

Poetry Series

**Duncan Livingstone**  
**- poems -**

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# Duncan Livingstone()

# A Teacher's Hope

I wish I were my pupil  
I wouldn't talk about my teachers  
Even if I were the president  
Still I would dare'nt my teachers  
Because the teacher's pen signs bills  
And the president's bills rule all teachers  
But the whole nation loathes the teacher  
I'm very happy about it  
Because that's a teacher's hope  
Like the hope to produce presidents  
And the hope to get a meagre coin

Duncan Livingstone

# Buried Brains

They claim that brain drains;  
They are the first to drain brains  
And the last to die  
As easy as pie

Let me rest at least in peace;  
Let them claim and cry if they wish  
As though I'm a piece of fish  
Because my brain awaits burial

I had refused to help others;  
Others who never had penny  
Penny that could see them learn  
But now my brain is buried

I wish I had known;  
I would not have frowned  
Because of helping the poor  
But now my brain is buried

Like a lonely bay;  
They saw me lay  
In a broad day  
But I was buried

Now I'm gone;  
With my phone  
But my brain  
Will not remain

Brain drain;  
Drain brain  
To help  
Others

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# Hundredth Lap With Bulls

It is still very early  
And you cannot see clearly,  
Sorry, I cannot see clearly  
I carry a deadly whip  
But he holds the heaviest plough  
Till hundredth lap

'Whack! ' The whip on my back  
And I have to pay dearly and dearly,  
Sorry, you have to pay clearly or dearly  
If you are caught sleeping  
While bulls are awake in pack  
Till a hundredth lap

Bulls are stubborn now  
And the whip is heavier now,  
Sorry, the plough is lighter  
Bhang controls the plough  
But before that hundredth lap  
I've got my deserved slap

I can be twenty five today  
But I long for the bulls,  
Sorry, I long for the plough  
Because a tractor cannot plough  
Without making more laps  
And maybe more slaps

Duncan Livingstone

# I Broke The Gourd

It was the first evening,  
The famine was about to get satisfied  
With the juicy ribs that protruded from Mr Nera  
And was about to say bye to that era  
I made for the table  
Though I wasn't able

'Dunny, do bring dat gourd, 'sounded granny  
As my fat hands grasped the gourd, it grasped my hand  
Like a giant who had never had lunch for the past many years  
It made the milk spill all over my ears  
My mother who was awake  
Picked a very big rake

I thought the gourd had been broken  
But my mother's silence proved that it was about  
To be broken and to define my lethal fate that was asleep  
She never beat me as the hammer could to a jeep  
She beat me much  
But not as such

The gourd left its feathers on creamy floors  
I left my shirt dancing lazily on that bloody room  
As it spelt all my treacherous doom  
I broke that big famine  
I broke that enemy of mine

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# I Will Never Die

Uncle, I promised to die tomorrow but not so  
Now that I have extended my life  
Please spare me those whips  
I know how much you had wished for this  
But get used to seeing me around  
And keep that bull for another burial  
Because I will never die

I also wanted to see your carcass rot nearby  
Now that I have extended my life  
Please I spare you curses  
You know how much I had wished for this  
But I'll not get used to you hereby  
Because you wanted me to die  
But I will never die

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# Loving Hatred

I saw hatred that loved  
It loved to hate and hated to love  
Hatred that hated to see loving lads  
As black as coal it did blur vision  
And hardened what could be as soft as pads  
I loved loving hatred  
Because hatred had never loved but loved  
Without that faithful hatred  
Most of us might have hated to love  
Other than loving to hate  
Loving hatred!

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# Man On Fire

Until then I had never set eyes on a thigh  
I sat lazily as if the table was high  
Though that was my first day to try,  
it was her tenth trial  
She was the lion and I remained lioness

My courage betrayed at least once  
I tried shaking to keep anxiety off  
Though I was not willing to try,  
she was more than willing  
She made me reach for those smooth balls

My manhood was really in a great trial  
I wanted to look at her as a sister  
Though I could manage to resist,  
she really set me on furnace  
I looked lovable but full of hatred

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# Master No Masters

A knock at my door  
My mat on the floor  
Bulls on the pavement  
A hoe with my masters  
That's why I lack masters

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# What Death Failed

Death has never failed;  
Until I found it nailed  
Death has never frowned;  
Until I found it crowned  
Death has never fainted;  
Until I found it tainted

Death has never failed;  
Until I found it trailed  
Death has never killed;  
Until I found it grilled  
Death has never feared a lad;  
Until it beckoned my dad

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# Whipping Whip's Owner

The sun was still young  
Like a new bouncing baby  
My friend was such a mosquito  
Who never wanted blood maybe  
He made for the foe's sugar-cane

One minute drove its wagon past  
With a loud thunder that amazed ogres  
My friend was such a calf  
That followed the wildebeest blindly  
He was whipped by the cane owner

River Mara kept on calling  
All the departed ancestors  
To come and enjoy some maize cobs  
That were ready for any thief nearby  
The cane owner planned to steal once

The sun had grown old  
Like any useless gold  
The cane owner was such a giant  
That was whipped by the cob owner  
So the owner of a whip was whipped

The story was then retold  
Of how my friend was caught  
Snakes hissed that the cane owner  
Was truly and seriously taugt  
And the owner of whip was whipped

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