
You who always made me feel loved  
With the Nobel Prize on your name  
Mama I am not ashamed  
I know one day your fame  
Will get a replacement,  
And green the World shall ululate.

And Dear Mama  
You will finally find true rest in your green grave.

FROM YOUR DEAR CHILD-

TREE!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# A New Gang In Town

A new Gang rocks this globe  
Talk of US, UK, Asia, Africa and the likes:  
This Gang kills.  
It is well organized; it feeds on man  
Whether bourgeoisie or proletariat, whether black or white  
It spares none-with its claws it targets the lungs,  
The breasts and without shame it goes for fame-  
The cervix and prostrate it eats!

This Gang breathes, in food it lives  
Whether fresh or stale it must get a chance to steal humanity.  
This Gang is breaking records,  
The police Men in their white cells turn dark celled,  
The Gang fears none!  
Whether young or old  
The Gang gags you down  
It has mastered this act  
Yet the children of Adam and Eve  
Still grapples with its inflicted pain  
Yet no gains on this familiar Gang.  
Sadly our towns are rotting away like mushrooms!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# A Time To Think

You have time to think about the future,  
It may not be crystal clear,  
Yes, it may be unclear,  
You still have time to think about it.  
You may look around,  
What do you see?  
A sea full of hope  
A sky coloured with ribbons of blessings,  
As the silver clouds perambulate a cross in majesty  
Know that:  
You have the time to think about the future.

You may doubt, but that is normal,  
But an abnormality if you didn't,  
The sweet scent of roses a cross the rough road  
Decorated with thorns  
You must locomote to get to the white roses,  
You do not need to settle for the remnants.  
But going forth,  
For the future awaits your inaugural address,  
There is no time to sit and regret,  
Life needs your immediate public address.

Do you hear that deem sound hitting soundly in your cardiac muscle?  
Do you smell breath of the wind passing by?  
Do you see yourself dining at the table of greatness?  
Or have you already settled for less?  
You have time to think about the future,  
Though it may be masked with barriers;  
In you there is a warrior.  
You shouldn't be a worrier!

As you count down for the breakthrough  
As you count down for the through pass  
As you wait anxiously for that hour  
As you prepare the reception,  
Know that you are not an exception  
But an inclusion in HIS Mighty inscriptions.



The dark clouds though may soon overturn the existing beauty  
Thorns will soon over through the white roses,  
The oceans may soon submerge the lands,  
The green carpet will soon be burnt with scorching sun;  
But still,  
You have the time to re-think about the past  
Like a canoe you will need to adjust  
To face the direction of the harrowing wind  
And with the coin, you have to make a toast  
Choices will be remade.

Remember;  
You still have time to think about your future,  
But now it may have flown,  
Time flies, so should you.  
You still have your future to think about your  
TIME.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Analogue Dreams.

## ANALOGUE DREAMS

Ever dreamt  
But dreamt analogue dreams?  
Dreams as dark as coal  
Yet you find them cool!

I have been dreaming lately  
Dreams immersed in the past  
Where dignity was indeed dignified  
Man was not heartless in my analogue world.

I have been dreaming lately  
Of children running up and down  
The green grass that nature nurtured  
Now sky scrapers scratch the smoky heavens  
And play stations are now the ups and downs  
Where the young blood find delight.

Ever had dreams  
Whose streams you can't resist  
Yet time forces you to let go the past.

In my world I feel devoid  
And I wish time can just stop  
For me to swim back to my analogue dreams.

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# Anonimity Of The Grave

## ANONYMITY OF THE GRAVE

Decades gone by  
The deceased is still  
Lying low and lost  
Like a drop of ice  
In the Indian Ocean.

His executioners  
Fear his heroic  
Apparition haunting them  
In their milky  
Heavens decorated with  
Death of a hero.

His graveyard  
Cannot be traced  
Yet his thoughts  
And desire can be  
Felt across the  
Great lands of  
The nation he  
Fought hard for  
Freedom, yet his  
Soul is not free!

Now the moonlight  
Is gone, the sun is shining  
Dimly on his  
Anonymous graveyard  
That is public yet so private,

His name remains  
In the great books of history,  
His statue stares  
Sardonically at the masses  
As they hasten  
Without a glimpse  
Of what now remains

To be heroic.  
Deep down drips  
Of fear clouds their  
Guilty souls.

Anonymity of the grave  
Lays within the souls  
Of its beneficiaries  
Who are now callous.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# 'Betrothed'

'BETROTHED'

A response to Obyero Odhiambo poem Betrothed.

Well you say  
Three thousand shillings is not enough,  
For your daughter's hand in marriage  
Well and good!

But listen my in-laws  
Listen very keenly,  
Three thousand shillings is indeed not enough  
For our son to marry your daughter  
Who went to the University,  
Our son also made it too to the University,  
In fact he went to Cambridge  
To pursue International law  
My in laws,  
Your daughter is not worth that much!

My in-laws,  
You said that you taught your daughter  
All kind of Mannerisms  
How to take care of her husband,  
Well that is good  
But our son cannot eat  
Fire wood cooked food  
Three thousand shillings is not enough!

You said her beauty cannot be compared to anything  
On earth  
And that  
Three thousand shillings is not enough  
Well my in laws,  
Our son is too handsome  
And well built  
Look at his muscles  
So strong  
He can marry more wives,

You said my token  
Is not welcomed  
And that three thousand shillings is not enough  
To buy love  
My in laws  
How much do you want?  
Love is priceless,  
But now we are being forced  
To buy it  
We shall!

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# Chains Of Bondage

How  
Many kilograms do these  
Chains weigh?  
Is it,2,3 or even  
Eternity?

How  
Long will they rest on that bony  
Neck?  
Is it,12years,20years or  
Infinity?

How  
Many are yet to undergo this desolate  
Rite?  
Again I ask,  
Is it 10,20 or  
The number is  
Unknown?

Please, may I inquire?  
How  
Old is she?  
8,10 or  
The moment little balls begin to show  
On her childish chest  
She is ripe  
And ready for sale you say?

Now that the chains of bondage  
Dangles menacingly  
On her malnourished neck,  
Is she malleable for education?  
No education for her you say?  
A commodity cannot go to school you fool!  
Did I hear you say?

What would she be doing  
As she awaits her suitors hands?

Livestock is her duty to look after,  
For now  
She is forbidden until we fasten the  
Chains.

Aren't you worried about her future?  
Her future was long taken care of the moment  
She was confirmed to be a girl.  
What about her health  
Aren't you worried it may lead to her early death?  
Our consciousness affirms  
She is healthy like that ram  
She will bring wealth,  
But not death.

Phew!  
Let me ask you  
One last question  
Did you wear those chains  
When you were her age?  
Even now I still have them on  
Can't you see?  
But they are heavy  
I say?

DEDAN ONYANGO



# Coffin Plantation.

## COFFIN PLANTATION

Another planting season is here  
What came from the soil  
The farmers must take back  
With tears.

Never has it been easy  
Planting what had grown  
But now gone.

With roots anchored  
Six feet deep  
The rain of tears overflows  
As quickly they plant a cross.

The farmers recall:  
Don't you cry for the loss,  
Smile for the living  
Get what you need  
And give what you're given,

Life's for the living  
So live it,  
Or you better  
Of dead.

DEDAN ONYANGO

## Come To Think Of It.

The beauty of life lies in living rightly  
With each day cometh blessings from the creator  
We are called upon to live and live justly  
Nay be too quick to judge and call others traitors  
Despite this, it has never been easy to live  
Some people claim to be living yet they just exist  
With their hearts full of contempt they don't give  
Once they have theirs, they care less and resist.  
They resist other forces that want them  
To make life less suffocating to other beings  
And if not enough they dare praise shame  
Come to think of it, these are just worldly things.  
Now living rightly could be as tricky as life  
But we must not compromise in living a worthy life.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Death Of My Better Half.

I feel betrayed  
By the clouds  
That now looks  
Down on me.  
Clouds that have  
Refused to come  
To my rescue,  
Now my better  
Half is lying lifeless!

I feel betrayed  
By the cracked earth  
That now grimaces  
At my sorry state,  
My better half  
Could not chew  
The brown tasteless  
Soil that now  
Has numerous tributaries  
Of green less glare.

I feel betrayed  
By the only dam  
That now has gone dumb,  
Not even a drop of hope  
Is there to help  
My better half cope,  
I recall counting  
Bones on her fleshless body  
One by one.

I feel betrayed  
By the local leader  
Who only appears  
When my better half  
Has disappeared;  
On our Battery deprived radios  
We hear him  
Speak, speak nothing

But lies, lies that say  
The truth.

I feel relieved  
That sooner I will  
Be with my better half  
In a world that the sun  
Never sets,  
In the world where grass  
Never stops growing,  
In the world where rain  
Never stops raining,  
Until then,  
I have to survive!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Disability Made Ability

## DISABILITY MADE ABILITY

Hello to the world, Care to listen to my plea,  
Isolated I feel, humiliation I undergo still,  
Am I not one deserving total respect?  
As I Journey toward my total prospect  
Equality, Unity and Love is all that I need.

I am Autistic and therefore not fit for the society  
I hear some voices squeak  
But I know I can speak,  
Just because I don't talk the same language- passed  
Shouldn't warrant me being called an outcast!  
All I need is to be shown love and care for my needs.

I am deaf yes  
But I am clever!  
All I request from you is a channel of understanding  
Remove the language barriers and help me get to by career.  
I can make a good teacher you know!  
So please don't ignore my needs.

I am visually impaired  
But does that make me visionless?  
I see beyond life you know!  
My best friend is my walking stick  
With every step that I take I get a tick.  
All I ask for is your shoulders to lean on  
All I ask for is a clean path free of stones to walk on  
I can do it on my own you know!

I am physically impaired  
But that has not destroyed my physical being  
I am just unique in my being.  
Although challenges I face,  
I can't run very fast, yes!  
But believe me I can outrun my challenges  
Change my environment and see me out do Usian Bolt!

I can dunk on a basketball poll  
I can kick the ball higher than the sun  
All I request from you is a ramp  
To help me climb to my destiny.

I am mentally challenged,  
But my thinking is beyond my mental capacities  
I can reason and make a good engineer  
One needs not to sneer  
All I need is a good cheer.  
Provide for me the right environment  
And up the sky you will see tall buildings,  
That my beautiful mind will create!

Remember this: the greatest disability  
Is living thinking you're disabled  
Ours is Disability made Ability  
Disability is not Inability!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# 'Fisi Genealogy! '

Look around keenly; tell me what you see,  
A world immersed in moral decadence.  
A society built on blasphemy  
Man craving for worldly fame.

A society built on fisihood,  
The proletariats and the bourgeoisies alike  
And in the neighborhood terror they unlish,  
Yet I am compelled to glorify in their mischievousness.  
Oh we are in the Fisi Generation!

Every sector fisis thrives,  
Every niche, one you will meet,  
In the Social media fisis roam,  
On your beautiful,  
Handsome profile pics they lust,  
And quick, friendship they start,  
While their egocentric wants they ignite,  
As they wait for darkness to permeate!

Just then the holy sacrament they swallowed in haste!  
A sign of the cross they hurriedly scribbled  
On their chest tattoos are in twos  
As the crucifix dangles side ways  
They poach their neighbour's wallet  
A prayer well answered perhaps  
Another dollar to gambling infection  
Oh they harvest where no labour they invested  
Oh the FISI generation  
A country but no nation.

NEXT please!

Unlike their counterparts, vultures  
Fisis no not to wait for their turn  
They grab, they kill, they loot in broad day light.  
Whatever is done in darkness will come to light!  
Not now though  
May be in the next world.

Now let all take part in the eatism fiasco  
Less you be the eaten!

More than the Fisi we know,  
Their greed is mountainous contagious,  
Eat that eat this eat those, eat them is their slogan,  
Red hundred you can't catch them,  
They have perfected their game,  
For them shame is fame  
And fame is shame  
The society is to blame  
After all, we are here for a season,  
One day this generation will disintegrate,  
New breed will emerge  
Perhaps more digital than them.

DEDAN ONYANGO



# Forgive Me Lord.

FORGIVE ME LORD

Forgive me Lord for what I'm about to confess  
Where everyone seem to be lacking consciousness,  
Allow me to speak my mind out of this distress.  
Forgive me Lord for I don't want to build a fortress  
In a society where being normal is considered abnormal.  
Forgive me Lord for speaking my mind  
In a society where the bourgeoisie suppresses the proletariat  
Where one who steals is considered one of a kind.  
Forgive me Lord for condemning the chosen ones  
Who are so keen into milking the public coffers;  
Yet the pauper is confused with empty puns.  
On my knees I bring forth my heart which suffers,  
For it's in your powers that you will forgive my generation  
And by the end of it all these sins, we will rebuild this Nation.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Freshers

The era of academic uniformity came to an end  
Launching you to another trajectory of individuality,  
With new expectations in the reality.  
Another life will be started in your humanity.

The obstacles you faced were a testimony,  
For the good job you did with your destiny.  
Today you must echo the reality  
That you will not be victimised  
For the life you will choose to live.

Three shot in the air cannot be enough  
And matriculation day is just but an eye opener  
For the journey ahead is camouflaged,  
Like a chameleon, colours will change,  
Some bright, some dull,  
Make that a stepping stone.

Food is to the stomach,  
Book is to the brain,  
Remember to do both.  
Mark-you academic malnutrition  
Is also a thing to reckon with,  
Take a balanced diet.

Friends are not friends in this society  
Choose wisely,  
Temptations are inevitable  
The Holy books are available.

Fresh as you are now,  
Fresher, you must become at the end.  
Do not pretend to be wiser,  
Be ready to learn from the master.

You are a blessing to Professor Mugenda  
Do not change the agenda,  
Stick to the rules

And do not strive to amend  
You may not go past the bend,  
For the light which is at the end  
Of the tunnel is promising ahead.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Future Terror

The big ball sends spikes of fire on earth  
Each ray wrapped with wrath,  
AND stealthily he maneuvers eastwards,  
Behind half-baked herbs stand.

Temperatures shoots  
Arctic ice genuflects  
Surrendering to the Big Man's spikes.

Factory man  
Watches in dismay; future terror  
He created.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Gospel Cartels

The walls of the cathedral are under attack  
The bells are no longer ringing raucously,  
Rust has invaded the big towering bells  
Rats are prowling the church  
As they genuflect picking  
Leftovers of the last supper scattered all over  
While gnawing the gospels glowing  
Dim on the sad altar,

As the wind of spiritual mockery  
Sing the hymns of the benedictions  
Carrying with it the dust of divine destitute  
To the servant of Christ jailed with sins in the confession room.

All these serve to save humanity  
Whose spiritual nourishment is malnourished  
On the dark days of temptations,  
Gospel heraldic they testify in haste,  
Hypocritically they dance, praise and  
Worship from dusk to dawn,  
While deep underneath the zip of infidelity  
Is unzipped,  
And on top of their spiritually proof voices  
They yelp, AMEN!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# How Do I Start...

How do I start thanking you!

My mind keeps on jumping  
Up and down  
How do I start thanking  
You who have been  
And will continue to be  
A person I hold so dear?

How do I begin to thank you,  
For it is life you breathed in me  
It is a mind you built in me,  
How do I start to thank you,  
For the things that you  
Have seen me through  
The downs  
The ups  
Now I am down  
Soon I will make new steps  
Only known to you,  
Tell me how do I start to thank you  
God?

How do I start to thank  
The people who have been there for me  
Each day each need that I had  
Never did they turn their backs  
On me, trust they built in me  
Confidence they had in me  
Patience they had in me  
Hope they have in me  
How do I begin to thank them please?

How do I begin  
To thank the friends I made  
The friend that made me  
To be who I am today  
And will be tomorrow?

How do I thank the church  
How do I thank the mosque  
How do I thank the temple,  
How do I thank the university  
How do I thank the high school  
How do I thank the primary school  
How do I thank the kindergarten  
How do I thank home?

Perhaps one day I shall have an answer,  
Perhaps one day I shall gather courage  
Perhaps one day I shall name them one  
By one  
Forgetting one will be detrimental  
For now my sentiments  
Are murky  
But still I thank God  
And  
You  
My  
Friend.

One day you will know why!

How do I thank you?

DEDAN ONYANGO

# I Am Pissed Off!

I am pissed off!  
By history written on lies and prejudice,  
I am pissed off!  
By a society engulfed with mediocrity  
I want to restore back the lost sanity.  
But where do I begin?  
I remember  
That yesterday  
Today,  
Tomorrow,  
And in future insanity is the new game  
Oh what a shame!  
I am pissed off!

DEDAN ONYANGO



# I Fear Heartbreaks!

I FEAR HEARTBREAKS!

Not because they leave one hurt  
But the mark of dirt they leave in one's heart  
The pain is so cruel  
It makes one live hating love jewel.

I fear Heartbreaks  
Not because they leave one empty  
But the deep void they dig in one's heart  
That wide empty loveless hole  
Makes one feel sickly and worthless.

I fear heartbreaks  
From someone who once stole your heart  
And later came back for your soul  
Only to leave you feeling like a fool.  
I hate heartbreaks!

I fear heartbreaks  
Yet one cannot control love that was not meant to be  
From sipping out into the deep seas  
Leaving you feeling cold  
Yet you just have to be bold.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# I Know Of A Place

I know of a place in my heart  
That human beings would love to touch  
I know of a place in my heart  
That humanity would love to hurt  
But I will not let them do that!

I know of a place in my soul  
That life continues even if I die  
I know of a place in my soul  
That man would want to detonate  
But my soul is well protected!

I know of a place in my life  
That happiness rules  
I know of a place in my life  
That fear roams  
But I will not give up without a fight!

I know of a place in this universe  
That my heart  
My soul,  
My life always yearns to be  
I know of a place in this globe  
That I will never be  
But I will still journey on...

Where is thy place?  
I know nothing about it  
But I will keep on searching  
Until my HEART,  
My SOUL  
And my LIFE  
Finds peace in it...

DEDAN ONYANGO

# I Remember...

I REMEMBER...

I remember the two  
The two zeros  
And the ugly seven.

I remember the two  
The two zeros  
And the two headed eight.

I remember, 2007  
I remember, 2008  
As years that cracked my heart deep  
And left a deep dent in my soul.

I remember the tears that pierced many eyes,  
The tear gas that clouded the shanties in Kibera,  
In Naivasha,  
The lake side, the land of champions...

I remember the ghosts that tormented my country  
As neighbours turned to foes  
As tribes turned to trivialities  
And the picture of blood bath became the reality.

I remember the looting that left nothing behind  
Of Ukwala Supermarket,  
Of homes and not forgetting  
A neighbour's bucket.

I remember the Rungus and the Machetes  
That sung throughout the horrendous night  
While the National Anthem lost meaning in our hearts,  
With pangs of fire we razed down each others' huts.

I remember Kiambaa church  
Where innocent souls were torched  
A Holy place become a hollow grave,  
I remember these pictures

That mankind now forgets.

I remember

That we are all human

Deep down is blood and not a tribe

Deep down is a Kenyan and not an alien

Deep down is a soul that yearns for unity

Deep down is a creation of God.

I remember

Tomorrow the sun shall set

A new day shall erect

And we shall need each other after the elections.

I remember the two

The two zeros

And the ugly seven.

I remember the two

The two zeros

And the two headed eight.

I remember,2007

I remember,2008

As years that cracked my heart deep

And left a deep dent in my soul.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# I Saw A Queue

I.

Do you know a queue?  
Probably yes, probably no!  
Let me ask again,  
Ever seen a queue pal?  
Probably no, probably yes!  
Either way you may be right  
Or wrong pal!  
How amazing it is!  
That today you have no clue  
Or you might have a clue of what a queue is...

II.

I saw a queue  
No I have been seeing queues.  
Yes queues have been there since time,  
No damn it! But today I say a queue  
Made by man!  
Ever seen a queue made by man?  
Of course yes!  
No! You are still right  
Or wrong pal!

III.

Today I saw a queue pal  
Long enough to remind me  
That we are still in the dark ages  
While some are now in the white ages  
We are still dark while they white!

I saw a queue  
Long enough to remind me  
That we are still colonized  
And that this queue  
Is all that we have  
Yet the haves and have not

Don't share this queue pal.

IV.

Today I saw a queue pal  
A queue of sun baked mothers  
Carrying their malnourished babies  
While some die on their mothers' chests  
Sucking blood out of their mothers shriveled breasts  
At last drops of hope!  
The bony children stop crying,  
Yet their mothers die trying  
Trying to get them to the  
Promise land  
Or is it a cursed land!

V.

Today I saw a queue  
Made by man  
Man who was not man enough  
To stop the butchering of his fellow men  
Just because they are not of his tribe  
His religion, his kinship  
His race, his class  
His...  
A queue made by man  
For man,  
For men who  
Are incapable  
Men who for a long time have been exploited  
Polluted and dumped like waste.

VI.

Today I saw a queue pal,  
A queue long enough  
Long enough to remind me of the history long gone  
And the future so gone  
And the present so long,  
A queue of wananchi queuing for mafuta taa  
At least to chase away the self imposed darkness,

Yet the bigwigs dine on their sweat  
So sweet sound is their sleep.  
Yet some sleep standing on the streets!

VII.

I saw a queue  
Of sick men and women  
All in one file  
Waiting for the God sent to administer the normal dose  
Painkillers  
Even Pneumonia, Give them Paracetamol,  
No!  
Panadol will do!  
No!  
That could be malaria  
Mara moja will do!  
R.I.P, he died of hunger they will say!  
On the planes they fly out  
India, Europe, USA,  
Sometimes South Africa,  
Yet we have public Hospitals  
Which are too public indeed!  
I saw this queue pal  
Have you?

VIII.

I saw a queue  
Of passengers waiting for that public transporter,  
To take them to their leafy suburbs  
Or is it slam suburbs?  
In the Mat, they sit sandwiched  
One will be forced to sit on the air  
On that imaginary seat,  
Along the road is but full of potholes  
He clings on the shoulders of the other passengers  
Who will then wonder aloud what is wrong with this stranger!

IX.

Today I saw a queue  
A queue this long  
Of school going children being given relief food  
What a relief!  
Their plate gagged with Katumani maize  
And Maharagwe ya Nyayo  
That will keep them in class,  
And a long time ago they use to sing that song  
You know it pal  
The Nyayo song  
Now they eat it!

X.

I saw a queue  
That brought back the painful memories  
Of our forefathers  
Who fought for independence  
Only to make us dependent!  
Our forefathers  
Whose graves are nowhere to be seen  
Yet we name streets after them, DEDAN KIMATHI,  
Our forefathers who were assassinated  
Now statues we have erected, TOM MBOYA,  
Pal where is J.M KARIUKI' statue?

XI.

Today I saw queue  
Of farmers who carry heavy sacks of coffee on their backs  
And slowly they climb up the hill  
Some so ill,  
But the factory man  
Will just give them peanuts for pay  
That is more than enough for two days  
He will say!

XII.

One more queue  
Which we shall continue to see for a long time,  
I saw a queue of men and women



With their Voting cards tightly held  
With umbrellas tightly fixed over their heads  
With children tightly tied on their backs  
Going to vote!  
Going to vote for change  
Yet things afterwards remained the same!

Lately I have been seeing queues pal,  
Queues as long as the Nile River  
Queues as deep as Lake Turkana  
Queues as long as humanity  
YET this queue lacks humanity.

Pal, still you have never seen these queues?  
Yes or No,  
You may be right  
Or wrong.  
I see a queue  
Do you?

DEDAN ONYANGO

## If You Have To Be Good...

If you have to be good  
Be a good listener  
And please don't be rude  
Unless you want to be a sinner.

If you have to be good  
Be a good friend to many  
And please don't pick up a sword  
To end your buddy's journey.

If you have to be good  
Don't be quick to judge  
And please don't be crude  
Unless you want to start a grudge.

If you have to be good  
Allow praise to take place  
And please don't be so loud  
Unless you want to be a disgrace.

If you have to be good  
Mind what you mouth utters  
And please don't be a slanderer  
Unless you want just please the crowd.

IF YOU HAVE TO BE GOOD

....

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Illicit Water

Water is life  
Our thirst we resuscitate.  
Oceans potions  
Notions  
Lakes snakes  
And  
Rivers  
Our livers  
Shivers  
But silver whiten  
Future brighten  
And  
Later  
Illicit explicit  
Water  
Hell.

Water is death  
Our thirst we create.  
Ocean notions  
Potions  
Snakes lakes  
And  
Our rivers  
Leave us cursed.  
Our livers darkens  
Future frightens.  
And  
Now explicit illicit  
Water  
Death.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# It Is About Time Africa

Africa a continent of beauty and wealth  
But unknown and unexplored by its humanity.  
Africa why the animosity?  
Across your nations war tempers rage  
Across the rivers, bones float  
Of mothers and children  
Killed mercilessly,  
AFRICA, Where did your humanity evaporate?

Africa, the land of milk and honey  
The land of great men and women  
With their philosophies,  
A new dawn was built.  
Ujama was enacted in Tanzania  
So near is South Africa  
Apartheid became history.  
But why Africa,  
Why the mysteries?

Africa your name betrays you,  
Vultures maneuvers your city skies  
With craving cries  
They feed on flesh  
Scattered, butchered by the power thirsty rogues  
You call them your leaders..?

Africa your name betrays you!  
Call upon the name in Scandinavian lands  
Temperatures of dissolute pictures of malnourished individuals  
Glitter with guilt.  
Hatred germinates  
While inhumane, Africa you dress in the cloth of shame.

The owls cry when the big yellow ball is shining  
Is that not a bad omen Africa?  
Africa why the hypocrisy?  
Many pretend to be righteous,  
But only a few are right.

Like lions we are ready to pounce on one another,  
Our tribal claws ready to taste blood  
All these to safeguard your tribes Africa.  
Africa,  
Too quick to forget like warthogs  
We forget that we are created in His Likeliness  
Africa, your name betrays you  
That is our weakness  
My weakness...

It is about time  
Africa let go of the absurdism,  
Restore back your Humanism.  
Embrace the reality,  
Face the reality Africa.  
Africa,  
Listen to the cries of the generations to come  
Africa adjust your safe belt, the journey to liberal- land is long  
Yes it is,  
The journey must be taken though  
As much as man dies liberty will never perish.  
Liberate yourself from these new breeds of hyenas  
Remember your are not a cockroach

Reason Africa,  
It is about time  
Do the unthinkable!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# It Is Painful

It is painful to say the truth  
And walk out free without being slain,  
It is painful!

It is painful to die knowing  
Your killers  
Yet you cannot get your healers,  
It is painful!

It is painful to die leaving  
Behind a young family,  
Yet where your going is not very familiar,  
It is painful!

It is painful to stand firm for the truth  
Yet none wants that to go through,  
It is painful!

It is painful to die while driving back home  
Only to end up in a morgue,  
It is painful!

It is painful to live in a society  
Where however much you try to bring out the illness  
You end up being termed a sinner  
It is painful!

It is rather joyous to die for the truth  
Than live like a crook defending lies and sycophancy.

It is though still painful....

DEDAN ONYANGO

# It Was Love At First Sight.

It was love at first sight  
With roses and champagne their love became bright  
Expensive hotels, Kempinski, Sarova, they enjoyed their nights  
Forget not Safari park  
Their Mercedes Benz barked  
As chivalric he faked his monster self.  
Her hand he held tight  
And a kiss he pasted on it  
Soon, he shall chop it out.

It was love at first sight,  
That their hearts pounded in delight.  
Nothing under the sun was meant to set them apart,  
Soon they moved to their matrimonial apartment  
And their love grew greater  
Soon, he shall start to regret

It was love that they thought held them together  
A look at the past paints a portrait  
Of a love that was not meant to prosper.  
Once he beat her for nothing that seemed real  
Today they are concealed with love that lacks zeal.  
Their bed made of roses  
Who knew will be turned to thorns  
Soon, she will have to sleep on the couch.

It was lust that they had  
Now tumultuous it has grown.  
Love in the shanties now she longs  
Love in the ordinary now she belongs.  
It was love that never was,  
Soon, she will move out!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Like A Seed

Like a seed we lie low  
As the morning sun starts to glow  
With life we begin to grow  
Not knowing what awaits us-we ignore.

With our vibrant colours  
We share upon.  
Bringing joy to the gardener's long wait.  
We grow in different shapes and sizes  
As complexion separate us.

Along the way we begin to stumble  
On the thorny grounds we force our way.  
With the breathe of the wind  
We begin to sway  
Not knowing our way.

We are the future for the next generations  
Temptations overwhelm our intentions,  
We begin to wither,  
We lack faith  
To climb up the ladder made of success  
We retrogress.

Many dry along the way,  
While a few cry for mercies above the sky:  
Enjoy your youth  
But bear in mind the repacations  
That awaits you.

DEDAN ONYANGO



# Like Bees

Bees are known for their sweet honey,  
Bees are known for their poisonous sting.  
Bees are known for their diligence.  
When flowers dry  
When flowers die,  
Bees lack one of their fine ingredients- nectar,  
But they buzz around to seek other environments,  
And in their swarm they assist mother- nature  
Pollination takes place.  
Another Nation sprouts,  
Painting the surface with colours of beauty  
Sweet scent engulfs the surface.  
Bringing echoes of a new beginning in the universe.

Bees are hardworking,  
Like a football team they look for the ball together,  
Like soldiers they guard their Queen together,  
With a sting that sends a grown man into a childish cry.  
Bees never lie,  
When sent to find nectar they obediently go,  
And submissive the worker bees are,  
To their Queen they listen.

Do bees have a language?  
But why do they seem to understand each other  
Painting another tragedy upon the human race,  
Like birds the human race fly in pace,  
Do bees know each other by their faces?  
Do they have a tribe to subscribe to when they feel threatened  
To be erased?

If bees had names,  
If they did have villages,  
Will they feel ashamed?  
Will they seclude each other in the making of honey?  
Will a bee called, Kamau, be judged from the village it comes  
Or praised for its entrepreneurial prowess?  
Its ability to make honey taste flaunt less.

Will a bee called Hassan be fired just because it subscribed to other values?

No! Bees are not like me and you,

Bees are just bees!

So why the grudge?

Why the hate?

Why the animosity between us?

I ask why the name calling and blame game

Do bees blame one another when they miss a flower with nectar?

Or do they just look for another alternative from the creator

Why the negativity?

Like bees we should be...

If bees face booked,

Will they spit words dented with hate?

Or will they scribble words to better their colony

If bees whatsupped,

Will they send derogative images to each other?

To laugh and point out their folly to the world

But not bees!

They Cannot access the net.

But we do,

Why not use it constructively

To avoid destruction of our social fabric

Like bees

We should be on the lookout for beautiful flowers,

We should be on the lookout for cohesive ideas

And not divisive egocentrism

Less uphold egalitarianism.

Like bees,

Empowerment to the younger bees is paramount,

Younger bees need not to be honey seekers

But creators.

Show them the way

Let them buzz to their destination,

For this Nation needs bees who can fly on their own.

And that bee is me and you!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Madam's Left Eye Tear

MADAM'S LEFT EYE TEAR

I thought I saw a dry tear tearing down  
On her hardened face,  
From the look of things,  
The tear has escaped the miseries  
That the madam is maneuvering through,

From her face,  
I could see bumps as big as those of Salga death road,  
From her face,  
The tear dropped with pain that made Madam cold and weak,

It has been two weeks now,  
Her left eye is now used to this surgical suffering,  
It has been two weeks now,  
Of a life lived lifeless,

Her left eye says it all,  
She never blinks any more,  
For fear of a shapeless tear squeezing out of her left eye,

I thought I saw a tear,  
Tearing up her strength of womanhood,  
Now specked with traces of lost pride,

I thought I saw a tear,  
Afraid of hitting the mocking earth,  
Where Madam's hope is now hopeless,

I thought I saw a tear running down her face,  
With arms raised up  
And a fake smile sliding though her dull face.

I thought I saw something more than a tear...

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Man Eats Man!

Look at them  
Their wrinkled faces tell it all  
Of the heat that is eating them up,  
Look at them child  
They work hard but get nothing in return  
The tax man takes it all.  
Are they not citizens of this great land  
Where the pauper becomes poorer  
While the bourgeoisie becomes richer.

Look at them closely  
Can you count those ribs  
Look at their noses  
Is that not mucus?  
They have learnt to call it sweat.

Look at them again,  
They can hardly walk  
Their legs are thin and weak  
But they cannot give up  
They cannot afford the bus fare,  
The tax man just announced  
An increase in Petrol price  
They will have to dig deeper into their pockets.

Look at them son,  
Look at that worked out crippled house,  
They call it home  
While we sleep in Runda  
And go for holidays in Rome!  
Yet you complain of a stomach ache  
To them they are immuned  
Yesterday they ate nothing  
Tomorrow God knows.

Look at them  
Fifty Bob will make them sing and dance  
For that small man who wants to be big and smart,  
Yet afterwards

They are a forgotten lot  
Next election  
They will be dusted off  
With 100 Bob,  
The tune this time will be: Maendeleo mtapata mkinichagua tena,  
Son, they will ululate  
Yet they don't have a place to urinate.

Look at them,  
Look at us,  
Ours is a dream  
One day we hope it will be real,  
To eat like them  
And live in Runda  
For now let man eat man!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Mbona Nchi Twaboromosha?

Hodi hodi nabisha, mlango nyie fungueni  
Kuna jambo lantatiza, mahasadi pungueni  
Swali langu skiza, kama maji ufukweni  
Mbona nchi twaboromosha, hasama kila uchao?

Nipe ruhusa niwapashe, harakati zangu mruwa  
Kuwajibika sote si kasheshe, bali jambo mrwa  
Jami yatupasa tukeshe, kujenga nchi maridhawa  
Mbona nchi twaboromosha, hasama kila uchao?

Kukaa kitako ni tatizo, wakati nchi ya chomeka  
Kusema hayakuhusu ni wazo bonzo, kaka dada wajibika  
Fanya uliwezalo bila tuzo, moyo utaridhika  
Mbona nchi twaboromosha, hasama kila uchao?

Kwa miaka na mikaka, nchi yetu twaweka viraka  
Katiba twaibaka, ukabila ndio dhihaka  
Penda jirani yako kaka, nchi itajengeka  
Mbona nchi twaboromosha, hasama kila uchao?

Ni zetu juhudi vijana, kutumika vibaya kupinga  
Siasa za fitina achana, zijengazo ndizo nanga  
Uchumi tajenga mchana, ufisadi naomba kupinga  
Mbona nchi twaboromosha, hasama kila uchao?

Uchafuzi wa mazingira, swala zito nchini  
Hewa safi kwa hadhira, afya bora mijini  
Uzalendo ni kutengeneza hajira, hasira tupeni  
Mbona nchi twaboromosha, hasama kila uchao?

Dini tushike hima, kwa vitendo na maneno  
Tusiwe wa kupima, kila wa saa utengano  
Tuwe wa busara hima, kila jambo maridhiano  
Mbona nchi twaboromosha, hasama kila uchao?

Wakati wangu kesha timia, kuondoka sina budi  
Natumai mesikia, na sasa tekeleza juhudi  
Bila juhudi taangamia, kuwajibika hatuna budi

Mbona nchi twaboromoshwa, hasama kila uchao?

DEDAN ONYANGO

# My Kero-Sin Stove Is Making Me Mad

For how long will I cry, as I woo you to sleep?  
For how long will I choke under your odour  
As you dry up?

Yes the meal is on the table,  
But your perfume and blood- it smells paraffin.  
The budget man said that your blood  
Will go up at midnight,  
That is kero to us  
But also a sin  
For a pauper like me to hold demos in the streets.

The our big brothers won't allow  
And I go to mama mboga's to beg  
For your blood  
To make a tasteless meal  
For salt is now sugar  
And sugar...

My kero-sin stove is making me mad!  
I have to sleep on an empty tummy today  
Oh As always!

DEDAN ONYANGO



# Ode To Father Lance.

O tranquil environment that sighs  
With heart beats of a white man's hands.  
A stone become the church  
Whose memories surpass the seventeen  
Years of her initiator's benevolence.

Today the world sings an ode to the Reverend Father,  
A father who devoted his life to spread the gospel  
In Africa and beyond,  
A father who devoted his life to cast away spells of hypocrisy  
With military precision,  
And with determination  
He preached with vigor and valor.

Today the world sings an ode to Father Lance  
Whose charismatic heart touches many souls,  
Leaving them demanding for more especially when he dances.  
A father who would chastise his flock when they go a stray  
Yet none would dare go away.  
A Father whose resilience is beyond reproach.

O in the faraway lands of Todonyang',  
Mzungu's name is in the peoples' hearts.  
With his missionary initiatives  
Community outreaches have seen the light of the day,  
Young souls give back to the society  
A Father whose sobriety touches humanity.

Today the world sings an ode to Father Lance  
Whose counsel reverberates the corridors of knowledge  
'The God of a First Class is the God of a Re-take'  
O the whiteness of his hair  
Like the white robes Christ wore  
Display the Solomonic wisdom entrenched in his psyche.

Today the world sings an ode to Father Lance,  
Whose baritone voice caresses the altar every  
First day of worship and  
With a euphonic disguise the church joins in harmony

Singing along the peace that the Man of God harmonizes.

O Father Lance,  
In you the church got many servants  
Who in your footprints they seek to imitate.  
I say thank you to the Maryknoll Fathers  
For sending you this far  
To come and serve and not to be served.  
O what an inspiring soul you have.

In you the ills that eat our nation  
Got reproof without a shudder of fear,  
The malignant erosion of social justice  
Spanned through your typed summons like the Rift Valley,  
Your hope for a nation united echoed  
In our hearts,  
A hope one day this will turn to be true.

Today the world sings an ode to Father Lance  
Whose prayers yield miracles,  
On that fateful day a miracle- Lance Mahiri  
Got healing,  
Today he dances and reads the Bible with zeal,  
O a look at the past paints a picture of what is real  
Now enveloped in this song that I sing.

In these lines that my heart reveals  
In these lines that my soul couldn't conceal,  
A glimmer of long life is what I dedicate  
To you my Father,  
Whom I felt loved and care for in my life.

O today KUCC sings an Ode to Father Lance  
Who will be missed in many years to come,  
Whose memories will linger in many hearts,  
Today the world sings a song of a priest who  
Devoted his life to serve and not to be served,  
Thank you God for such a Man!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Opportunists

This world I live is full  
Of opportunists  
Ready to pounce on me  
When the aroma of my success  
Comes their way.

This world i live is full  
Of opportunists  
Ready to call me 'Son'  
Yet during my childhood  
Growth they pretended to be busy  
I say no!

This world i live is but full  
of opportunists  
Ready to call me 'My long time son'  
Yes! that is true to be false  
Now i am all grown up  
Is when they show up!

This world is but full  
of opportunists  
Who only show up when  
The meal is on the table  
Yet non took part in its preparation  
To hell with them!

This world i live is full  
Of pretenders  
who live and dine in mediocrity  
That is no business of mine  
I have got miles to cover now  
I am dusting them out!

This world is funny  
When you are about to reach your destination  
They all want to be part of the journey  
To taste the honey  
Which their sweat never accompanied!

This world is but full of opportunists  
who are tainting the image of the real  
Opportunists.

This world is full  
Of opportunists!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Over Eating

It all began  
With the lowering of the Union Jack.  
The innocent land welcomed a new breed of thugs,  
With their appetites like hyenas  
A new mode of eating was invented.

Eating everything was their slogan,  
While the two brothers; poverty  
Disease became the masses song.  
Eat that land,  
Grab it!  
Eat with gladness!  
It's our time to eat one said another will add,  
Tomorrow.  
Their generations will payback what we've borrowed.

The loaf is not enough  
Two loaves five fish  
A miracle Christ did,  
Yet here one eats alone  
None remains, none falls, and their mouth are cupped  
Not even a hiccup they swallow in haste the public cake.  
Which many baked with their sweat  
Oh! This eating game is so sweet,  
Look at those mansions  
They live in  
While them, live in inns,  
For tomorrow no place to call home  
And roaming continues  
And the Hyenic munching continues.  
It is now full blown, everything continues.  
Mountain like their bellies protrudes even the belt is unseen able!

It all began as a mere game,  
Now it's shame,  
The world is in pain,  
Sanctions it has threatened upon the eating bigwigs,  
With their wings in power they fight back, we shall not allow imperialism!  
Colonialism is long gone,

Now it's Neo-eatinism!

Eat Pal, eat!

Less you be eaten...

In tears,

In jeers,

In sneers.

The eating game continues,

Hoping that one day in the name of the sun, the moon, and the ocean

Shall swallow all those that eat humanity

And restore back the long lost dignity and integrity,

Amen.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Poverty Grave

I saw him stagger across the road  
His bears had turned gray,  
His back had bended forward,  
To give a lucky guess of years  
Which one would place it at 80.  
Age seemed to have the better of him.

But hey! I know the man,  
Age has just robbed him of life,  
Ooh! The poor lad,  
He dug his own poverty grave!

He thought he knew how to handle life  
He thought happiness was planted in alcohol  
Where he could reach for greatness,  
So together with his friends  
They began sneaking out of school,  
For them education was not the key,  
But a waste of time!  
He dug his own grave!

Soon alcohol could not get him a notch higher enough,  
And weed was added to the MENU,  
Not that taught by his agriculture teacher  
But that which he called GANJA,  
"The holy weed"  
By now he was expelled from school,  
I saw him dig his own poverty grave!

His love for women,  
His untamed lust,  
Today he lives infected with HIV/AIDS  
I saw him in that too.  
Countless times he has been warned against alcohol  
Even more times against cigarettes.

Today his lungs and livers are gone,  
And doctors say the clock is ticking  
He has days

May be months,  
If lucky a year or two,  
I saw it all.

I warned him,  
Ooh! That's my beloved son, I begged him,  
He looks older than me today,  
I shouted at him!  
Today I shout at you,  
DON'T DIG YOUR OWN GRAVE!

Bad company ruins good morals,  
My son avoid it,  
Less you be like your brother,  
Walk with people of integrity,  
People with a vision of a better tomorrow,  
Join social clubs,  
Engage in sporting activities,  
By all means AVOID DRUGS.

DEDAN ONYANGO



# Road Blocks

Road blocks are scary,  
when we see them we start sweating  
Perhaps even doubting  
Our noble course.

Road block are not liked  
Even with the most skillful drivers  
They send them shivers  
But one has to cross them.

Road blocks are annoying  
When you are about to reach your  
Destination they pop up!  
urggrh!  
Road blocks  
are good- for no- thing!

Road blocks are good- bad though  
When you are over speeding  
They slow you down, to reflect  
And quick you continue.

Road blocks are a challenge  
And the master-driver  
Must overcome them.

Road block are sometimes  
confusing  
Heartbreaking  
while at times  
Motivating

Oh!  
I see one ahead  
Bye!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Road To Insanity

Are you headed to the land of insanity?  
Hop in  
Lunatics Express is about to fly!

Ati! It is full,  
Who dare smear such silly sentiments to our saint sister?  
We don't want to commit a sin sister!

Hey Mr!  
Squeeze a bit to your fellow mate  
That sit is usually for three,  
Don't be shocked by the size.

Sissi madam!  
Stop Dere; she is headed to the land of insanity,  
Would madam hold on to lunatic's door?  
She is alighting just the next stage of optimal schizophrenia.

Try and close that door,  
Makarao are on the loose,  
We don't want to lose much you know,  
Get some loose notes with you just in case...

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Show Me Where To Steal!

Show me where to steal,  
Coz I am tired of being honest  
In a society where values are only learnt in class  
Yet practiced none on the grass.

Show me where to steal  
O you who have PHDs in grabbertology  
Coz I have nothing to lose now,  
My peers are now experts.

Show me where I can loot,  
The public cake,  
That the pauper bakes  
Yet gets none out of the sweat!  
Please show me,  
I am ready &quot;kutoa kitu kidogo'  
Show me I beg!

Show me where to steal,  
I, your Grandpa am tired too  
Of sitting down waiting for godot  
Yet my age mates are eating in kempinski  
Yet my grandson, is now a grand stealer,  
Let's all take part  
A reverse in time won't help neither.

Mummy, show me where to steal,  
Daddy was arrested yesterday  
For he took only a penny  
That the boss left on his  
Mahogany covered teli,  
Where dollars exchange hands,  
Yet he gets none.

Mummy  
Please show me!  
I am no longer innocent,  
Only yesterday I scooped your brown sugar,

Baby,  
I am willing to show you,  
Promise not to show your little brother,  
I don't want a colony of thieves around me to bother!

Show me  
Where to loot,  
The youth fund,  
For the youth are now project X,  
Few are keen to save their generation,  
Yet fifty shillings is enough  
To buy them in the next General election.

Mummy  
Sh-o-w ....me...where to...  
STEAL,  
In a society where we canonize demons  
And demonize saints.  
Our tribesman is untouchable,  
Even if he steals in broad day light and night,  
He is ours, they will say!

Show me,  
Hospitals where drugs are now elusive,  
Yet death is selective,  
Across the streets one dies and one lives.  
Show me I want to steal the drugs too,  
Mama Mboga died  
There were no painkillers  
The doctor so said sadly.

Show me where,  
Show me there,  
Shore me here,  
Show me....

Please show me  
The good roads that were built  
But now they don't exist,  
Political rhetoric it has become  
My people vote me in  
And heaven I shall erect

Water will overflow like milk and honey  
Tumaini our village shall shine like the sun;  
Show me where I can steal; village mates!

Show me where I can steal  
For now law is lawless  
Crime is crimeless  
Guilty is innocent  
Innocent is guilty  
Freedom is captivity  
Captivity is now freedom  
A bribe for the jury  
Is enough to quench the story!  
But poor me my pockets ain't that deep  
I will have to spend a night in the dips.

Show me where to steal  
The stationeries that once slept idle in the stores  
But now legs they seem to have grown.  
Teacher, we are six, just one read less text book  
Are we just getting free- knowledge?  
That is full of bondage  
Yet so stone age!  
Have had enough  
Show me!

Show me where I can...

Enough!  
Show me less  
Show me none of these!  
Show me a change in the DNA  
Where values are just not mentioned but practiced  
Where we live in a NATION but not a county divided on greed  
Where unity for development is our slogan but not our slow- gun.

SHOW ME ....



# Song Of Lootenants.

SONG OF LOOTENANTS.

Left right!

Left right!

Theft write!

Theft write!

Quick march!

Quick munch!

Commander Lootenant: Today is a big day,  
With our bullet proof bellies,  
We shall make headlines on their tellies,  
That we came and conquered graft!

Today is big Day,  
They will not see it coming,  
We shall start by attacking their medulla oblongata,  
Yes, our enemies must not think until the war on graft is over  
Even if it shall last forever!

We soldiers of graft perpetuation  
Must restore back the lost dignity.

In Unison (We soldiers of graft perpetuation  
Must penetrate and leave them in destitution!)  
Commander Lootenant: DISMISSED!

Left right!

Left right!

Theft write!

Theft write!

Quick march!

Quick munch!

Commander Lootenant: Today is big day,

With our grenades, we will cleanse our looting paths,  
With our machine guns, we will rain havoc in their banks,  
With our tanks, we will bring down their National Treasury,  
They will not see it coming,  
We will march out like ants  
We shall sing our looting song,  
Long live the looter!  
Long live the Lootenants!

Left right!  
Left right!

Theft write!  
Theft write!

Quick march!  
Quick munch!

Commander Lootenant: Today is a big day,  
We shall paralyze all the living institutions,  
From schools to hospitals  
From churches to parastatals,  
From corridors of justice to corridors of service!  
We shall shoot to loot  
We shall loot to shoot,  
We shall do everything under our jurisdiction!

In Unison (We shall eat money and sleep on it,  
We shall dream money and walk on it!)

Commander Lootenant: ATTACK!

Left right!  
Left right!

Theft write!  
Theft write!

Quick march!  
Quick munch!





# Tears Of The Sky

As the chicken hasten  
Fear of an impending catastrophe paints polo,  
Dogs fight their puppies  
As quick they too peddle to their pens...

Empty drums hit the overjoyed soil,  
Rust had grown  
Dust had grown  
Now it's time for tears of the sky to merry.

Life starts to end  
Mothers cuddle their infants  
Fathers fastens their cows  
Youngsters jump with innocence  
The empty sky is about to give birth.

The scorched grass  
Sways across  
Happy for what is about to happen,  
Ants hurry  
To their hideouts  
They too have taken note  
Heaven is about to open up.

The great thunder  
Hits the earth  
With lighting that frightens,

Tears of the sky  
Darkens the landscape  
Village life comes to a standstill,  
In our corridors we look at the harrowing polo,  
Our shambas are a week old.

Tears of the sky  
Now tears in our eyes...

DEDAN ONYANGO

# The City Under The Sun.

My love,  
Ever heard of the city under the sun?  
This city that fills me with  
Feelings unbound,  
Feelings of hope and love  
For the humanity.

My love,  
Ever seen the giraffes and rhinoceros gaming in the city?  
Making wild what we call home and town,  
Only unique around the world  
Home to Simba, the king  
Of this jungle that makes the entire globe to glitter like gold!

My love,  
Ever seen a city  
That has the entire human race in it?  
And the world's religions  
All in one region,  
The Jews,  
The Muslim,  
The Hindus,  
And the Christians alike,  
All mixed up to make this city Holy.

My love,  
Even been to Eastland?  
Where the star of hope is ever seen,  
Where humanity lives without disharmony,  
Where the city glows to make East Africa!  
A city that makes the rest of the world swing with delight.

My love,  
Ever been to Westland?  
Where we get wet lands  
Full of life and devoid of sweat glands,  
Full of life and empty of death,  
Full of love and devoid of hatred,  
My love come see,

It is the city under the sun shining!

My love,  
Ever seen a mother feeding a young one?  
Come and see,  
The city under the sun feeding the rest of the world,  
With her hard working people,  
Whose determination  
Is to make her a great destination,

Under the sun  
You will find her calm  
And peaceful,  
Under the sun  
You find her warm and  
Colourful,

Under the sun  
You will find her tender to touch and embrace,

My love,  
Under the golden sun  
You will find my gift for you,  
Nairobi,  
The city under the sun smiling at you and me,  
Calling us sons and daughters of Africa.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# The Empty Village

Old men and women,  
Motherless and Fatherless war torn youngsters  
We greet you in peace!  
In our childish life we want to narrate the ordeal  
That has just baffled us,  
Of the once full but now empty village that scavengers patrol in majesty  
Of the empty village that now speaks of lives squeezed  
By neighbours who once lived nearby  
But now graves scribbled with mad, REST IN PEACE!  
Or is it REVENGE IN PEACE!  
Scattered all over the loamy soil protrude.

Once upon a time,  
Before the village of Mapendo turned to be the village of hatred,  
Once upon a time  
Before the village of Amani evolved to be the village of war!  
Peace and Tranquility engulfed the atmosphere,  
Ants, birds and lizards were seen here and there  
Now you can hardly spot one  
In their hideouts we have forced them  
As we shoot down each other with tribal hate  
&quot;They are not of this place! &quot;  
We say in haste.  
And quickly we set their huts in a blaze  
As the village elders sets the trail  
Once neighbours now entangled in foe ship  
We forget that we are all in this ship  
Our cordial relationship now erased  
Akin to goats we forget to coexist.

Children we learn from our fathers  
Once they were friends,  
Our society now drums in our innocent mind  
That don't mind them.  
They are our enemies!  
Why only during the election periods?  
Only yesterday  
Mother borrowed salt from Mama Johnny  
Now we are set to burn them alive

Just because they hold on to a different story.

On cameras we pretend  
That love is what we intend  
Yet in our tribal cocoons we hide our claws.  
The empty village is full of crosses  
The empty village is full of rottenness  
The empty village wobbles,  
Yet we the young ones  
Have been given the mantle to carry on with the battle:  
In our schools now we practice  
What we saw in the society  
Where our leaders lack sobriety  
The empty village is now nasty!

In homes we fasten our crude weapons.  
We work together  
Yet our goals are set apart  
We target the heart,  
With our bows and arrows  
We narrow down to the bone marrow  
Forgetting tomorrow we shall need to borrow sugar.  
Children learn from their mothers,  
In the market place  
We smile yet deep inside we swine  
The future now leaks!  
The umbilical is gagged  
The void wideness,  
Yet we learn not from our sins.

We shall have to rebuild the villages  
From ridge to ridge,  
We say no to political divisions!  
We say no to tribal wars!  
We say no to hate speech!  
We say no corruption!  
We must enact a new caption  
Of a village full of peace, love and Unity.

Children of this nation  
Go and do the necessary

Correct the bad ordeal  
Make haste and salvage the next generation!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# The Me In Me.

The me in me,  
Inside me lies a heart  
With passion I will leave to cherish  
The me in me.

The love I have for me  
Not selfish love  
But the love from above,  
That maketh me!  
I meant not to be mean  
I just love me  
Period!

Inside the mirror  
I see peace in my soul  
Hope for tomorrow  
Faith for favour in the real me,  
Oh!

I feel thrilled by the me inside me.  
Thanks to the Most High for the me inside me.  
Faith I posses inside me  
My identity anchored on faith  
Yes Faith!  
Faith!

DEDAN ONYANGO



# The Portrait

A portrait of an impoverished people,  
Emaciated children's mouths flocked with flies  
By the stench of hunger attracted  
Flies that edifice another layer of lips  
Atop the thirst cracked ones.  
Stomachs that have not been  
Home to food for days on end,  
Hopelessness a feature obvious,  
On these innocent beings faces.

SAIDIA MASIKINI, they plead,  
As we callously strut past  
Their lifelessly stretched hands,  
Eyes trained cautiously where we are going,  
The portrait of a forgotten people,  
Left for dead in dried lands,  
Where rain has a permanent boycott  
Not even a drop would kiss the land.  
Painted pictures of a baby,  
Suckling the breast of her dead mother,  
The smell of death piecing the nose.

A portrait of an impoverished  
People, scavenging for left over  
Meals heaped upon filthy bins,  
Brawling over it akin to lions ripping  
Apart the only gazelle in the feral  
Aware that, they know not where  
From the next meal cometh, and  
The dusk dreaded, for nights are  
But spent out in the cold on  
Pavements, the only known home.

This masterpiece conceived by  
The elite of the people, coined to  
Details impeccable is nothing  
Worthy of global exhibition, yet  
In the museums of our minds,  
They linger, with the brush of

Impunity more paint is smeared,  
For upon this milieu, stands the risk  
Of our insecurity,  
Theft occasioned by hunger,  
Violence fuelled by anger  
And a society on the brink of collapse,  
With gratitude to our corrupt leaders,  
Behold a portrait of looming catastrophe!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# The Song Of Elnino-Pee

The beautiful western sun  
Is cruising to the west  
Tinting the already blue-dark horizon  
With beautiful rays,  
Home it goes to the west,  
Bye bye it waves to humanity  
And soon a calamity will befall the land  
As the calm evening sky puts on the dark make-up  
And like Mt. Kenya,  
Pregnant clouds manoeuvre across.

Tap!  
Tap!  
Tap! Heavy droplets begins to pelt the soil  
Tap! Tap! Tap!  
The pace increases  
As the droplets darts with excitement.

“Pik uru gwen eot, kodhni duong! ”  
A chorus begins to form on the newly laid second -hand iron sheets- pat! Pat!  
Tap! Pata!  
Tap!  
The rhythm escalates as I guide the hens back into their mansion.  
The fading rays of the sun are soon overwhelmed by the  
Enthusiastic clouds,  
Shamelessly it surrenders to the goddess of koth, the rain.  
Bringing a stop to its reign.

Less sing the chorus  
The expectant clouds roars  
As thunderstorm joins the confusion  
Creating another fusion.  
The dark sky now trembles vehemently  
Bringing a standstill to human activities  
Sad news to the goddess of harvest.

The rhythm changes  
As stones begins to fall,  
Stones white in hue

Continues to strangle the overwhelmed earth.  
We call it PEE!  
Like a machine gun  
The pee spreads like fire,  
Even, Lucy the dog is not spared in this pandemonium.

Ta-pa, pa-ta-ta-pa!  
The white crystals continue to converge in terror  
It's long for this village to witness such a beating  
As if to emphasize its actions the hot tempered  
Sky erupts,  
"Jamriambo koth biro goi, koth ochopo.  
Jamriambo koth biro goi, koth ochopo"  
He who lies the rain will rain on you, now the rain is here.

As it rains  
Yamo, the wind also grabs a chance  
The god of the wind muscles up his mouth to blow  
And,  
Puuu! It blows across,  
Puu!  
Trees sway,  
Puu! A Jacaranda is slain  
An electric pole becomes excited  
And forgets its mandate  
Dawn  
Dawn it goes  
And the whole village is now engulfed in darkness  
As the blackout blackmails the night  
We, the villagers search for our Nyangiles  
To light up our muddy structures  
Yawa Koth! My mother curses.

The houses begins to leak,  
As the running water begins to speak.  
Wasunge, the whites once said, "It rained cats and dogs"  
Adier, this I say;  
It rained elephants and giraffes.

As I prepare to recite this chorus  
I hid myself in my porous simba  
Once new but now ancient

I cuddle myself and whispers to our ancestors,  
As polo- the sky,  
Continues to vomit its children  
Bringing an end to the long dry spell.  
The droplets minimize  
As we, the victims maximize,  
But silently we are grateful  
For a favour done.

Soon the rain ceases  
But polo still celebrates in its horrendous  
Voice,  
As it catwalks across mockingly;  
"Jamriambo koth biro goi, koth ochopo  
Jamriambo koth biro goi, koth osehok".  
He who tells lies you will be rained on  
He who tells lies you will be rained on, now the rain has stopped.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# The Street Anthem.

Across this street,  
There is one thing that catches the eye.  
It is not the tarmacked roads that snakes down the hills  
Neither the beautiful horizons drawn by the setting sun,  
But the life style of this town:  
The street anthem.

In this town,  
There is a special street down-town  
A Street known by many who dared to dream big  
Many who had papers, letters  
And newspaper cuttings stuck in envelopes.  
But the encounter is an empty plate,  
You must have a god-father to rule  
Without one you are ruined.  
The street anthem rule No.1.

A street where  
Walking is not tolerated,  
But haste is of the essence  
Walk slow you get knocked by your fellows.  
It is a street of waste they say,  
Be careful not to be the waste  
The street anthem rule No.2.  
But someone is to blame.  
In this street,  
Blame game is a shame,  
It is not the bigwigs  
Get your head out of the weeds.  
They have done their best  
Don't become a pest.

Anthem it has become;  
Though shall seek but not find.  
Everyone for himself but God for us all they say.  
In this street,  
Your back must bend  
For the master to comprehend,  
Less you want to be given a pseudonym: blockhead.

Ask the village pastor;  
The hand that gives is the one that receives  
Give your master a token,  
Do not be heartbroken,  
Your master will say.

A street of despair  
Souls to repair,  
Those who were rained on with manner were so lucky I say.  
Few in this street collect coins dented with disgrace  
As quick they run to their hideouts  
When the city officers pops out,  
"They are making the town dirty,  
This a BIG man's town to party"  
The big bellied boss roars.

Monday it is,  
Another week for bargaining.  
Tactics must be changed  
But the lyrics remains.  
The street anthem stealthily pierces the eardrums.

After moving around two-hundred offices on the check list  
The least you can do;  
Give yourself a face lift.  
To the Most High above  
You pray for another day  
To start  
As you begun!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# The White Umbrella

As it rains havoc upon this land,  
Where do you stand?  
Or are you just a bystander  
Who keeps the wonder?  
But does nothing for his land.  
It is about time have your white umbrella ready.

As it rains blood,  
You silently plan your hatred  
With which to take  
Your brother to his death bed.  
In your heart of hate  
You plan your evil deeds  
To shutter another innocent faith.

On your face you wear a fake grin,  
In your heart a grenade lays  
With lies that devour the soul.  
As the white umbrella fades,  
You quickly hibernate  
To safeguard your fate.  
No time for regret you say!

In your cocoons you plan  
Your evil plans to take  
&quot;No cake for us you say&quot;  
But you don't want to bake  
Why the break?  
While animosity you create  
The umbrella now leaks,  
Only if we can think!

&quot;We need a share of the umbrella  
By force we will grab it! &quot;  
Too quick you forget,  
That dialogue is key



No need to put your brother on his knees,  
For peaceful coexistence  
No need for resistance,  
Everyone has an inheritance  
In this umbrella of whiteness.

Now,  
Like a dove,  
Be ready to serve  
Like a dove,  
Be ready to conserve  
The glory of this white umbrella.  
Nay be too ignorant  
And be submerged in selfish gains.  
Less stop this acidic rain!

Now the time is here,  
For those who care to hear,  
That the future is clear  
For those who care for this umbrella  
We call Kenya so dear.  
Do that which is right!

As it rains havoc upon this land,  
Where do you stand?  
Or are you just a bystander  
Who keeps the wonder?  
But does nothing for his land.  
It is about time have your white umbrella ready.

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For those who care to hear,

That the future is clear  
For those who care for this umbrella  
We call Kenya so dear.  
Do that which is right!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Thirst

Dawn is breaking,  
Soon the malicious sun will greet the barren land.  
Quick we move,  
Heading to the North  
Perhaps there is pasture  
And life to quench our thirst.  
As our shriveled bellies talk in thunderous voices.

Little souls cry  
On our mothers backs with hopes of a suck.  
Only to be welcomed by floppy flesh lost on flavor  
Dangling lazily on our mothers chest,  
A picture that no longer attracts the zest on my father's loins.

We must quench our thirst!

We must!  
Another frail voice sighs,  
We stare and glare at him  
No sign for this word H-O-P-E  
But just a cloud of empty cirrus clouds crossing on with despair.

Down the ill-road  
A pond of water appears  
But miraculously it disappears.  
Mockery of nature; my granny weighs in.  
Her skin,  
Competing with Sahara for Dryness  
But she still...  
Limps ahead.

We move.  
We limp...  
We drag on.  
Our muscles begging for mercy  
As we lift our long- bony legs  
Only one stride we make.  
We must quench our thirst!  
No matter the dusk

Hope I speak.

What happened to the dam 'Mheshimiwa' was to construct?  
Who dare ask such a destructive question?  
Whose answer is even known by the coming generation?

It has been decades of waiting  
Our bodies are no longer sweating.  
We have learnt to survive  
No need of us pretending,  
Deaths clouds our malnourished grounds  
We are too glad to be the only ones alive,  
We must move to quench our thirst!

Our spirit urges  
"Keep moving"  
Our destination is nigh.  
Oh!  
We were headed to the North  
But here also  
Life is but absent.  
Oh!  
We are thirsty.  
Our loop of henle is now rusty  
We must move!  
A dry tear escapes my eye  
But to where!  
We are accustomed to death, my dying  
Granny sighs on her last breathe.

\*Mheshimiwa: Honorable member of parliament.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# This Bag On Their Backs.

With their bags they walk  
On their backs they talk.  
'Excuse me sir  
I lost my book! '  
On their looks they  
Smile.  
'But your bag is on your back  
So why the buck? '

No luck in this pack,  
More parrot in this park.  
'Sir, I refuse to be a refuse!  
I want my book please'  
In this pack a void looms,  
As the 'giants of snatchers roams! "

"Young man,  
Where did you keep your bug?  
Or is it a bag you meant'

In this park,  
The moment you are out of the sight,  
Tip-toe they move  
Mouse-like they breathe  
Holding tight the zip they unzip.  
A dictionary they remove.  
A culture they found  
Now they live.

This bag on their backs,  
Holds their future  
Which now has fractures,  
Fractures made by friends so inhumane.  
'Sir I saw X with my dictionary! '

This dictionary lacks the meaning of itself,  
To them it is meaningless, useless but now they feel  
Less.

'Call X here, I want to hear  
What he has to say clear'  
X on stage, 'No sir I'm accused wrongly,  
It is my bag they took wrongly  
Now they want me to deny  
Strongly.

Teacher left confused,  
This bag on their backs  
Is it the one on my back?  
Oh what a lack!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Threnody To Fellow Comrades

My eyes are full of tears  
Tears not of joy but dismay.  
Did it have to be you?  
Did it have to be your life?

My eyes are humid  
My heart has collapsed  
Did it have to be you?  
Intellectual?

Comrade, comrades receive  
Comfort from Him above  
It was not a joke  
But now you are no more  
More tears I have  
More anger I...

Did it have to be when the  
Sun is gone  
For this atrocity  
For this calamity  
For this loss to haunt your innocent soul?

Comrade in this journey  
I have learned there is no  
Honey,  
Everything is now sour  
As your light deems  
A dream seizes.

You went too soon  
But the moon still glooms  
The darkness gloomy.

Comrade the weather is scary  
Shivers I feel,  
But what can I do?  
The sins are now real  
I have no zeal



Your gone I conceal.

Go comrade,  
Go for now  
The hour is a thief  
Was it yesterday,  
You and I had a chat?  
But now I chat in solitude  
Bullet you didn't have to end  
The light of a fellow comrade!  
TEARS!

Yes, I now know  
I need not to ignore  
Comrade in melancholy  
You are gone.

REMEMBER this;  
A comrade is always right  
Death is a thief  
But relief engulfs your soul.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Trials

Trials

In

Our lives are plenty.  
We get psychological torture  
When faced with them.

Tied

We are,  
While quitters we become.  
With a deep sigh  
We get another sign,  
Not to resign.

In

Doubts we remember the debts  
Owned by us,  
Quickly we retreat  
To our schizophrenic cocoons.

Once,

In our niche  
We forget that we are unique.  
Despite this we manage to phlegm  
We let go our pseud character  
And a new we, we enact.

Asap!

We are hit with a paroxysm  
We become optimistic  
Letting go of the absurdism.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Uncertainty Of Certain

Sun rays bids  
Mankind goodbye,  
With shadows of  
Humanity fading by,  
The horizon darkens.

In Lake Turkana,  
The despair of  
Waters gone bad is eminent,  
As the fisherman pulls  
Out an empty tired net.

With a wrinkled face  
He looks at the  
Infertile waters  
With bitterness,  
Once again the  
Waters gave birth  
To stillborns,

As the uncertainty  
Of the certain continues:  
Tomorrow he shall  
Be back to cast  
Down his fears.

As the wind  
Of death blows  
Across the households;  
Dry stones of fire  
Stares at the  
Fisherman's wife wistfully,  
She too will  
Have to face  
Her fears and  
Run away with the toddler.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Waste- Gate

Saturday it was,  
The weather so beautiful and calm.

Lives were happier  
Appearance magnanimous  
A sense of ecstasy engulfed the naked sky.

Birds sung merrily,  
Soon this will be jilted away.

Innocent sky above  
Changed colour  
As the clouds of darkness hasten across the mall.

Rains of bullets roared  
Mankind turned animal kind: lives evaporated.

Cloud of death hovered in majesty  
Westgate now a  
WASTE.

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Were They?

Rays of the morning sun  
Touch the horizon  
Announcing a new dawn

Morning dew will soon vanish  
Welcoming humanity  
Crystals of life will soon be witnessed  
Peddling their malnourished hind limbs,  
Others will not move  
Lack of energy is evident in them.

Breathing will help  
Though the air is polluted  
The Mercedes Benz passes by.

Stomachs will soon start crumbling  
Eyes will continue to weaken  
The senses are giving up.  
Life has to go on  
These creatures of dying age  
Have no excuse: but to keep on living.

The aroma of lost hope sweeps across  
Old folks now children  
Children now breadwinners.  
With their empty bowls they sing the song of redemption:  
'Saidia maskini'

The merciless sun steals the only water in them  
In their cocoons  
They stretch their bodies on the sun baked floor,  
To kill time:  
Endless tales are invented  
False hope is created,  
The only work they have learnt to accomplish.

But even this requires one to be energetic  
They stop and sleep into the dream world.  
On the other pavement

Life is up into the sky!

Feet moving

Smiles are shared across

Laughter is embraced

What a contrast?

Were they created by a lesser God?

I ask; were we meant to be street families

Forever?

DEDAN ONYANGO

# When I Die

When I die I want the following to have happened:  
My children's children to call me Grandpa  
My wife to out live me,

when I die I want  
My collection of poetry to be in the National Museum  
My literary life to continue living,

When I die I want  
My country to be a Nation  
where all would want to call a destination

When I die I want  
African countries to be called Developed countries  
And the wars to have ended.

When I die I want the Asian wars  
To have ended  
And religions would just remain to be religions,

When I die I want  
To be remembered for being their for my country  
For being there to the marginalized  
For being there to the orphans  
For being there to the widows and widowers  
For being there to the street families  
For being there to the old mamas and babas!

When I am gone  
I want this poem to be read  
By my grandchild  
It's up to you to decide who will do it!

When i die  
Please remember to take after me!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# When I Met Her

WHEN I MET HER

When I met her today  
My soul glowed with delight,  
And I wished that today remains to be Today:  
As my eyes stole into her limelight  
My Soul camouflaged into her love rays.

When I met her today,  
My dignity was restored  
And my humanity reinstalled  
When I met her today,  
I wished that today remains to be Today.

When I met her today,  
Life spoke it's meaning  
I could see a future despite the murky clouds,  
A future of two people  
Purposed to live secluded from the crowd.

When I met her today,  
My fears ran away  
As courage grew its roots into my heart  
And I knew God's plans are paving away  
Into this life unknown to her and me!

When I met her  
I met my shadow!

DEDAN ONYANGO



# Why I Love You

You gave to me hope  
And help me to cope  
When life pulls me down  
You bring me around.

You teach me to care  
And help me to share  
You make me honest  
With kindness the best.

From you I learned love  
With grace from above  
It's for you I live  
And I want to give.

You are the reason  
That fills each season  
When I hear love I think of you  
You are my world and Best friend too.

I love you because you are so kind, thoughtful and caring  
I love you because you are so pleasant, lovely and sharing.  
You made me the man I am.  
THANK YOU ALMIGHTY GOD!

DEDAN ONYANGO

# Witness Of The Sky

WITNESS OF THE SKY

I see  
Expectant clouds  
Perambulating across  
The once sterile sky,

It is evident  
The mother sky  
Is about to give birth,  
It rumbles in labour pain  
And to my hopeful eyes  
I smile at my small garden  
For what is about to happen.

DEDAN ONYANGO