

Poetry Series

alexander opicho

- 154 poems -

Publication Date:

March 2014

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by alexander opicho on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

alexander opicho (when dictatorship began)

social researcher and a lecturer

Works:

refer [African writer.com](http://Africanwriter.com)

40 KALENJIN DISTRICT COMMISSIONERS OUT OF 42

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Do you remember one era in Kenya?
During the dark days of dictatorship
When Daniel arap Moi
Was the tyrannical president of Kenya
And darkness of leadership
Loomed like the dark clouds of el Niño
When forty district commissioners
Out of the total of forty two were kalenjins?
Whose main work was to spy and terrorize
As the people forlornly groaned under the heavy
Yoke of state terror of tribal torment
When the president claims that
He was not aware of such tyranny,

When we used to sing a lame poem
Of jokoo! Jokoo! Jokoo! Jokoo!
On empty stomachs with no hope of food
No hope of jobs or even education
Street children swelling on the street
In total political nonchalance of arap Moi
As he only gave free milk to his own kalenjin youths
In Kabaraka schools, the Kabaraka school which was
Overfunded by the poor tax payers money,

Please President Uhuru Kenyatta as good as you are
With your dear humane heart of Bantu conscience
As you are armed to teeth with modern education
Homo sapiens Gentility and polished diplomacy
Superb in quality of thought and supremacy of choices
The government of Kenya is yours and the people of Kenya
Are your political darlings, true bandwagons for ever
Kindly listen and buy my poemetics, my dear president
Remove Daniel Moi from the state house of Kenya,
Let not Daniel Moi be your adviser
Ignore him and embrace Kenyans
For common future happiness
Even if Daniel Moi is old, the truth is different
He is not a good man, he is full of Machiavelli
His full badness is measured in absurdity
Of terribly and horrendously crashed cum crushed
Testicles of poemcrats and political leaders
Of Kenya of yore and today,
Truth meted in When koigi wa wamwere became
A permanent staff of kamiti maximum prison without pension
Wangari Mathai beaten like an animal in a hunters trap
Ngugi wa Thiong'o jobless and detained without trial
Raila Amolo odinga's testicles went missing
He looks for them on daily circadian

But once he hears the their political pigeonhole
Then elections of the times flops, O! Poor Odinga!

President Uhuru Kenyatta with your suave intellect
You won't get a pretext to say that
I was not aware or not informed
Please dear darling of the people
The people of Kenya in their 42 tribes
Novate Moi with the people
And your legacy will smile.

Alexander Opicho

A snob

A SNOB

By

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

A snob is a person who is snobbish
A snob is a person who has snobbery
A snob is a person who has snob affectation
A snob is a person devoid of solidarity.

Snobbery is not mental disorder
Is not social misfortune
Is not spiritual bad lack
Snobbery is willful domain of a snob
That habituates the snobbish appetite.

Snobbery is all of over the world
Is in Germany and Belgium
Is in Britain and Canada
Is in Africa and America
Is in Asia and Australasia

A snob is a person who scrambles for political power
But his basic aims are to oppress the poor
A snob is a man who with all mighty woos a virgin
Promises her heavens and gifts of kingdoms
Ordains her in a marriage with most garland weddings
He piques her distasteful on the first act of sex.

A snob is a lady who will lure you with all charm of the Jewish devil
She will put on all inducements, stock nail and barrel on the social media
She will buy you all perfumes, aroma and all angelic whiffs
Crying for a boy child with you even before marriage
Publicly calling herself after your name umpteenth
Visiting your mother, uncles and all of your village pumpkins
Doing all these in bequest for your marriage
Ready to suggest divorce in the fortnight of your joblessness

A snob is a male buffoon who harbors sexual out-look at the womenfolk
But not appreciating professionalism, social dignity and freedom
He asks for bribes in kind from job-seeking ladies
Before even knowing her neither name nor raison d'etre for her mire
Accepting the bribe, ejaculating too soon leaving the lady on fire of the bribe
He puts on the panties shy like zinjathropus dashes out minus out of thanks

A snob is a man with sun-glasses and his eyes are not under mend
He buys king-size clothes and his body is lanky and slender
He carries umbrella in the Sahara desert, confused with prudence
He drives guzzler in the ocean of poverty, getting joy from agony of the poor

He sprays his skin to a sweet scent but the heart and blood in him
Is malodorous with sadism deriving joy from human bondage

Snobbery is to preach Karl Marx for the sake of overture
When your house girl is deadly oppressed
She finds hope and solace in the whim of migration to Mauritania,
When you want every moment of fame to be your protégé
Turning into a lesbian or a gay because it is haute couture
Goofing of education to be money tool to tower over humility.

Alexander Opicho

a friend

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Do you know apex of danger
In your life and even mine
The most dangerous animal
On earth in and without the zoo
In the entire world of humanity and bestiality
That can lacerate you into shreds of carcass
And to which you are totally defenseless
This animal is a friend

alexander opicho

A Half A Government

It is not a half a yellow sun
Nor a full purple hibiscus
Neither a question of Americana
But the political tidbits of Africana
They are indeed a half a government
Neither a coalition nor coalescence
But a journey which starts with one
Very African mile in the sunny city of Nairobi
In the country Kenya where there is hakuna matata
Where gorgeous skyscrapers hang loosely
Like Towers of Singapore in a babellian ego
Swam of humanity in full pomp and glory
Money, property and cityish aura
Moving up and down in bluish collar task
Flock and throng like the north bound mating fish
In the waters of river Nile; O Nile!,

Moving you down then the countries
Passing the geographical enigma
Of the Great Rift Valley view point
Putting a wonder working escapement before
Your eyes in which once the daughter of primitive
Political bourgeoisie rolled in a Germany Volkswagen
And gasped the last virgin breath
A beautiful Maasai breathe echoing
In the loins of masculine bowels
The waves of erotically charged ions,

You then passing down to Nakuru minus
Your meat eating halt at carnivorous kikobey
Strait to Kiamba area where you easily
Meet the Kalenjin militia in a tribal cleanse
Ruthlessly roasting the human steak of kikuyu merchants
In the church but not a mosque due to scarcity
Both young and old kikuyus being roasted
As they forlorn groan and wail;
Atherere! atherere! atherere! niki kioru muntu wa lumbwa! ,

Down you go again to a chilly town of Eldoret
Where you get a virgin prostitute
Pursuing a bachelors course at the dumb
Moi university where low temperatures
Curtail lively learning in the pedagogy
Or pedagogy of the kipsigis virgin,

Down you go a fresh to the town of Kitale
You meet with maize and corn in the
Full regalia of colonial economy
In its ostensible memento
Of the palimpsestish British Empire
In the brutish colonial history
Of man eat man civilization,

Then up you go, you beautiful nincompoop
To the slopes of pokotish kapenguria and
Again down slopes to Ortum valleys then whoopsy!
A half a government starts in full swing
The bush pokot youths utterly naked
Like the chimpanzees in Kakamega forest
Shoals of them and throngs of them
Each having a modern gun, a short gun
A Sten gun, a machine gun, a slave raiding long gun,
Revolvers, the lethal AK 47,
Them pokot youths; extremely illiterate
Put extremely armed with extremely
Modern weapons like the last wonder of the world,

Up you go into the desert of Dr. Richard Leakey's first home of man
In the land of the Turkana, to a toast of human misery
Where people are sick, people are naked
People are hungry, people die of starvations
After thorough hunger based emaciation
Redolent of purely a half a government.

alexander opicho

A Leopard Is Not A Good Hunting Companion

The leopard and the lion chose to become friends,
For they were all proud of claws on their paws
They each glorified one another for their mighty,
Ability to live on meat of other fauna throughout a year,
They each admired one another for running speed,
They each remained firm and loyal to one rule;
Lions don't eat leopards neither leopards eat lions.
They felt warmth in their companionship without verve,
Until the time they initiated a certain joint venture;
To hunt an antelope as it was famed to be the sweetest,
Again, there had remained one antelope only in the world,
They dilly and not dallied anyhow about such glittering project,
They both endeavoured to set forth by each dawn for a whole year,
Tediously hunting throughout a day, the lion doing a great part,
Setting ambushes and arduously sleuthing to orient on trail,
The leopard severally fainted in the field due to exhaustion,
On one eve of christmas day, the lion captured the prey,
When the leopard was a sleep shivering in fevers of malaria,
Their prey was a middle aged female antelope with swollen hips.
The leopard was sparked to fire of life by a mysterious fillip,
He boldly requested work, now to help the lion in carrying,
The un-suspecting lion relinquished the carcass to the leopard,
Feat of shrewdness gripped the leopard, he took off
Running away with a lightening speed, the antelope on his mouth,
The lion again began to chase, shouting to the leopard,
To be a gentleman and stop running, for them to share the plunder,
The leopard never listened, he craftily climbed to the apex,
Of the most tall and most slippery tree, he perched at the peak
With the antelope on his muscular mandibles of voracity,
The lion remained at the stem, wailing like a toddler
His family does not climb trees, not even a shrub,
The lion wailed, using all styles of wailing,
Pleading with the leopard to donate even an iota,
Not even a small piece of antelope bone dropped
To drop on the ground for the lion to taste,
Human leopards are not good hunting companions.

alexander opicho

A Spy

There are spies all over
Every where a spy
Spy in my pocket
A spy in your hat
A spy in my coat
A spy in your blouse
A pry in your trouser
A spy in my short panties
Every where a spy

A spy, a pry, a tailer, an agent eavesdropper
Spies all over
In the bed rooms, a spy
A spy in the kitchen
In the toilet a pry
Spy in the bath room
Inside a spy
Outside an eavesdropping spy
A spy on my back
Agent provocateur
In my front
In the both side a mossad
Spies all over
Spies spies spies!
Why spies?
In power a spy
Out of power a spy
A spy in the church
A spy in the mosque
A spy in royal palace
A spy in the peasant hut
In the class rooms a spy
In the lecturer lounge a spy
Snobbish Student spy
Horrendous Police spy
Actualized Illiterate spy
Dubious Literate spy
Foolish Broke spy
Wise rich spy
Pretentious women spy
Malicious men spy
Precocious young spy
Obsolescent old spy
spy, spy, spy!
spy, psy, syp
yps, psy, spy
syp, ysp spy
Boo! spy.

alexander opicho

African writers have cultural rights to create english words

African Writers Have Cultural Rights to Formulate and Create English Words

By
Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

William Shakespeare appreciated in the literary community of knowers as an English bard remains an intellectual and a literary enigma until today, even if he died three centuries ago. He crafted more than a hundred tragedies and comedies for the English royal theatre of the Victorian times. He had a prowess for literary creativity that went beyond theatre and drama, to enjoy an equivalent domain in sonnets and other genre of poetry. One, unique lesson about Shakespeare is that he was a mature writer and artist in the environment of young and immature linguistic civilization.

The Elizabethan English of Shakespeare's time did not have each and every word to express and communicate Shakespeare's imaginative and creative ideas. In this artistic quackmire Shakespeare chose to formulate his own words to achieve a language capable to express his ideas. Among the words Shakespeare created are; leapfrog in Julius ceaser, mercurial in Romeo and Juliet, clown in measure for measure, tapster in merry wives of Windsor, falstaffity in king Lear, bestow in both the tempest and much ado about nothing. The list of words created by Shakespeare cannot be exhausted. All of these Shakespeare's words are now adopted and used as standard middle English vocabularies.

This prowess is not lacking among African writers. There are some African literary personalities that enjoy a similar human potential of an artist with shakespearean literary knack. However, contradictions stand on the way of African artists towards Shakespearean big picture. At most, there is lack of cultural freedom, rights and powers to execute literary creativity, especially creativity that has an effect of adjusting current English grammar and diction. Africans; whether, laymen, writers, artists, theater masters and poets have only to use English language in communicating their creativity for their universal recognition. More distressing is that a good African writer must command good knowledge of English words and grammatical rules as recognized in the United Kingdom or North America.

Currently, a Ugandan Musical artiste, Betty Nafuna, in Mbale has formulated the word Brosters, meaning brothers and sisters. The word is flexibly used in a singing parlance. The only short fall is that the word broster may remain in the domain of Ugandan slang English forever and ever but not amen.

The late Chinua Achebe in his *Anti hills of the Savanna and Things fall apart*, formulated the words; Mad-medico and Ogbanje respectively. Mad -medico means a corrupt civil servant or corruptible public leader, while Ogbanje is a child who is born then dies several times before it is finally born as a human being which can survive to old age. The need for communication in such situations of Achebe beats the current Maturity of English language as a popular sound media for communicating African ideas in art and literature. So, to absolve; a writer has to use a flexible word, which has to be appreciated by English speakers as a blessing, given that there was no previous English word for the purpose. However, this is not readily possible because the originator of the word is not an English man but an African. This type of cultural discrimination is a very wrong intellectual disposition.

Among the legacies of colonialism, adoption of English language as a universal sub-culture stands high above all other legacies. English as a language therefore is no longer a cultural protégé or reserve for the British, but instead a universal culture to be supported by the speakers in the common wealth. This gives any African, Asian or Arab

in the commonwealth all cultural rights to form English words, as a quest for creativity and innovation in smoothening universal Anglophonic culture.

Empirically, there is a case in point as exposed by the east African standard on Thursday 4th 2011. In which was a feature story on Women entrepreneurs in Kenya.

This media questioned and cautioned the future state of Kenyan men- folk in the corporate world given the threatening state of upsurge of women entrepreneurs.

However, to a keen reader and any person interested in English language as a sub cultural factor of African linguistic civilization, one has to be thrilled by the writer's effort to have the engendered English language in this juncture through an observable formulation of the word Mamapreneurs in reference to women entrepreneurs.

Firstly, the English word entrepreneur is a combination of three French verbs; *entre* pro noir having an English equivalence in the verbs; to move towards darkness or to move in to unknown, or to reconnoitre. It has a logical connotation of taking a risk which is an exact description of a venture into a new business. The French verbs therefore had to be corrupted into an English term entrepreneur. This word entrepreneur does not have gender value. However, due to masculine nature of capitalist world, where men are at most the ones venturing to establish new business, the word entrepreneur therefore is conventionally related to a male risk taker in business.

Whereas the word Mama is a Kiswahili noun for mother or female who has once given birth whether married or not. Thus, the implied linguistic and cultural consciousness of the east African standard writer to use the word mama and preneur to formulate a single word Mamapreneurs is that women entrepreneurs have to be described differently, given special perception as well as corporate leadership expectation.

Cultural sensitivity to gender is an attribute of both Kiswahili and French language. This is why both of these languages have strict rules of grammar that at times require long time to be mastered. This cultural sensitivity also influences psychology of language formation and hence the complete culture of a given people. Similarly if the same method of reasoning is taken to Middle English; Clarity can be achieved by describing female entrepreneurs as femipreneurs, effemipreneurs, geneopreneurs, she-preneurs, sispreneurs or girlpreneurs just but to try a few.

Similar efforts have been shown by different persons and artists in different points of time in the history of English language. Most interesting, is John Ruskin the father of Ruskinian moralism and the author of *Unto This Last*. By logic Ruskin deduced that the word wealth is deduced from the words; well being, or economic well being. Hence well beingness, which when corrected to grammatical standard becomes 'wealth' but not economic 'wellness'. On a reverse logic of word and opposites or word and antonyms; Ruskin thought of ill being. Like economic ill being, social ill being or say political ill being. On this, Ruskin finds the ill beingness not fit for the purpose but instead, he extended the logic of forming the word wealth from well being to form the word *illeth* as a descriptive verb for ill state of economy, the opposite of wealth. Other good efforts have been shown by a Ugandan scholar at Makerere University; Who uses the word *orature* to mean entertainment heritage of any given people or community existing verbally but not necessarily written down. Dr Rourke an American political scientist uses the word *Intermestic* to mean both international and domestic. Example is an intermerstic policy, which is a policy affecting both international and domestic affairs of the policy maker. Similarly, Dr Namwamba of Kenyatta University encourages usage of the word *proppportunity* but not problem, given a mystery that all problems come along with opportunities.

However, the question is that to which extend are English words formed outside Britain can be accepted as standard words of the English language in Oxford English dictionary? Is it possible for such words to have a cultural extend as that of those words formulated in European countries and North America? Will the word

'Mamapreneurs' soon join the mainstream English linguistic subculture?

References;
John Ruskin; Unto This last
Namwamba Destiny; critical thinking and logic
Rourke D; International Politics

Alexander K Opicho is a social researcher with Sanctuary Researchers Ltd in Eldoret, Kenya he is also a lecturer in Research Methods in governance and Leadership.

alexander opicho

Akademish tugend

AKADEMISCH TUGEND

By
Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Hor mir zu! meine tochter
Wenn du mochte zu bluhem wissenschatlicht;
Uben leute gute morals
Uben leute demut
Habe leute respect und disziplin
Behalten nicht an geld
Waschen leute eure seelen veisheit
Uben leute forschung dauernd
Uben leute gute zuhoren können
Habe intellektuelle einfuhlungsvermogen
Eure geschicht sollte nicht versweiflung du
Vermeiden leute arrongnz intellektuell
Vermeiden leute spottbillig wetteifern
Vermeiden leute spottbillig konkurrieren
Wahren leute mannschaftt kultur
Meine tochter mit diese leute, du werden bluhem

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

Am Gone Home To Sleep

I am gone home to sleep
don't follow me down with your issues
i have no where else i can go for fortress
other than the oblivion to the world
which my dear sleep always crowns me,

my heart has no other fountain of self renew
other than my cost free sleep,
which your usurer's knack has not yet priced,
leave me alone to sleep
for in my death like sleep
i test freedom of the enslaved

alexander opicho

Am Tired

Of average conventional thinking Guided by envy,
Jealousy, bigotry, prejudice and cheap competition
Shallow outlook and selfish appetite
Keen nose of cheap money without depth of character
The conscience and conscient both odoriferous
In bad and obnoxious obnoxiousity
Cult of betrayal rive to the brim
Almost to spill as sadism swallows live masochism
Cosmetic capitalism paving way to lumpen sham
Am tired, am tired and am tired!
No passion for knowledge money a universal linkage
If no pay then no effort whatsoever
Asking the blind to give a bribe
The orphans to give bribe
The lame to give bribe
Widows to give a bribe
Imbecile and idiots to give a bribe
Am tired, am tired and am tired!

You bunch of mediocre mediocrities don't
Carelessly mediacritize un-mediocrou world
You know your lameness and you don't accept
By refusing you put your name in everything with a fallacy
Am tired of megalomaniacs that fail
To see their own mistakes
But keen on the precipice of
The hardworking conscientiousness
Am tired, am tired and am tired!

alexander opicho

Amilcar Cabral

The prominent difference between political leadership of present Africa and Africa of the yester- century is the gradient in intellect. Political leaders of Africa during the anti-colonial epoch mostly referred to as liberation fathers were full of ideas and fibrand of intellect. They also had a strong appreciation for intellectualism as well as power of the mind from whatever the source. In contrast with present day African political leadership, which is devoid of political thought and if there is one it must be in turn disadvantaged by a position that it is devoid of quality, suffers from one commonplace stark vice that it is an open contradiction to intellectualism.

This outlook is based on both rudimentary and political experiences in Africa both in the Diaspora and in situ. Both in the francophone, Anglophone, spanophone and even in the un-colonized Africa of Ethiopia and Liberia. The movement of anti-colonial African political interest was in the hands of heavyweights like Kwameh Nkrumah of Ghana, Namdi Azikiwe of Nigeria, Leopold Sedar Senghor of Senegal, Patrice Emery Lumumba of Congo, Eduardo Mondlano of Angola, Julius Nyerere of Tanzania and Amilcar Lopes da Costa Cabral of Cape Verde. The un-colonized Ethiopia had and has always had a series of intellectually curious leaders ranging from brilliant Marxists like Mengistu Haille Mariam to swashbuckling realists like Meles Zenawi. Liberia was not an exception apart from regular military and non military but armed insurgences. However, there were also cases of intellectual misfortune where Political leaders were not intellectuals like Kenya where Jomo Kenyatta was a kikuyu traditionalist but he becomes the president because of the ballot process favoring the large tirbes. This is why again Jomo Kenyatta made cult of the tribe to be a political weapon. This condition of hostile ethnicity has persisted as a legacy of Jomo Kenyatta in Kenya until today. The unlucky part of such cases like those of Kenya is that half literate presidents and political leaders were in full control of state power, but the top world appreciated intellectuals Like Tom Mboya and Ngugi wa Thiong'o were in ever politically threatened civil positions. One more phenomenal experience is to be encountered in the relationship between culture and intellect. Especially when an overt reality is observed that English speaking colonies produced political leaders who were not intellectuals contrasted with Portuguese and French speaking African colonies. Inquest into this political and cultural dilemma takes us straight to Cape Verde, the former Portuguese colony which produced Amilcar Cabral.

Personally I am not luck because I did not see and understand what Amilcar Cabral was. As I was born one year later after his violent death. I was born in August 1974 but Amilcar Cabral had been shot to death by Inocentia; a fellow revolutionary in January 1973. He was killed in his own Country as an outcome of twin forces of the cult of betrayal and colonialism. It is betrayal because Seko Ture is confirmed to have participated in the connivance which led to assassination of Amilcar Cabral because he was for split of Guinea from Cape Verde but Amilcar Cabral was for combination of Cape Verde and Guinea as one sovereign Africa state when liberated from the colonial shackle of Portugal. This tragedy was again extended on the African soil which happened in the manner that the American imperialists used colonel Afrifa to execute a violent coup d' etat Against Kwameh Nkrumah of Ghana in 1974. This was really tragic epoch for African revolutionary movement and social democracy.

But twenty five years later in 1998, after I had had cleared my high school education and desperately looking for a job and a job that you would never get in the city of Mombasa is when I came across a literary force known as Amilcar Cabral. My discovery of Amilcar Cabral was of big concern to me because I was already two and a half decades old, I had cleared my secondary school education with a principal pass in history having a focus on African history but I never knew what Amilcar Cabral was. Really Kenyan education system during Moi's rule was very evil. We had only been taught about Daniel Toroitich arap Moi and to sing a slogan of his ruling political party

which we always sang; Jogoo! Jogoo! Jogoo! Every time but there was no actual evidence of education that could intellectualize an African young boy or girl in quest for intellectual liberation of Africa. Moi owes apology to the generations of his reign. This is how it began; I was chased away from the construction site that time of Monday eight in the morning because of some tribalism issues. So, that day and eventually that week, I did not have any work to do. I went to the public national library at Mombasa. Next to the famous Portuguese military fortress known as fort Jesus. I walked straight to a section for history and politics. A lot of attractive titles were at the shelves. Likes of Jewarlul Nehru, Karl Marx, Mahatima Gandhi, and very many others. In the midst of these titles I saw a paper back, published by Heinemann's African writer's series, its title was Unity and Struggle the author was Amilcar Cabral. His photograph on the backside of the book showed a very handsome man in revolutionary attires. I didn't waste anymore time but I straight got myself a chair on the vestibule of the library then I buried my self into this bible of socialist revolution. I enjoyed humour, intellectual content, language flow and liveliness of the story a whole of that day. What really gripped my emotions and still grips my emotion whenever I read Cabral's Unit and Struggle is the section on tribalism and another one is Homage to Kwameh Nkrumah. The one on tribalism I discovered later is redolent of National consciousness as discoursed by Frantz Omar Fanon in his Wretched of the Earth. But the section I utmost enjoy, even I have enjoyfully read it by this time of 23rd November 2013 when am writing this essay is the section of homage to Kwameh Nkrumah. Whenever I read the lines that; 'Kwameh Nkrumah was the sky no filthy saliva of any malicious mouth can vilify him, he could not be covered by the human balm, and that he has only died because of cancer of betrayal, ' I always come to personal disillusionment that Amilcar Cabral was not only a Cape Verdean Socialist Revolutionary but indeed the son of Africa.

Usually good books end with a section on the bibliography. Where you get recommendation for other books that you can read. Now I was perusing in the bibliographical section of Unity and Struggle. My eyes again came across another work by Amilcar Cabral the title was weapon of theory. Some scholars refer to it as a tri-continental speech made in Havana Cuba, The chicken bones Journal severally refer to this work in diverse tributes to Amilcar Cabral but me I will refer to it as Cabral's oeuvre. The work which he formulated both verbally and scripturally when all of his muse and African gods of wisdom plus oratorical angels were fully on duty. I utmost uphold this book for the super revolutionary argument that; 'revolutionary practicum comes before revolutionary theory, masses are fighting not to gain ideas but to gain material success and the armed struggle is a so basic necessity for the success of the revolution.' Actually in this super-revolutionary mental stretch Amilcar Cabral overturned the traditional classical stand of Paul Freire from pavlo, povlo, e povo to povo, povlo e pavlo. And earnestly Amilcar Cabral adjusted to this stand with the heart that was warmed by an unshakeable certainty which gives some of us with an intellectually left bent an appalling courage in the difficult but glorious struggle against the vestiges of both post-colonial imperialism and domestic comprador bourgeoisie agents of African imperialism.

As Amilcar himself could; let also follow the true revolutionary consciousness by going back to him as the source. And indeed he entitled his book as going Back to the Source. We the present living generation of the southern hemisphere we are to be bound by the spirit of Amilcar Cabral by not telling no lies nor claiming no easy victories by affirming that Amilcar to us was a very strong intellectual force, A literary and a no nonsense revolutionary. Those of us who did not have an opportunity to meet him in person we only get such evidence by reading him most. By reading his Unity and struggle, African revolution, Weapon of theory, Going Back to the Source, and tell

no lies nor claim cheap victories.

References;

Paul Freire; Pedagogy of the oppressed

Kwameh Nkrumah; Consciencism

Frantz Omar Fanon; Wretched of the Earth

Alexander K Opicho is a social researcher with the sanctuary researchers ltd in Eldoret, Kenya he is also teaches research methods in governance and leadership.

Alexander Opicho

Animal Anger

The most misused natural resource is animal emotion
Animal jealousy, animal love, animal happiness, animal libido,
Animal compassion, animal grief, animal ogle, animal sex,
Animal ego, animal fear or stampede, but animal anger utmost
It is a resource of value and virtue if used in prudence
Least vicious off all lest ghoulish natural disposition
Whose exemplification follows below in juxtaposition;
Out of anger a human animal kills
Revenge in full feat of anger
Causing accidents and damages
In employment of anger to uphold ego
A snake will not bite until ignited to anger
But in its calm state it's an agent of ecological peace
Lioness is herbivorous in their truce but irascibly carnivorous
Buffaloes only crash if catapulted by anger
But romantically crazy in the emotional bliss
Man is fountain of peaceful jealousy
Man is cradle of venerative bigotry
Man is a well of murderous love
Humanity engendered is matchless ocean
Of cantankerous infatuation crushing for doable
And non-doables, deservation of pity,
All these natural ornamentations
That echo vicious virtues of man
Are protégés of perfected anger.

alexander opicho

Animal Anger Again

The most misused natural resource is animal emotion, man
Animal jealousy, animal love, animal happiness, animal libido, man
Animal compassion, animal grief, animal ogle, animal sex, man
Animal ego, animal fear or stampede, but animal anger utmost
It is a resource of value and virtue if used in prudence, man
Least vicious off all lest ghoulish natural disposition
Whose exemplification follows below in juxtaposition;
Out of anger a human animal kills
Revenge in full feat of anger
Causing accidents and damages
In employment of anger to uphold ego
A snake will not bite until ignited to anger
But in its calm state it's an agent of ecological peace
Lioness is herbivorous in their truce but irascibly carnivorous
Buffaloes only crash if catapulted by anger
But romantically crazy in the emotional bliss
Man is fountain of peaceful jealousy
Man is cradle of venerative bigotry
Man is a well of murderous love
Humanity engendered is matchless ocean
Of cantankerous infatuation crushing for doable
And non-doables, deservation of pity,
All these natural ornamentations
That echo vicious virtues of man
Are protégés of perfected anger, i say

alexander opicho

ANTIPATHY FOR ISLAM

My name is Rajabu Al Islam, an African Muslim
Born in Africa, Black Muslim not Arabic,
I am now in the solemn city of Mombasa,
Standing on the pinnacle of Tahir Sheikh Towers,
Looking at the land of Likoni and Motonkwe
Beyond the deep blue arm of Indian Ocean,
Behold the Muslim terrorists, lynch fierce terror
On the innocent human beings, in ramshackled church,
They are shooting women and young children,
The pastor at the dais, wielding the Bible,
Also succumbs to a bullet in his Kafir capacity,
The church choir master has also dropped dead
And the rest of all humanity in the church
Have no where to take cover from terrorist,
As Moslem terrorist ejaculate bullets on them,
Poor humanity wail in the agony of death
From the injurious bullets, of AK 47,
Auma Otieno drops dead her son Osinya falling away,
Osinya is not dead, but a slug stuck in his skull,
In glorification of Al shabab the Islamic terror wing,
Baby osinya is young boy of six months,
Without selfish piety of Middle East in chest,
When you shoot him, is it n't it super terrorism!
To shoot a child of six months in the head
In pursuit of your religious ecstasy?

Who said that Islam is the way of Godliness?
He was a beautiful cheat full of brawnish frivolities,
Islam is total darkness, as its overt organs are;
Al gaeda, Al shabab and Boko Haram.
I hate Islam for its dirty reasonless ignorance
I hate it with my full passion and my entirety,
Indeed I am prepared to die in stern defense
Of my antipathy for Islam; a piety so uncouth
When I recall, the Twin towers of America,
West Gate of Kenya, American embassy in Kenya,
And the stubborn Boko Haram, that condemned human life
Foolishly in the north of Nigeria a foul divinity.

Alexander Opicho

Armut

ARMUT

Gedicht Bei
Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

meine name ist armut
ich kommen aus faultheit
ich kommen aus weine
ich kommen aus verliebt
ich kommen aus eigeheit schlecht
erbschaft insgesamt is meine gabel.

meine name ist armut
regierung schlecht ist meine auge
rohol kultur ist mein bein
politik schlecht ist meine penis
mit welche ich ficken meine frauen
glaube schlecht und philosophie die jungen.

meine name ist armut
ich kommen aus armut
snobistisch intellekt ist meine fuss-soldat
snobistisch intellect ist meine ritter commandant
welche geben mich wuchhand
wann ich schicken madchen and jungen leute
zur welle von verworfenheit.

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

Ballad of a peasant

Alexander k Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Naja naja naaja
Nanyola ekhisi eyo
Esia bulo bwaayo
Na babana baayo
Yaloma eli sielekho
Nasia nasia naasia
Yaloma eli khooje
Naja naja naaja
Nanyola makhutu mumumeji
Kabakilisia vinananda
Vinanada kolokolo
Kolokolo ya bakhoma
Bakhoma babukusu sa balia enkokho
Enkokho masiliokokho
Samba lukina lwo omwami
Kabangalia wiwi!

alexander opicho

Ballad of a peasant aduress

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Natvaa! nativaa!
Nativa omukhana weengo
Engo bali ndi mwilia
Mwilia bali ndi engo
Khane mbolelaa mukhombe
Ewefwe engo!

alexander opicho

ballads of joseph the father of jesus

BALLADS OF JOSEPH THE FATHER OF JESUS

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

My name is Joseph
Am a Jewish bachelor
Or call me a male spinster
Am a poor penniless carpenter
Am pushing forth and back my plane
And waving my old claw hammer
Hitting the nail on the head
And chopping of its ears by my adze
In the entirety of Israel and Hebrew world
My beautiful Hebrew fiancée is Mary
No she is already my wife, Mary wife of my youth
She is pregnant minus my nuptiality
Minus my conjugal enfranchisement
And the man who fertilized her
Was witnessed and flunked by Gabriel
The airy voice in the amorphous whirlwind
Without form and shape but erotically crazy
How sad; I am a victim of the spiritual powers that be
My jealousy of humanity will be condemned blasphemous
Kindly come and feel with me, please feel for me
How do you see? For someone else
To have sex and sex with your newlywed wife
Or your beautiful wench
Or your lovable concubineous fiancée
Until he makes her pregnant with male foetus
Then he commands you to marry her
Because you are only a humble wood work
He commands you to accept fornication
As immaculate sex that yield holy pregnancy
Holy conception but nothing bad or foul,
What if that male foetus comes out a son
Who resembles foreigners from beyond the mountain?
But not me, his head having shape of a hook
I am annoyed with this heaven chauvinist religion
This horrible anti-human relationship
From which I will be degraded and come out ignobled
And the one who impregnated my wife
Will be exulted and ennobled to the throne of glory
His son and himself they will be made an exalted religion
But I will die desperate as a carpentering lout
A worthless Jewish oat, reeking a foul stench
O Death! Come take me away from this humiliated life
I don't want to see this Jewish Mary with her bulging belly
Her beauty and sexuality has made me a village pumpkin
She is in no way a virgin

alexander opicho

Barrack Obama Is Reading Moby Dick

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
American president is reading Moby dick
Ja-kogello is reading Moby dick
Ja-siaya is reading Moby dick
Ja-merica is reading Moby dick
Jadello is reading Moby dick
Ja-buonji is reading Moby dick
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman
And what are you reading?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because untimely death took his father
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because untimely death took his mother
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because untimely death to his brother
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because untimely death took the grannies
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman
And what are you reading?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Baba Michelle is reading Moby dick
Baba Sasha is reading Moby dick
Baba Malia is reading Moby dick
Baba nya-dhin is reading Moby dick
Sarah's sire is reading Moby dick
Ja-sharia is reading Moby dick
The nigger is reading Moby dick
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman
And what are you reading?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because here ekes audacity of hope
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because here ekes dreams of fathers
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because here ekes yes we can
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because here ekes American dream
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman
And what are you readings?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because American president is like whale hunting
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because Obama is a money making animal
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because hunting Osama is whale riding
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because hunting Gaddaffi is whale riding
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick

Because coming to Kenya is whale riding
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because Guantanamo prison is a bay of whales
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick
Because Snowden is a Russian whale
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman
And what are you reading, Moby dick?

alexander opicho

BATHING IN THE RIVER

At a creek of the Congo River
Bathing myself in full swing,
Fully naked; soap foam all over my body
Covering my face with sight hinder
My eyes not clearly seeing where soap piece is,
Moving my hand to the soap without my look
As a huge snake, the black mamba reconnoitres too,
To dine on the same scarce soap
Before I take the soap, the snake swallows,
Then smoothly the snake disappears into the whirlpool
Without my knowledge as I keep on touching
Different parts of the river stones.

alexander opicho

Bauernschaft

BAUERNSCHAFT

by
Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Bauernschaft is armut
armut von intellect
armut von behemen
ist eine mammut teufel
ist schon verhangnis
Bauernschaft Bauernschaft
vergnugen zu du Bauernschaft
das ist moglich abmaruch Bauernschaft
vernugen!

alexander opicho

Be warned from spying on your wife

Look, you have now broken your back bone
Because of climbing tall trees and high balconies
To spy on your wife as she roves the village,
You climbed a Tall baobab tree up to the apex
To play sentry and spy on your wife
When she went down the river to fetch some water
For you to bathe and wash your jealousy body
And when she met her brother-in -law;
The man from another village across the river
Who greeted her with her a prolonged hug
Embracing your wife in his strong arms
They way a giant can do to a beauty model,
Feat of goofy jealous gripped you
And you forgot that you were perching in high danger
At the top of the baobab tree, you left yourself unsupported
As all selfish men can in feats of irrationality
Coming down like a sack of wet sand
Falling in thud, breaking your poor backbone!
Dude; be warned from spying on your wife.

alexander opicho

BEGGING SYNDROME

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

My people have seasoned the art of begging
They don't want to beg when begging is necessary
My leaders have compelled our people to beg
Begging that what they have leeway to graft
Begging is couth only when it's necessary
But not because there is plethorae
Of willing donors who are not even better
Addiction to begging is a political syndrome,

Africa has to stop temerarious begging
Otherwise the burden of debt will erode
Your sons and daughters away
In to the ocean of facelessness
For the slave master owns controls
Only labour of the slave
But in contrast to the borrowing vice
The debt master controls the soul
Of the borrower.

Alexander Opicho

Behold Angst Kills The African Rat

Once upon a time in the city of Omurate
In the southern part of Ethiopia
Omurate that is on Ethiopian boundary with Kenya
There were two prosperous animal families
Living side by side as good neighbours
in glory and pomp of riches
Each family was ostensibly rich
And rambunctious in social styles
They were the families of African rat family
And the Jewish cat family; the city belonged to them
They all enjoyed stocks of desert scorpions from Todanyang
From the savanna desert of Northern Kenya,
The two families also enjoyed to feed on desert locusts
On which they regularly fed without food squabbles
Locust themselves they flew from Lowarang to Omurate
From Lowarang a desert region in Kenya, to their city of Omurate
Sometimes the Jewish cat family enjoyed an extra dish
In form of puff adder flesh, especially the steak of the puff adder muscle
Puff adder were cheaply available in plenty at the lakeshore,
Lakeshores of Lake Turkana
At point which river Ormo enters into Lake Turkana
So the cat was happy and relaxed
Even it rarely mewed,
Neighbours never often heard its mewling sound
The rat also enjoyed plenty of milk with no strain
Easily gotten from the rustled cattles
Cattle rustled by the Merilee; a warrior tribe in Omurate.

That day the cat had gulped milk since morning
Even its stomach was bulging
Like that of Kenyan state officer
The rat had milk all over the house
In the kitchen, milk allover
In the sitting room, milk in abundance
In the wash, room milk all through
On the bed, milk and stuffs of milk
The rat was bored with nothing to be enticed
Sometimes plenty of milk can become a bother
The rat mused to itself in foolish African empathy
That may be the cat is starving in pangs of hunger
With nothing to drink, or may be it has no milk
When the milk is rotting here in my house
It is un-African for food to rot in your house
When the neighbour's belly is not full,
On these thoughts the rat washed its legs, and hands
Finished up with its face,
Put on its white short trouser and a green top
It stuffed its tail inside its white short trouser,
The rat poured milk into two pots,
each pot was full to the brim
It carried one in its left hand
And balance another on its head

In its right hand was an African walking stick
 For the elders known as Pakora
 The rat took off to the home of the cat
 In full feat of animal love and philanthropy
 Whistling its favourite poem;
 An Ode to a good neighbour,
 Walking carefully lest it spills brimful milk,
 It entered into the house of the cat without haste
 Neither knocking nor waiting to be told come in
 In that spectacular charisma of a good neighbour,
 When the cat saw the rat it giggled two short giggles
 And almost got choked by indecision
 For it had been long since this happened,
 Since the cat had dine on milk leave alone rat meat
 The rat said to the Jewish cat that my brother
 Have milk I have brought for you
 Have it and sip here it is; the real milk,
 In devilish calmness the cat told the rat;
 Put it for me on the table, thank you,
 But my friend Mr. rat don't go away; there is more
 More for you to help me in addition to milk,
 Continue my brother Mr. Cat, how can I help you?
 Don't call me your brother; bursted the cat,
 For it is long since I ate the rat meat
 And you know rat meat is our stable food
 In a frenetic feat of powerlessness the rat was confused
 In attempt to save itself
 it pleaded that my dear elder, I was
 Only having plenty of milk in my house
 And to us African rats, it is a taboo
 To have a lot of food in your house
 When the neighbour's belly is not full
 So I only brought you the present of Milk
 Please have it and drink,
 Without taciturnity the Cat retorted in persistence;
 I know and I am thankful for your good manners
 But remember with us Jewish cats it is heinous sin
 Forget of a taboo, it is blasphemy against the living
 God for one of us to leave the rat free from our house
 For you rats are the only stable and kosher food God blessed for us
 The Jewish rat family all over the world
 So shut up your mandibles, I am to eat you first
 Then I will take milk later as a relish.

With its herculean paw the cat crushed the rat
 With mighty of the leopard culture
 Throwing away the white trouser
 And green top from the torso of the rat
 The cat ate the rat with voracity of the devil
 After which it punctuated its mid day appetite
 With slow and relaxed sipping of milk
 Slowly and slowly as it felt its internal greatness

And hence the African proverbial that;
Behold foolish angst kills the African rat!

alexander opicho

Buch

Du sie wunderbarkumpel
Ich habe im meine leben
Du habe immer mich beshaftigen
Ich mochte sprachen danken zu du
Du sie fuhrer; much
Heilig ist die hand welche du geschaffen
Ich liebe sie mit meine kummerleute

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

Bucklig Von Afrika

Vermutung und schätzen
Wer ist er
Er wonheim im Afrika
Im eine grossesdat
Im eine bungalow
Mit seine frauen und jungen
Mit seine jasager und jasagerin
Mit seine jas-blutsverwandte
Wer ist die buckling von Afrika?

Seine penis ist grosse zuzugaben
Er hast penetrativer sexen
Mit frauen leute im Afrika
Dass wenn du kommen zur Afrika
Im ost oder west Afrika
Norden Afrika oder sudaAfrika
Zentral Afrika oder seine rande
Du werden nicht treffen mit Jungfrau
Das von Bucklig von Afrika
Schatzen, wer ist buckling von Afrika?

Baden und gute Ruhm leute ist seine
Kuh leute und siege leute ist seine
Waffen leute ist seine
Fluss leute und berg leute ist seine
Ozean leute und wuste leute ist seine
Schatzen, wer is er
Wer ist bucklig von Afrika?

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

Caricatures Of Freedom

Freedom is not a proverbial rose bush guard of Russia
Not a flag independence eked in duplication
Of evil, malice, discrimination and corruptible rapacity
Affirming sovereignty only if state crimes go
Scot free minus neither censure nor civil rebuke
Duplicity of racism, Nazism and immoral ethnicity
A few riding on the backs of masses singing anti Kipling
Sonnet of love the poor are a Blackman's burden.

Freedom is not tribal Darwinism, caricatures perhaps!
Big tribes clinging on despotic power over
The nations of the excluded minorities thinned
Out in the wildish fervor of a song
In a dirty tempo echoing political folly
Tyranny of numbers! Tyranny of numbers
Oblivious to democratic unfreedom
If the majority is politically wrong
Whose stanza could beautifully befit
Tyranny of huge tribes! Tyranny of huge tribes
Demediacretizing bystanders to wham -pam -pams
Of thoughts altruistic projection of quiz and quiz;
What of the tyranny of intellect?
What of the tyranny of reasons?
What of the tyranny of truth?
What of mis-tyranny of stolen election?
What of tyranny of political maturity?
What of tyranny of political sobriety?
What of tyranny of timocracy?
What of tyranny of crimes?
What of tyranny of ethnicity?
What of tyranny of fear?
What of tyranny of justice in the Hollanders Hague?
Perpetrators of cosmetic freedom
And parochial democracy of the state poets
Ennobling political snobs of time immemorial
Boot and licking state falsehood
With fierce hostility antagonizing
The troubadours of the songs of freedom
In detention legal terrorism and economic freezing
Giving birth to placenta of freedom which I
I mine poemocracy I decry as; caricatures of freedom!

Alexander Opicho

Cattle rustlers are virgin rustlers

CATTLE RUSTLERS ARE VIRGIN RUSTLERS

By

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Let me tell you dear

What you don't know

Because of the lies

Which you always swallow

In time of truth to know

But falsehood you are given

For your duping, be aware soul brother

Cattle rustlers are only but only

Beautiful virgin rustlers.

The them fierce cattle rustlers

Armed to their dirtier teeth

With foul spirit and vicious will

With no heart for love nor humanity

On their shoulders hang deathly guns

Smuggled from Russia the land of weaponry

Down to Ethiopia land of beautiful Merilee virgins

In the northern frontier of Kenyan territory

Where hails the cattle rustlers

And indeed they are virgin rustlers.

Education they hate down to their farthing

Religion they hate with a dint of xenophobia

Farming they detest to menial labour label

Trees they plant not it is oblivion to gods

Environment and climate they are no near sages

Women folk they abuse with chauvinistic urge

But guns they love, Goats they love

Carmel they love, curviews they love

Weapons they buy, Bullets they buy

To rustle cattle as they rustle virgins

Listen to the voice of sorrow

Agony and despair, voice of melancholy

From one once a beautiful virgin

Born in the green town the city of Omurate

In the south of Ethiopia on the banks of river Oromo

The mouth of Lake Turkana the fountain of oil;

Rustlers came to our manyatta

In the early evening, armed with rifles

Vestiges of Italy the imperializer of Ethiopia

I smiled to them in my girlish folly

O! Cattle rustlers are virgin Rustlers.

Others rushed for father's treasure herds of cattle

A lad, black and stout his legs elbowed

Rushed at me with a menacing stampede

Brandish the gun his vice overt

Terrified me into the rampaged herds
All of us; virgin girls and valuable cattle
A hundred Carmel and goats
Fat Sheep and high shrill shouts
Were in a maddening haze
Thronged out and driven to Kenya
Cattle rustled and virgins rustled
No, cattle rustlers are virgins rustlers.

Morning yet of blunders to share
Cattle shared in pits and pits
I was shared out to my abductor
The elbow legged lad my abductor
In merriment it was done with gun shots in the air
As we in our hearts we grieved brimful
Ululations greeted ever act of brutality
Cursed be their city Todanyang of Turkana
In which I was forced into a manyatta marriage
Raped and raped by my abductor
Full of black thoughts that I was his wife
Him a cattle rustler, only a virgin rustler.

Alexander K Opicho is a social researcher with Sanctuary Researchers Ltd in Eldoret, Kenya he is also a lecturer in Research Methods in governance and Leadership

alexander opicho

Close Amity Deep Adversity

CLOSE AMITY DEEP ADVERSITY: OXYMORONITY!

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Say you can Kipling your head when all about you
Are snakes theirs is dove posing on you;
say you can doubt your ego when all praise you,
But make an ebb for their malice harmless:
say you can rationalize and not be tired by deride,
Or, befuddled about, don't wade in sham,
Or being sadized don't give way in equal retort,
And yet not look couth, nor yourself miss-solomonize;

say you projectize and make sadists fortunes fools;
say you think and make ego zinjathropus sire,
say you prosper and goof
And feed both visitors on emotionless bite:
say you calm remain to behold your white garment
Mudslung by adverse friends,
Or behold your life virtues vilified by those you fed,
And stoop and mend' em up with tools ramshackle;

say you make all your usain bolts
And eschew' n actuary on one wham pam pam,
And negativize, and anew at your cradle,
And not tide in your permeable friend:
say you hoax your entirety
To serve your goal not foe's wit,
And not cow of your procognacious publicity
Except the sober fiber overture: serpents!

say you fondle whores and keep your virtue,
Or flunkey panjandrums and remain socialist
say neither harmless foes nor toxic friends maim you,
say humanity is umbra and you penumbra:
say you know doves serpents and chameleons
In tinctures and coy
With what Shakespeare's friend wont oblivionize,
unto you is a kingdom safe from oxymoronity!
You will be the king others nincompoopish enemies.

There domain is black concupiscence
their scent;
Apparatchik for the oppressor's heart
the dictator's crest
orature, literature and all polirature
Works like bullets to their stomach
harpoon to the oat's tongue
the male zinjathropus ever

Festooned bonhomie a blonde

pursued by verge of demise
my hand raise to my keep
cobra strike em!
them nincompoopish enemies.

Alexander K Opicho is a social researcher with Sanctuary Researchers Ltd in Eldoret, Kenya he is also a lecturer in Research Methods in governance and Leadership

alexander opicho

colour of hope

COLOUR OF HOPE

Colour of hope is part of the rainbow
It has texture and motion
Sensitive to dynamics of property
Thought patterns and Gnosticisms of the mind
It is repulsive to cult of personality
Hence generative in the volcanic soils
Of pedagogy of hope

alexander opicho

CRYING LAUGHTER OF OKOT P' BITEK

Alexander K OPICHO
(ELDORET, KENYA; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Okot the son of Acholi, hailers of Ladwong
The Husband of Auma the daughter of Acholi
The son of Gulu, fountain of African songs of freedom
I know your laughter is true toast of poetry
You only laugh because your teeth is white
Neither mirth nor joy is the pedestal of your laughter,

Okot I know how your mother, taller than her husband
was ever cooking by use of her legs, where the legs took her
Is where she ate, leaving you with anger of hunger
as you herded animals; Animals of the Acholi tribe
That has long horns which cannot give any gain
Okot you only laughed to show the whiteness of your teeth
Okot, you herded the animals in faith that you will pay dowry
That one time your kinsman will have you pay dowry with the animals
The animals that scrofulously herded with a lugubrious look
that you may use in paying flesh eating dowry
For the Acholi girls which was a whooping one thousand shilling
and its kind worth is one hundred cows, or two hundred Lang'o cows
Okot how Nampy Pampy were you that
The long necks of acholi girls
The slender hips of the acholi girls
The sharp pointed breasts
On their narrow busts
Made you accept
And goof foolishly
To pay such dear dowry?

They all made you desert your home when callow
Mostly unseasoned in your brains
Moving away from the beautiful
Land of Gulu going far to the land of money
In such of dowry for the Acholi girl
As you emotionally failed to disconnect
Yourself from the beautiful terrains of Gulu
To which you sang a poem of birth-place attachment
That; Hills of our home land, when shall I see you again?
Gulu, my home town, when shall I return to you?
Friends when shall we dance together again?
Mother, when shall I see you again?
Sister, my future wealth
When shall I again give you
a brotherly piece of advice?
Cecilia my beloved one when shall i
See you and the beautiful kere gap in your
Upper teeth row again?
Or is only a dream
That I am leaving Gulu land behind myself?
Okot son of Bitek you remorsefully sang this song

As you moved away on foot in regular hitchhike
To Kampala the land of wonders
Beyond your bush civilization
You misfortunate son of Zinjathropus
The civilization you were bound to drop before the Nile
To leave behind the Nile before you could sing
The beautiful songs of the Nile; that wonderful ode
The ode that you sang in praise of Nile;
Gently, gently, flow gently, River Nile
Move on, travel gently Victoria waters
Go and give life to the people of Egypt
As the birds at atura flew high beautifully
Diving into waters
To emerge with fish dangling on their peaks
And the birds sweetly sing that;
For us we have no worries
It is you travellers who are worried
We are in full contentment here
There are plenty of fish here
We have no use for money
Nile waters at atura are boundaries
For glory and suffering
For you the ones crossing it to Bugandaland
Be aware there is a lot of suffering
It is only the harsh world waiting for you there
Poor Okot son of Bitek peace to you among our ancestors;
For when you crossed the Nile into the land of banana
In the kingdom of Toro, Buganda and Bunyore
In their mighty city of Kampala at Namirembe
The poetic fountain in Makerere University
The germ of African burgeoisie lumpenization.
When the young feudal land of Buganda
To crash a son of singh in the stampede of epilepsy
To Sent you into a poetic feat and berserk to bananasly sing,
Sing the nostalgic ballads of an estranged pumpkin
The true Acholi village pumpkin of Gulu,
Sing; sing your peasant ballads you Okot son of Bitek;
Bugandaland is the land of happiness
The land of great extremes
Sorrow; land of much wealth and dire poverty
Land of laughter and tears;
Land of good health and diseases
A land full of piety and stark evil;
A land of full loyalists and beautiful rebels
Full of witty ones and appalling nitwitted;
The land of the rich and the squalorly beggars.

The hard hearted beggars
And that they only laugh the crying Laughter
The oxymoronic one of Okot the son Bitek
That they not only laughed because of mirthful laughter
But he did laugh to prove the whiteness of his teeth.

alexander opicho

crying stone of Kakamega forest ii

Alexander Khamala Opicho
(Eldoret Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

you big headed ikhongo murui, why are you ever crying?
i were born found you crying, i am aged you are still crying
can't you find a solution to your problem?
who wronged you and your are the stone
or are you a harbinger of doom to my people
my brother in laws of isukha and idakho,
we are tired of your ugly grievous tears
the ugly crying face that cites no reason for its grief
you stay near the kakamega provincial police station
why cann't you report those who offended you to the station
are you a messenger of doom?
because whenever you cry
fate befalls your neighbours
as you cry a mother miscarries
as you cry road carnage happens
as you cry suicide happens
as you cry husbands desert wives for prostitutes
at Lurambi commercial sex dens
why can't stop crying for the sake of peace
you malicious crying stone of kakamega forest.

alexander opicho

Dawn So Soon

Weaverbirds are back to their divine duty
Weaving noise in harbinger of soon dawn,
As they knell death of my gone days
Ushering in my new tortures of life,
Salting up fresh the memory wound
Of my yesterday on which I stand with no compass
To give me the atlas point of my today.

alexander opicho

Disorientation

You came out nice with a focus on the orient
You kept and managed turmoil in your sails,
With your honest focus on the eastern star
With a blink you respected the sail orientation,
But when the cunningly bright stars came out
Your faith was tilted; you sang your loyal songs
To the stars of falsehood with stampede of a dance
You merely flopped into disorientation in shaking of thy faith.

Alexander Opicho

DIVINE HOMOSEXUALITY

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

At the hospital receptions
In the maternity unit,
Where children are manufactured
Standing uneasy is a young and bearded man,
Prosperity bound in the sparkle of the eye
His wife in the labour pain inside the maternity wards,
Himself anxious waiting for the newborn to be
Jumping at any nurse coming and out,
To ask for the latest tidings from the inner world
From which came a nurse over jubilated,
With the news about the new born
Ready to spread on the anxiety ridden father at the door step,
To which he broke the wonder most news;
Man! Look, your wife has given birth to a bouncing bisexual baby!

alexander opicho

Domonion Of Darkness

In the dominion of darkness
Where Ptolemy lived partially in veneration
There are apotheosifications and debasements;
Prejudice is apotheosified, Love is debased
Bigotry is upheld, Justice is ignobled
Loafers are ennobled, Soilers are ignobled
Hatred is fertilized, humane fibers are uprooted
Racism put on, Diversity switched off
Snobbery apotheosified to a virtue, Humility debased to a vice
Sycophancy promoted to glory, Professionalism demoted to rudeness
Generosity is chased out ruthlessly, avarice gets a chair ruthless
Sympathy for truth is thinned, as sadism enjoys plumage
Infamy takes over fame, morals pave way for immorality
Democracy pays kudos to timocracy, despots watching with a smile
As majority of numbers is shameless of tyranny of folly, shrinking minorities
Reason goes to limbo, like phoenix irrationality emerges from oblivion
Ethnicity takes over the nation, as class and ideology blur the hues
Family values go sham; as political immorality gets pedestals.

Alexander Opicho

Don't Love Me Am A Lesbian

You men
Your eyes coddle and crouch
For my breast and boobs
Your mouth swallowing saliva
Over my brown face
Your menial thoughts take you
To sweet phantasmagoria of you being on my top
With your prick inside a woman body
Your heart burst with lust in your dominion
Masochistic Male sexual dominion
A floundering dominion of darkness
Plethora of imaginations on my hips
You have goofed like a duffer
Don't love me am a lesbian
Myself the humanity in the wrong body
Not knowing when I will come out
Of this abysmal confinement
As I daily yearn with anxiety
To get nuptial chance for love
Love chic and beautiful wenches
As nature does for love
Let me love the love of lesbians

alexander opicho

Dorris Lessing Passes on

DORIS LESSING: A FEMINIST, POET, NOVELIST, WHITE-AFRICANIST AND NOBELITE UN-TIMELY PASSES ON

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

I mourn this white daughter of Africa
With an old white dirge
From the yellow land of Americas
In the avaricious venture of whale hunting
Well decried a gnome of death
O death! O death! Why are you untimely?
To which the white daughter of Africa
Rationalized; it is a chance to live

In the Mara and Dann all of us are to be killed

Why should you waste your body waters on tears?

It was on Monday 18th of November 2013 that I had written a poem on African literature, which I entitled; literature without poetry is like love without vaginal sex. In this poem I appreciated Doris Lessing's fourteen poems in two lines that, Doris Lessing should not dare dream of the testicles of Tagore and Soyinka as she is no Match to the six hundred and sixty six concubines of David the psalteristic Jewish rex. Then the next day in the morning, which was Tuesday 19th November 2013 I also finished reading Lessing's spellbinding novel, Mara and Dann, thereon I walked off to my office. I chose to go for online news. My favorite paper is the Germany online paper Deutschwelle. I flipped in the hyperlink for global news and then to my favorite hyperlink; culture. Like looking at hell I came face to face with a doomsday of a title; The British Nobel Prize-winning author Doris Lessing died peacefully at home at the age of 94.

A whole day was ruined for me. Nothing good followed. I shared this page of Deutschwelle which carried information about Lessing's death on my twitter and face book platforms. Until now, the time of writing this article, there are very minimum responses on the both the social media platforms given the poor reading culture and low level of intellectual curiosity that currently reign the contemporary world.

Like all other white literary sons and daughters of Africa, Doris Lessing is a prolific writer, reluctant feminist icon, human rights activist, anti apartheid crusader, humanist and a white African intellectual. She is a seasoned storyteller, loyal and committed to the power of the written word with maximum passion for reading and literature in all of its diversities of the African literary set up. She often has appreciated African prose, drama, orature, poetry and recently before her death cyborature as some of her works has been common on the electronic social media. Doris Lessing was not alone in the realm of this marginalized cultural and literary civilization, she got companionship from other fellow white Africanists in the likes of J M Coetzee, Nadime Gordimer, Peter Abrahams, Allan Paton, Alex La Guma, Marjorie Oludhe Macgoye, Jerry Rawlings, Sirleaf Johnson, Naquib Mafouz and Frederick De Klerk as well as very many others whose commitment to African intellectual and Political freedom was portrayed in their several and a times collective social unsentimentality, intellectual provocativeness and ideological uncompromising in quest for re-africanization of the continent through mental decolonization with a sole purpose of overcoming colonial legacy of self-doubt. All this was done through one literary virtue of formidable and respective literary oeuvres that wove together the threads of lived African experience and avaricious politics in world history with an unswerving commitment to the art of poetry, orature and protic storytelling.

Humbly like all other African writers in the name of Ba, Coatze, Achebe, Soyinka and Ngugi, just but to mention; She was Born Doris May Tayler on October 22,1919, in Kermanshah, Persia now the revolutionary republic of Iran. Her birth coincided with two world cultural events; the success of Leninist revolution in Russia and the end of the First World War. These events were an open foreshadowing of Lessing's future cultural influence on the African English civilization. Lessing would later come to discover that her parents had been depraved by the First World War. Her father was on umpteen times nearly killed by shrapnel in 1917 and which of course left him with lost a leg. Dramatically, like the ones which Doris has crafted, Her mother who was a nurse met her father Mr. Lessing, during this time he was undergoing treatment at the hospital in London where he was recovering from the amputation of the leg. Then in 1925 the family moved to the British colony of Southern Rhodesia the current Zimbabwe to farm corn and maize. The farm on which Doris grew up as a daughter of any other African farmer. This is given in the historical evidence that always the family struggled to make a living. In her public speeches Doris remembers several times when she was not fighting or running away from the mother who was often brutal to her, out into the African cold temperatures. These are supposedly inhuman conditions that Doris despised in her spellbinding Novel the Grass is singing.

Muse on such moments would always not fail to give us a tincture of poetry;

Ash pit start is not ash pit end

Agony in the start is gusto in the end

Gods will give you a throne

Even in the mire of your scum

Hustles of life are mere fibers of glory.

In practical but not rudimentary literature there is a critical position that small education produces great writers. A list on which Lessing will be last of great writers with meager education starts with Nikolai Gogol, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Richard Wright, Alice Munro, Sembene Ousmane, Amos Tutuola, David Mailu, William Shakespeare, Winston Churchill, I mean the list is endless, put we can put the 2007 literature Nobel Prize winner Doris May Lessing as the last. Then how did she like these others on the list come to master the game of writing?

Passion, language and sometimes disciplined Autodidactism is the answer. Lessing chose to be immersed in books sent over from a London book club after she had left school at the age of 14. This is also when she had moved to Salisbury the present Harare to work as a telephone operator. These are the same childhood experiences Sembene Ousmane had when he worked as a young pipe smoking railway builder in Dakar, cultural foundations that inspired him with the spirit of God's Bits of Wood. Later on after some social upheavals, Doris was influenced by the influx of European immigrants in Salisbury most of them were Jewish intellectuals who had fled the Nazi regime in Germany. This gave Lessing an opportunity to experience political awakenings. She became a member of the communist Left Book Club. In this intellectual club socialization is when she met and married her second husband German refugee from Nazi terror at home Gottfried Lessing. This is the father of her favorite son and their only child, Peter Lessing who was born in 1947.

Life is a mishmash of gloom and glory

A blend of sorrow and sweetness

A twig of brambles and plums

A meat of a hare too delicious

But because of fast running

So hard to harvest.

Now, after African childhood Lessing arrived in England as a single mother with no formal qualifications. Just the way Wole Soyinka arrived in England with a weak

bachelor's degree. However, both of them rose to become two of the most important figures in post-war Afro-English literature. Soyinka with the past deep in the colonial heritage of West Africa and Lessing with past deep in apartheid dominated Southern Africa. Lessing's literary debut about interracial relations in colonial Africa left the audiences bamboozled both in Europe and the USA.

Later on due to her Mixing with members of the left-wing literary intellectuals like; among them John Berger, John Osborne and Bertrand Russell as well as many others, Doris Lessing became an active member of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and an outspoken critic of apartheid in South Africa these made her to be banned from entering South Africa and Rhodesia on account of her political views. She combined these virtues with her stretches as a reluctant feminist to release her greatest work, The Golden Notebook in 1962. In this book, Doris Lessing explores themes of feminism, communism, motherhood, and mental breakdown as an outcome of oppressive political culture.

Lessing's literary virtues are a lot, they can only be condensed in the words of the English novelist and critic Margaret Drabble; 'a writer who said the unsayable, thought the unthinkable, and fearlessly put it down there.'

Later on in her life Doris Lessing also won a social cum intellectual accolade only which was labeled the professional contrarian. This was after her achievement of disillusionment with utopian and prosaic communism. She then went ahead to discovered Sufi mysticism in the mid-1960s and wrote a series of five science-fiction novels known as the Canopus in Argos sequence. Then immediately amid Frustrations with the literary establishment of the day that was hostile to her rebellious nature, Lessing published two novels under the pseudonym Jane Somers: The Diary of a Good Neighbor (1983) and If the Old could (1984) . The intention was to expose terror of the publishers to a writer without fortune and fame. Then in 2007, when being awarded a literature Nobel Prize, the Swedish academy jury praised her as author and the epicist of the female experience, who with skepticism, fire and visionary power has subjected a divided civilization to scrutiny.

In her final book, Alfred & Emily (2008) , Lessing returned fully to her childhood in Southern Rhodesia. The first half is a novella about how life might have been for her parents if they had managed to escape the horrors of the First World War; then the second half is a biography of her parents.

Utterly repulsive to all forms of sentimentality

Proponent of non-linear thinking,

Never bowed to convention

Novelist, playwright, poet, biographer, librettist and essayist

Was first and foremost Africanist storyteller

One whose faith in the power of the written word

Never wavered nor perambulated.

Doris Lessing once said that she does not know why she writes. That writing is something just she has to do. If she does not write for any length of time she gets very irritable. If she had to stop she would probably start wandering the streets, telling herself stories out loud.

Any way this year alone, the world of literature has lost a lot of literary stakeholders through death. And misfortune is felt heavy in Africa. However, We the living ones, we are guided by faith that; in their death which took them this year 2013, Doris Lessing, Chinua Achebe, Kofi Owonor, and Seamus Heaney they will all remain formidable, multifaceted and provocative tellers of stories for world and diverse generations of readers to come.

Alexander Opicho

Drop Your Suicide Idea My Love Is For You

As young as you are and beautiful as you do
You want to kill yourself, why my dear love?
Drop that suicide idea for it's not godly
It is devilish in origin emanating from the baseness
Of you unguarded cosnciousseness
Don't kill yourself today for tomorrow is yours
Days to come are desperately the protégés
Of the power in your beauty and vastness of your life
It is only today that a snag has popped up in the tumbler of your life
But like foamish bubble it is bound to go, go and leave you free
It is in the wise orderliness of natural reality that you endure today
Challenges, tribulations and trial-some conditions that you are seeing
But my dear queen, accept them all breathe in deep and look yonder
Behold the robust life in your bust in the blessed land
That will nurse plummage of your glory and the helm of your purpose,
Ignore them all that have condemned you to trauma
All of the ignore them, be they whatsoever they are;
Poverty
Race
Colour
Gender
Tribe
Loss
Mayhem
Deformity
Shame
Rape
Crime
Love
Disease
Job
Toxic friends
Marriage
Ignore them all, they are only lemonizig you
Because they are not the chief purpose of your life
If you kill yourself because of the me
You would have duferishly goofed
Because they are not what you were born for
Your own turf is coming tomorrow
Kindly drop the tools of suicide from your hands
And wait for them they will come tomorrow
It is not far, only one night to come.

alexander opicho

Dummheit Von Ratte

Eine tag das Katze war sehr hungrig
Das katze hat ohne zu essen
Noch wasser, die mehl und fleisch
Fuhr katze war vollig hoffnungslos
Aber aus nirgendwo; eine sehre Ratte
Ratte war viesig, sexy und tollkuhnlich dick
Fuhr Katze war beinahe erwurgen be unglaublich,
Fuhr Katze war staunen; war staunnen wenn zu essen
Essen das dummheit Ratte zu-erst
Oder essen dummeheit Ratte vor milch
Die milch welche Ratte hat auf ihr kopf
Tragenen al seine geschenk fur Das Katze
Waa! Fuhr katzen gessen die Ratte erst
Vor essenen die Milch Welche Das Ratte war tragenen
Est ist dummheit den todten das Ratte

Vergnugen

alexander opicho

Echoing Taban Makitiyong Rekenet Lo Liyong

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

But I remain a believer in my ancestral religion
Whose God is wele but not the Germany world, it is a religion,
Like most of universal ancestral ones,
With appalling moral threshold,
When Elijah Masinde of dini ya Misambwa
Despised those who condemned man as notoriously religious
He meant human religious approach to life is absolute in nature
However diverse religions compete for human ears
Rich ones glorified in the luring away of modal ears
But all are devoid of spiritual impetus
Disappointing the progenitors of religious imperialism
These short-cutters in matters of sanctimony
Will not come to our heaven
They will get me sharing a cup of tea
With my sister- in-law; Mary, the mother of Jesus
And I will shun them, I will not know them
I will not invite them to a heavenly cup of tea
They will be suffocated by cadaverous appetite,
For we honor our religion with ancestral regard;
The Faith of Our Ancestors
But in ridicule they call us kaffirs, pagans, christo-pagans,
Animists, atheists, gentiles, non-believers, mediumists,
Rebellious rebels or whatsoever they call us;
The anti-muhamedan-mis-christologists,
Let them delude themselves,
If they disparage us with sick contumely
Abreast the dumbfounding development in sciences
Plus so fortuitous humanistic awareness,
Humanity in Religion has to adjust optimally
Religious masters have to help
Interpret the religious Books, bible, gita, quran
All Written or verbalistically in the glory of epical orality
In tandem with the best centered
Life extant,
Otherwise selfish religions becomes an old wine bag
With its old and stale wine,
You will persuade Russian carousers to drink
But to your chagrin, none will condone, your stale wine
Do not seek to sell your faith
Because every human community
Has an ancestral faith
Respect them all for that is gods in their accolade of
Omonipresecence,
Any man or woman without religion is dangerous
But do not advantagize yourselves
At the expense of people of other faiths
It is good you reciprocated
Planet earth is our only sure and known abode
If we lived well here, and there is another world

For those who will be good, we hope the conclave of Gods
Would all sit in judgment for their credit
And reward those who helped humble humanity
Of their religions as well as those of other religions
As for all the Gods love humanists.

alexander opicho

elvera tounie

Elvera Tounie
Elvera tounie tounier touniestic
Your face is the sky
Your eyes the stars
Your blink the hybrid eclipse
Your lips a bliss
Calling for holy kiss
Your neck a royal flag post
Your skin chocolate
The pride of humanity
Your breasts at noon
The sign of virginity
Your thighs uhm!
Your legs a curvature
Your hips young pumpkins
Your beauty is mighty
Your smile moonlight
Your words a solace
Ohoooooooooooo!
Elvera tounie
Be the queen of my heart
I, the knight of your soul
You, Elvera the pride of your father
I, Alexander the warrior god of my mother
I love you Elvera!

alexander opicho

End month consumerism

It is the 30th day of the months in Kenya
State and corporate capitalist have now paid their workers
Wages or salaries or stipends or emoluments all being remunerations
While the rural bourgeoisie and urban bourgeoisie have also paid ex-gratia
To relatives come over-aged workers who have declined retiring
For the fear of looming starvation if at all they go home, where they were born,
Nonetheless; proceed they receive will do nothing whatsoever
As it will be stifled by the monster of desperate consumerism;
So fat and gullible in this tiger of land in the region called Kenya;
The terror peddling rent, courtesy of ruthlessness of the landlord
Bills of electric power in their full monopolistic gear
Bills of water devoid of quality, indifferent dysentery monger
Wages for maid who keep on usurping the food of my child; milk
Bills for gas, all of it redolent of comprador bourgeoisie in fashion,
Hotel and bar bill - a surreptitious one, as the bar girl only knows
Airtime and renewal, TV channels and other screen capitalistic ploys
Family trip to local resort in a feat of foolish consumerist venture,
Money to the old mother at home and, sometimes depraved but patient father
ARV's money to my HIV aids stricken sister at the village, my aunt also
Tuition fees for my son at the kindergarten, who goes to schools but learns nothing
fees balance which my wife has to pay at the tailor to ransom out her dress,
M-Pesa and M-Swari loan repayment, this only for Kenyan 30th dayers
They know the agony of dealing with Kenyan mega-capitalist safaricom ltd.
This consumerism and damn consumerism,
It is the menacing bane of the Kenyan poor
It is the avaricious tube which siphons back
The hard earned money from pockets of the poor
Back to despotic account of the pitiless world pigshotry.

Alexander Opicho

Experimenting With Life In Poverty

Life of a man in poverty is pure experiment,
It effortlessly starts in the morning on each day
Swaddled in acuteness of despair and hope,
Hoping to pass on food for breakfast and lunch
Without test of agony in hunger pains; wistfulness
As drive for opportunity of super is forcefully atomic,
Projecting for bliss in posterity without education,
As paranoia of a merchant awaits disillusionment,
Pumping into regular snags from fortune creation,
As economic powers that be fix final nails
to the coffin, in which rests twist of fate,
Hoping for global relations to succor the times
As self reinforced poverty fetters all experiments,
Happening to be in the pauper's laboratory,
Converting everything all into poverty's turf.

alexander opicho

Freiheit

FREIHEIT

By
Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Freiheit ist nicht Rassismus
Es ist nicht stammes
Nicht Korruption und verdonbeit
Nicht sklavenbent
Es ist freiheit

Freiheit ist Ausbildung
Ist gute klima
Durchschnitt reichtum
Nicht oberhoheit absolut
Es ist freiheit

Freiheit ist dialogisch
Est ist multilogisch
Nicht monologisch
Es ist teilnahme
Es ist freiheit

alexander opicho

Gedich von trost

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Du sie sehr spat meine freund
Wo war du vor sie reich?
Sie reich von verweiflung
Im welche du walzen
Ahnlich die sklaven in sklavensch
Wer kahn singen dein lied?

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

Have You Seen A Chinese?

Yes, you are only asking the answer
I have seen the Chinese, not only one
But I have seen very men of them,

They are all over in African villages
Working in the hinterland of Africa,
All of them I haven are short
Non of them is old nor tall
All of them are short and middle aged,

Their women are not sexually attractive,
They all have small eyes, they walk confusedly,

I have seen very many today in the most remote hamlets
Doing everything for Africans, as if Africans are kings,
Some are digging latrine holes, some are digging graves
Some are building village wells, some are country bridges
Some are selling roasted maize, some are selling pepper
Some are hunting rats, some are trapping snakes,
I have seen one in the toilet downloading loudly
Another one in the lodging uploading silently,

The Chinese I have seen are doing everything for us,
Does it mean now Africans are a race of kings.

alexander opicho

Heimekehr

HEIMEKEHR

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Meine lieb ist kommen heime
Mene susslich kinder ist kommen
Ist auf die kehle kommen
Meine gute junge ist kommen heime
Meine gute tochter ist kommen heime
Meine jungen leute sie kommen heime
Diese Sonntag meine sohn ist kommen
Weg raumen zweibel von meine auge
Diese montaf meine tochter ist kommen
Weg raumen stumpfsinning von meine leben
Diese Dienstag meine sohn ist kommen
Weg raumen hunger von mein mangan
Diese mtiwoch meine sohn ist kommen
Weg raumen ungeschutzt von meine korper
Diese Donnerstag von domeine jungen kommen
Weg raumen schand von meine gesicht
Diese Freitag meine tochter ist kommen
Weg raumen qual von meine hertz
Diese Samstag meine jungen kommen
Weg raumen armut von meine leben
Diese woche meine retter ist kommen
Weg raumen verzweiflung von meine leben

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

how i mourned madiba

HOW I MOURNED MADIBA IN EXCESS

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Rationality is antediluvian
Emotionalism is post napoleon
Shrewdness comes with the queen
Slyness a game of head boys
Strength ist meine Kampf
Bad dirgical mourning is mine
The dark son of Africa
My billow is love for humanity
Giving a dick the tick where it is due
Mourning heroes of the world
That battled for songs of freedom
In which cradled I the son of zinjathropus
To day Nelson Mandela is born
He is sired a new and again anew
Not the son of a chief but humbly
In humility as son of humanity

alexander opicho

Humanity Of Jesus Christ

he was borne by a woman
the one Mary from the Jewish royal blood line
he was conceived and carried in the womb for nine months
shamefully conceived in the immoral razzmatazz before marriage
conceived out side the wedlock in a fornicatory stretch
which the Jewish casuistry has circumlocuted around
only to call immaculate conception; what a puzzle?
Joseph the cuckold from a poor wood working Jewry
was pinned down by spiritual powers that be
through erotic angelicality of the airy Gabriel
to accept pregnant Mary with her pregnancy
for she was royal only doing him a favour
to extend her olive leave of marriage
for the Jewish royal don't marry paupers
lest they commit the sin of miscegenation
catholically annoted the sinful misselliance,

he was born and grew up in full testimony of calls of nature;
pissiful micturation, open defecation, breathing,
and yawning in response to pangs of hunger
physically deformed in the left leg
as his slender and tall body walked with a pronounced limb
crossing the deserts and sand tunes of Palestine
as he went to India in the University of Taxixashila
to read the epical poems of Ramayana and Mahabharata
as well as the sayings of Buddha Gautama
that had been extant for six centuries before Christ was born,
it is by reading Gautama that he got the blessed poems
of humility and mental powerfulness whose famous line
is blessed are they who are poor for them shall inherit the earth.

He walked back on his deformed leg in a pronounced limb
to Nazareth a colony of Rome and buried himself in the deep read
reading the Mosaic thespic work of Job in the fictitious land of Uz
and the psalteric poems of the Machiavellian King
often known as David of Jesse who owned all the Jewish womenfolk of his time,
he read the poems of David with heart and head in his Jewish vernacular
this is where he got the poem of agony on the Roman cross
Which he sang; o lord o lord why have you forsaken me?

he read the Greeks and their diverse stuff in his youth hood anxiety
untill he clocked twenty-six then his father Joseph the carpenter
succumbed to death caused by typhus others say due to stress of poverty
this is when Mary the widowed was declared a woman of the devil
in the full observation of the Jewish Bombazine
for her was no option but to stay in the bush for three years
Then the family buck stopped at Christ's s table
in his full capacity as the elder son
in the family of Joseph the late and Mary the widow,
the buck which he goofed to manage
then his two brothers James and John
chose to scavenge for the means of family survival

through which they became chariot drivers
for the local bourgeoisie Joseph of Aramathea
they left the most young of them Yude son of Joseph
to keep and pamper their bereaved home
which he did but in the full flare of his temper
as why Jesus the elder brother roamed around in gadabout bliss
when the home was to be managed by him whatsoever
As the evening came James and John came back home
they found Yude lonely and sombre in the pangs of hunger
they hurriedly set on the table some food for him
the food they had carried from their employer
Joseph of Aramathea; what a fortune so scanty?
From the blues Jesus surfaced with nothing in his hands
his eyes sunken the salient features of a hungry lazy man
he tried to get a share from the portion of Yude
But whoopsy! Yude removed the plate and Jesus goofed the psaw!
Yude slapped Jesus with the cyclopic Mighty
as he warned him not to roam around lazily
only to roost a hungry stomach at home in the evening
Jesus staggered in a dint of ire and he cursed
to go to Jerusalem for ever not to come back
to which Yude retorted in a riposte;
'You carry way your laziness to Jerusalem
and you will never come back
for the lazy people will never survive in Jerusalem'

Jesus went away after the food based squabble with his brother
he met the twelve friends that he called disciples and one girl friend
Mary his mother's namesake otherwise known as Magdalene
with whom Jesus fell in love with all compassion of a man
in confirmation of the African pearl that; even the wise and the king
also bend under the pressure of love,
Jesus had no silver nor coins to lavish Magdalene with
in the usual stampede of love among the young ones
But his magics were his sole resource, he exorcised her free
the seven deadly demons and confirmed to her his protege
of resurrection of which he did free of charge to rise Lazarus
from the grave, Lazarus the brother of Mary Magdalene
as a magnanimous persuasion for love

Alexander Opicho

Hunchback of Africa

THE HUNCHBACK OF AFRICA

He lives in a big city
In a big bungalow
With all of his henchmen
And henchwomen
He puts on big sun-glasses
He has bushy beards
On his back a clenched hunch
Protruding menacingly
Like a lethal bombshell
His skin is Negro dark
His face is frog wrinkled
He forgot indigenous tongues
But he is a master of spoken French
Don't mention the queen's English
He is a bad news,
He is shrewd and corrupt
With avarice for money
He loves women, women, them women
Hot mistress is his domain
He loves European alcohol
His public office
Is a private personal bar
With all types of wines haute couture;
Vodka and whisky
John walker and cappuccino
Champagne and cognac
Smirnoff and viceroy
Chang'aa but in a skulk,

He has nothing to do with men
Only his two sons and brother in-laws
His sons bear European names
Aristocratic European names;
Knappert and Otto von Guericke
Mussolini and Harold,
He reads not African literature
On the claim that they are whimsical
But he reads white African writers;
Lessing and Macgoye
Coetzee and Nadine
Ruark and Blixen,
His shelves are woodlots
Of European classics
Classics of Palimpsest nature;
From Hugo to Dumas
Fyodor to Tolstoy
Cervantes to Austen
Maugham to Friedrich Schiller
Pushkin to Bernard Shaw,

The hunch back of Africa gets broke mid-month

He goes for bank overdraft
A mistress snatches him to zero anew
He clicks and curses the damn wench,
But he consoles in the prompt flick
Wine can't be sweet without those wenches
As he drives his white jalopy
A ramschackled beetle shaped Volkswagen,

He has ever nursed a Germany dream
To go to Germany and come back strong
To reason strong like the sons of bundeslander
To come to Germany and pluck out
The rump of a hunch from his back,

He expects nothing from a man
Especially men from other African tribes
Other than bribe and praise
Any form of praise sends him berserk with jubilation
Any form of bribe sends him rambunctious with ego
He loves power with all of his nerves
Including the entirety of his hunch,

He hates one book in his live
That even he made it a toilet paper
'The constitution'
He says it has no respect for old people
That it has no respect for freedom fighters
That it has no respect for hunchbacks
That it has not respects for royal sons
That it has no respect for rich people
That it makes the poor people to be rude
To be rude without discipline
He condemned it a toilet paper,
When you come to African privities
Be careful, the paper you use may be a constitution
The hunch back himself must stay in the toilet long enough
To use minimum of fifty pages of the Katiba
When cleaning his anus
He has an ambition to reach all the pages
Bearing the number hundred
On which there is a clause on
International criminal justice,

The hunchback of Africa is full of love
Indeed he is a fountain of love;
Love of his second wife among them all
Love of his tribesmen who are yes-men
Love of his atrocious spies
Love of his sycophants
Love of his fresian cow
Which he imported from the Hague Holland
Love of his bastard son sired to him by a mistress

Love of the psalms of David the king in the bible
Love of his English name 'josephat'
Love of his kingdom
That made him the hunchback of Africa.

Goodbye!

alexander opicho

HUNKER

bei

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Hunger du sie sehr bade
Du sie Herr von Bohr
Für fabric arbeitern

alexander opicho

I Don't Want To Die

I am not gone berserk to claim my life
Or else why should I be born
To die and resurrect for eternity
For sure I don't want to die
I want to be alive to enjoy eternity
As my gods in helter-skelter abyss
To tell the tale and recant the epical poetry
Of my people, my generation, epics of humanity in toto
For ever and ever as I muse my ego

alexander opicho

I AM A POET FIRST THEN AN AFRICAN

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

From America I have gone home to Africa
I jumped the Atlantic Ocean in one single African hop and skip
Then I landed to Senegal at a point of no return
Where the slaves could not return home once stepped there
Me I have stepped there from a long journey traversing the
World in search of dystopia that mirror man and his folly
Wondrous dystopia that mirror woman and her vices
I passed the point of no return into Senegal, Nocturnes
Which we call in English parlance crepuscular voyages
I met Leopold Sedar Senghor singing nocturnes
He warned me from temerarious reading of Marxism
I said thank you to him for his concern
I asked him of where I could get Marriama Ba
And her pipe sucking Brother Sembene Ousmane
He declined to answer me; he said he is not a brother's keeper
I got flummoxed so much as in my heart
I terribly wanted to meet Marriama Ba
For she had promised to chant a scarlet song for me
A song which I would cherish its attack
On the cacotopia of an African women in Islam,
And also Sembene Ousmane
I wanted also to smoke his pipe; as I yearn for nicotinic utopia
As we could heartily talk the extreme happiness
Of unionized railway workers in bits of wood
That makes the torso of gods in Xala, Cedo
As the African hunter from the Babukusu Clan of bawambwa
In the land of Senegal could struggle to kill a mangy dog for us.

Any way; gods forgive the poet Sedar Senghor
I crossed in to Nigeria to the city of Lagos
I saw a tall man with white hair and white beards,
I was told Alfred Nobel Gave him an award
For keeping his beards and hairs white,
I was told he was a Nigerian god of Yoruba poetry
He kept on singing from street to street that;
A good name is better tyranny of snobbish taste
The man died, season of anomie, you must be forth by dawn!
I feared to talk to him for he violently looked,
But instead I confined myself to my thespic girlfriend
From Anambra state in northwestern Nigeria
She was a graduate student of University of Nsukka
Her name is Oge Ogoye, she is beautiful and sexy
Charming and warm; beauteous individuality
Her beauty campaigns successfully to the palace of men
Without an orator in the bandwagon; O! Sweet Ogoye!
She took me to Port Harcourt the capital city of Biafra
When it was a country; a communist state,
I met Christopher Ogkibo and Chinua Achebe
Both carrying the machines guns

Fighting a secessionist war of Biafra
That wanted to give the socialist tribe of Igbos
A full independent state alongside federal republic of Nigeria
Christopher Ogekibo gave me the gun
That I help him to fight the tribal war
I told him no, I am a poet first then an African
And my tribe comes last
I can not take the gun
To fight a tribal war; tribal cleansing? No way!
Achebe got annoyed with me
In a feat of jealousy ire
He pulled out two books of poetry from his hat;
Be aware soul brother and Girls at a war
He recited to us the poems from each book
The poems that echoed Igbo messages of dystopia
I and Oge Ogoye in an askance
We looked and mused.

I kissed Ogoye and told her bye bye!
I began running to Kenya for the evening had fallen
And from the hills of Biafra I could see my mother's kitchen
My mother coming in and going out of it
The smoke coming out through the ruffian thatches
Sign of my mother cooking the seasoned hoof of a cow
And sorghum ugali cured by cassava,
I ran faster and faster passing by Uganda
Lest my elder brother may finish Ugali for me
I suddenly pumped in to two men
Running opposite my direction
They were also running to their homes in Uganda
Taban Lo Liyong and Okot p'Bitek
Taban wielding his book of poetry;
Another Nigger Dead
While Okot was running with Song of Lawino
In his left hand
They were running away from the University
The University of Nairobi; Chris Wanjala was chasing them
He was wielding a Maasai truncheon in his hand
With an aim of hitting Taban Reneket Lo Liyong
Because him Taban and Okot p' Bitek
Had refused to stand on the points of literature
But instead they were eating a lot of Ugali
At university of Nairobi, denying Wanjala
An opportunity to get satisfied, he was starving
Wanjala was swearing to himself as he chased them
That he must chase them up to Uganda
In the land where they were born
So that he can get intellectual leeway
To breed his poetic utopia as he nurses tribal cacotopia
To achieve east African thespic utopia
In the literary desert.

Thank you for your audience!

alexander opicho

i had a dream

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

I had a dream in the wee of the yester-night,
I was sleeping a lone on a reed wick-work of a bed
In my late grandmother's ruffian thatched hut,
On the bed which she passed on,
On the day of her death,

She had earlier declared the bed a heirloom and memento,
To run among the grand children in her family,
Thus I was a sleep on this bed and began dreaming;

I was in a strange city, I don't knew it
May be it was Jerusalem or Wales, am not sure,
I was walking on street, dirty and full of garbage,
Each person I met was not concerned with me,
But one woman who showed concern was mad,
She was carrying a grey cat in her arms
She asked me if I were headed to the church,
Before I responded with my awed yes;
She ululated before my eyes in her full feat of madness,
Then a huge building emerged from her red headscarf,
The building swallowed me, inside was maudlin and dull music
Like the one usually sang by christo-pagans
When attending a burial ceremony in Africa,
It was replete with irregular sounds,
Of church! Church! Church!

Riff-raff of human hordes flocked in
All of them looked different from me
Their skin was not smooth, it looked rubicund
Some were laughing, other were making nasal sounds
Not clear to me at all, at all, other made funny shouting sounds;
We are the kingdom of psychopomps, we are psychopompous,
One shot a lightening slap at my cheeks, he snarled at me;
Black discoboli! Jump and fight with our bulls.

I saw two bulls dashing at me; I was at the center of the circle
Formed by my foes, the human oats that came in,
The bulls attacked me with an aim to gore my tummy,
I kicked the bulls with one other kick of a man.

The bulls turned into cats on every kick I threw
Instead of mewling, they went melodramatic,
They began talking to me in Queen's English,
One of the cats duped me that; I better piss before we fight further,
I followed command; I pulled out my dick from my short trouser,
I micturated till my bladder was fully empty,
Then I suddenly woke up from sleep,
Only to find out I have terribly wedded by bed.

alexander opicho

I Love

I love life, because in living you get all problems
I love eating because you can constipate if you eat a lot,
I love women because they reduce pocket giants to beggars,
I love children because they instill economic tension to parents,
I love trees because green snakes derive poison from them,
I love poor people because their life is pure experiment,
I love rich people because they snobbishly love themselves
I love motor vehicles because they depreciate in a decade,
I love Americans because they have drones for Gaddafi,
I love Americans because they know nothing beyond their borders,
I love the British because they have a monarch in their democracy,
I love Europeans because they were perfect in colonialism,
I love Africans because they are natural stooges, but very showy
I love the Chinese, they are all short, young and commutalists,
I love the Catholic Church because it has liberal piety,
I love Muslims because they are not intellectually tolerant to Rushdie,
I love young girls because they rarely sense danger,
I love Germans because they made a beetle car; Volkswagen,
I love the Japanese for honesty; they declared me Shinto of poetry,
I love my wife for her spendthrift culture
I love my son for his disgust of school and books,
I love myself for being a poetic rapsallion,
I love everything for in love you display your folly,
I love music, wine and money; they expose you to the robbers
I love short people for their mediocrous thought pattern
I love tall women; they are dull, honesty and rarely divorce,
I love English hunchbacks for they are famed for being erotically strong.

alexander opicho

In Defence Of Homosexuality-Scientific Perspectives ii

On 13th January 2014 Dr. Wafula Chesoli of Mt Kenya University, at Lodwar campus in the north western part of Kenya published a scathing attack against homosexuality in the Neighbourhood, a daily circulating paper of the River Delta state in Nigeria. Dr. Chesoli justified his contumelious position against human homosexuality by basing his stand on the scriptural citations of the Bible. The Bible which Dr. Chesoli has operationally defined as the word of God in this article that he entitled Strong holds of Homosexuality; Biblical Perspectives. Chesoli's argument has a depth of Biblical groundings, however I beg to differ with him in principle, given the scientific scintillations on humanity of homosexuality from the recent researches of health education and psychology.

Firstly, I humbly remember that about three years ago I also published an article in the East African standard which harshly condemned social and behavioral position of gay and lesbian marriages. This was when the Anglican archbishop Dr. Eliud Wabukala of Kenya had in a similar tone lambasted the archbishop of Canterbury for suggesting that there was need for the office of the gay Bishop in the Anglican Church. I strongly supported Wabukala in that I even called gay and lesbian behavior as cultic and satanic hence to be condemned with all forms of capital nemesis. Some of the contents of my article in which I condemned homosexuality are here;

Let us support Wabukala stand on gays and morality
(January 2011 By Alexander Opicho, Eldoret)

Practice of psychology and Christianity operates on a universal principle of unconditional positive regard for all. However, there has been a twist in this convention when media in Kenya at the start of this week carried a story that depicted moral fortitude of Bishop Eliud Wabukala; who has out-rightly dismissed the idea of establishing the office of a gay bishop in the leadership of the Anglican Church. Wabukala has come out boldly on this against the strong currents in support of gay marriages from his superiors in the Church. The efforts by Wabukala befit all manner of felicitation from all of us who believe in morality as a basis of humanity. The basis of gay relationships is legalistic and political. African culture conscientiously discourages a cult of gayism. And in Kenya living as a gay is living in contradiction to the Constitution. These collectively fall in an agreement with basic teachings of Christianity. Gayism, lesbianism, celibacy and trans-species sexual behaviour are admonished by Biblical teachings. Gayism is social deviance that originates from degradation in sexual behavior; it is a state of sexual depravement. Read more at;

Little did I know that as I was publishing this article two percent of my friends and my family members are victims of sexual behavioural disability, which we are calling homosexuality in the above juncture. As university teacher in the departments of social sciences where student populations is usually high, I again came to discover sometimes later that ten percent of my students always have disordered sexual or gender conditions. I found these to be substantial revelations that provoked me to carry out both desk research and investigative cum socialization researches into this bamboozling human phenomenon of homosexuality and other related disordered sexual behaviours.

The order of explanation would first require a position which posits that; religions both Christianity and Islam don't have any intellectual nor social machinery to carry out a socially ameliorative process in relation to disordered gender and sexual behavior in any society. Their approach have been and would still be parochial in the sense that

the only outcome to be achieved is prejudice, bigotry and discrimination with full harassment against Christians or Moslems with sexual or gender disability. Thus religion should pave way for other competent social players over this matter.

Dr. Chesoli's Position that the Bible is the word of God and the Quran is the word of Allah and hence those with physiological conditions in contrast to the word of God and Word of Allah are satanic, only to face wrath of God on the judgment day is simply devoid of modern logic. I want to sensitize Dr Chesoli on the fact that not everything in the Bible is the word of God neither everything in the Quran is the word of God otherwise called Allah. To support my position before I just explain scientific position of homosexuality, I want Dr. Chesoli to learn that; 159 psalms in the Bible are poetries of King David, King David whose leadership was full of Machiavellian tricks just like the current leadership of Yoweri Museveni of Uganda. The book of Job is theatrical and poetical literary creation of Moses. But not the word of God. This is so because the land of Uz in which Job lived is pure fiction. All papyrological surveys have never established geographical evidence of this land. The last part of the Bible is made up of 21 epistles or letters of Paul the benjaminite. Paul's writings display eminence of intellect as a lawyer and a person schooled in the Greek classics of Homer's Iliad and Odysseus as well as Sophocles' Oedipus Rex. The idea that the words which Paul wrote was the word of God is not founded, perhaps the last stage of Jewish casuistry. Homosexuality has to be understood as lameness or disability like any other animal or human disability. I am aware that Dr. Chesoli belongs to the old school which only appreciated the fact that lameness is limited to physical, mental, eye and hearing impairment. However, this position is now scientifically obsolete. Humanity is now understood to be sometimes a victim of sexual lameness, intellectual lameness, emotional lameness, racial relational lameness and other plethorae of lameness to be uncovered, courtesy of science and research.

Like the condition of sexual disability can be heterosexual disability or homosexual disability. Heterosexual disability can be indicated by unfortunate human sexual conditions like; early ejaculation, erectile dysfunction, oversized penis, undersize penis, frigidity, phobia of opposite sex, oral sex, anal sex, sexual appetite for your own child, sexual appetite for your sisters, brothers, uncles or aunts, frigidity, small vagina, abnormally big vagina, insatiable libido or insatiable appetite for sex.

But on the other hand homosexual disabilities are often indicated in the perverted sexual behavioural positions like male to male sex also known as gay and female to female sex also known as lesbian, or female to male to female to male sex also known as bisexuality. We also have other sexual phenomena like celibacy, voyeurism, sex with non human creatures, sex with inanimate objects, sex with ghosts and sex with spiritual creatures like the one accounted in the Bible between Mary the mother of Jesus and an Angel known as Gabriel. There is also sex with dead family members. Dear reader just accepts that the list in this line is long.

Now labeling above positions as satanic or ungodly can be misleading in the modern sense. The motivation for all the above behaviours is sensual satisfaction. But the physiological cause of the behaviour is few and far between. Some of these conditions are caused by genetic misprogramming or mutation; some are due to body malformation. Like having female reproductive system in a male human casing or male reproductive system in a female human casing. But the sorriest part of this human experience is that victims of these conditions always feel that they are right human creatures in the wrong body from which they struggle to jump out but they

have never succeed.

This is why the Journal of Pan African Voices known as Pambuzuka news has a platform for anti – homophobic journalism, which actually purport to promote social and intellectual awareness among the Africa societies about matters relating to sexual and gender disabilities. This journal strives to minimize homophobic positions like the one taken by Dr. Chesoli in a smokescreen of Christianity or Islam which will ultimately only end up as heinous violations of human rights.

An empirical position has facts that gender and sexual disability conditions is rampant in urban areas than rural areas and more rampant in industrialized or developed countries than peasant rural based countries. Thus logic will tell you that we have most gays and lesbians in America and United Kingdom than in Kenya or Malawi. This is why President Barrack Obama in an imperial stretch conditioned the government of Uganda to make a legislation that favour gays and lesbians. This was also reflected three years ago in the United kingdom when David Cameroon warned the government of Ghana that if they don't make a legislation that appreciate homosexuals then United Kingdom would not give economic aid to Ghana. Contextually, both Cameroon and Obama were wrong. We don't use vents of desperate imperialism to manage a misfortunate social condition. We first of all begin by educating our people, then socializing the idea among our people then we finalize by positioning the idea among our people. Thanks for your audience.

Alexander K Opicho, is a social researcher with sanctuary research agencies in Eldoret, Kenya. He is also a lecturer for Research Methods in Governance and Leadership.

Alexander Opicho

In Defence Of Poetic Dystopia

Poetry is a network of rivers
One river flowing into another
A big river into a small river
A small river into a big one
Some rivers are dead in the catacombs
Others are rapidly flowing down
And up their course making noisy
Roaring waterfalls and poetic whirlpools
Full of the ripple circumlocution as
The whirlwind of gales in the harmattan
And this is the spirit of poetry.

I will sing the songs of Schiller
Hugo, Shakespeare the bard
Alexander Pushkin and Mayakovski,
Homer and Dante the Frenchman son of Maugham
And Dante the Italian father of the divine comedy,
I will sing their songs as they are European rivulets
Of poetry flowing into huge water masses
Of African poemocracy in which
The poetic dystopia is clearly
Couched in the gears of black and white.

I will sing and chant the songs of India
Land of Tagore by shouting his name
Rabitanathe Tagore! Sing for me
The ways of the Indian baby
Your Indian voice is mellifluous like the
Zulu virgin dances Song in full watch
Of King Mswati with dint of libido.

I will sing the songs of revolution
From Bolivia and Chile, neighbours
Of Mexico and Brazil; Brazil in which
Pablo Neruda the dog burrier is a religion
In which was born Paul Freire who forgot
To sing for the world chants and the songs
Of pedagogy of the dystopian poet
Pedagogy of the utopian thespian
Pedagogy of the dystopian bourgeoisie
Pedagogy of the cacotopian capitalist
And pedagogy of the utopian Marxists
Who are mealy mouthed with mutton in between their ears
Manufacturing and venting dystopian phantasmagoria
I will sing.

Poetry is the river Nile of Africa
Cradling from Uganda at Entebbe
Flowing to Egypt into the Mediterranean Sea
Leaving the statue of Mahatma Gandhi at the cradle
Chanting the pearls of the satyagra
That; in God there is truth and

In truth there is God,
As poetry of Nile flows upwards
Not carrying only poems of love
Or bourgeoisie cosmetic Haikus
Singing carols of summer and Christmas day
But its poetic fluvial is washing away
The heavy social scum of Globalectics
Fearing Pushkin and his love
Shakespeare and his rape of Lucrece
Vladimir Mayakovski and
His slap in the face of public taste,
Schiller and his Cassandra
Master Homer and his Odysseus Iliad
Mocking in an ugly snook
The Albatross book of the English verse
In tune with Yeats and Rudyard Kipling
Reversing the stanzas to sing of
The world as the Whiteman's burden.

I will sing everyman and his penis
Every woman and her breasts
Every virgin and her flower
I will sing them all and their names
And duties of roles pertinent
In healing the world, abode of mankind
From the impish Mr. Hide of cacotopian streak
To pave way for the saintly Dr. Jekyll
To lull man to sleep in his Cinderella
Of social utopia
As Robert Louis Stevenson
Holds the world a stage
Of dystopia.

Thank you for your audience!

alexander opicho

Irrtum Von Arme

IRRRTUM VON ARME

bei
Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Irrtum von arme ist trugschlussig
Lebend im erfurcht
Ist sorge fur nichts
Ist wenigen scheuklappen zu personlich problem
Ist wunderlich glauben
Ist rhapsodie und schwarmerei glauben
Ist dummen erwartung
Ist leben von die fruhe aber nicht die zukunft
Ist viel larm um nichts
Ist kultur von faulheit
Ist laxheit um leute
Ist leben von weine
Ist leben von frauen
Ist dummen weisheit
Abschied, lebewohl und vergnugen!

alexander opicho

It Is Useless

It is useless to sing to me about beauty of the world
When I have already lost my eyesight,
To sing to me the melody of your lover
When my eardrums are already broken,
To confirm my poetry a jejune
When it is already in public,
It is useless to think disgustingly of me
When I am already a perfected creation
Half a distance on my journey towards my destiny,

alexander opicho

Kakerlak

Du sie geschickt dumm
Du sie klug dummkopf
Du sie schon als über kopf
Du sie dick befreundet mit seine ratte
Du sie als sauber als schmutzig schwein
Du sie als stark als seine schwach stechmucke
Wann du hinfallen auf deine rucken
Du immer kampfem ohne erfolg

alexander opicho

Kuss

Mund -zu -mund kuschen
Ist die grosster menschen erfindung
Ist die liebezeichen
Ist die mitleidzeichen
Ist die leidneschaftzeichen
Menschen kusschen is grosster erfindung
Es ist verbidung ohne zu sprechen
Ist wann menschlich grund erliergen zu mitleid.

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

Leben Eine Dreisprung

Leben ist eine dreisprung
Leben ist eine hoks pokus
Leben ist pobel
Leben ist willkurlich
Leben ist hopes
Leben ist mauscheleien
Leben ist unbekummert
Leben ist sorglos
Leben nicht erbstuck
Leben ist hals uber kopf
Leben ist durcheinander
Leben ist hyeterie leute
Fur das wen nicht glucklich

alexander opicho

LEOPARD FEAST

As if the it is not the leopard
That has forepaw herculean
In the game of hunting and preying,
With reservation the leopard eats
Saving for tomorrow with punctiliosity
In the wary of wisdom about plundering,
That is not all about physical mighty
Not shrewdness of the mind
Nor flexibility of the heels
But respect for frugality as a virtue of the strong.

alexander opicho

Lied von liebe

Du stellen mir zu lieben sie
Und ich geben du liebe
Du stellen mir zu geben
Du frauen und kindred
Aber ich du geben Familie
Du stellen mir meine name
Und sprachen du meine surname
Du stellen mir stabilitat
Aber ich geben du stutze
Du stellen mir respekt
Aber ich geben du genug und alles
Du stellen mir Sex
Aber ich geben du liebe
Ich habe geben du sorgfalt
Ganzen die zeit von sie leben
Aber du habe nicht sprachen
Danken uber mir
Du sie sehr bohse

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

life without poetry

life without poetry
is like world without
racism; who will teach
diversity and the value
of otherness

alexander opicho

Melody Of A Desert Single Lady

There are more and more misfortunes in the world
Known to you dear people in your diverse conditions,
But my life and experience has taught me unique lessons
Of kindred to befit me Elizabeth, a daughter of Zinjathropus
Hailing in the savannah desert, Turkana County of Kenya,
I have graduated in to a single lady without test of marriage,
As desert men look at me in their irritating impotence,
Loin clothes wrapped around their slender waists passing on me
Like a dog passing on American dollars; cursed be desert men,
I thought my beauty of dark African complexions will give them a sexual tease
But to my chagrin; desert men have a fear of beautiful ladies
My conscience tells me that my beauty is an eye sore to them,
I thought my bulging hips will entice them as is a promise of fertility
Leave alone not to mention my concupiscent sexual warmth, uhhmm!
Desert men have dared not to see and appreciate my sexy bossom,
They often pass on me driving their donkeys and emaciated carmels,
I thought my erect sharp pointed breasts, assign of virginity
Will call them to me into a treat of love, affiliative love,
But sadly enough; these dudes are erotically blind,
They they nonchalantly pass on my sexy boobs,
Wielding a begging bowl in their dirty long hands
Running like drunkard chimpanzees going to Oxfam stores to beg for food,
Cursed be Oxfam an imperialist agent, it has crashed flat
The testicles of our desert brothers into sexual insensitivity,
Oxfam has made African desert men to beg like Hebrew lepers
Other than standing up on their feet to feed their women,
Normally as men would do from the sweat of their brow,
I thought my education will attract them to me,
To love me with those romantic University kisses,
But desert men have crude cultures and slavish religion
They rebuke girl child education as if it is a devil,
Oh my dear God of the forsaken desert ladies
Of the forsaken African daughters,
Take me out of this erotic desert
Take me out of the city desert of Lodwar,
Take me to the equator line and give me a husband,
My eggs are pretty ready to conceive and sire children
Sons and daughters for your own glory O almighty God,
Take me out of this sexual desert,
Where no man treats a modern woman,
Take me out of here and give me a fresh man of my dream.

Because I have known from today;
It is accurse to be a woman in Africa
It is a curse to be a beautiful lady in African deserts
It is a curse to be a woman graduate in the African desert
It is a curse to have erect breasts in the African desert,
O! Help me God.

alexander opicho

Melody Of Elizabeth Tundi Tabuka

Am so stressed,
and i don't know what stresses me
but am just stressed
am not happy and damn not happy
everything around me is meaningless
everything is bad plus myself
am stressed up
it is not money nor men
but am stressed up
let my dead grand father
talk to me
in the parlance of the living dead
from his sepulchre, to tell me
what is eating me up
i will respect and do it whatsoever

alexander opicho

Menschlich Korper Ist Die Systemen

Menschlich korper ist eine system
die kopf ist das von die hals
die schnause ist das von die mund
die ohr ist das von die augen
die haare ist das von die schadel
die genick ist das von die wange
die hand ist das von die torso
die brust ist das von die mänge
die bein ist das von die fuss
die thingummmymybob ist das von die thingamajiga
die schenkel ist das von die gesass
die penis ist das von die after
menschlich koper ist ahnlish die welte
europa ist das von die afrika
amerika ist das von die indenien
china ist das von die japan
brasilien ist das von sudaAfrika
menschlich korper ist eine systemen.
vergnugen

alexander opicho

Metacognition

Think of what you think you are thinking
Let me think of what I think I am thinking
Let her memorize all her memorable memories
Let him recollect all the personal recalls
Cogitate of what you cogitate you are cogitating
Be aware of your thoughts
Because this is where is harbored
And agony of humanity emanates
It is all a metacognition sibling
Of maestro emotional intelligence

alexander opicho

mid night

you mid night, what is your problem
who told you to condemn nature to nightly sleep
when they neither want nor desire
if you love eating women you eat em alone
for you are meant for compensatory eventuality
what you make people get they cannot get daytime
a genius can get mid night what a mule misses day time

alexander opicho

Misfortune in Series Of Love

With audacious openness
Let me accept substantial lot of men folk
When it comes to efforts in love,
Most are misfortunate.
Every time they dare to built
Affiliative bonding for love
With beauties beheld
By their limited eyes
The invincible whirling spell
Of fortune's fool
Beguile them forlornly
Down the social abyss of time,
I and my type not an exception to the club
Of the guys who swallowed misfortune
Like the dog of Theodore erotokorostos
Does to a piece of bone
In poetic obscurantism
Of the corruptible simple souls
Obtaining their pathetic lot from wench and wine,
In the first trial I chanced on a neurotic peasant,
In the second trial I chanced on turn to be henpecked,
On the third trial I chanced on a beautiful paranoid,
My fourth trial chanced me a deadly stooge,
My fifth trial gave me the worst blow
As I forlornly chanced on the time's public commoner,
My sixth trial makes me chicken
Had it not been poetic audacity
That makes me brave to chew in public
The lot of my misfortune as I recall
The bitter sweetness of chancing on
A beautiful epileptic kleptomaniac,
My tired trial in the waned efforts
Chanced me a lesbian with insignificant bisexuality,
O! I now tire off from misfortunes of love
With a last black chance on a neurotic money-maniac,
And this is the silent lot of men
In their usual efforts to fulfill their dreams of love.

alexander opicho

Mob Injustice

You are in Kenya or anywhere in Africa
It is noon time or hunger time
Not lunch time becoz not all will eat
Swams of humanity suffocating the city
Toing and froing in search of victuals
To rich very rich sleazing in the bastions of Japan
The poor too on the street slow and confused
Tortured by my despair of; what I will eat now?
The idle mobs in rapscaillon outage ready to lynch
Foul mob justice as the mob injustice.

Small and stunted a black poor soul
A street urchin perhaps known as chokora
In the land parlance of the indifference
From hint the street the mind impaired
By pangs of hunger, destitution or depravity
Snatched away a roasted may of indolent trader
Off to his heels! Justice of the legs the maize in the cheeks
Black poor soul saving the skin as he succours the stomach
But how far can you go in the power of the muscles
Before the black folks Usain Bolts ancestors
They mete out mob justice damn mob injustice.
From the loafing riffraff an idler shot out
Towards the pursuing the lad
Amid dint of noise shouting a thief! Thief!
Hoads of poor humanity in tandem charged
Towards the thief in murderous fit to full charge
In a second flick the thief was on the ground under volley
Of blows and kicks, whacks and jabs bludgeoning
The maize is no where the swallowed
In one grant munch of it the thief swallowed
Before the deathly human oceans
Engulfed on him with justice of the mob
On the sport killing the lad via mob injustice.

After this task street mobs go idle again
Breathing like boilers in the factory chimneys of America
Seeing no fault condemning theft with mighty of folly
Leaving the carcass of dead lad to rot into oblivion
But from nowhere a cloud of lack falls
For the lazy mobs as loud sirens harbingers arrival
Of chief the honorable minister
From the capital city far away in the sun
All the mobs in to song and dance broke
Welcoming the Minister to the mob justice
Where heavily thrives mob injustice.
The minister is (in) famed for riches and rupees
Having all money in his golden briefcase
He has hoarded all the monies in the suitcase
All the Famine money and welfare money
All the Housing money and education fund
All the Crematory money and idling money

All the Medicare money and money of money
No mob justice can get the minister
For his theft is noble theft Nobel Prize theft
Yes, Nobel Prize thieves the potentates
No mob justice unto them, uhm! The Mob injustice.

alexander opicho

My CV

My name is nomenclatural postmodernism
My age is a blend of colonialism and freedom
My gender is engendered minus bias to LGBT
My languages is cultural defense from cultural Darwinism
With subaltern survival in the south-south dance,
My place of birth is epicenter of globalectics
My education is cosmetic with a knack in encyclopedic sham,
My work historiography is dialectic ignobling of the worker
As proceeds of my hand equally ennobles the master,
My profession is maximum respect to economic powers that be,
My schooling was done in two huge palimpsests,
My focus is to achieve poetic obscurantism out of artistic destituece,
My referees abode in the beatitude that blessed are they who thrill in ideas
For them is the kingdom of kingdoms in the global uni-polar politics.

alexander opicho

Nelson Mandela Is Dead

Nelson Mandela, South Africa's anti-apartheid beacon, has died
One of the best-known political prisoners of his generation,
South Africa's first black president, He was 95.
His struggle against apartheid and racial segregation
Lead to the vision of South Africa as a rainbow nation
In which all folks were to be treated equally regardless of color
Speaking in 1990 on his release from Pollsmoor Prison
After 27 years behind bars, Mandela posited;
I have fought against white domination and
I have fought against black domination
I have cherished the idea of a democratic
And a free society in which all persons live together
In harmony and with equal opportunity
It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve
But if need be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die,

Fortunately, he was never called upon
To make such a sacrifice
And the anti-apartheid campaign did produce results
A ban on mixed marriages between whites and folks of color,
This was designed to enforce total racial segregation
Was lifted in 1985
Mandela was born on July 18,1918
His father Gadla named him 'Rolihlahla, '
Meaning "troublemaker" in the Xhosa language
Perhaps parental premonitions of his ability to foment change.
Madiba, as he is affectionately known
By many South Africans,
Was born to Gadla Henry Mphakanyiswa,
a chief, and his third wife Nosekeni Fanny
He grew up with two sisters
In the small rural village of Qunu
In South Africa's Eastern Cape Province.
Unlike other boys his age,
Madiba had the privilege of attending university
Where he studied law
He became a ringleader of student protest
And then moved to Johannesburg to escape an arranged marriage
It was there he became involved in politics.
In 1944 he joined the African National Congress (ANC) ,
Four years before the National Party,
Which institutionalized racial segregation, came to power
.
Racial segregation triggered mass protests
And civil disobedience campaigns,
In which Mandela played a central role
After the ANC was banned in 1961
Mandela founded its military wing Umkhonto we Sizwe
The Spear of the Nation
As its commander-in-chief,
He led underground guerrilla attacks
Against state institutions.

He secretly went abroad in 1962
To drum up financial support
And organize military training for ANC cadres
On his return, he was arrested
And sentenced to prison
Mandela served 17 years
On the notorious Roben Island, off Cape Town,
Mandela was elected as South Africa's first black president
On May 10, 1994
Cell number five, where he was incarcerated,
Is now a tourist attraction
From 1988 onwards, Mandela was slowly prepared
For his release from prison
Just three years earlier he had rejected a pardon
This was conditional
On the ANC renouncing violence
On 11 February 1990,
After nearly three decades in prison,
Mandela, the South African freedom beacon was released
He continued his struggle
For the abolition of racial segregation
In April 1994,
South Africa held its first free election.
On May 10,
Nelson Mandela became South Africa's first elected black president,
Mandela jointly won
The Nobel Peace Prize
With Frederik de Clerk in 1993
On taking office
Mandela focused on reconciliation
Between ethnic groups
And together with Archbishop Desmond Tutu,
He set up the South African Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC)
To help the country
Come to terms
With the crimes committed under apartheid
After his retirement
From active politics in 1999,
Madiba dedicated himself
To social causes,
Helping children and HIV-AIDS patients,
His second son
Makgatho died of HIV-AIDS
In 2005 at the age of 54,
South Africans have fought
a noble struggle against the apartheid
But today they face a far greater threat
Mandela he posited in a reference to the HIV-AIDS pandemic,
His successor
Thabo Mbeki
The ANC slogan of 1994; A better life for all
Was fulfilled only

For a small portion of the black elite
Growing corruption,
Crime and lack of job prospects
Continue to threaten the Rainbow Nation,
On the international stage
Mandela acted as a mediator
In the Burundi civil war
And also joined criticism
Of the Iraq policy
Of the United States and Great Britain
He won the Nobel Prize in 1993
And played a decisive role
Into bringing the first FIFA World Cup to Africa,
His beloved great-granddaughter
Zenani Mandela died tragically
On the eve of the competition
And he withdrew from the public life
With the death of Nelson Mandela
The world loses a great freedom-struggler
And heroic statesman
His native South Africa loses
At the very least a commanding presence
Even if the grandfather of nine grandchildren
Was scarcely seen in public in recent year

Media and politicians are vying
To outdo one another with their tributes
To Nelson Mandela, who himself disliked
The personality cult
That's one of the things
That made him unique,
Nelson Mandela was no saint,
Even though that is how the media
Are now portraying him
Every headline makes him appear more superhuman
And much of the admiration is close to idolatry
Some of the folks who met him
Say they felt a special Mandela karma
In his presence.
Madiba magic was invoked
Whenever South Africa needed a miracle,

Mandela himself was embarrassed
By the personality cult
Only reluctantly did he agree to have streets
Schools and institutes named after him
To allow bronze statues and Mandela museums
To be built
A trend that will continue to grow.

He repeatedly pointed
To the collective achievements

Of the resistance movement
To figures who preceded him
In the struggle against injustice
And to fellow campaigners
Such as Mahatma Gandhi, Albert Luthuli
Or his friend and companion in arms
Oliver Tambo who today stands in Mandela's shadow,
Tambo helped create the Mandela legend
Which conquered the world
A tale in which every upright man
And woman could see him
Or herself reflected,
When Prisoner Number 46664 was released
After 27 years behind bars
He had become a brand
A worldwide idol
The target of projected hopes
And wishes that no human being
Could fulfill alone,
Who would dare scratch?
The shining surface of such a man
List his youthful misdemeanors
His illegitimate children
Who would mention his weakness for women?
For models
Pop starlets
And female journalists
With whom he flirted
In a politically incorrect way
When already a respected elder statesman?
Who would speak out critically?
Against the attacks
He planned when he headed the ANC
Armed wing Umkhonto we Sizwe
And who would criticize the way
He would often explode in anger
Or dismiss any opinions other than his own?
His record as head of government
Is also not above reproach
Those years were marked by pragmatism
And political reticence
Overdue decisions were not taken
Day to day matters were left to others
When choosing his political friends
His judgment was not always perfect
A Mandela grandchild is named
After Colonel Muammar Gaddafi
Seen from today's perspective
Not everything fits
The generally accepted
Picture of visionary and genius,
But Mandela can be excused

These lapses
Because despite everything
He achieved more than ordinary human beings
His long period of imprisonment
Played a significant role here
It did not break him, it formed him
Robben Island
Had been a university of life for Mandela once posited
He learned discipline there
In dialogue with his guards
He learnt humility, patience and tolerance
His youthful anger dissolved
He mellowed and acquired
The wisdom of age
When he was at last released
Mandela was no longer
Burning with rage,
He was now a humanized revolutionary
Mandela wanted reconciliation
At almost any price
His own transformation
Was his greatest strength
The ability to break free
From ideological utopia
And to be able to see the greater whole
The realization
That those who think differently
Are not necessarily enemies
The ability to listen,
To spread the message of reconciliation
To the point of betraying what he believed in,
Only in this way could he
Serve as a role model
To both black and white humanity
, communists and entrepreneurs,
Catholics and Muslims.
He became a visional missionary,
An ecclesiast of brotherly love
And compassion
Wherever he was, each humanity was equal
He had respect for musicians and presidents
Monarchs and cleaning ladies
He remembered names
And would ask about relatives
He gave each humanity his full attention
With a smile, a joke, a well aimed remark,
He won over every audience
His aura enveloped each humanity,
Even his political enemies,
That did not qualify him
For the status of demi-god
But he was idolized and rightly so

He must be named in the same breath
As Mahatma Gandhi, the Dalai Lama
Or Martin Luther King
Mandela wrote a chapter of world history
Even Barack Obama posited
He would not have become
President of the United States
Without Mandela as a role model,

And so it is not so important
That Mandela is now portrayed
Larger than life
The fact that not everything
He did in politics succeeded is a minor matter
His achievement is to have lived
A life credibly characterized
By humanism, tolerance and non-violence,
When Mandela was released
From prison in 1990,
The old world order of the Cold War era
Was collapsing
Mandela stood at the crossroads and set off in the right direction
How easily he could have played with fire, sought revenge,
Or simply failed; He could have withdrawn from public life or,
Like other companions in arms, earned millions,
Two marriages failed because of the political circumstances
His sons died tragically long before him
It was only when he was 80 and met his third wife,
Graca Machel,
That he again found warmth,
Partnership and private happiness,
Setbacks did not leave him bitter
Because he regarded his own life
As being less important
Than the cause he believed in
He served the community humbly,
With a sense of responsibility
Of duty and willingness to make sacrifices
Qualities that are today only rarely encountered,

How small and pathetic his successors now seem
Their battles for power will probably now be fought
Even more unscrupulously than in the past
How embarrassing are his own relatives
Who argued over his legacy at his hospital bed
Mandela was no saint
But a man with strengths and weaknesses,
Shaped by his environment
It will be hard to find a greater person
Just a little bit more Mandela every day
Would achieve a great deal
Not only in Africa

But in the bestridden geographies
Epochs and diversities of man,

In my post dirge I will ever echo words of Mandella
He shone on the crepuscular darkness of the Swedish
Academy, where cometh the Nobel glory;
Development and peace are indivisible
Without peace and international security
Nations cannot focus
On the upliftment
Of the most underprivileged of their citizens.

Alexander Opicho

Non Phenomenal Woman

She is an anti-thesis to Maya Angelou's conscience
She stretches Maya's awareness beyond rudimentary perfection
She is a public commoner with her insatiable palatability,
She eats French fries and pork like a carnivorous queen
Her instinct cannot save her from curse of pinching,
She is tall and slender with all virtues of beautiful individuality
Which the sagacious Friedrich von Schiller saw in frivolous Cassandra,
She has tattooed nose and ornamented death, not white in taint of alcohol hue
Chains of jewellery around her neck and hands, sea corals as beads around her waist,
She loves rough men like Alexander Pushkin who died in Duel, and the militant Othello
Who only woos by using the vaginal clitoris of the alligator
As his Casanova's love voodoo bequeathed to him by his mother,
She spends money from a foreign sweat, in thrifts and thrifts,
She commands unilateral faculty of non-numerical learning
With her indelibility dominating the world of Music and painting,
She dares not to dream of true love, but her faith is in weakness of men
Hot in bed like an Italian pizza oven and cold in reason like tundra climate.

The non phenomenal woman the mother of my first born son,
I took him to Oxford University for a degree course in land law
He came back with a diploma in being a barber, good in shaving!
He is so handsome in pettiness with mighty athletic mediocrity
Vices redolent of maternal genetics in the non phenomenal woman,

Alexander Opicho

O love!

O LOVE! O LOVE! WHY ARE YOU EVER DEVOID OF LOGIC?

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Mankind in its pathetic folly entice you in a dint of stupor
Knowing not your true colour and texture
Endeavoring to achieve glory in your mastery
With the so limited human capacity
In grey faith that you are a cradle of bliss
But O love! Why are you ever crooked?

Young men and women in strength of their sinews
Toil day and night in bondage of humanity
Praying and whining incantations with the hope for optimal love
Ornamenting their bodies with diamond and bronze
Fibre and silk ornamented to helm of providence
In the foolish quest for love equilibria
But in full stretch of your vice, you impish love
You catapult all away to the shifted goal posts
O love! O love! Why are you ever ruthless?

You hate the learned but you favour the strong
You hate professors but you favour the soldiers
You hate the rich but you favour the agile
You hate the lawyers but you favour the footballers
You hate the pastors but you favour the ruffian
You hate the whites but you favour the Negroes
You hate the groomed but you love the ragamuffin
You hate the chaste but you favour the mistress
O love! O love! Why are you ever illogical?

Love, I revere you for wickedness and irrationality
In all of your history you scored sum cum laude
In the duo as blend of your domain, Look;
You never dwell in a genuine companionship
You like where the couth will interject;
Amidst fornication between married and single ones
Amidst adultery in the triangle of foul compassion
Amidst miscegenation between black and white
Amidst infatuation between the whole and the lame
Amidst conjugal appetite between the old and the young
Amidst concupiscence between house master and houshelp
Amidst immorality of married master over the wallowing servant
Amidst libidos between literate teacher unto the peasant pupil
Amidst disordered passion among the sly lesbians
Amidst impious perversion among the suave gays
O love! O love! You are the most wicked force!

Love I am told; your colour is red
You may be red or you may not be red

But all in all, you deserve poetical veneration
For your herculean ability to bend the most wise;
In your force you made sagacious Shakespeare to bend
In your force you made Princes Diana to bend and bend
Bending downwardly stooping for Afawoyed the moor,
In your stupefying dint you made Napoleon de Bonaparte
To bend and bend downwardly stooping for Josephine
Josephine a famed she-Casanova in the gone Paris
Among the then humanity and the then animality,
In your impairing machinery you set sons on their fathers
In the roman empire of Antony and Ceaser
In the scramble for Cleopatra, the Egyptian queen
Beauty of her aquiline nose heavily hovered perhaps
In the eyes of the Roman beholders
The father and the son only to sent the empire
To the love forlorn smithereens!

alexander opicho

Ode to African sex workers

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

let me begin my salutation to you
by expressing my angst about your ghastly night experience
that you go through when in the hands of the policemen
who often walk around in the name of security patrols
while in truth they bettle terror in the show of evil mighty
they swop you down and arrest you spreadeagled
asking for bribes substantially the money of your proceeds
from the ware of your trade your body the temple of christian God,
Wherever your lack money
your beauty saves you as they go on to rape you in circles among themselves
as they glorify the power of your bossom in their policeman's slang,
where beauty, tyranny of bossom and your bribe is absent
you are forlornly arrested from the streets of Nairobi and Lagos or Johannesburg
then rounded down to a dingy police cell to be charged
with heinous crimes of prostitution and vagrancy,
when the true origin of your fortune's tomfoolery
is powers that be as they glorify anti woman crude cultures
beseeching a girl child into despair and depravement,
they are these men who refused to see you as a beacon of glory
they always link you to the filthy bedrooms from which you ennoble not.

Alexander Opicho

Ode To African Women Folk

Daughters, sisters and brethren in the African womenfolk
Hail you, you are blessed among all the diversities of nature
You are blessed for all peace and love behaviour in all of your times
You are blessed for resilience and spiritual energy to soldier on
By being a woman, wife, a girl, a mother and a grand mother
In the African conditions which have no time for the women,

Daughters of Africa both at home in Africa and the diaspora
In Americas, Cuba, Brazil, or the whole Caribbean
Be blessed for your virtue of love and forgiveness
That swells your hearts as you ever treat to oblivion
Those who rape you whether in war or in peace
Even in marriage and the the offices
On the platter of polygamy, rituals and crudeness of culture
In the selfish farm labour where your spouse
Gives you a remote encounter with brutality of bourgeoisie culture
You always pick up the pieces and go for your stitches
Whatsoever the number, like the appalling one
Of above six stitches for the rape victims of Congo wars,

You have always consolidated poor Africa from
Smithereens of war and terrors of selfish male war,
You have often mocked the cult of dictatorship on its face
You have enticed social inclusions as societal virtue
You have snooked to tribalism, racism and class bigotry on the face
Them the cultic vices that have cemented Africa's cult of dictatorship,
Daughters of Africa stand up and make Africa the a temple of God
Entice humanity with your wholesome fibre
Restore Liberia to a national state in the song of Sirleaf
Restore central Africa to a national family in the song Catherine
Restore art and poetry to Africa in the arms with Marriama Ba and Micere Mugo
Sire and Nurse African ecology unbowedly in the spiritual realm of Wangare Mathai
Restore and forge Africa forward you dear daughters
For the strength of your beauty my dear ladies
Has a global testimony in the prime of your motherhood.

Alexander Opicho

Ode To All Street Families

My heart has gone out for all families on the street
That came out of the erstwhile street boys and girls
Kudos to your creativity as you make life from nothing
Blessed by your bravado and sense of oblivion
With which you have held the riches of the world
In which effortlessly swim the powers that be,

Beautified be a street family in the all quarters of the world
Wherever you are kindly be ennobled
Whether in India or Chicago of Americas,
Be it Nairobi, Lagos or Jo'burg the infernos of urchinery
Good times and chances befall you children of the street.

Great beauty with you is condemnation of the tribe
In Africa where ethnicity is the bricks of tribal mall
Your names are conditional but not tribal connotation
They sing songs of exclusion but not chauvinism of ethnicity
I was in Kenya at the city of Eldoret, I visited your platoon
In the suburb of Langas, I derided not in the glory of your nomenclature;
Some of you festooned in the street emperor, as other wallow in mauverick titles
Like; Cop-puncher, weed-cooler, virgin breaker, top sniffer, hotel sentry
And many other accoladic names as you feasted me on your virtuosity.

Royal is your blood as you bivouac in the blizzards
The blood in your vein came from the state panjandrum
During the libidinous hour in the wee of the night
The teats you suckled were of your undergraduate mothers
In the high powered Universities of bourgeoisie education
Never regret in your ego for great is your genetics
It was solely misplaced priorities of your vulnerable mothers
That had you dumped on the street garbage in the oblivion of society
But great you are because 10% you hitherto make
Of the ostentations African population that is whoopingly a billion!
Time is coming for your final say, bivouac wherever you are
For your day is very soon.

Alexander Opicho

Ode To All The Russian Poets

when i start by name
perhaps in a flap of fault
exculpate my soul
for maximum rectitude
is the true fill of my heart
glory to the sons of Russia
Kudos to you all and your foremen;
Nikolai Gogol the master in the dead souls
Alexander Pushkin the effeminate poet
Vladimir Lenin who knew what was doable
Alexander sholenestysn the Siberian jail bird
who was on the poetic phone by five
Feodor Dostoyevsky the epileptic Karamazov
Maxim Gorky and Antony Chenkoy leave them alone
Ayn Rand the woman who shrug the atlas for we the living
Vladimir Nabokov the school master who asked for sex
from her student the adourous Lolita
Boris Pasternak the Muzhik like Leo Tolstoy
who wanted land beyond the horizon
for doctor Zhivago the sexy peasant
or Vladimir Makayavosky who slapped the public
in the face of their capitalistic taste,
Glorified be you all you sons of Russia
your Muse is beautiful and erotically crazy
glory for your humour and your finer threads
with which you have woven for me my poems of dystopia
glory be to you all in the stark oblivion
of Leon Trotsky and his penman Leonid Brezhnev

Alexander Opicho

ode to food on the table

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Hallo Mr food , allow me to salute you with Germany hello
I will also hug you with American hi and kiss you
with high sounding french romantic salut
as I saw you on the table in one peasant's hut
her shoals of children giving you a Kenyan Jambo,
each of them ruthless and not exculpating you
each chopping you off one after another
biting you horrendously like a mutton in the canine
of a male lion in the kingdom of noon day
forlornly you were thrashed with no succour
those peasants ate you like ravenous hyenas
feasting on the ewe daily in apex of starvation
where erred you to the peasants' sires
for they look for you with one sharp voracity
where will you take your body for a simple truce?

alexander opicho

ODE TO MIKHAIL AVTOMAT KALASHNIKOV

On this 23rd December of 2013
LASHNIKOV is lying dead, at age of 94
In the coffin on the pyre
In Moscow the city of Russia
Away from Siberia his child hood home
Waiting to be buried by the people
His invention the Ak 47 and 74
Has not yet killed,
Good bye Mikhail Timofeyevich Kalashnikov
Son of Alexandra as you travel to land
Of the dead where a million of Rwandese from Africa
And million of the Vietnamese from Asia are now citizens
After having been shot dead by the AK47 and AK 74
You will not be lonely you glorious son of Russia,
You natural tinkering skills
Gave the world ubiquitous weapon
That has done wonders as you looked on,
Tell your gods where your poems you wrote are
The world is now free from your vice of the AK
Man can relax now in peace and read your poetry
As the fettered politicians have no where
To get the weapons for mass peasant destruction,
Reveal to us the armoury in which you stuffed your poetry
as gods of peace now turn your guns into the plowshares

Alexander Opicho

Ode To The African Poets

from north in Kaduna of Okigbo to south in the Rhoben Island
of Mazizi Kunene and D M Zwelonke who sang the song of Shaka;
in Zulu Heroism that beautified our face in the armpit of Ezkia Mphalele,
the sons of Africa in the knighthood of poetry, chantery and incantations
you are hailed with with glory and dignity for your service to humanity
your service to literature and gods of poetry in the spirit of the song
that we chant in the spirit of love and peace the glory of hour heritage
is an eyesore to the lazy; who though ill will can stop the flow of African river,

Sing our songs and chant our spirituals as you write our poems
open your poetic bosom for the world is a virgin
in which the seed of African poetry will plummet and flower
to glory of man the essence of Godliness,

Let Soyinka and Achebe sing our songs without fear of home
As Okot P' Btek revamps from the ashes like a phoenix
to re-plant the bumpkin in the old homestead of Taban Lo Liyong
Who sang the cacotpic song in the dystopia of black diaspora
when he saw another nigger dead in the guest for Nocturnes of Senghor
who feared Marxist poetry and African songs which Aime Cesaire chanted
in the mayoralty of Paris.

0 reactions

Alexander Opicho

Ode To The Breasts Of A Woman

in my state of being a deadly sex rascalion
i knew not why there are breasts on a woman
i had often rushed down to the south
seeking for selfish sensation in wanton of her
a woman whose freedom i devoured
she persevered solemnly without my know

let me accede to my audience with all honesty
the breasts of a woman is a treasure of nature
a beacon of creation for peaceful humanity
touch them fondly with a pinch of compassion
be patient with them for they were your first food
fondle them patiently they are amber of fire

sing to them a poem in sweet love of them
they will stand erect pointing at the sun
breaking eyes of your beautiful love
as her heart unto you soft is gone
you must treasure the breasts of a woman
with your warm volley of kisses
more than you scamper for her fine thighs
for the power in the thighs comes from
the warmth in the glorified breasts

alexander opicho

Ode To The Hand Of The Poet

the hand of the poet
like the breasts of a virgin
they are sensitive to touch
as the poet's hand with
a pen in it on the caricateur
of the key board which has
helped to pass the world across
the turmoil of the malicious hearts
to peace and love two battle grounds
in which political romance blooms
like a bush fire in the Achebean harmattan
wind blowing down and away all the chaffs of human ribaldry

alexander opicho

Ode To The Heart Of A Racist

Alexander k Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

My humanity is devoid of piety
But time has come for it to beguiled
Into green harvesting of inchoate faith
That strong in the fibre and the fabrics
Is the heart of the racist
It has enough force to hate abysmally
Without giving chance to voice of reason,
The heart of the racist in whatever calibre
It is the strong most force that overwhelms time
Its current is to and fro in a gnomish prowl
Looking for the weakly prey of class
To predate on in ruthlessness of the imp.

alexander opicho

ode to the male and female condom

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Hi dear companion in my helm of gusto
I don't know if you enjoy as I do
whatever you accompany me to often
is the height of joy, safety or life
friend I don't know you do know
you accompanied me once to a virgin sex
I ripped fruits alone, you protected me still
from foe HIV aka aids as later I lived alone
as I trashed you to the rotten garbage
for municipal nemesis in fire raze of you
pardon me Mr condom for once forgive me
next we accompany I will pay you dear

alexander opicho

Ode to the pipe of Sembene Ouasmane

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Sembene Ouasmane the son of a fisherman
the son of wolof tribesmen the owners of Atlantic
you are a bad liar, my kinsman and foreman
why didn't you wait for me to grow up
you only belied to me for your to die earlier
i begged for your pipe for i also to suck it with passion
you told me to hold on until i grow up
only for you to accede to July death in 2007
i am tortured in this life without without you
agonized by daily chores without a glance at the fume of smokes
being blown from the magnificent ceramic pipe on your mouth,
i wanted you teach me what Maxim Gorky and Emile Zola taught you
i wanted to learn from you what you learned at the Moscow cinema school
was it cinematographic Marxism or filmographic socialism that you learned?
i wanted to get you alive so that we can sing together the songs of Cedo and Xala,
why were your gods collecting the pieces of wood; was it humility and humanism?
I wanted to see the powerful words of human side of governance
coming from you sober gentle mouth onto African plateau
that is replete with commonplace selfish power struggles,
i will build a monument in respect of your service to African literature
and your service to protection of humanity; both Arabic and African
your service to humanity as you forgave a French woman who stole your book
only to publish it under her name in a dint of sexual wham pam pams.

Alexander Opicho

Ode Zu Meine Schlange

ich habe eine grosse schlange
es ist im meine haus
es ist eine erbstick von meine familie
ich war geben mich bei meine vater
es ist schwarz, schon und muskel
es ist eine verzierung von die haus
es immer herumlaufen die haus
es wegbleiben die ratte raum die haus
bei so geht meine buchs and klotesich sie klieid sicher
danken meine schlange fur gehen diese leute
ich du lieben sehr viel
konnen Gott du segnen mit leben viel

vergnugen!

alexander opicho

Of double speak

Alexander k Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopichoi@yahoo.com)

Of Orwell George and his satirical 1984
Manufacturing words abracadabra and demagogic phrases
Making juvenile English to swell in size and all
Beyond Shakespearean bossom of a teen African woman
Forming ubiquitous the double-speak whose
Attendant virgin sisters of England are
Double talk, double talk, and double smile
Who said the suavity in double love and double cross are
The twin progenitors of Eric Blair the farmer of animals
Collaborating with Jones to sleep in the pigsty where swines mate
Plummaging the world with plethorae of yutopianisism
Wherein glorious big brothers watch you African double speakers
As you sheepishly Sleigh international criminal justice in a beautiful ploy
To obfuscate mellifluous bambinos off the buffoonery powers that be
But When 1984 comes after a full circle of idiosyncrancies, the fools will be seen

Alexander Opicho

Our Poverty Has Colour

Most illusive and elusive
Like the devils of Congo forest
Is the impish poverty
Permeating all seals with vicious wily
Into the midst of callous humanity
Biting country men and country women
With carnivorous dentalities so ruthless
Putting man to a forlorn shame
As the wife looks in desperate flaggerbastation
Putting matriarchal womenfolk to humiliation
As the expectant sire wallow in the askance of looks
Condemning communities to status ad absurdum initio
Thinning man from man, culling woman from woman
Eating flesh by flesh social koprpers of man
Eating the native flesh in the farms of Brazil
Tearing the Negro steak into ghetto lacerations of Chicago
Whizzling sombre morning tunes to the Zulus in the black tundra
Cementing pale casted clusters for the Patels of India
Commanding suave drills to poor (wo) menfolk; left! Left! Left! –abouuuuturn!
With its accomplice Mr. Hunger son of starvation, they both command drills
For black factory workers, Maids and gravediggers to dance
Watchmen, thieves and prostitutes to match
In the hinterland of Africa all the riff-raff in deep despair
Dance in a tandem to the irritating drills of the duo;
You come on! Left! Right! Left! Right! —fowaaard match!
Backward match! Left! Right! Left! Right! Sharpp uuuuuuuturn!
The duo communiqué; Go home and wait for your pay announcement.

Surely; what colour is our poverty?

alexander opicho

Palimpsest

Avery huge volumes of books
With writings and contents mutated
Some pages soiled blank
Leaves worn dog eared
Original ideas probed and decimated
It is a palimpsest.

Very huge buildings of universities
Monumental laboratories in there
Libraries with archaic literature on shelves
Cultures with ego but without research
Where snobbery aristocracy thrives
It is a palimpsest.

A very big continent in size
With oceans, lakes and mountains
Climate distorted by avarice
Poverty amid artificial cultures
With no original civilization vestiges
It is a palimpsest.

Alexander Opicho

Pauper's Fallacy

The pauper's fallacy is
More foolish than gambler's fallacy
It is timorous and minion in wonkishness
It is a crofttering petty-peasant's fallacy
It's beautiful fallacy of charming fallacies and
All is nothing but wholesomely fallacious.

Pauper's fallacy is full of blind appetite
Avariciously projecting for maudlin paradise
Where no dutiful effort is planted
Glorifying religion more than rebellion
Confusing depravement with discipline
Expecting sympathy from marauders
Embedding powerlessness, freedom a preserve
For life after death but death after life imminently poses.

Pauper's fallacy is much ado about nothing
Praying for their glory to come only
As the rich and the mighty approach the precipice
Praying for heavenly reversal of solemnity banquets
For the tycoons to swop with peons
If only knowledge was redolent that
Fortune and means all come from gods.
Pauper's fallacy is the blame for pauper's muse
gods and goddess all in full gear of pauperistic wisdom
In abrogation and negationary diversities;
Killing patience as a rural virtue
Killing discipline as a ghetto virtue
Killing tolerance as a slum virtue
Killing knowledge as a hamlet virtue
Promoting all arrogationary vices;
Petty Crimes without manyatta punishment
School Truancy without manyatta shame
Indolent Laziness without manyatta regret
Sexual Immorality without manyatta guilty
Perpetrating Falsehood without manyatta contrite
Committing mis-Love without mis-passion
Expediting Passion without moral duty
Siring precarious children without actuarial vision,
Oh! No, I have to depauperize my thoughts;
Sobriety in thoughts is equal to quality in life.

alexander opicho

pious dejavu

For all of them, greatness ekes not on goodness,
but on mysterious and spectacular humility,
semitism cradled from epileptic Tehra,
Hebrewism from Abrahamic despair,
Jewry from shrewd Israel of Isaac,
Christianity from lame footed jesus,
Islam from an epileptic desert oat; Muhammed,
Africanism from warped emotionalism,
Hinduism a mere avatar of godly imaginations
all these calls for a pious dejavu

alexander opicho

poemocracy and poemocrats

POEMOCRACY AND POEMOCRATS

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

It is freedom of universal poetry
And the political democratic space
In the economic government of poetry
By the poetizens for the poetizens.
Ascription to which I get Faiz of Urdu a true poemocrat
The male mistress of poetry's counter-narrative
To its extremism in the Nerudaistic poemocracy
Known in the West as the 'Neruda of Urdu poetry
Faiz wrote romantic lyrics with a different a touch
He fused it with contemporary social issues
Progressive Pakistanis have commemorated
His jolly and poemocratic 29th death anniversary
Faiz Ahmad Faiz, a progressive Pakistani poemocrat
Has inspired almost three generations of Pakistanis
He believe in secular and liberal values poemocratically
A proclaimed poemocratic Marxist Faiz received
The Lenin Peace Prize from the then Soviet Union in 1962
The poet was also involved in many political struggles
And was jailed by Pakistani rulers a number of times.

Good poetry can always be used as an agent for self- awareness
In terms of the poemocratic quality of his poetry
And his poetical expressions he is unparalleled
In the whole history of Urdu poemocracy.
His metaphors, the string of nouns that he uses,
The rhythm and the structure will never go stale
Faiz will remain relevant mostly because of his themes
- He wrote extensively about human misery,
Despair, squalor, Inequality and injustice
These are timeless democratic issues
These are universal issues and are not restricted
to a parochial nor Provencal country or group.

Good poetry can always be used as an agent for awareness,
But Faiz is more relevant in this context
Because he speaks in contemporary poemocratic idiom
But let me be clear that Faiz is exceptionally among the equals
Poemocratic like Meer, Ghalib and Hafiz make us open-minded
They make us appreciate and cherish the poemocratic diversity
And differences that we have in the world mother earth's sire.

Faiz weeps over oppressive problems in Africa
And talks about the oppressive racism in Palestine issue.

Faiz's poetry makes us feel the pain of others
Indeed Faiz's poetry serves the world a bonanza ever
As a counter-narrative to extreme Islamist ideologies
Faiz and Neruda both belonged to the poor World
The conditions he was dealing with during his life,
was The colonial hangover as it was
Something Neruda also faced in his country.

Faiz talks about the concrete realities around him
And not only about some imaginative issues
This is also true of poemocratic Pablo Neruda
They both deal with real issues of bread and butter,
Of poverty, hunger, nakedness, jiggers, peace and security.
Not only are the sensibilities of the two poemocrats is ditto,
But also the socio-political fabrics they lived under
Kudos to German poetry and fiction
That always had good influence
On the poemocratic Urdu-Chilean literature
Soul literature has inspired countless Urdu writers and poets.
Its influence was starker during the 20th century
Faiz was not only inspired by soul writers and philosophers,
But also by praxis of poverty and agonies of diverse oppression.

Alexander Opicho

Poems Of The Vanquished

Who will write for you poems of the vanquished?
For history is a blend of anecdotes of the conqueror
The conquered ones are the wrong side of civilization
Hence why their civilization is never murdered
But in villainous feat of folly often commits murder,
Thus, you are too wrong my brethren
Thus, you are too late my sisteren
For, why did you accept to be
In your present realm, of despair
In which you wallow in the mire
Of poverty and serfdom?
Brother, you are too late for so sure
No one sings the poetry of vanquished minions
Perhaps with wonkish tincture of glory
Stand up and sing them yourself.

Alexander Opicho

Poetic Destitue

It is moral duty of poetry to throw away dirty power
Often formed by political snobs out of selfish extension,
Poetry without arms and ammunition have been there
Ever creating social and political power un-violently,
Planting moralized empires that cannot away be washed
By the snobbish currents of constituent powers that be,
Show me all the social powers formed by poetry
That ever oppressed the poor or the weak,
You would have given me glorious pedestals
On which I will firmly stand and stretch my arm
To show to the world a blind philosopher,
Even Rudyard Kipling in his prime of colonial poetry
Had the Indian kidimadiggar, sorriest of all coolies
As the constituent pith in his racist hearty
Where blended colonial urge and poetical altruism
Into humane conscience for destituent social power.

Alexander Opicho

POETIC DYSTOPIA

by
Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

When I grow up I will seek permission
From my parents, my mother before my father
To travel to Russia the European land of dystopia
that has never known democracy in any tincture
I will beckon the tsar of Russia to open for me
Their classical cipher that Bogy visoky tsa dalyko
I will ask the daughters of Russia to oblivionize my dark skin
Negro skin and make love to me the real pre-democratic love
Love that calls for ambers that will claw the fire of revolution,
I will ask my love from the land of Siberia to show me cradle of Rand
The European manger on which Ayn Rand was born during the Leninist census
I will exhume her umbilical cord plus the placenta to link me up
To her dystopian mind that germinated the vice
For shrugging the atlas for we the living ones,
In a full dint of my Negro libido I will ask her
With my African temerarious manner I will bother her
To show me the bronze statues of Alexander Pushkin
I hear it is at clitoris of the city of Moscow; Petersburg
I will talk to my brother Pushkin, my fellow African born in Ethiopia
In the family of Godunov only taken to Europe in a slave raid
Ask the Frenchman Henri Troyat who stood with his penis erected
As he watched an Ethiopian father fertilizing an Ethiopian mother
And child who was born was Dystopian Alexander Pushkin,
I will carry his remains; the bones, the skull and the skeleton in oily
Sisal threads made bag on my broad African shoulders back to Africa
I will re-bury him in the city of Omurate in southern Ethiopia at the buttocks
Of the fish venting beautiful summer waters of Lake Turkana,
I will ask Alexander Pushkin when in a sag on my back to sing for me
His famous poems in praise of thighs of women;

(I loved you: and, it may be, from my soul
The former love has never gone away,
But let it not recall to you my dole;
I wish not sadden you in any way.

I loved you silently, without hope, fully,
In diffidence, in jealousy, in pain;
I loved you so tenderly and truly,
As let you else be loved by any man.
I loved you because of your smooth thighs
They my heart on fire like ambers in gasoline)

I will leave the bronze statue of Alexander Pushkin in Moscow
For Lenin to look at, he will assign Mayakovski to guard it
Day and night as he sings for it the cacotopian
Poems of a slap in the face of public taste;

(I know the power of words, I know words' tocsin.
They're not the kind applauded by the boxes.
From words like these coffins burst from the earth
and on their own four oaken legs stride forth.
It happens they reject you, unpublished, unprinted.
But saddle-girths tightening words gallop ahead.
See how the centuries ring and trains crawl
to lick poetry's calloused hands.
I know the power of words. Seeming trifles that fall
like petals beneath the heel-taps of dance.
But man with his soul, his lips, his bones.)

I will come along to African city of Omurate
With the pedagogue of the thespic poet
The teacher of the poets, the teacher who taught
Alexander Sergeyvich Pushkin; I know his name
The name is Nikolai Vasileyvitch Gogol
I will caution him to carry only two books
From which he will teach the re-Africanized Pushkin
The first book is the Cloak and second book will be
The voluminous dead souls that have two sharp children of Russian dystopia;
The cactopia of Nosedrezv in his sadistic cult of betrayal
And utopia of Chichikov in his paranoid ownership of dead souls
Of the Russian peasants, muzhiks and serfs,
I will caution him not to carry the government inspector incognito
We don't want the inspector general in the African city of Omurate
He will leave it behind for Lenin to read because he needs to know
What is to be done.
I don't like the extreme badness of owning the dead souls
Let me run away to the city of Paris, where romance and poetry
Are utopian commanders of the dystopian orchestra
In which Victor Marie Hugo is haunted by
The ghost of Jean Val Jean; Le Miserable,
I will implore Hugo to take me to the Corsican Island
And chant for me one sexy song of the French revolution;

(take heed of this small child of earth;
He is great; he hath in him God most high.

Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light bitter world of wrong
They come; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
And his forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs,

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep)

From the Corsican I won't go back to Paris
Because Napoleon Bonaparte and the proletariat
Has already taken over the municipal of Paris
I will dodge this city and maneuver my ways
Through Alsace and Lorraine
The Miginko islands of Europe
And cross the boundaries in to bundeslander
Into Germany, I will go to Berlin and beg the Gestapo
The State police not to shoot me as I climb the Berlin wall
I will balance dramatically on the top of Berlin wall
Like Eshu the Nigerian god of fate
With East Germany on my right; Die ossie
And West Germany on my left; Die wessie
Then like Jesus balancing and walking
On the waters of Lake Galilee
I will balance on Berlin wall
And call one of my faithful followers from Germany
The strong hearted Friedrich von Schiller
To climb the Berlin wall with me
So that we can sing his dystopic Cassandra as a duet
We shall sing and balance on the wall of Berlin
Schiller's beauteous song of Cassandra;

(Mirth the halls of Troy was filling,
Ere its lofty ramparts fell;

From the golden lute so thrilling
Hymns of joy were heard to swell.
From the sad and tearful slaughter
All had laid their arms aside,
For Pelides Priam's daughter
Claimed then as his own fair bride.

Laurel branches with them bearing,
Troop on troop in bright array
To the temples were repairing,
Owning Thymbrius' sovereign sway.
Through the streets, with frantic measure,
Danced the bacchanal mad round,
And, amid the radiant pleasure,
Only one sad breast was found.

Joyless in the midst of gladness,
None to heed her, none to love,
Roamed Cassandra, plunged in sadness,
To Apollo's laurel grove.
To its dark and deep recesses
Swift the sorrowing priestess hied,
And from off her flowing tresses
Tore the sacred band, and cried:

'All around with joy is beaming,
Ev'ry heart is happy now,
And my sire is fondly dreaming,
Wreathed with flowers my sister's brow
I alone am doomed to wailing,
That sweet vision flies from me;
In my mind, these walls assailing,
Fierce destruction I can see.'

'Though a torch I see all-glowing,
Yet 'tis not in Hymen's hand;
Smoke across the skies is blowing,
Yet 'tis from no votive brand.
Yonder see I feasts entrancing,
But in my prophetic soul,
Hear I now the God advancing,
Who will steep in tears the bowl! '

'And they blame my lamentation,
And they laugh my grief to scorn;
To the haunts of desolation
I must bear my woes forlorn.
All who happy are, now shun me,
And my tears with laughter see;
Heavy lies thy hand upon me,
Cruel Pythian deity! '

'Thy divine decrees foretelling,
Wherefore hast thou thrown me here,
Where the ever-blind are dwelling,
With a mind, alas, too clear?
Wherefore hast thou power thus given,
What must needs occur to know?
Wrought must be the will of Heaven-
Onward come the hour of woe! '

'When impending fate strikes terror,
Why remove the covering?
Life we have alone in error,
Knowledge with it death must bring.
Take away this prescience tearful,
Take this sight of woe from me;
Of thy truths, alas! how fearful
'Tis the mouthpiece frail to be! '

'Veil my mind once more in slumbers
Let me heedlessly rejoice;
Never have I sung glad numbers
Since I've been thy chosen voice.
Knowledge of the future giving,
Thou hast stolen the present day,
Stolen the moment's joyous living, -
Take thy false gift, then, away! '

'Ne'er with bridal train around me,
Have I wreathed my radiant brow,
Since to serve thy fane I bound me-
Bound me with a solemn vow.
Evermore in grief I languish-
All my youth in tears was spent;
And with thoughts of bitter anguish
My too-feeling heart is rent.'

'Joyously my friends are playing,
All around are blest and glad,
In the paths of pleasure straying, -
My poor heart alone is sad.
Spring in vain unfolds each treasure,
Filling all the earth with bliss;
Who in life can e'er take pleasure,
When is seen its dark abyss? '

'With her heart in vision burning,
Truly blest is Polyxene,
As a bride to clasp him yearning.
Him, the noblest, best Hellene!
And her breast with rapture swelling,
All its bliss can scarcely know;
E'en the Gods in heavenly dwelling

Envy not, when dreaming so.'

'He to whom my heart is plighted
Stood before my ravished eye,
And his look, by passion lighted,
Toward me turned imploringly.
With the loved one, oh, how gladly
Homeward would I take my flight
But a Stygian shadow sadly
Steps between us every night.'

'Cruel Proserpine is sending
All her spectres pale to me;
Ever on my steps attending
Those dread shadowy forms I see.
Though I seek, in mirth and laughter
Refuge from that ghastly train,
Still I see them hastening after, -
Ne'er shall I know joy again.'

'And I see the death-steel glancing,
And the eye of murder glare;
On, with hasty strides advancing,
Terror haunts me everywhere.
Vain I seek alleviation; -
Knowing, seeing, suffering all,
I must wait the consummation,
In a foreign land must fall.'

While her solemn words are ringing,
Hark! a dull and wailing tone
From the temple's gate upspringing, -
Dead lies Thetis' mighty son!
Eris shakes her snake-locks hated,
Swiftly flies each deity,
And o'er Ilion's walls ill-fated
Thunder-clouds loom heavily!)

When the Gestapoes get impatient
We shall not climb down to walk on earth
Because by this time of utopia
Thespis and Muse the gods of poetry
Would have given us the wings to fly
To fly high over England, I and Schiller
We shall not land any where in London
Nor perch to any of the English tree
Wales, Scotland, Ireland and Thales
We shall not land there in these lands
The waters of river Thames we shall not drink
We shall fly higher over England
The queen of England we shall not commune
For she is my lender; has lend me the language

English language in which I am chanting
My dystopic songs, poor me! What a cacotopia!
If she takes her language away from
I will remain poetically dead
In the Universe of art and culture
I will form a huge palimpsest of African poetry
Friedrich son of schiller please understand me
Let us not land in England lest I loose
My borrowed tools of worker back to the owner,
But instead let us fly higher in to the azure
The zenith of the sky where the eagles never dare
And call the English bard
through our high shrilled eagle's contralto
William Shakespeare to come up
In the English sky; to our treat of poetic blitzkrieg
Please dear schiller we shall tell the bard of London
To come up with his three Luftwaffe
These will be; the deer he stole from the rich farmer
Once when he was a lad in the rural house of john the father,
Second in order is the Hamlet the price of Denmark
Thirdly is his beautiful song of the rape of lucrece,
We shall ask the bard to return back the deer to the owner
Three of ourselves shall enjoy together dystopia IN Hamlet
And ask Shakespeare to sing for us his song
In which he saw a man rape Lucrece; the rape of Lucrece;

(From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhapp'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done

As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.)

I and schiller we shall be the audience
When Shakespeare will echo
The enemies of beauty as
It is weakly protected in the arms of Othello.

I and schiller we don't know places in Greece
But Shakespeare's mother comes from Greece
And Shakespeare's wife comes from Athens
Shakespeare thus knows Greece like Pericles,
We shall not land anywhere on the way
But straight we shall be let
By Shakespeare to Greece
Into the inner chamber of calypso
Lest the Cyclopes eat us whole meal
We want to redeem Homer from the
Love detention camp of calypso
Where he has dallied nine years in the wilderness
Wilderness of love without reaching home
I will ask Homer to introduce me
To Muse, Clio and Thespis
The three spiritualities of poetry
That gave Homer powers to graft the epics
Of Iliad and Odyssey centerpieces of Greece dystopia
I will ask Homer to chant and sing for us the epical
Songs of love, Grecian cradle of utopia
Where Cyclopes thrive on heavyweight cacotopia
Please dear Homer kindly sing for us;

(Thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun we feasted our fill on meat and drink, but when the sun went down and it came on dark, we camped upon the beach. When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, I bade my men on board and loose the hawsers. Then they took their places and smote the grey sea with their oars; so we sailed on with sorrow in our hearts, but glad to have escaped death though we had lost our comrades.)

From Greece to Africa the short route is via India
The sub continent of India where humanity
Flocks like the oceans of women and men
The land in which Romesh Tulsi
Grafted Ramayana and Mahabharata
The handbook of slavery and caste prejudice
The land in which Gujarat Indian tongue
In the cheeks of Rabidranathe Tagore
Was awarded a Poetical honour
By Alfred Nobel minus any Nemesis
From the land of Scandinavia,
I will implore Tagore to sing for me
The poem which made Nobel to give him a prize
I will ask Tagore to sing in English
The cacotopia and utopia that made India
An oversized dystopia that man has ever seen,
Tagore sing please Tagore sing for me your beggarly heat;

(When the heart is hard and parched up,
come upon me with a shower of mercy.

When grace is lost from life,
come with a burst of song.

When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting me out from
beyond, come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.

When my beggarly heart sits crouched, shut up in a corner,
break open the door, my king, and come with the ceremony of a king.

When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O thou holy one,
thou wakeful, come with thy light and thy thunder)

The heart of beggar must be
A hard heart for it to glorify in the art of begging,

I don't like begging
This is knot my heart suffered
From my childhood experience
I saw my mother begging food for us
We were nine voracious children
Our appetite
Had rural peasant orientation
Often when she brought home the begged food
She mostly never ate herself
She was denying her self in self-immolation
For the food to be enough for us,
I used to think she has eaten a lot in her life
That pains and pangs of hunger
Could not come her away;
Like humpty dumpty I was goofing
Tagore you are right the heart of a beggar
Must be very hard like the rocks of Africa.
The fear of begging has made me to vamoose
One on one up to the land of plenty
Southern America
for I fear northern America
Where riches flow into peoples homes
Like waters of river Nile from Uganda to Egypt
I will not be easy in such land where there is no culture
Other than business of making money while speaking broken English
Those of you who go there, in the Northern America
Pass my regards and warm greetings
To the daughter of Richard Wright
Tell her that my heart loves her
The way I loved intellect of her father
Her that had to transfigure
Himself as Bigger Thomas
The native son
In the land where Africans agonize under slavery
Where cacotopia of slavery dances
With utopia of corporatism into a commercial blend
To sire dystopia of capitalism
Which Eric Blair aka George Orwell
Foresaw it to be watched by the big brother in 1984,
But me I am going to chile instead
To sing an ode to clothings
With my fellow communist Pablo Neruda
We shall sing in turns the odes of Neruda
But I will beg him to sing for me the song of burying a dog
So that I get goodness in the ode of clothings
And angst in the song of the dog burial
To achieve my poetic dystopia
Of Nerudian poemocracy,
Dear comrade Neruda let us join hands
As comrades in arms to sing the ode to clothings;

(Every morning you wait,
clothes, over a chair,
to fill yourself with
my vanity, my love,
my hope, my body.
Barely
risen from sleep,
I relinquish the water,
enter your sleeves,
my legs look for
the hollows of your legs,
and so embraced
by your indefatigable faithfulness
I rise, to tread the grass,
enter poetry,
consider through the windows,
the things,
the men, the women,
the deeds and the fights
go on forming me,
go on making me face things
working my hands,
opening my eyes,
using my mouth,
and so,
clothes,
I too go forming you,
extending your elbows,
snapping your threads,
and so your life expands
in the image of my life.
In the wind
you billow and snap
as if you were my soul,
at bad times
you cling
to my bones,
vacant, for the night,
darkness, sleep
populate with their phantoms
your wings and mine.
I wonder
if one day
a bullet
from the enemy
will leave you stained with my blood
and then
you will die with me
or one day
not quite

so dramatic
but simple,
you will fall ill,
clothes,
with me,
grow old
with me, with my body
and joined
we will enter
the earth.
Because of this
each day
I greet you
with reverence and then
you embrace me and I forget you,
because we are one
and we will go on
facing the wind, in the night,
the streets or the fight,
a single body,
one day, one day, some day still)

From America I have gone home to Africa
I jumped the Atlantic Ocean in one single African hope and skip
Then I landed to Senegal at a point of no return
Where the slaves could not return home once stepped there
Me I have stepped there from a long journey traversing the
World in search of dystopia that mirror man and his folly
Wondrous dystopia that mirror woman and her vices
I passed the point of no return into Senegal, Nocturnes
Which we call in English crepuscular voyages
I met Leopold Sedar Senghor singing nocturnes
He warned me from temerarious reading of Marxism
I said thank you to him for his concern
I asked him of where I could get Marriama Ba
And her pipe sucking Brother Sembene Ousmane
He declined to answer me; he said he is not a brother's keeper
I got flummoxed so much as in my heart
I terribly wanted to meet Marriama Ba
For she had promised to chant a scarlet song for me
A song which I would cherish its attack
On the cacotopia of an African women in Islam,
And also Sembene Ousmane
I wanted also to smoke his pipe
As we could heartily talk the extreme happiness
Of unionized railway workers in bits of wood
That makes the torso of gods in Xala, Cedo
As the African hunter from the Babukusu Clan of bawambwa

In the land of Senegal could struggle to kill a mangy dog for us.

Any way; gods forgive the poet Sedar Senghor
I crossed in to Nigeria to the city of Lagos
I saw a tall man with white hair and white beards,
I was told Alfred Nobel Gave him an award
For keeping his beards and hairs white,
I was told he was a Nigerian god of Yoruba poetry
He kept on singing from street to street that;
A good name is better tyranny of snobbish taste
The man died, season of anomie, you must be forth by dawn!
I feared to talk to him for he violently looked,
But instead I confined myself to my thespic girlfriend
From Anambra state in northwestern Nigeria
She was a graduate student of University of Nsukka
Her name is Oge Ogoye, she is beautiful and sexy
Charming and warm; beauteous individuality
Her beauty campaigns successfully to the palace of men
Without an orator in the bandwagon; O! Sweet Ogoye!
She took me to Port Harcourt the capital city of Biafra
When it was a country; a communist state,
I met Christopher Ojukwu and Chinua Achebe
Both carrying the machine guns
Fighting a secessionist war of Biafra
That wanted to give the socialist tribe of Igbos
A full independent state alongside federal republic of Nigeria
Ojukwu gave me the gun
That I help him to the tribal war
I told him no, I am a poet first then an African
And my tribe comes last
I can not take the gun
To fight a tribal war; tribal cleansing? No way!
Achebe got annoyed with me
In a feat of jealousy ire
He pulled out two books of poetry from his hat;
Be aware soul brother and Girls at a war
He rate to us the poems from each book
The poems that echoed Igbo messages of dystopia
I and Oge Ogoye in an askance
We looked and mused.

I kissed Ogoye and told her bye bye!
I began running to Kenya for the evening had fallen
And from the hills of Biafra I could see my mother's kitchen
My mother coming in and going out of it
The smoke coming out through the ruffian thatches
Sign of my mother cooking the seasoned hoof of a cow
And sorghum ugali cured by cassava,
I ran faster and faster passing by Uganda
Lest my elder brother may finish Ugali for me
I suddenly pumped in to two men
Running opposite my direction

They were also running to their homes in Uganda
Taban Lo Liyong and Okot p'Bitek
Taban wielding his book of poetry;
Another Nigger Dead
While Okot was running with Song of Lawino
In his left hand
They were running away from the University
The University of Nairobi; Chris Wanjala was chasing them
He was wielding a Maasai truncheon in his hand
With an aim of hitting Taban Reneket Lo Liyong
Because him Taban and Okot p' Bitek
Had refused to stand on the points of literature
But instead they were eating a lot of Ugali
At university of Nairobi, denying Wanjala
An opportunity to get satisfied, he was starving
Wanjala was swearing to himself as he chased them
That he must chase them up to Uganda
In the land where they were born
So that he can get intellectual leeway
To breed his poetic utopia as he nurses tribal cacotopia
To achieve east African thespic utopia
In the literary desert.

Thank you for your audience!

alexander opicho

poetic dystopia and the name theodore

Alexander K Opicho
(eldoret, Kenya aopicho@yahoo.com)

The name Theodore has its Greek anthropologies, Jewish anthropologies and also Germany anthropologies. The Greek anthropological perspective of The name Theodore indeed has something to do with the gods. However, the Greek way of looking at life was a frustrated thinking. To them everything was a god. They had a plethora of gods; utopia, cacotopia, Thespis, muse, clio, calypso, and Theodore was a half a god like Gabriel who impregnated Mary on behalf of God as Joseph the cuckold carpenter patiently looked musing the ballad of a cuckold peasant. So Theodore and Gabriel were godsend. I have not delved to know what it means among the Jews, But am aware of the the cultural and anthropological surroundings of the name Theodore in Germany. It is a name of a male person signifying extra-masculine behavior. I also write poetry in Deutsch, so i know substantial cultural values of the people of Germany. Like in this case the modern social naming systems. I am aware of the anthropology of this Deutsch nomenclatural position. Why would link this name to Greeks but not Germany may due to some silent social and emotional disposition in Europe that the English speaking Europeans have a soft spot for the Greek culture. While at the same time they become victims of high adrenaline level when exposed to anything Germany. they always get repulsed when the word Germany is mentioned. So one's thesis on nomenclatural values of the name Theodore depends on which side of European consciousness one is found; is it Germany friendly consciousness or Germany threatened consciousness? The dystopic component of the name Theodore is purely cacotopic with zero element of utopia, as extra-masculinity is a swine of engendered civilization all the times.

Yours

Alexander k Opicho

NB/ i kindly invite Theodore to come to Kenya so that we do a joint research on the Swahili perspectives of the name Theodore, in Kiswahili the name Theodore is subverted to bwana tadayo

Alexander Opicho

Poetic Globalectics: Ode To Poetry Of Philanthropy

No place on earth is the center of world poetry
Each and every geo-point is a central geo-poetry
Each center in universal connexion and disconnexion
To one another in the poetic cobweb of human love
which oozes out not for fame but service to humanity
Linking subaltern poetry to the paternal muse
That has the universe its philanthropic quoith
Spokes of culture the rivers flowing fresh blood
Into the life of poetry in the globaletic realm
Each cherishing the tempo in the song of otherness
African poetry feeding the world with lyrics of negretitude
As Russia of Europe in dystopia of whittitude
Sings to humanity the songs of French love
Paving the way for India to chant to the world
Into dinted dance of the British ways of the baby
Thrilling Latin America into the songs of Spain
That buried the poor dog behind a rich man's house
Laughing Ameri-relasia at its poverty of culture
As the gods of money takes center stage
In the dynamics of globalectics.

alexander opicho

Punitive Punishment

Forgive to be forgiven don't forgive after you condemn
It is expensive but just you forgive for the world needs so
Forgive to sent away tension for in this power
Of forgiveness lies glory of the earth.

alexander opicho

RAPE! RAPE! RAPE! EVERYWHERE

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

The incidences of dirty rape and malevolent violence
Against women are maddeningly all over
As the number of lives claimed
And broken with stupidly impunity
Women are not safe in the crazy man's world,
This and that to protect women and girls
From gender-maniac violence,
Particularly idiotic rape
And other forms of sexual imperialism
And all other forms of beastly violence
In situations of lunacy of man's armed conflict
Punctuated by most bamboozling de-civilization
In the nature of resolution reads like capitalist utopian ideal
Women have been the victims of lumpen sexual violence
Since the start of the prosaic propertied conflict
While thousands more have been killed after menacing rape
Uhm; Congo, Mali, central Africa, Iraq, Afghanistan,
Kenyan in patients, Eldoret Nandi militia armed to death with arsenal of rape
Raping forlorn foreign victims justifying political primitivism
Tortured, abducted, held to devilish ransom
Or used as human shields
Of the perpetrators being held accountable
For their actions, who can pique
When rape of women creates power
Abuse of women in war is as old foolish male avarice
As is the culture of tribal impunity that helps to breed it
But too much is known about the devastating agony of women
And lasting effects of sexual violence on bigoted individuals,
You generation of the serpent; when are stopping rape of women?
You continue raping fearless devoid of legal repercussions
I do not think your penis will be blessed anyhow
You raped my sister because of the very nature of her vulnerability
Because our family is beautifully powerful and politically powerless
But if there was a way for us to make sure
That every single penis that rapes is
Chopped of and given to victims in compensation
These would make fair claim for justice,
Here at least the signal would be sent
That people-rapist will be shamefully accountable
Them rapists, for what they do
Out of Yet flamboyant patriarchal cultures
Where the stigma of rape overwhelms victims
Perilizing Matrimonial and parental loyalty,
Discouraging victimized women
From coming forward to document
Bitter experiences creating a struggle within a struggle,

In admitting what has been done to them,
O! Victims of sexual assault in

Rape is so powerful precisely
Because of the stigma in transit
This male a weapon with a long after-life
Is less than the war injury that only leaves mutations
Dignifying the victim as it does not carry
Psychological and cultural implications sexual robbery

alexander opicho

relatives

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)
So keen and careful on
An impending superlativity
Very willing and ready to counter it
In the mighty of their lonely evil machinations
African relatives as black in the hearty as they do in the skin
Fangled to matchless stature in their scramble for ignobling Africa
Refusing to listen to voice of reason by echoing uselessness in their sentimentality
From the past historicity so redolent in the glory of peasantry a sit of nugatory bigotry
Relatives, kindly I implore you to know your accurate antonym, it is imperative
When are you bound to set free Africa from the curse of inheritance?
Give Africa a leeway for freedom of thought, investment
Entrepreneurship and corporate glory, pliz
By easily novating yourselves
Relatives with true
Customers
And fellow
Professionals
Africa.

Alexander Opicho

Rungus at the university of Nairobi

Recently a new course
came at the university
university of Nairobi
it is a postgraduate course
called masters in surviving
the anti riot police
with their clubs
locally called rungus
for the police have been
informed that Karo Mariko
is abetting the students
to the truth of class awareness
out of the stark darkness
of tribal nationalism.

Alexander Opicho

Russia Must Spare Ukraine Some Peace For The Sake Of Taras Shevchenko's Dream About Ukrainian Literature And Statehood

Let me climb the intellectual bandwagon of Chamara Sumanapala of the Sunday Nation in Sirilanka, to recognize a world literary fact that Taras Shevchenko was the grandfather of literature that paid wholesome tribute to Ukrainian nationalism. In this juncture it has to be argued that it is ideological shrewdness that has taken Russia to Crimean province of Ukraine but nothing like justifiable law and constitutionalism. Let it also be my opportune time for paying tribute to Taras Shevchenko, as at the same time I pay my homage to Ukrainian literature which is also a cultural symbol of Ukrainian statehood. Just like most of the European gurus of literature and art of his time, Taras Shevchenko received little formal education. The same way Shakespeare and Pushkin as well as Alexander Sholenystin happened to receive education that was clearly less than what is received by many children around the world today.

Like Lucanos the Greek writer who wrote the biblical gospel according to saint Luke, Taras Shevchenko was Born to parents who were serfs. Taras himself began his life being a slave. He was 24 years a serf. He spent only one fourth of his relatively short life of 47 years as a free man. The same way Miguel Cervantes and Victor Marie Hugo had substantial part of their lives in prison. Nevertheless, this largely self-educated former serf became the headmaster, the guru and fountain of Ukrainian cultural consciousness through his paradigmatic literature written basically in the indigenous Ukrainian language. He was a prototype in this capacity given that no any other writer had made neither intellectual nor even cultural stretch in this direction by that time. And thus in current Ukraine of today, Taras Shevchenko is a national hero of literature and collective nationalism. But due to the prevailing political tension between Ukraine and Russia, his Bicentenary on March 9,2014 was marred by hoi polloi of dishonesty ideology and sludge of degenerative politics. For many us who derive pleasure from literature and diverse literary civilizations we join the community of Ukrainians to remember Taras Shevchenko the exemplary of patriotism, Taras Shevchenko the poet as well cultural symbol of complete state of Ukraine.

There is always some common historical experience among the childhood conditions of great writers. In the same childhood version as Wright, Fydor, Achebe, Nkrumah, Ousmane and many others, Shevchenko was born on March 9,1814 in Moryntsi, a small village in Central Ukraine. His parents were serfs and therefore Taras was a serf by birth. At the age of eight, he received some lessons from the local Precentor or person who facilitated worshippers at the Church and was introduced to Ukrainian literature, the same way Malcolm X and Richard Wright learned to read and write while in prison. His childhood was miserable as the family was poor. Hard work and acute poverty ate up the lives of the family, and Tara's mother died so soon when he was nine. His father remarried and the stepmother treated Taras very badly in a neurotic manner. Two years later, Taras's father also passed away. Just in the same economic dint poverty ate up Karl Marx until the disease known us typhus killed her wife Jenny Westphelian Marx.

The 19th century Russian Empire was largely feudal, Saint Petersburg being the exception, just like the current Moscow. It was the door and the window to the West. Shevchenko's timely and lucky break in life came when his erratic landlord left for Saint Petersburg, taking his treasured serf with him. Since, Taras had shown some merit and knack as a painter, his landlord sent him to informally learn painting with a master. It was fashionable and couth for a landlord to have a court painter in those days of Europe. However, sorrow had to build the bridges in that through his teacher, Shevchenko met other famous artists. Impressed by the artistic and literary merit of the young and honesty serf, they decided to raise money to buy his freedom out of serfdom. In 1838, Taras Shevchenko became a free man, a free Ukrainian and Free European.

As it goes the classical Marxist adage; freedom gives birth to creativity. It happened

only two years later, Taras Shevchenko's collection of poetry, *Kobzar*, was published, giving him instant fame like the Achebean bush fire in the harmattan wind. A kobzar is a Ukrainian string instrument and a bard who plays it is also known as a Kobzar. Taras Shevchenko also enjoyed some literary epiphany by coming to be known as Kobzar after the publication of his collection.

He was dutifully speaking of the plight of his people in his language, not only through music, but even poetry. However, there were unfair and censoring restrictions in publishing books in Ukrainian. But lucky enough, the book had to be published outside Russia.

Shevchenko continued to write and paint without verve. Showing considerable merit in both. In 1845, he wrote 'My Testament' which is perhaps his oeuvre and best known work. In his poem, he begs the reader to bury him in his native Ukraine after he dies. Not in Russia. His immense love for the land of his birth is epitomized in these verses. Later, he wrote another memorable and compelling piece, 'The Dream', which expresses his dream of a day when all the serfs are free. When Ukraine will be free from Russia. Sadly, Taras Shevchenko came to his demise just a week before this dream was realized in 1861.

Chamara Sumanapala wrote in the *Sirilanka Sunday Nation* of 16 march 2014 that, Taras lived a free man until 1847 when he was arrested for being a member of a secret organization, Brotherhood of St Cyril and Methodius. He was imprisoned in Saint Petersburg and later banished as a private with the Russian military to Orenburg garrison. He was not to be allowed to read and paint, but his overseers hardly enforced this edict. After Czar Nicholas II died in 1855, he received a pardon in 1857, but was initially not allowed to return to Saint Petersburg. He was however, allowed to return to his native Ukraine. He returned to Saint Petersburg and died there on March 10, 1861, a day after his 47th birthday. Originally buried there, his remains were brought to Ukraine and buried in Kaniv, in a place now known as Taras Hill. The site became a symbol of Ukrainian nationalism. In 1978, an engineer named Oleksa Hirnyk burned himself in protest to what he called the suppression of Ukrainian history, language and culture by the Soviet authorities.

Alexander Opicho

Schoneit

SCHONEIT

By
Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Schoneit ist nicht einem gefällt
Schoneit ist schutzling von kultur kollektivisch
Schoneit im augent gefällt ist heuchelei
Schoneit und weine ist nervototend
Geisttotend fur dumm junge leute

alexander opicho

Schutzen Umwelt

Misserfolg zur schutzen umwelt ist sunde
Gerausuch verunreinigung ist sunde
Erde verunreinigung ist sunde
Sozial verunreinigung ist sunde
Umweltverschmutzung ist sunde

Informieren arm leute uber umwelt
Infromieren ihnen nicht zu fallen baum
Nicht toten schalanges
Nicht toten kakerlag
Nicht toten schmetterling
Nicht toten vogel
Umweltverschmutzung ist sunde

Korruption ist feind von umwelt
Stammes ist feindlich von umwelt
Rassismus ist feind von umwelt
Vollerei ist feindlich von umwelt
Armut ist feind von umwelt
Umweltverschmutzung ist sunde

Deutschwelle schutzen umwelt
Europa leute schutzen umwelt
Britisch von grossbritannien schutzen umwelt
Afrika leute schutzen umwelt
Frankreich leute schutzen umwelt
Indien leute schutzen umwelt
Umweltverschmutzung ist sunde

Malerisch schoneit ist das von umwelt gute
Dufstrauschen fur frankeinreich leute ist das von umwelt gute
Sie Afrika leute busch verkerhr du geniessen das von umwelt gute
Umweltverschmutzung ist sunde

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

Schweigen

Ich respect du
Das von sie kuhneit
Du sie nicht ahnlich
Sie kumpel larm
Ehren und wurde
Sie euerens

vergnugen

alexander opicho

selfish education

SELFISH EDUCATION MINUS POETICAL WISDOM
MAKES THE WORLD LAME

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Nothing is wrong with selfish education;
Career is an important part of a good life
Much of human life over the years
Is devoted to career acquisition
In oblivion of poetical wisdom
Philosophy does not make it any easier, ok
For apothecaries to remove a prostate gland;
Apothecarical education is long, arduous and dear in cost
Never temper it with apparent irrelevance
But poetical wisdom soothes the tools
Helps apothecaries to volite in dilemma
Poetical wisdom is essential for apothecary's work
Without it; apothecary tells a mother-to-be
Your baby will be a dwarf dwarfishly
The apothecary explains the mother's options yet in fault
Since it takes more than just knowledge of genetics
Since it requires an understanding of suffering,
Of disappointment and puerperal attachment
Apothecary tell a daughter but in sham; that
Your mother's life support needs to be removed
It takes more than just knowledge of physiology
It too requires an understanding of emotional loss
A casualty room apothecary goofs to avoid despair
When faced with a baby battered nearly to death
By its own zinjathropus father
Such horror requires a faith in humanity
That cannot be learned in the selfish education
It's not just apothecaries absolute
To benefit from a broader learning
It is but entire humanity
Studying drama would no help financiers
Devise capricious financial parasites
That doomed the world into financial mire
But, if they were familiar with Faust,
They may have thought twice about
The consequences of their vice,
Being able to sing from Shelley's poems
Will not help politicians get elected
Carousing Ozymandias might make them more humble
And thoughtful about their accomplishments
Rupert Murdoch might not now be shaking his head
And whining; how I wish I new
Instead, he were to echo Shakespeare's words
About how easy it is to be; done to death by a slanderous tongue,
I sing this poem in a crouch in the twilight
Around the world as my audience

Behold poetic eyebrows of my comrades,

A generation of humanity familiar poetical kingdoms
Of history, philosophy and literature is a wonderful vision
Doubts not that reading Goethe
And Shelley and Shakespeare guarantees wisdom
You are correct, kudos to you,

Reading, by itself, won't make anyone a sage
Experience is a pertinent Florence
As Odysseus learns on his journey back to Ithaca,
Important lessons can only be learned the hard way
Through bitter experience, perhaps has a change,

Youth start out with sex, drugs, rock and roll
With experience they eventually emotions decadence
In calm appreciation that; nothing to excess,

Tragic exceptions like poor Amy Wine house;
Only serve to prove the rule, there is a problem,

Ergo, Experience alone cannot guarantee wisdom
Any more than reading books can
The lessons of life are only available
To those who are ready to learn them
If wisdom is the goal, then humanity must walk 10,000 miles,
To read 10,000 books
Said 17th century Chinese philosopher, GU Yanwu
Becoming wise requires more than set of adventures
But a cultured mind that is open and liberal
Readily able to absorb the lessons that experience teaches
Pasteur famously said that; Chance favours the prepared mind
Our job as learning humanity is to take his words seriously
Prepare mankind to learn from experience,

Humanity is to go beyond selfish education
To learn colours of hope in the poetical wisdom;
Life, death, tragedy, love, beauty, courage, loyalty
All of these are omitted from selfish education
yet, when it comes time to sum up our lives,
They are the only things that ever go places,

Catholic priesthood ever admonishes the flocks;
Thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return
A salutary reminder of what we all have in waiting f
Like the Preacher in the Ecclesiastes;
We spend our years trying to find some meaning in our lives
It is easy to fall into the bottomless pit
Life is tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing
But before humanity reaches Macbeth's conclusion,
We must provide with the poetical glory
Musing fortunately as all humanities is anxious

There is a thirsty for poetical wisdom
Which parochial selfish education cannot quench,

There ought to be a list of great poetical works
From east, west, north and south of the world
Globalectically Nursing poetic urge of the earth
With which every piece of humanity should suckle
In wisdom that Books have the power to convey wisdom,

From these poetical sources that humanity learn about love
And loss, about memory and desire,
About loyalty and duty,
About our world and love-bound universe
And about what it means to be a human being

alexander opicho

She Is My Otherness

And is true she is my otherness
But not my alter ego as you may think,
I am her strength, but she is my weakness
I am her herculean device, but she is my Achilles hill,
I am her weapon of life, but she is my boomerang,
I am her riches but she is my poverty,
I am her wisdom, but she is my folly
I am her public dignity, but she is my public shame
I am her solution, but she is my challenge,
I am her peace, but she is my troubles,
I am her light but she is my darkness
I am her love but she is my punishment,
I am her purity, but she is my filthiness
I am her decency, but she is my indecency,
I am her Napoleon, but she is my Josephine,
I am her Adam, but she is my Eve
I am her life but she is my death,

alexander opicho

Songs Of Freedom In Kenya

songs of freedom in Kenya are paradoxical of themselves
they have become the songs of oppressive tyranny
they are not songs that were sang by freedom fighters
in the tropical forests of aberdares and Mabanga
they are blissful carols of powers that be
mouthed by the state poets in the deadly feats
of political sycophancy fuelled by cult of betrayal
and espionage, a real substructure of state dictatorship
they are not the true songs of mau mau
that were sang by Kimathi wa miciuri
they are the songs of the top crust of the tribal
and political powers that be in oblivion of
the cultural revolutionaries that countermanded
cultural Darwinism of European imperial gamesters
they are not the songs sang by Elijah Masinde
of Dini Msambwa that spirited up cultural aura
of cultural dignity; which cautioned certainly
an African against the cultural call of the white culturalizer
the African to balk and turn his back
and fart and spit scornfully at cultural trickster in the colonial ploy
to dance for Dini ya Msambwa in the spirit of war and fires of war
that is to be fought in preservation of democracy and cultural freedom.

Alexander Opicho

Sovereignty In Loneliness

Sovereignty in loneliness is a threat to reason
Where man guards the self from sanity
And does harm in glory of absolutism
Wards off piques by wand of axiomatics.

Sovereignty in isolation is swine of polity
Mauling life from future and future from life
Putting to prone those in a swaddle of innocence
Children from parent, parent from themselves.

Sovereignty unchecked is the bane of humanity
Killing the powerless to no redress yonder
Preserving the killer in the umbra of power
Teaching the victims to adore the oppressor.
Sovereignty minus cultured is couth less
Switching despair for justice
And justice for paradox
Propelling despotism to apex of all.

Sovereignty in Africa is a bastard child-ling
Towering over offspring of the wedlock
Suffocating democracy as poa constrictor
Wringing life out of a maiden lamb.

Alexander K Opicho is a social researcher with Sanctuary Researchers Ltd in Eldoret, Kenya he is also a lecturer in Research Methods in governance and Leadership

Alexander Opicho

Spam Poetry From Delusive Sudan

Dear Beloved potential victim to my foul intentions,
How are you today and your family, I covet it most
I am a citizen of Sudan but currently staying in Burkina Faso.
My name is Miss Ngara Deng, 24 years old daughter of the richest Sudanese
My wealth in prankstery is spilling over the tumbler of truth,

We originated from Sudan the confused kingdom of penchant tribalism
I got your E-mail address/profile through my justifiable slyness
in the internet search from your country of prank victims,
In the national chamber of commercial fraudulence,
When I was searching for a good and trust worthy person
Who will be my friend even I con him to the apex of my efforts,

And I believe that it is better we get to know each other
Better and trust each other so that I determine your degree of folly
Because I believe any good relationship depends on your callousness
Will only last if it is built on truth and real love of I frauding you,
My father Dr. Dominic Dim who gave birth to me
A universal queen of fraud an pranking
He was the former Minister for SPLA contraband Affairs
And Special Adviser to President Salva Kiir in regard to tribalism,
As the main virtue of South Sudan.

My father Dr. Dominic Dim Deng, blessed be his name
And my mother including other top Military officers
And top government officials in this game of ours,
Had been on board when the plane crashed
On Friday May 02, 2008. May be Museven Knows
After the burial of my father, all pranks were there,
My uncles conspired and sold my father's properties
To a Chinese expatriate and live nothing for me.

One faithful morning, gave a twist of fate;
I opened my father's briefcase and found out the false documents,
Which he have deposited huge amount of fake money in one bank
In Burkina Faso with my name as the next of kin in prankster,
I traveled to Burkina Faso to withdraw the money
so that I can start a better prank life and take care of wiles.

On my arrival, full in arms as you know am a liar
The Branch manager of the Bank, a Burkinabe
Whom I met in person and desire he was my prey,
Told me that my father's instruction, vicious ones
To the bank was the money is released to me,
Only when I am married or present a sexual trustee
Who will help me and invest the money conning guys overseas
I have chosen to contact you after my prayers and ploys.
I believe that you will not betray my trust.

But rather take me as your own sister in crime
Though you may wonder why I am so soon revealing myself

to you without knowing you to be good in pranking,
Well, I will say that my mind of a thief convinced me
That you are the true foolish person to steal from.

More so, I will like to disclose much to your folly
if you can help me to cheat the police by hiding in your country
Because my uncle has threatened to counter prank me,
The amount is \$8.4 Million and I have confirmed
From the bank in Burkina Faso that am only lying,
You will also help me to place the money in heavenly treasure
In a more profitable swashbuckling venture in your Country
However, you will help by recommending to me
A nice University in your country from when I get a diploma
In thieving and frauding,
So that I can complete my studies in this marketable field

it is my intention to dupe you properly
As you get trapped in my rackets;
The balance shall be my capital
In your illusive establishment
As soon as I receive your interest in helping me,
I will put things into action immediately
In the light of the above of the nonsense
I shall appreciate an urgent message from you
Indicating your ability not to sense a lie
and willingness to handle this transaction in foolish sincerity.

Please do keep this only to yourself as it is fortunes fool
You should contact with my prank email ID below;
missngarad@gmail.com
Sincerely yours,
Miss Ngara DENG

alexander opicho

Spam Poetry From Hospital

From Princess Esther Fatouma,
The future queen of lies and deception
Dear ALLAH Elect, the most high,
Who blessed me with the powers to cheat
My luciferous pleasure to have contact with you,
Based on the pathetic and critical condition I find mine self,
Though, it's not financial problem,
But my health you might have known
That cancer is not what to talk home about,
Though I don't know you, but your are my sweet victim
And my contact with you was not by mistake,
But by the divine favour of ALLAH the maker of I the prankster

I am married to Mr. Mohamed Sule, I love him dearly,
My husband worked with Tunisia embassy in Burkina Faso
For nine years before he died in the year 2008.
We were married for eleven years without a child.
He died after a brief illness that lasted for five days.

Since his death I decided not to remarry,
When my late husband was alive
he deposited the sum of US\$ 2.2m, waaa!
Two million two hundred thousand dollars,
in a bank in Ouagadougou the capital city of Burkina Faso
It is a wonder why all this sonnetic fortune,
In west Africa Presently this money is still in bank.
He made this money available, minus chains
for exportation of Gold from Burkina Faso mining.
Recently, My Doctor told me some thing new;
I am yet to visit the land of my ancestors, my husband
That I don't have much time to live because of the cancer problem,

Having known my condition,
I decided to hand you over this money
To take care of the less-privileged people,
You will utilize this money the way I am going to instruct herein
I want you to take thirty Percent of the total money for your personal use
While seventy percent of the money will go to charity
Helping the orphanage and all those that are homeless,
And I pray that you are foolish enough to provide your bank details
You would have converted yourself in to over parented orphanage.

Alexander Opicho

sunday

the ocean in which
bigots and sadist wash their linen
prostitutes justify their treasure
social ostriches bury their heads
in the cultural sands
of oblivion and limbo
sunday morning
the day on which
i lost my virginity
to the incontrite rapists
from yonder.

alexander opicho

Swines of Civilisation

SWINES OF CIVILISATION

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Hypocrisy, sycophancy and snobbery
Are the three swines of human civilisation
All are social and power oriented
Cradling from egomaniac fibre of human cowardice
Complementing one another in to a social blend
Of betrayal, despair and stagnation

Hypocrisy removes authenticity brick
From the mall of civilisation
Sycophancy add aghast deficiency
To the mall of civilisation
Snobbery removes justice and fairness
From the mall of civilisation

alexander opicho

Taking My Poetry To The Bottom Of African Latrine

Let me take my poetry to the bottom of African latrine
As clearly directed by my colonial master,
After he read and failed to sing my poem
Which I wrote and troubdoured on the digital platform,
Of social poem hunters dot commercial
My poem's title was; ode to the heart of the racist,
Which I sang as a melody of an anti racist
Singing to echo the rights of humanity,
Beyond the skinflint castle of the skin
Without charm to offend any specific race,
But a special dedication to the people living in Diaspora.
My dear reader from anonymous country
Neither England nor America of Canada,
Read my poetry in feat of amok seizure
With strong spasm to lynch to an African poet,
His civilized comment was worst case of universal ignorance
That crystallized into arsenal to condemn my poem
By desperately demanding that I take my mauverick poem
To the stark depth of fresh African latrine,
His civilization left me bamboozled to my possible hilt;
As his ghastly condemnation sent me to deep frenzy of
wonderment;
Why a learned comment must be abusive
Why anti racism poetry must be ghastly condemned
Why songs of racial freedom should be heinously decimated
Why songs of home nostalgia
In the bigotry ridden Diaspora abodes
Must be taken to the bottom of African latrine?
I beg your pardon my dear master,
Allow me to take my poetry
To the top surface of a white latrine.

alexander opicho

Tanzflache

Sie ist auf tanzflache tanzen
Die dame ich mit gekommen
Ist auf tanzflache tanzen
Tanzen mit noch mahn
Sie habe mcih vergessen
Das von die verfuhr auf tanzflache
Es ist sehr bohse
Es ist sehr entmutigend
Weine habe machen ihr wahnsinnig

Was kann ich sagen?
Meine dame habe mir vergessen
Sie ist auf tanzflache tanzen
Tanzen ohne sie tanken uber mich
Ich gehen heime ohne ihr
Es ist sehr entmutigend

Vernugen!

alexander opicho

TENTH DEFENCE OF POETRY LECTURE

Because I am growing bald, I shall greet you all with my laurel on. Clio, the muse of history, has smiled on me, and continues to smile, I hope till I have delivered this Tenth Defence of Poetry Lecture. For that, I am grateful to Clio, and promise to slaughter a fatted ram in her honour the moment the task is done. So Clio, please maintain me your vessel till the task is done

1.

Rotterdam, this poetic city, all the muses and patrons of creativity, please make it your residence for the duration of this festival. Calliope, your sister and muse of epic poetry, we are sure is hovering nearby, ready to give me the wings with which to soar to epic level. Erato, your sister, the one who has kept company with most of the lyricists and writers of love poetry, we pray should not desert them. We need love too as much as before. And fit lyrics, otherwise our ears will turn rock deaf. Euterpe too, should restore music into poetry. The music that was there till the wild Americans, following some French poetasters who had misunderstood the poetry of African wooden sculptures, had mangled it. Your empire would have been better off without the vandalism by Ezra Pound. Terpsichore, your sister, the muse of choral dance and song is still holding her own. Especially in our idyllic climes. Polyhymnia is in trouble. The sense of the sacred is lost or getting lost. Without any idea of the sacred – the one sacred, sacredness – how can poetry be written extolling the virtues of the sacred nature of Gods and men? Melpomene – the muse of tragedy, also is in trouble. Without a definition, an agreed upon definition of the sacred, of the honoured deed and thing, that which can be done or not done, used or not used, under certain circumstances, how can we have tragedy. The 'tragic' can only be defined in their truly religious sense. Without universal norms, without an agreement on what is good and bad, holy and evil, you get the functionaries' or cut-throats' ideas of the 'correct' and 'incorrect' way of executing a deed. No more 'right' or 'wrong', left-handed (pardon me, left-handed people), and the 'normal' deed. It is the ambidextrous people who cut up Julius Caesar 'correctly' or 'incorrectly' according to the manuals written or unwritten. Debasing of the scientific method. Perhaps that is the tragedy of our time: the absence of an agreed upon definition of the tragic. The sense of the poetically tragic, according to me, is more important now, than the sense of the religiously saintly. The life of Oedipus teaches: Job's life revolts. As for Thalia, we are in the city of her greatest son: Erasmus. He who looked at life as a series of follies, and extolled the virtues of Folly! Nothing is more comic than a father of the church writing a volume telling his countrymen and the world not to take life too seriously: for all is folly, a comedy. That stance, I take it, is more preferable to self-conscious Dante Alighieri and his imperfect Divine Comedy, full of spleen. If one's love of God entitles one to put one's foes into purgatory, then one goes there to gloat at their suffering, the meaning of comedy is overstretched. But, most certainly, when the tragic is not identified, then one swims in the world of moral uncertainty. So perhaps there should have been a make-shift muse for the tragi-comic. For, when each one of us strives for the tragic, the individually tragic, but his efforts are received or interpreted as comic then surely, between the intention and its production, and resultant reception, a new beast is born: the tragi-comic! If he is lucky.

Perhaps Urania, the muse of astronomy should inspire us to understand the nature of creation: the coming into being of the elements: air, water, light, earth; sky; stars, moons, suns. The seasons. In short, cosmology, the cosmic – with all that is astronomical included – and the environment. And man's puny place in it: man who elevates himself to such a height now that he prides himself on the products of his mind. The saltiness in his blood comes from the sea. He has a navel. But the midwives do not show him his umbilicus and its interconnections with the universe. Now that he

has unmasked the Gods and found them the clever contraptions of wise men, creatures of poets of the past. Minds that had realized that the unblinkered mind, the unhampered intellect, is dangerous, even unto itself! So, as they say: the sacred was consciously created with God placed at the centre, precisely to keep man sane, and in his place. Straying from that conception constitutes the tragic.

2.

My dear lovers of poetry, the ancient Greeks in their mental period of cosmic exploration reached astronomical heights. They knew that man's intellect could be his eventual undoing. So it was better to tell man, pre-arranged, that on his own, he could not achieve much. Up in the air, on mountain tops, in ocean depths, etcetera, places far, high, deep, there live super-forces that would deign to help those who had creative ability, and whom they loved, to achieve and bring out in their names, under their control and protection exceptional products. In our department of creativity, I have already introduced the nine goddesses, or muses, who presided over the nine identified areas of creativity.

These nine muses, when they are not attending to urgent missions, like the current Poetry International Festival in Rotterdam, reside upon Mount Parnassus. They share it with Lord Apollo, a patron of creativity, especially prophecy. If he is pleased with you he will make your prophecies believed in like those of Tiresias. If not, you can prophecy your heart out and nobody will believe you, like Cassandra. Apollo is also the patron benefactor of creativity in music, poetry, the sun (as part of astronomy) and medicine. The God that inspired creativity had better also come up with medicine, to care for, or cure, the victims of the ensuing sickness.

I also think the Greek mythical poets believed that imaginative creativity is too important to be left to Apollo alone, or the muses alone. Besides, the sun and prophecy are so be-wilting they should really belong to the man's sphere of action. See what it did to poor Cassandra!

2.

There were also arenas – I do not know which were more beastly: gladiators facing hungry lions, or fellow humans? Perhaps the most ruinous were inspired humans battling it out mentally in the arena or gymnasia before taking to the field of Are. If you think the man with words is less lethal than the boxers, then reflect on these Roman generals: Pompey, Ceaser, Brutus, Cassius, Antony, Caesar! Or Cleopatra.

3.

If you regard the above as poeto-genic, then you may credit the muse of tragic poetry with their conception. But since they are historical, I would claim them for Clio. The muse who gives the general's heart to pump extraordinary blood when he seizes the opportunity to decide and executive the historical deed. As to whether Clio's horse should be hampered or not, I leave it to those who have suffered under historical deeds to decide. The historical hero rides roughshod over the vanquished. In the eyes of the victims, the 'hero' should be sent to The Hague!

Now that we realize with or through the Greeks that our powers are not our own: What is there to be defended? What poetry have we produced which is worth defending? If I am wearing a laurel, because I am under the aegis of Clio, muse of history, history that ravages with the sword on the right hand, but on the left assists science in scientific creation of articles of war and advancement, should I not make a statement that will

make sense historically? And what would that sentence be? Should it not be: Let us revisit the idea of poetic creativity as well as all inspired creativity according to the Greeks? And relate our predicaments with the Greeks to them or differ consciously because we have found different, and hopefully, better or more satisfying, rationales for artistry and creativity? If I did not trust your intellectual ability, I would have repeated the last sentence. Does this not call for an archeological digging down the ages to the stratum three thousand years back when the Greeks consciously constructed their ideological world; ideologically mythical, mythically religious, world? And then we will have, for the duration of our search, to believe in what the Greeks believed? Including what Christianity, Islam and Rationalism now dub 'superstition'. Otherwise we make William Shakespeare a laughing stock. If you do not believe in Othello's magical handkerchief that his mother gave him, does Othello make sense? If you do not believe in walking ghosts, do Hamlet's ratings and killings make sense? We need to preserve some 'superstition' in order to understand the creatures brought into life by Mnemosyne's daughter, through fellow human beings. Precisely because we are still superstitious that is why the Catholic Church burns incense to keep the devil away. That is also why on the last day, Muslims go to stone the devil. So, we cannot dismiss Hamlet, whatever we may think about present day Danes, or Oedipus, whatever we think about present day Greeks.

Sometimes I sympathize with deeply religious people in the South of the United States, who dismiss evolutionism. For, unless you have a prophet to update creation according to the book of 'Genesis', how can you believe in both divine creation and evolution by Charles Darwin? Sometimes too, I sympathize with Indian Hindus who are told that man has landed on the moon. "Which moon?" they ask. "And what do those men want there, they who have not done much to us on this planet?" Perhaps we had ignored the departments of important Goddesses? Polyhymnia, for example, so that she has found no vessel to inspire updaters of 'sacred poetry' to update 'Genesis'.

Without a religious attitude, or belief there can never be a great creation. A creation that is alive, that has life that shelters life. That has an aura. As one of the sacred poets put it, if you have no faith, all you will make is noses; like a tin. And, as another moral poet had put it: the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. Mind you – just the beginning.

I had led you down the archeological path. We went excavating in the mind, layer after layer, into the depth, of mental artifacts as constructed by the human mind in Greece. I want us to stop at the strata where the master of masters, laureate of laureates, the all-seeing poet Homer worked, leaving us with two magical artifacts: The Iliad and The Odyssey.

I have been leafing through countless books but have never been rewarded with any intelligence concerning what happens after a poet has invoked the muses. Does he sit there, paper on the table, quilt in hand, and stare on the wall for the muse to come and inspire him? I know of Kukuruku head-hunters on the River Fly in Papua New Guinea who row their boats at night, holding a lighted lantern, and then call – or mesmerize – crocodiles to come for the killing. Is that what the would-be poet does to attract the muse's aid?

4.

I know that Alexander Pope boasts that when he scarcely could button his trousers he was already babbling in numbers. But Alex was a child genius. And in music – as well

as rhyming poetry – you can have geniuses, child geniuses. Like Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In mathematics too, you can have precocious geniuses. Especially from the Indian sub-continent. For the majority of us, we have to give the muse an assistance. First, the Theban sphinx – like all sphinxes – posed the simplest question to all who thought they were clever. And it was death for the defeated. Oedipus came and found the riddle so easy, he answered it. The sphinx jumped into the sea and he was left to entangle himself in more complicated riddles. The creature that walks on four feet in the morning, two at midday, and three in the evening is man. It was not supposed to be a difficult question, but it was self-reflective: for he who had been introspective: man know thyself!

Then let Aristotle come on the stage to tell us the qualities the suitable personages for a tragic drama: Royal houses, high personalities, and all that. If he had not included 'tragic flaw', and 'overbearing nature' I would have thrown his notebook away.

I had invited you to go down to the strata when and where Homer composed The Iliad and The Odyssey. Both Homer, in his epics, and Sophocles in his tragic poems, were masters of character study. Since plays, and novels and epics have to move, events in them have to progress, there must be those whose natures and acts cause other or counter actions, or reactions. And the Greeks knew it. It was easier to start the ball rolling than to stop it. Sometimes you will require divine intervention, though, to bring the play to a halt.

Since I expect you to know your Iliad and Odyssey I will proceed by the seminar method. I shall take it but you will join me in this revision.

King Menelaus of Sparta, an ally of Agamemnon and his kingdom of Archaia, has a beautiful wife Helen. They both enjoyed entertaining their visitors. Then let a younger, more handsome visitor, Paris, come home, from the opposite hamlet. And the unsuspecting husband, who had no guile in his heart, leaves the two alone. Their chemistry begins to interact.

5.

Helen, daughter of Zeus, in the guise of a swan, had conceived her with a mortal, was beautiful beyond compare. Does she operate by man's laws, or God's or swan's? Do you judge her by man's law? Anyway she agreed to flee with their guest. And this is 6. the first poetic act that started everything: Helen agreeing to leave her husband and run away with their guest Paris.

7.

Paris is beautiful, young and capricious. Welcomed as a guest, he breaks the rules of hospitality and runs away with host's wife. Whose sin is worse: Paris for breaking hospitality's rule? Helen for breaking her marriage vows with a guest? Make your judgments as we go along.

8.

King Agamemnon, of the Athenian state is Menelaus's ally. A king well-versed in state-craft. A ruler who was in firm control of his people, and their allies. The honor of the royal Achaian house was at stake. The wrong thing had been done. The right action had to follow: Menelaus's wife, Helen, had to be restored to him. Perhaps he was inspired by Clio, the goddess in charge. And he was conscious of the place of this act in future Greek history. He puts together an army for war.

For ten years they stay on their side of the sea. No wind came to take their soldiers across, towards Troy. When everybody was getting tired, something had to be done. The soothsayer reported that the God that controls wind needs appeasing for some wrongs done: The third major poetic act was done. Agamemnon sacrifices his daughter. The wind comes, and they cross over to Troy.

In earlier battles the Greeks are successful. They capture slaves, get booties, and distribute these amongst themselves. Achilles, Greek's master of the spear, slaughtered the most. A beautiful girl captive, Cassandra, belonged to him by right. But King Agamemnon appropriates her for himself. He is king and gets the first of everything. Achilles says no. The conquest came through the strength of my arms.

In subsequent battles, the Trojans slaughter the Achaians. Achilles withdraws and sulks in his tent. Achilles stays in his camp nursing his grudge. Patroklos his friend, and perhaps homosexual lover, dons Achilles's armour, takes his arms and enters the field. He meets with a lot of initial successes. But Achilles' armour is too heavy for him. The Trojans discover who he is and kill him. Patroklos had made a poetic decision: "Ours is more important than mine".

Because his friend had been killed, Achilles gets up, puts on his armour and goes to defeat the Trojans. Achilles knew that he was immortal, except for a portion of his heels. He also knew that he was destined to die early. (And like Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.) But he was prepared to blaze the firmament like a meteor, and redden the sky. When he went to fight he was already sacrificing himself. For Achilles, me and mine are more important.

After he had killed Hector, he tied him on the back of his chariot and dragged his corpse through the battle field. This was sacrilege. Neither God, nor man likes it. Let its owners go and bury it with all rites due the dead. Greeks honoured this; many African peoples know this. You dishonor the dead, you are already mad. And your doom is near.

3.

The Trojan citadel did not fall because Achilles had killed Hector or after Achilles had killed Hector. For Homer, or the Homeric composers there is something more than the King's power: military might of his fighters. But the strong fighter is not the end of everything. Otherwise Achilles' success in the field could have been enough. There is a third source of strength: stratagem, cunning. The walled city of Troy had to be breached. And how was this to be done?

Odysseus, the crafty soldier who had pretended madness in order not to go to this war, till they brought his baby son Telemachos and put him on the path of the plough. If Odysseus who sowed salt was truly mad he would plough his son into two. He did not do so.

The final fight in Troy now fell into the hands of the man full of tricks. Odysseus devised the making of the Horse. The Trojans, who throughout the epic are referred to as 'breakers of horses', 'trainers of horses' fell for this trick. They never even thought of opening the horse first outside their wall.

The war ends. Menelaus gets his wife back. Justice is done. Paris is compensated by

getting the distinction of killing Achilles, the Greek hero. King Agamemnon returns home with his prophesying wife Cassandra. A prophetess who can see her death coming but is powerless to do anything about it. Then another poetic act takes place. Queen Clytaemnestra the mother of the sacrificed daughter had taken a lover. And the two of them await Agamemnon and Cassandra to kill.

After the sack of Troy, the remnants of that city sail away to Rome to found the Rome Empire. Aeneas, the Trojan version of Odysseus, carries his ancient father Anchises on his back, to become a founding father.

Odysseus, on the other hand took a tour of the Mediterranean islands and littorals. When he finally arrived at home, he found that his wife had also been very crafty putting off those men who do not go to war but stay at home enjoying comforts given by the wives whose husbands are away at war, or presumed dead. He and his son Telemachos, and their shepherds put to death all these men. Meting out a poetic justice. The Odyssey is the travelogue route every tour director in Greece should market.

Poetry: whether you are a born poet, a favoured child of the muses, or whether you aspired to writing poetry, trained yourself and were rewarded with a portion of poetic inspiration, I am sure you have to keep yourself in practice. Or the muse deserts you. It is said that African royal drums crave to be beaten, to be taken to the dance arena to be played. If they have waited for a long time unbeaten, they beat themselves! If that happens then one has to hold a ritual dance very quickly. Or somebody will die. So that the drum will be played. For a week, at least.

Perhaps compulsiveness is the nature of the muses and their charges? Perhaps the inspired poet cannot help being compulsive, headstrong, outspoken? Wrapped up in his madness!

There is the poet. And the poetry-laden action. Can you be a poet without the ability to recognize this opportunity? Could The Iliad have been composed if:

(a) Paris had not taken the opportunity to seduce his host's wife? Turn it another way, had there not been a Helen who broke mores by making herself available to their host? In case she started it all? Because that moment, and the ensuing elopement, are the poetry-laden mothers of all the latter developments leading to the sack of Troy. Did Menelaus have poetry in his heart? That important royal person suspected nothing because he was incapable of straying. Condemned to have a beautiful wife, was he not the perfect character to be cuckolded? King Agamemnon did his duty putting the army together.

(b) The poetry-laden moment had not come when he had to kill his daughter in order for the wind to blow. The leader of the nation had angered his wife so much so that on his return he was killed by her for having killed their only daughter. Isn't it that every action that is anathema to Mother Earth, has to be paid for? Sooner or later? And the knife of Damocles hangs above the master bed? Ready to descend. Choosing whose hand to thrust it?

Killing in war, was Achilles's forte. But for the Greeks of that time, your strong arm is in the service of your king, of your country. The king picks first, of all the booties.

Patroklos, a mortal pretender to the throne of Achilles took to the field. Amongst us poets, who are the Achilles? – or the Mozarts? And who are the Patroklos? The Sallieris? Those who do what they can, but know that they do not belong to the first league? And have to search carefully for the most opportune poetry-laden moment for us to get a bit of that glory?

Achilles or Mozart, Keats or Shelley. They flower early. And die early too. Perhaps just as well. Or they become tedious Poloniuses like Alexander Pope, or Lord Alfred Tennyson. If one was not sure of one's place, one sought death by going to fighting places like Greece then, or Iraq now. Lord George Gordon Byron, sought early death. After being crowned as the poet laureate of all philanderers. He who had the fatal heel, or was it tendon? – when he went to fight to revenge his friend, already knew he would return in his shield. (Dead Greek soldiers were carried out of the field of war on their shields) . That, to be his last fight, made him drunk. Drunk with blood. And only the putting on of the armour was the shortest moment. The rest of the deed was a spectacle. To be sung. To be remembered. To be written poems about. The sulking of Achilles. The last war of Achilles.

The dragging of the corpse of Hector all over the war arena is testimony of his madness. And over – passing the mark of proprietary. Granted you were in a war field. Killing people. But there are some conventions, conventions enshrined in Conventions in our and other times, that you honoured. For the sake of humanity, if not the Gods. Even if you did not believe in Gods. By all means turn your back against the Gods if you what to. But turn your frontal attention fully to human beings. For that, the Gods will forgive you.

Then comes the novelist, master plot-maker. Between the English plot-maker Charles Dickens and the Russian, Fyodor Dostoevsky, I do not find it easy to who to liken Odysseus's Trojan Horse plot to. Because it has comical moments, I yield it to Charles Dickens. Dostoyevsky's plots are too dark.

Did it ever cross your mind that the Trojans could have inspected the horse before hauling it inside? And the soldiers inside would have been killed? There are proverbs against seeing a gift horse in the mouth. So let's have the Trojans, 'trainers of horses' get their mammoth toy – the Wooden Horse. Left behind by their departed enemies. Trojan fascination with horses was their national Achilles' heel.

4.

Perhaps a good place for me to stop. And make some concluding observations. The best poetry is the folk epic. And the folk epics of the world, especially The Iliad and The Odyssey (by Homer) : the Indian Mahabharata, the Finnish Kalevala, and the German Nibelungenlied stand out as needing study and response to by every human generation in every culture and every language. They are not the creations of one person, nor of one generation. They bear the weight of collective creativity of a people about the place of man in the world. So that it is no lie to say they are the mother – Mnemosyne – of all the other muses, all other or later creations. Beginning with Calliope, the champion of epic poetry.

I cast my eyes left and right, forward and backwards and do not see a new epic poem for our time. I, today's favoured son of Clio, find it difficult to defend partial poetries. Where are the all-embrasive poems? The poems that will put man in his place, between the Gods and his weaker nature? Between man and animals? Man that walks on fours, twos, and threes? Forgive me Desiderius Erasmus, if I am out of tune with my fellow singers, out of time in these fast-poem times. Excuse me, if I try to be serious, even I, cannot help seeing the comical character I am cutting. Excuse me if I end up Praising Folly in Rotterdam. Once more. But if humanism is my love, do I do wrong if I try to direct our gaze to caged humanity? And indicate to my compatriots of the world of

poetry the value and importance of earlier higher attempts at characterizing man?
Drawing attention to the achievements of our superlatively creative historical forebears
so that perhaps we shall feel compelled to grace our times with products that emulate
theirs? And create products that are relevant for our times and times to come?

August members of Poetry International Foundation,
Fellow Poets

Lovers of Poetry

Ladies and Gentlemen

Poetry must be defended. Even the uneven poetry that we now produce must be
defended. So that poetry remains alive. So that we aspire to become better poets. Epic
poets. Able to produce the poetry that demands to be defended.

Thank you Clio. For having kept company with me. I shall now go to look for the
sacrificial sheep.

© Taban Lo Liyong

alexander opicho

Thankyou

saying thank you is not expensive
be thankful be thankful be thankful
be thankful for gift of life
be thankful for gift of poetry
be thankful in your
for there are wells from which
you unknowingly drink
the fires you unknowingly warm
when no tincture of your effort
went into the formations
be thankful and let your ontology
be religion of thank you
thank you
thank you and thank you so much

alexander opicho

The Disillusioned Snob

Today he is shy and spiritually low,
Looking pithy in his sub masculine glance,
The charm of self praise has lost spark,
Fondly hating himself for meeting reality,
De-snobbing the ego into narrow based self awareness
Feeding his heart on positive misfortune
of a disillusioned snob.

alexander opicho

the heart of a beggar

the heart of a beggar is hard
it is made of stones and nails
it is not shaken by repulse
its pulse come rarely
it has glorified the beggar
in his noble art of begging

alexander opicho

THE HEART OF LANDLORD

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

I wonder what makes up the landlord's heart
For it is merciless, capricious and poisonous in fibre
It manufactures terror like a Chinese toy factory
For only to be administered where none is needed,

Most selfish and mightily crafty in primal setup
It is the heart of the landlord all over world
It derives pleasure from agony of the tenants
It is maximally sadistic to no match of creation,

It derives joy from harms like rent hike
And terrible evils as lien on beggar's property
Where misfortune of tenant brews such all
The wine of the land is the blood of the poor

Cursed be the womb which sired the landlord
And yes be it the milieu that nurtured him
For they gave the world a gnome of generations
Feeding on human sweat like vampire of vampires.

alexander opicho

THE LEORPARD FEAST

As if the it is not the leopard
That has forepaw herculean
In the game of hunting and preying,
With reservation the leopard eats
Saving for tomorrow with punctiliosity
In the wary of wisdom about plundering,
That is not all about physical mighty
Not shrewdness of the mind
Nor flexibility of the heels
But respect for frugality as a virtue of the strong.

alexander opicho

THE NEXT QUEEN OF ENGLAND MUST BE AN AFRICAN

All black virtues and white vices to day
Point to the reality around the British Empire
Or the famous Great Britain
Or the British Commonwealth
If not the English commonwealth
That its next monarch must be an African
Truly an African without streaks of cosmetic Africanity
Deeply black in colour, Negro in race and African in blood,

The monarchy of England should not be confined
To the parochial and Provencal English blood
Falsely named the royal blood
What a misnomer? For science and religion
Has nothing in history like the royal blood
But only brutal probability of genetics
Ever and ever will befall humanity,

The royalty of blood is only a smokescreen for racism
Or inter European apartheid or apartheid in universality,
The empire of British Commonwealth, Gambia included
Is not about the royal blood of charlese, Elizabeth nor Victoria
It is all about world class cultural inclusivity
Of all the pillars of the English culture,

English commonwealth is of culture, language, attitude and geography
This has to be known devoid of racial biase
And this is the great English empire;
It is a billion African English speakers
Its five hundred million American English speakers
It is a million Australian English speakers
It is a hundred million Indian English speakers
These are the bricks that mould the English commonwealth
Not queen Elizabeth and her son the cuckold of Egyptian mangy dog,
It is the nation of Uganda which is hundred percent African,
No Caucasoids nor Asians but its mother tongue is the British English,
Uganda is crazy; its peasants speak English like Cambridge scholars,
It's the Nigerian Afro -cinema that promotes spoken English
With the muscle only inherent in the stampede of cultural imperialism,

The royal family is not royal at all in the informed understanding
Or else which family is not royal, show one me please
And I will show you folly of the day
Who wants not to be royal, why not all of us,
Crudeness of culture is the pedestal of reserved royalty
Inclusivity is the contrasting mother of cultural strength
Thus, all English speakers are the royal family
Of the British Commonwealth,
They don't need royal blood
They already have full amour of the royal culture
Of the English linguistic or mental civilisation,
Please Queen Elizabeth listen to me carefully
Listen with your wholesome body and soul to this song

The song of freedom echoing cultural modernity;
Give to us, we your children of the commonwealth our rights
Include us in our hard earned monarchy,
I also want to be the king of England
I want to fill that royal palace with my dark skin
I want to speak and write English poetry inside the palace
The royal palace of England whose
Whose Golden floor and pavement are s
Reeking the blood of colonialism
The wood and gold in the palace
Was taken from Africa without any pay
During colonial robbery with violence,
Give me my historical rights to be the king of England
Then my four African wives; Lumbasi Opicho, Namwaya Opicho, Nangila Opicho and
Chelangat Opicho, the most beautiful of all from the heroic Kipsigis
Will be the four queens of England, queens of the English commonwealth
Lumbasi for Scotland, Namwaya for England, Nangila for Wales and Chelangat
For the begotten Ireland,
I have all the virtues in my blood to be the English king
If it's military, shaka the Zulu is my uncle
If it is wisdom, Nelson mandella is my uncle
If it is intellect Kwame Nkrumah is my father
If it is culture Taban Lo Liyong and Okot p'Bitek are my brothers
Whereas Leopold Sedar Senghor is a son of my father from another mother,
If it is beauty Cleopatra the Egyptian whose beauty killed the Roman king is my mother
If it is science my witchcraft is superior in technology to silicon computing
If it is sex, ask your daughter in law princes Diana
Now what am I missing to become the next English monarch?

Alexander Opicho

The temptor and the Tempted

THE TEMPTOR AND THE TEMPTED

A PLAY

BY

ALEXANDER K OPICHO

THE CASTE

1. Chenje – Old man, father of Namugugu
2. Namugugu – Son of Chenje
3. Nanyuli – daughter of Lusaaka
4. Lusaaka – Old man, father of Nanyuli
5. Kulecho – wife of Lusaaka
6. Kuloba – wife of Chenje
7. Paulina – Old woman, neighbour to Chenje.
8. Child I, II and III – Nanyuli's children
9. Policeman I, II and III
10. Mourners
11. Wangwe – a widowed village pastor

ACTING HISTORY

This play was acted two times, on 25th and 26th December 2004 at Bokoli Roman Catholic Church, in Bokoli sub- location of Bungoma County in the western province of Kenya. The persons who acted and their respective roles are as below;

Wenani Kilong –stage director
Alexander k Opicho – Namugugu
Judith Sipapali Mutivoko- Nanyuli

Saul Sampaza Mazika Khayongo- Wangwe

Paul Lenin Maondo- Lusaaka

Peter Wajilontelega- Chenje

Agnes Injila - Kulecho

Beverline Kilobi- Paulina

Milka Molola Kitayi- Kuloba

Then mourners, children and police men changed roles often. This play was successfully stage performed and stunned the community audience to the helm.

PLOT

Language use in this play is not based on Standard English grammar, but is flexed to mirror social behaviour and actual life as well as assumptions of the people of Bokoli village in Bungoma district now Bungoma County in Western province of Kenya.

ACT ONE
Scene One

This scene is set in Bokoli village of Western Kenya. In Chenje's peasant hut, the mood is sombre. Chenje is busy thrashing lice from his old long trouser Kuloba, sitting on a short stool looking on.

Chenje: (thrashing a louse) these things are stubborn! The lice. You kill all of them today, and then tomorrow they are all-over. I hate them.

Kuloba: (sending out a cloud of smoke through her tobacco laden pipe) . Nowadays I am tired. I have left them to do to me whatever they want (coughs) I killed them they were all over in my skirt.

Chenje: (looking straight at Kuloba) Do you know that they are significant?

Kuloba: What do they signify?

Chenje: Death

Kuloba: Now, who will die in this home? I have only one son. Let them stop their menace.

Chenje: I remember in 1968, two months that preceded my father's death, they were all over. The lice were in every of my piece of clothes. Even the hat, handkerchief. I tell you what not!

Kuloba: (nodding) , Yaa! I remember it very well my mzee, I had been married for about two years by then.

Chenje: Was it two years?

Kuloba: (assuringly) yes, (spots a cockroach on the floor goes at it and crushes it with her finger, then coughs with heavy sound) we had stayed together in a marriage for two years. That was when people had began back-biting me that I was barren. We did not have a child. We even also had the jiggers. I can still remember.

Chenje: Exactly (crashes a louse with his finger) we also had jiggers on our feet.

Kuloba: The jiggers are very troublesome. Even more than the lice and weevils.

Chenje: But, the lice and jiggers, whenever they infest one's home, they usually signify impending death of a family member.

Kuloba: Let them fail in Christ's name. Because no one is ripe for death in this home. I have lost my five children. I only have one child. My son Namugugu – death let it fail. My son has to grow and have a family also like children of other people in this village. Let whoever that is practicing evil machinations against my family, my only child fail.

Chenje: (putting on the long-trouser from which he had been crushing lice) let others remain; I will kill them another time.

Kuloba: You will never finish them (giggles)

Chenje: You have reminded me, where is Namugugu today? I have not seen him.

Kuloba: He was here some while ago.

Chenje: (spitting out through an open window) He has become of an age. He is supposed to get married so that he can bear grand children for me. Had I the grand children they could even assist me to kill lice from my clothes. (Enters Namugugu) Come in boy, I want to talk to you.

Kuloba: (jokingly) you better give someone food, or anything to fill the stomach before you engages him in a talk.

Namugugu: (looks, at both Chenje and Kuloba, searchingly then goes for a chair next to him)

Mama! I am very hungry if you talk of feeding me, I really get thrilled (sits at a fold-chair, it breaks sending him down in a sprawl) .

Kuloba: (exclaims) woo! Sorry my son. This chair wants to kill (helps him up)

Namugugu: (waving his bleeding hand as he gets up) it has injured my hand. Too bad!

Chenje: (looking on) Sorry! Dress your finger with a piece of old clothes, to stop that blood oozing out.

Namugugu: (writhing in pain) No it was not a deep cut. It will soon stop bleeding even without a piece of rag.

Kuloba: (to Namugugu) let it be so. (Stands) let me go to my sweet potato field. There are some vivies, I have not harvested, I can get there some roots for our lunch (exits)

Chenje: (to Namugugu) my son even if you have injured your finger, but that will not prevent me from telling you what I am supposed to.

Namugugu: (with attention) yes.

Chenje: (pointing) sit to this other chair, it is safer than that one of yours.

Namugugu: (changing the chair) Thank you.

Chenje: You are now a big person. You are no longer an infant. I want you to come up with your own home. Look for a girl to marry. Don't wait to grow more than here. The two years you have been in Nairobi, were really wasted. You could have been married, may you would now be having my two grand sons as per today.

Namugugu: Father I don't refuse. But how can I marry and start up a family in a situation of extreme poverty? Do you want me to start a family with even nothing to eat?

Chenje: My son, you will be safer when you are a married beggar than a wife-less rich-man. No one is more exposed as a man without a wife.

Namugugu: (looking down) father it is true but not realistic.

Chenje: How?

Namugugu: All women tend to flock after a rich man.

Chenje: (laughs) my son, may be you don't know. Let me tell you. One time you will remember, maybe I will be already dead by then. Look here, all riches flock after married men, all powers of darkness flock after married men and even all poverty flock after married. So, it is just a matter of living your life.

(Curtains)

SCENE TWO

Around Chenje's hut, Kuloba and Namugugu are inside the hut; Chenje is out under the eaves. He is dropping at them.

Namugugu: Mama! Papa wants to drive wind of sadness permanently into my sail of life. He is always pressurizing me to get married at such a time when I totally have nothing. No food, no house no everything. Mama let me actually ask you; is it possible to get married in such a situation?

Kuloba: (Looking out if there is any one, but did not spot the eaves-dropping Chenje) .

Forget. Marriage is not a Whiff of aroma. My son, try marriage in poverty and you will see.

Namugugu: (Emotionally) Now, if Papa knows that I will not have a happy married life, in such a situation, where I don't have anything to support myself; then why is he singing for my marriage?

Kuloba: (gesticulating) He wants to mess you up the way he messed me up. He married me into his poverty. I have wasted away a whole of my life in his poverty. I regret. You! (Pointing) my son, never make a mistake of neither repeating nor replicating poverty of this home into your future through blind marriage.

Namugugu: (Approvingly) yes Mama, I get you.

Kuloba: (Assertively) moreover, you are the only offspring of my womb (touching her stomach) I have never eaten anything from you. You have never

bought me anything even a headscarf alone. Now, if you start with a wife will I ever benefit anything from you?

Namugugu: (looking agog) indeed Mama.

Kuloba: (commandingly) don't marry! Women are very many. You can marry at any age, any time or even any place. But it is very good to remember child-price paid by your mother in bringing you up. As a man my son, you have to put it before all other things in your life.

Namugugu: (in an affirmative feat) yes Mama.

Kuloba: It is not easy to bring up a child up to an age when in poverty. As a mother you really suffer. I've suffered indeed to bring you up. Your father has never been able to put food on the table. It has been my burden through out. So my son, pleased before you go for women remember that!

Namugugu: Yes Mama, I will.

(Enters Chenje)

Chenje: (to Kuloba) you old wizard headed woman! Why do you want to put my home to a full stop?

Kuloba: (shy) why? You mean you were not away? (Goes out behaving shyly)

Chenje: (in anger to Namugugu) you must become a man! Why do you give your ears to such toxic conversations? Your mother is wrong. Whatever she has told you today is pure lies. It is her laziness that made her poor. She is very wrong to festoon me in any blame.... I want you to think excellently as a man now. Avoid her tricky influence and get married. I have told you finally and I will never repeat telling you again.

Namugugu: (in a feat of shyness) But Papa, you are just exploding for no good reason, Mama has told me nothing bad.....

Chenje: (Awfully) shut up! You old ox. Remove your ears from poisonous mouths of old women!

(Enters Nanyuli with an old green paper bag in her hand. Its contents were bulging) .

Nanyuli: (knocking) Hodii! Hodii!

Chenje: (calmly) come in my daughter! Come in.

Nanyuli: (entering) thank you.

Chenje: (to Namugugu) give the chair to our visitor.

Namugugu: (shyly, paving Nanyuli to sit) Karibu, have a sit please.

Nanyuli: (swinging girlishly) I will not sit me I am in a hurry.

Chenje: (to Nanyuli) just sit for a little moment my daughter. Kindly sit.

Nanyuli: (sitting, putting a paper-bag on her laps) where is the grandmother who is usually in this house?

Chenje: Who?

Nanyuli: Kuloba, the old grandmother.

Namugugu: She has just briefly gone out.

Chenje: (to Nanyuli) she has gone to the potato field and Cassava field to look for some roots for our lunch.

Nanyuli: Hmm. She will get.

Chenje: Yes, it is also our prayer. Because we're very hungry.

Nanyuli: I am sure she will get.

Chenje: (to Nanyuli) excuse me my daughter; tell me who your father is?

Nanyuli: (shyly) you mean you don't know me? And me I know you.

Chenje: Yes I don't know you. Also my eyes have grown old, unless you remind me, I may not easily know you.

Nanyuli: I am Lusaaka's daughter

Chenje: Eh! Which Lusaka? The one with a brown wife? I don't know... her name is Kulecho?

Nanyuli: Yes

Chenje: That brown old-mother is your mother?

Nanyuli: Yes, she is my mother. I am her first – born.

Chenje: Ooh! This is good (goes forward to greet her) shake my fore-limb my daughter.

Nanyuli: (shaking Chenje's hand) Thank you.

Chenje: I don't know if your father has ever told you. I was circumcised the same year with your grand-gather. In fact we were cut by the same knife. I mean we shared the same circumciser.

Nanyuli: No, he has not yet. You know he is always at school. He never stays at home.

Chenje: That is true. I know him, he teaches at our mission primary school at Bokoli market.

Nanyuli: Yes.

Chenje: What is your name my daughter?

Nanyuli: My name is Loisy Nanyuli Lusaaka.

Chenje: Very good. They are pretty names. Loisy is a Catholic baptismal name, Nanyuli is our Bukusu tribal name meaning wife of an iron-smith and Lusaaka is your father's name.

Nanyuli: (laughs) But I am not a Catholic. We used to go to Catholic Church upto last year December. But we are now born again, saved children of God. Fellowshiping with the Church of Holy Mountain of Jesus christ. It is at Bokoli market.

Chenje: Good, my daughter, in fact when I will happen to meet with your father, or even your mother the brown lady, I will comment them for having brought you up under the arm of God.

Nanyuli: Thank you; or even you can as well come to our home one day.

Chenje: (laughs) actually, I will come.

Nanyuli: Now, I want to go

Chenje: But you have not stayed for long. Let us talk a little more my daughter.

Nanyuli: No, I will not. I had just brought some tea leaves for Kuloba the old grandmother.

Chenje: Ooh! Who gave you the tea leaves?

Nanyuli: I do hawk tea leaves door to door. I met her last time and she requested me to bring her some. So I want to give them to you (pointing at Namugugu) so that you can give them to her when she comes.

Namugugu: No problem. I will.

Nanyuli: (takes out a tumbler from the paper bag, fills the tumbler twice, pours the tea leaves into an old piece of newspaper, folds and gives it to Namugugu) you will give them to grandmother, Kuloba.

Namugugu: (taking) thank you.

Chenje: My daughter, how much is a tumbler full of tea leaves, I mean when it is full?

Nanyuli: Ten shillings of Kenya

Chenje: My daughter, your price is good. Not like others.

Nanyuli: Thank you.

Namugugu: (To Nanyuli) What about money, she gave you already?

Nanyuli: No, but tell her that any day I may come for it.

Namugugu: Ok, I will not forget to tell her

Nanyuli: I am thankful. Let me go, we shall meet another day.

Chenje: Yes my daughter, pass my regards to your father.
Nanyuli: Yes I will (goes out)
Chenje: (Biting his finger) I wish I was a boy. Such a good woman would never slip through my fingers.
Chenje: But father she is already a tea leaves vendor!
(CURTAINS)

SCENE THREE

Nanyuli and Kulecho in a common room Nanyuli and Kulecho are standing at the table, Nanyuli is often suspecting a blow from Kulecho, counting coins from sale of tea leaves; Lusaaka is sited at couch taking a coffee from a ceramic red kettle.

Kulecho: (to Nanyuli) these monies are not balancing with your stock. It is like you have sold more tea leaves but you have less money. This is only seventy five shillings. When it is supposed to be one hundred and fifty. Because you sold fifteen tumblers you are only left with five tumblers.
Nanyuli: (Fidgeting) this is the whole money I have, everything I collected from sales is here.
Kulecho: (heatedly) be serious, you stupid woman! How can you sell everything and am not seeing any money?
Nanyuli: Mama, this is the whole money I have, I have not taken your money anywhere.
Kulecho: You have not taken the money anywhere! Then where is it? Do you know that I am going to slap you!
Nanyuli: (shaking) forgive me Mama
Kulecho: Then speak the truth before you are forgiven. Where is the money you collected from tea leaves sales?
Nanyuli: (in a feat of shyness) some I bought a short trouser for my child.
Kulecho: (very violent) after whose permission? You old cow, after whose permission (slaps Nanyuli with her whole mighty) Talk out!
Nanyuli: (Sobbingly) forgive me mother, I thought you would understand. That is why I bought a trouser for my son with your money!
Lusaaka: (shouting a cup of coffee in his hand, standing charged) teach her a lesson, slap her again!
Kulecho (slaps, Nanyuli continuously, some times fisting her cheeks, as Nanyuli wails) Give me my money! Give me my money! Give me my money! Give me my money! You lousy, irresponsible Con-woman (clicks)
Lusaaka: Are you tired, kick the ass out of that woman (inveighs a slap towards Nanyuli) I can slap you!
Nanyuli: (kneeling, bowedly, carrying up her hands) forgive me father, I will never repeat that mistake again (sobs)
Lusaaka: An in-corrigible, slut!
Kulecho: (to Nanyuli) You! Useless heap of human flesh. I very much regret to have sired a sell-out of your type. It is very painful for you to be a first offspring of my womb.
I curse my womb because of you. You have ever betrayed me. I took you to school you were never thankful, instead you became pregnant. You were fertilized in the bush by peasant boys.
You have given birth to three childlings, from three different fathers! You do it in my home. What a shame! Your father is a teacher, how have you made him a laughing

stock among his colleagues, teachers? I have become sympathetic to you by putting you into business. I have given you tea leaves to sell. A very noble occupation for a wretch like you. You only go out sell tea leaves and put the money in your wolfish stomach. Nanyuli! Why do you always act like this?

Nanyuli: (sobbing) Forgive me mother. Some tea leaves I sold on credit. I will come with the money today?

Kulecho: You sold on credit?

Nanyuli: Yes

Kulecho: To whom?

Nanyuli: Some to Kuloba the old woman

Kulecho: (tapping her hips) Nanyuli! My first born! My daughter! Why should you at your age make such a blind move of selling on credit to beggars of that fashion?

Nanyuli: I did not know, please, forgive me.

Kulecho: Get up; go sell the remaining tea leaves. Make sure that you come back in the evening with my money.

Nanyuli: (stands up, still sobbing, takes the tea leaves paper bag and tumbler then walks out) thank you Mama, I will do.

(CURTAINS)

ACT TWO
SCENE ONE

In Chenje's hut, Chenje and Namugugu, they are killing the rats; each has a stick to hit rats. House items are higgledy – higgledy all over, making the house to look untidy.

Namugugu: (Running after a big rat around the room, aiming to hit it, but misses at each trial) . It is here! It is here! Papa, it is huge.

Chenje! (Aiming to hit the rat) Kill it! That small demon has shredded my trouser! Hit it!

All: (chasing, the rats, around the house as an attempt to kill one rat ends up un-covering another) they are many.

Namugugu: these devils, let's beat them all to death. they are so bad. They have eaten our flour even. They don't have respect.

Chenje: (sweating, panting, and looking for a sign of a further rat) today we must kill all of them. They have done me havoc.

(ENTERS NANYULI)

Nanyuli: (knocking at the door)

Hodii! Hodii! Hodii!

Chenje: (Rushing at the door to look) oh! Come in my daughter. Welcome. Come in and sit down.

Nanyuli: (Entering) Thank you.

Chenje: (Showing her where to sit) Rest here my daughter. Don't mind, our house is in disorder, we have been killing the rats since morning.

Namugugu: (coming forward to greet Nanyuli) How are you?

Nanyuli: Am very fine maybe you yourself?

Namugugu; we are all fine God has given energy today we are killing the rats.

Chenje: (Also greeting) how is your mother, father and your brothers at home?

Nanyuli: They are all fine

Chenje: That is good

Nanyuli: Why are you killing the rats like this?

Chenje: My daughter, look! (Brings out a lacerated trouser and shirt) They have all made me clothe-less. They have wreaked havoc in this house. You can't keep flour! Not only had I to mention; cooked vegetables.

Nanyuli: You don't have a cat?

Chenje: No my daughter, the cat we had over-matured and became a fox, it preyed on all of my chicken. Including chicken of my neighbours. We decided to put it in a sack, with a mill-stone around its neck and dumped it in the whirlpool of river Kuywa.

All; (laugh loudly) that cat! Eh! Was very bad.

Chenje: I even failed whether to keep the cat again or not

Nanyuli: You can buy rat-Kill poison or a rat trap. They also help in killing the rats.

Chenje: Yes, I will buy my daughter. The problem is money. Nowadays, it is very hard to get money. And when you get some, you still do nothing, a lot of money but it will only buy for you very few items.

Namugugu: It has loosed ability to exchange with many items.

Nanyuli: Yes

Chenje: So it is better to have real items than even having money.

Nanyuli: Now, how will you get real items without buying them by use of money?

Namugugu: By the way

Nanyuli: Now, I want to go....

(a huge rat dives into her skirt, jumps out of her skirt and scampers to drop into unlidded pot of water) woo! This rat, the raaat! (Jumping up)

Chenje: Hit! Hit it!

Namugugu: Oh has dropped into water, our pot. One cannot drink water in this house.

Chenje: (to Nanyuli) I told you my daughter, the rats are devils, and they can send one to shame just like the real Lucifer.

Nanyuli (still shaking) let me go, where is Kuloba the grandmother? I just came to find out if she needs more tea leaves.

Namugugu: Ooh! Bad luck, she is not around. She went for funeral, our relative died.

Nanyuli: "Pole" I don't know. Who died?

Chenje: A grandmother to the husband of her aunt. She was married to a clan of Bakituika. The mother to her husband comes from among the clan of Baenkele. She is to be buried today at Chwele village.

Nanyuli: Am sorry, I though she's around.

Namugugu: (to Nanyuli) did you pick your money for tea leaves?

Nanyuli: No, I had come to pick the money today.

Namugugu: But unfortunately the grandmother is not around.

Nanyuli: No problem, I will come back another day when she is back.

Chenje: Yes my daughter, she will come back after two days. You know she must stay there for three days.

Nanyuli: Yes, let her stay to comfort and commissariate with them. It is good to empathise with people in their moment of bereavement.

Chenje: It is good you know and as well you understand.

Nanyuli: Now, grandfather, let me go, I will see you again.

Chenje: Thank you my daughter, (to Namugugu) escort my daughter out of the compound, lest she be eaten by a rat.

All: (laugh)

Nanyuli: It is true; (to Namugugu) please see me off.

Namugugu: (laughs) Ok, I will
(Exits Nanyuli and Namugugu) .

SCENE II

Kulecho, Child I, II and III, in the common room of Kulecho, Lusaaka her husband at the table taking coffee. Kulecho is taking millet Porridge, she drinks as child I, Child II and Child iii looks on appetitively.

Kulecho: (to child I) you merciless hyena, when will you learn how to look at people. How do you look at my cup of porridge, as if you have never eaten ever since your were born?

Child II: (crying) I want my Papa. Tell Mama to take me to my Papa. Papa will pick for me an avocado from the tree. I will eat. I want papa...

Kulecho: (to child II) Shut up your mandibles. You are making noise to me (Sips porridge) do you also have a father? I wonder.

Child I: (to Kulecho) please grandmother, please Kukhu* please lend me your porridge, let me just have a sip at your cup, please!

Kulecho: (snooking) Ng'oo! Unless you discipline your rapacious stomach. You will die begging. There is no porridge to be wasted on a beast like you.

Child I: Please old-grandmother let me sip. My Papa will come today, he will bring you a nice present, please, kukhu let me sip.

Kulecho: (laughs mockingly) . Your papa will do what? Come? That ugly peasant, if he comes here it is because he has timed my food, he will never bring me a present the way good men do to their mothers-in-law.

Child III: (Crawling towards Lusaaka) Kofii, Kofii, I want Kofii, kuka lend me Kofii I want Kofii.

Kulecho: (slaps at a naked buttock of child III) where are you going. Sit in one place and calm: stop crawling from place to place like a pregnant rat. Stupid pumpkin!

Child II: (to Kulecho) stop whacking our child. You are a big person and you are also whacking the buttocks of our baby. I will report you to my Mama.

*a Bukusu word for grandmother

Kulecho: Remember to tell her to rove around with her foundlings or else I will still whack you!

Child II: But she roves around on selling your assignment, selling your tea leaves the wares of your trade.

Kulecho: (slaps child II) be disciplined. You potential thug! I cook for you always and you have such a dirt heart against me?

Child II: (sopping) don't hit us like this, just take us to our Papa. Tell Mama to take me to Papa.

Lusaaka: (laughs) these kids have strong appetite for everything. Very voracious kid.

(CURTAINS)

SCENE THREE

Nanyuli and Namugugu walking at a slow pace on a foot-path, cutting a cross the bush. Shrubs and twigs form a canopy over the foot path.

Nanyuli: How far do you want to escort me?

Namugugu: Until you cross the river to the other end.

Nanyuli: That is very far for you, you will get tired.

Namugugu: No, I will not.

Nanyuli: Do you know that it's bad to over escort a visitor, she may never have a chance to re-visit you again.

Namugugu: But I want you to visit us again.
Nanyuli: (jokingly) I will not come.
Namugugu: Why?
Nanyuli: Your father's rats will eat me.
Namugugu: I will chase them away, they will not eat you. Just come again.
Nanyuli: So what will your father put on? The rats have eaten his shirt and a pair of long trouser.
Namugugu: He is lucky; he has another pair of long trouser, and a shirt.
Nanyuli: The better.
Namugugu: (featfully) how old are you?
Nanyuli: (laughs and looks at Namugugu, stops walking to respond) why? Do I look very young?
Namugugu: You are neither old nor young
Nanyuli: But?
Namugugu: Beautiful and intelligent
Nanyuli: So what?
Namugugu: So I want you to come back that I can sent you somewhere.
Nanyuli: Where?
Namugugu: Let me assist you to carry the tea-leaves paper bag as we talk.
Nanyuli: (gives away the paper bag) so tell me, where do you want to send me?
Namugugu: Ok, me..... I am not married.
Nanyuli: Let me cut you short before you continue, I just want your mother to pay me my money, I don't want to know whether you are married or not.
Namugugu: Please, if I have offended you. I kindly ask for your mercy.
Nanyuli: No, you have not offended me whatsoever, continue.
Namugugu: Let us stop walking so that I can tell you what I want (they all stop walking)
Nanyuli: Now tell me, but don't waste anytime.
Namugugu: You are beautiful, intelligent and very clean hearted, so I want you to come and stay with me.
Nanyuli: As what?
Namugugu: I will be your husband and you will be my wife.
Nanyuli: Eh! This is news.
Namugugu: Why?
Nanyuli: Do you know that I am a virgin?
Namugugu: You mean you are a virgin?
Nanyuli: Yes, I am, and I don't imagine a worthless man like you breaking my virginity. You. Such a lout to deflower me? I don't think.
Namugugu: Virginity is nothing in one's life, what matters is type of life you live after loosing your virginity.
Nanyuli: You are a liar, virginity is very important to a girl.
Namugugu: I thought a good husband is better than virginity.
Nanyuli: Ok, you are right. It is a dream of every girl, every woman even a prostitute to get a good husband. But my question is, are you a good husband?
Namugugu: I don't know, but try me.
Nanyuli: there was a rumour in this village you were in Nairobi. Now, what were you doing in Nairobi?
Namugugu: Looking for a job
Nanyuli: You did not get one?
Namugugu: Yes, I did not.
Nanyuli: Even to be a night guard?
Namugugu: Yes, even a house boy.

Nanyuli: Have you been tested for aids, HIV?
 Namugugu: No
 Nanyuli: Why?
 Namugugu: Because I have never seen a naked woman since my birth.
 Nanyuli: Even in Nairobi?
 Namugugu: Yes, you can't see nakedness of a woman in Nairobi unless you have money.
 Nanyuli: Ok, what is your Christian name?
 Namugugu: Victor
 Nanyuli: Victor Namugugu Chenje?
 Namugugu: (laughs) yes my dear.
 Nanyuli: Victor, convince me, you have never played sex since you were born?
 Namugugu: No, I have never
 Nanyuli: Which means you don't have any disease?
 Namugugu: Diseases are many I may not have Aids or HIV but I have another.
 Nanyuli: Like?
 Namugugu: I am not a doctor.
 Nanyuli: But, you have never played sex?
 Namugugu: No
 Nanyuli: Then I have accepted, you will break my virginity as I break yours.
 (Takes tea-leaves paper bag)
 Namugugu: When?
 (CURTAINS)

SCENE FOUR

In Chenje's house, Kuloba, the old woman sweeping the floor, Chenje listening to one battery small sized transistor radio.

Kuloba: Move this way, I want to sweep over there.
 Chenje: (Carrying a radio and fold chair along) you could have waited until tomorrow, why do you like sweeping the house in the evening.
 Kuloba: Because by the evening the house is always dirty. And you see we cannot sleep on the litre.
 Chenje: You will never become rich. If you keep on sweeping the house in the evening like this, you will never own any cow nor will you have a cob of corn in your barn.
 Kuloba: Why? Because of sweeping my house (laughs) I am now old and I know that people accumulate riches through hard work and parsimony of saving not by having the floor of one's house to be littered overnight.
 Chenje: No, one has also to observe taboos. You cannot offend ancestors and expect any prosperity
 Kuloba: (standing up) listen, why is it that the people of Nandi community enjoy shedding innocent blood of other tribes, when at the same time each individual Nandi man has more heads of cattle and gallons of milk than a Bukusu man can?
 Chenje: There are different spirits for different tribes, may be the first parents and ancestors of the Nandi people were also reasonless warriors, shedding blood of innocent foreigners.
 Kuloba: Let me alone, I want to cook for you an ox-tail today, but I don't know where my son, Namugugu is?
 Chenje: Namugugu escorted our visitor. Since then he has not come back.
 Kuloba: Who was it?
 Chenje: Lusaaka's daughter, a girl who hawks tea-leaves from one door to another in paper bag and a tumbler.

Kuloba: He escorted that one (muses by thinking to herself) let my son not make a mistake of marrying that girl.
 Chenje: Why?
 Kuloba: Why should he marry her?
 Chenje: She is strong and beautiful
 Kuloba: That alone is not enough, that girl has a very black hearted mother. I cannot help imagining Kulecho to be a mother-in-law to my son.
 Chenje: What you mean?
 Kuloba: I mean that Kulecho is the mother to that girl who came here in my absence. And by all measures Kulecho is an evil woman. She is a she- devil; she has never given cooked food, even a boiled maize cob to any other person other than her husband Lusaaka.
 Chenje: I never knew she was a mean selfish lady like that.

(CURTAINS)

SCENE FIVE

Behind Lusaaka's house. Under the eaves, it is a sunny morning. Nanyuli with her children; child I, Child II, and child III.

Nanyuli: (whispering to child II) don't shout; eat this bread without making any noise.

Child I: Mama, we were not given anything to eat, Kukhu ate alone as we watched. Let us also eat now (bits bread) .

Child II: (Swallows) Kukhu keeps on slapping us. She often tells us that there is no Papa for us. She also slapped our child hard on its buttocks our child was naked.

Nanyuli: Eat without talking. You will talk after eating (takes out bread from her bust, breaks a junk for child I and child II) . Eat a whole of it quickly before you are found.

Child I: Thank you Mama. You are good. But out grandmother is bad.

Child II; (sings with joy) Bread, bread, you are nice bread, you are my friend
 Breadyyy! Breadooo!

Nanyuli: Now eat, don't talk, you will talk later.

Child III: (twadling) pa! Pa! Pa! Pa.

Child II: Mama, our child wants Papa. Will you take us to papa?

Nanyuli: Have you finished your bread? Make sure you finish your bread. Don't tell Kukhu, that you ate bread.

Child II: I will never tell her.

Child I: Even me, I will never.

Child III: Pa! Pa! Pa! Pa! Pa.

Kulecho: (calling off-stage) Nanyuliiii! It's time to go selling tea-leaves.

(CURTAINS)

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

In pastor Wangwe's house, at the sitting room, an old Bible on the table, the door is closed and the window is half closed making the room to be poorly lit. Wangwe is alone.

Wangwe: (in sololiguy prayer) : Oh God I thank you for your love. You have redeemed me from the uncleanness of this evil society. God I thank you again. Almighty your name is blessed because you have blessed me with knowledge of your word, while your word is life God. God I pray that you redeem this community of the Babukusu people from the evil cult of circumcision and eating boiled beans and maize – whenever they are at a funeral place. O God I pray that these people of Bokoli village, these Babukusu people stop worshipping their ancestors by sacrificing the bulls on the graveyards. God instead they should begin bringing all they have to the Church as an offering God. I also pray that they stop practice of witch-craft. Because God, they like bewitching their sons and daughters who have white collar jobs and good people like us pastors who are your servants O God! And also the nouveau riches, God. God you have sent your son Jesus Christ to be my companion since my wife Maria died two years ago O God. Blessed be your name. But God I now pray that you deliver me from the curse of wife-lessness, loneliness and childlessness, by giving me another wife God. Give me any lady, whether a virgin or even a widow God I will appreciate. God I also pray for a business lady like Nanyuli who is young and beautiful, please God make her love me by even coming today to sell tea-leaves to this house. O God I want to pray that

Nanyuli: (off stage knocking) Hodii! Hodiii, Hodii pastor is you in! Hodii
Wangwe: (still praying) O God let me say Amen to let your flock come into the house of your servant God (Open his eyes, goes to the door) come in, come in please.

Nanyuli: (enters) Pastor your ears have a problem, I have knocked your door until the skin began peeling off my knuckles, you were not responding why?
Wangwe: I was talking to God my sister; you know prayer is our weapon against spiritual foes.
Nanyuli: I don't knew you were in prayer, I could have not disturbed.
Wangwe: Don't mind, just feel at home.
Nanyuli: (fidgeting paper-bag in her hands) today I felt like paying you a visit. Just to come and bring you the greetings.
Wangwe: O my sister God bless you a lot for that kindness.
Nanyuli: I also wanted to find out if you need some tea leaves.
Wangwe: Yes I need. Is a tumbler still going at ten shillings of Kenya?
Nanyuli: Yes, prices have not changed
Wangwe: You will give me two of them. You know with me I have a lot of visitors who take tea.
Nanyuli: (taking out a tumbler to measure tea-leaves for Wangwe) Pastor where can I put it for you.
Wangwe: (bringing a tin container) Just pour it here please.
Nanyuli: (pouring tea-leaves in a container that have been brought by Wangwe) let me add you more pastor, I know you have a lot of visitors.
Wangwe: God bless you a lot (goes to keep a tin container and comes back with coins) have this today (hands out) I will clear the balance next week my sister.
Nanyuli: No problem, I know you are a preacher you cannot let me down.
Wangwe: Yes, with us the servants of God, we cannot harm the flocks given to us by God in any way whatsoever.
Nanyuli: It is true
Wangwe: The only problem my sister is that I am very lonely. Since my wife died two years ago am very lonely. God has not yet given me a companion.
Nanyuli: You will get I am so sure you will get because you are a pastor. A lot of girls dream of being a pastor's wife even for a single day.

Wangwe: Amen. Let me believe that what you are speaking is the revelation from God.

Nanyuli: I am telling you, it is not difficult to get a wife. Nowadays girls have no otherwise you can marry even two of them in a single day.

Wangwe: But I just need only one, because I am a servant of God. I am focused on righteousness.

Nanyuli: Let me ask you pastor,

Wangwe: Yes, go ahead and ask.

Nanyuli: Which type of a lady do you want now? Must she be a virgin with sharp rigid pointed breasts, a divorcee or one who gave birth to a baby just from her mother's house?

Wangwe: I just want any because she will be an image of God.

Nanyuli: Educated or not?

Wangwe: Any, just like Prophet Hosea, who betrothed a heavy-weight prostitute.

Nanyuli: Black beauty or brownish in the face?

Wangwe: Brown and beautiful just like exactly the way you are.

Nanyuli: (laughs) But Pastor me I am not beautiful.

Wangwe: Forget, I know you cannot see yourself; you are brown and beautiful like an Ethiopian Queen the wife of King Solomon, just like the historical Cleopatra.

Nanyuli: Pastor I don't believe you. A lot of men have misused me. If I was beautiful then I could have retained one.

Wangwe: Let me tell you sister, those men are evil. They don't know the truth, which is Jesus Christ. And always evil men are fond of abusing beauty. They mishandle beauty so that they can disapprove God by arguing that beauty fore-shadows tragedy or it is a harbinger of bad luck. But I as an anointed servant of God. I know that beauty is the glory of God. I assure you, as beautiful as you are, if you can accept to love me I will respond with a thousandfold love.

Nanyuli: Pastor you are funny.

Wangwe: Am not. I am myself and representing God.

Nanyuli: Why is it that men claim that beautiful women are fateful not intelligent and give birth to children who grow up into people of no consequences?

Wangwe: Those men have not read the Bible (waving the Bible) so whatever they claim is not Godly truth.

Nanyuli: Pastor are you serious you can love me a thousand-fold?

Wangwe: Yes sister, I can love you beyond all possibilities of the devil.

Nanyuli: Then, I am happy, Ok, Pastor if you can love me, I want you to lend me something. Will you?

Wangwe: I am very willing to, just say what it is.

Nanyuli: But you will not get annoyed. Will you?

Wangwe: I will not. (Coughs to clear his voice) , with us servants of God, We are always above emotions of getting annoyed.

Nanyuli: Do you know that I have three children. In fact three sons?

Wangwe: Yes I know one time we shared it with your mother.

Nanyuli: Now, the father to one of my sons is joining me here today, there is something I want to discuss with him from this house of yours. In fact we shall discuss in your full presence. So I want you to accept him here. He could not come to our home because my mother is too hostile to him. Please will you kindly agree with that?

Wangwe: There is no problem with that, let him just come. Because he is just a man like me and he is also the image of God the same way I do.

Nanyuli: Then am very thankful if you can be as kind as that extend.

Namugugu: (off-stage) knocking) Hodii! Hodii, Pastor is you in?

Nanyuli: (to Pastor) Please he is the one, let me bring him in (goes at the door)

come in. Today it is the pastress who is around not the pastor.

Namugugu: (enters) How beautiful you pastress! (Takes Nanyuli in his arms, as Nanyuli takes him in hers. Pastor Wangwe jealously looks on) .

Nanyuli: (still in arm) you are elegantly warm my dear.

Namugugu: Thanks.

Wangwe: You really love one another, you people.

Nanyuli; we are only trying to love one another pastor

Wangwe: (to Namugugu) let me now shake your hand (shakes) how are you doing today?

Namugugu: Very fine pastor, how about you?

Wangwe: Am always blessed; am in the realm of God's love

Namugugu: It's good

Wangwe: How come I don't know you?

Nanyuli: But Pastor with (point to Namugugu) him he knows you very well. He knows both your length and width.

Wangwe: (showing surprise) don't tell me!

Nanyuli: He does, anyway let him introduceor no, let me introduce to you my visitor pastor.

Wangwe: It is all right you can go a head.

Nanyuli: He is Victor, he is Kuloba's son, but I don't know his father's name. (Then to Namugugu) This is pastor Wangwe, he works for God, if Jesus can come now he will fly to heaven with him and I mean it.

Namugugu and Wangwe: (laugh)

Wangwe: Because I am an anointed servant of God, I request that I introduce myself to the visitor in a holy way.

Nanyuli: Yes you can, but Pastor! Please, please and please don't ask him any personal question.

Wangwe and Namugugu (all laugh)

Nanyuli: Will you pastor forget and then ask him personal questions?

Wangwe: I will not I swear.

Nanyuli: Then that is good.

Wangwe: (coughs) Ok, brother, my full names are Pastor Wangwe Chwichwisia. My baptismal name is Habakkuk. So I am Pastor Habakkuk Wangwe Chwichwisia. I don't have a tribe or a clan. But I was called by Jesus Christ into salvation; I used to be of the clan of Bakobelo. We have our stronghold in Uganda. In fact we own a whole district. But when I got saved by love of Jesus Christ, God sent me to Kenya. So I came to my cousins. These people of the Babukusu. You know my clan of Bakobelo belongs to a tribe of Bamasaba in Embale district of Uganda. And the Babukusu and the Bamasaba are one and the same. That is why there is a mountain called Mount Bukusu in Masaba-Gishu district of Uganda. The Babukusu are good people. They welcomed me to Kenya. They also love the gospel of Jesus Christ. That's why I have stayed in Kenya as a servant of God for the past five years. This is my house and my home, God blessed me with an acre of land here. So I welcome you with an entirety of my heart.

Namugugu: Thank you pastor.

(Enters Paulina)

Paulina: (Knocking sound offstage) Pastor! Pastor! Hodii!

Nanyuli: (expressing awe) O my God, that woman has found me here! I am now finished. She is as poisonous as a black female snake.

Paulina: (offstage) Hodii! Who has kept you in door today pastor? Hodii!

Wangwe: (goes at the door to usher Paulina in) Come in old lady, you are welcomed.

Paulina: (walking in) O! You have visitors? I wanted you to pray for me. I really have a backache. I will just come back. I cannot disrupt your visitors. Let me go (exits)
Nanyuli: (to herself) this is an oversight of my life. I will live to remember. I wish I knew I could not have stayed such long only Paulina to get me here. Paulina is a very bad old woman. She can do anything to please her impish heart regardless of the agony she makes others go through.

(CURTAINS)

SCENE TWO

Two days later. It is late morning in Chenje's house, Paulina is seated, Chenje and Kuloba standing, attentively listening to Paulina.

Paulina: As old as we are and the long we have stayed together as neighbours, I don't want to speak to both of you with a tongue in my cheek. I want to be as straight in my speech as a parrot so that I can save the future of this home from a looming disaster.

Kuloba: Paulina you were baptized once by Padre Antonio Luigi of our
In our katulika parish of Chebukaka, you were married once and as
a daughter of your father; please compose yourself and Just say
out

Whatever the devil it may be.

Paulina: What has gone wrong with your only son? You call him Namugugu what is wrong with him?

Chenje: Why?

Paulina: Don't ask me why. Because what will happen to him is what I am afraid of and I pray in the name of baptismal card; let my eyes not live long to see it happening.

Kuloba: Paulina, you are seventy-five years, and I am seventy years. We are all old ladies now. My son Namugugu has been sick for the past ten years. He is often sick with latent fits of epilepsy. That is why he was never accepted by any employer in Nairobi. So if you have seen him falling in a bore-hole somewhere or swimming in a pond, please just be brief and tell me.

Paulina: Even myself, I had never known that your son is an epileptic. Neither is he swimming in a pond fluvial with water. But he is swimming in a more dangerous pond.

Chenje: Paulina, tell us, what is wrong with our son. If you delay more than this Kuloba will break into loudest wails that you will not help to quench.

Kuloba: Tell me what it is. Whatever the horror.

Paulina: I saw your son sitting one inch a part from Nanyuli the tea-leaves vendor.

Kuloba; the tea-leaves vendor!

Paulina; yes, that daughter of Kulecho the wife to Lusaaka

Kuloba: Nanyuli! Where?

Paulina: Yes! Nanyuli, Kulecho's daughter. I saw them.

Kuloba: Let them sit even a half an inch a part, but she will never get married to my only son Victor. She will never, she will never!

Chenje: Where did you see them?

Paulina: In Pastor Wangwe's house. May be he might have already wedded them.

Chenje: That is not dangerous the way you had resisted to pre-empt. Young people can socialize and play together in any way. We can do nothing a part from praying for them.

and talk it out.

Paulina: Is you daughter Nanyuli gone bananas? Or is she serving a spell of an evil curse? is this girl bewitched? Kulecho you have to go out there and walk. Just go and walk with wise people because of this

daughter

of yours. Your daughter Nanyuli.

Kulecho: Why?

Paulina: (to Kulecho) I am asking you old girl, is Nanyuli a mad woman nowadays?

Kulecho: I don't know unless you tell me what has happened.

Paulina: With all shame and problems Nanyuli has made you to undergo, she has never learned a lesson?

Kulecho: Young people can never learn lessons. They can only do if flogged on buttocks.

Paulina: I was flabbergasted some hours ago but am now very annoyed to have seen whatever I saw.

Kulecho: You saw Nanyuli doing what?

Paulina: (stressing) I found her in arms of Chenje's epileptic son.

Kulecho: In arms of Chenje's son?

Paulina: Yes, even she may already be carrying a pregnancy of that epileptic beggar.

Kulecho: But now, where are my tea-leaves I gave her to sell?

Paulina: I don't know, may be she gave it out freely to be loved.

Kulecho: One day I will kill that sheep-headed slut.

Lusaaka: (to Paulina) where did you see her?

Paulina: In Pastor Wangwe's house.

Kulecho: Which Wangwe?

Paulina: Pastor Wangwe Chwichwisia the Ugandan widower.

Lusaaka: Let her come I will talk to her.

Kulecho: (violently) you will not, I will just chop off her sharp pointed breasts that make her confused.

Paulina: There is no problem for a girl of her age to look for a husband. But where I am offended, she is courting a wrong character. That son of Chenje is not healthy. He is a world class epileptic; Chenje himself is a beggar ever crushing lice with his fingers. Kuloba is as dirty as a female swine. Such people should not be allowed to mess with a teacher's daughter just in a reasonless lull of marrying her.

Kulecho: Nanyuli is an eyesore. She defaulted school; she has given birth to three sons with three different peasant boys as the fathers. I started tea-leaves selling business for, I have never seen any proceed; now she is already playing bush sex with an epileptic like Chenje's son. She is really doing badly.

Lusaaka: (To Kulecho) wait for her to come then talk to her as a parent.

Kulecho: Am not free to declare myself her parent. Let her just bring my tea-leaves and the money she has sold and carry a way her sons to the farthest end of the earth.

Paulina: Am very annoyed (exits)

(CURTAINS)

SCENE FOUR

On stones around a Waterfall point, Namugugu and Nanyuli are sited, enjoying a breeze of the sunny rainless evening, in a feat of compassion ogling one another.

Nanyuli: I have fallen in love with you. I don't help to imagine without you Victor.

Namugugu: Maybe you are cheating but myself I want to assure you that the bottom of my heart belongs to you Loisy.

Nanyuli: Am serious, even if our love goes through babbling river of challenges I will swim against all turmoil to remain your love.

Namugugu: I know our love is founded on a back-drop of restless waterfall, but I am sure God is for us.

Nanyuli: (Holding Namugugu) Are you happy to be with me?

Namugugu: Very much happy.

Nanyuli: Imagine you will break my virginity tonight, How do you feel.

Namugugu: I feel electrified. Let us even go home now.

Nanyuli: Let us wait until darkness falls, I feel shy to walk into your home in broad daylight. Your mother will look at me in wonderment.

Namugugu: Let us just go now. You don't have to fear my mother's eyes.

Nanyuli: You just hold me in your arms till darkness falls then we shall go.

Namugugu: But remember that I am your husband from now (takes her in his arms) and forever, please don't run away and leave me lonely.

Nanyuli: Look here Victor, it is only death to separate you from me, and I will stick to you my husband just like a tick in a cow's udder.

Namugugu: It is sweet to hear that.

Nanyuli: Will you love me along with my problems?

Nanyuli: What are your problems?

Namugugu: What are your problems?

Nanyuli: Victor let's not talk of our problems, instead let us talk of love.

Namugugu: Indeed my dear. Believe me you are the queen of my heart. Your warm beauty urges me to kill all men in the world.

Nanyuli: You better forgive men and kill all women in the world.

Namugugu: Why all women?

Nanyuli: Because love in the arms of a beautiful girl is weakly protected from harms of vicious women.

Namugugu: No, I believe beauty, like power in the arms of the owner is weakly protected from evil barbs of men.

Nanyuli: But will you love me dear

Namugugu: Yes I will do.

Nanyuli: Will you harm me to-night.

Namugugu: No, I will pamper you

Nanyuli: Eh! How and you will break my virginity?

Namugugu: I will do it slowly as you will allow. But I will make sure that you are enjoying to your maximum.

Nanyuli: Please make sure am satisfied.

Namugugu: I will

Nanyuli: Take me to your house now. Let us forget about waiting for darkness to fall.

(CURTAINS)

SCENE FIVE

At Chief's Camp. Situated at Bokoli village market. Policemen playing chess. Policeman

I playing against Policeman II. Policeman III, standing, looking at them, burning cigarette in his hand.

Policeman I: Wait, this is a King. It can jump and conquer yours

Policeman II: No way, you will defeat me; you better defeat your grandmother but not me.

Policeman III: I am broke I just pray that some fool comes to report a crime now so that I can crease my elbows.

Policeman II: You took a bribe yesterday. You mean you are already broke?

Policeman III: Yes I am, can money be enough with our type of life in Kenya?

Policeman II: Stop blaming Kenya when you take your money to buy Chang'aa the illicit brew.

All: (laughs)

Policeman III: It is true I took a lot of Chang'aa yesterday.

Policeman I: Look, there is a man with a woman coming; they may be coming to report a crime.

Policeman III: Good let them come; they may buy me supper today.

(Enters Lusaaka and Kulecho)

Lusaaka: Good evening all of you officers.

Policeman II: We are fine and you?

Lusaaka: We are also fine.

Policeman I: You cannot be fine and come here unless you are cheating us.

Policeman III: Who is this? Is she your wife? She looks brutish like a cattler rustler.

Lusaaka: She is my wife.

Policeman II: But also a cattle rustler

Lusaaka: No, she is not.

Policeman I: Then a chicken-stealer

Lusaaka: No a good Christian.

Policeman II: Why did she accept to be your wife if she is a good Christian?

Policeman: Tell us, what is your problem?

Lusaaka: A person I know has stolen my daughter.

Policeman III: Where did you keep your daughter before she was stolen?

Lusaaka: No, but a beggar I know stole my daughter.

Policeman II: How old is your daughter

Lusaaka: Twenty five years old.

Policeman III: She eloped away

Lusaaka: Yes, to an epileptic beggar.

Policeman III: Old man stop being stupid and talk sense. How did you know that someone is an epileptic and you are not a doctor?

Policeman II: Even epileptics have a right to marry and make children.

Lusaaka: He ran away with my daughter and tea-leaves.

Policeman I: Old man is you crazy? Where were the tea-leaves?

Kulecho: Officers listen, tea-leaves were mine, it is my own business, I only gave her to go and sell. But instead she became a sell- out to elope with that man.

Policeman III: So your daughter was selling tea-leaves or hawking tea-leaves?

Kulecho: She is supposed to walk from house to house asking for people to buy the tea-leaves.

Policeman I: So?

Kulecho: She has eloped away with my tea-leaves and money. So officers help me get back, my tea-leaves and my money too.

Policeman II: How much were you paying her as wages?

Kulecho: She never brought home any money.

Policeman II: Please try to get my question, how much were you paying her?

Kulecho: How can I pay her when I am her mother?

Policeman I: But you are the mother, can you get back your money directly without coming here, Ok?

Kulecho: She is married to a bad person.

Policeman II: How?

Kulecho: That ma, I am taught he is a beggar, epileptic and has been staying in Nairobi for the past two years.

Policeman II: Those are not crimes. They are life situations. They can befall anyone even a police officer. Like I can be a leper, elephantiasis or epileptic no one is an exception.

Policeman III: (showing the newspaper) Read here old man, it is written in this paper that; speaker of parliament of USA, Newt Gingrich is an epileptic.tell us now your problem.

Lusaaka: My wife wants her tea-leaves and money to be recovered.

Policeman III: It is her daughter, may be she has inherited from her mother who can tell.

Policeman II: Old woman you are not a good Christian as your husband has said. You are supposed to thank God when your daughter gets married. Why are you reporting her to the Police?

Kulecho: She has abandoned her children to me.

Policeman II: How old are the children?

Kulechoi: The first boy is eight years, the second boy is four years and the last one is still suckling, is one year.

Policeman III: How much money do you have now, so that we can help you to write a statement?

Kulecho: I have five hundred shillings Kenya money.

Lusaaka: I also have five hundred shillings Kenya money.

Policeman III: Bring it here (Lusaka and Kulecho both give policeman III, the bank notes) .

Kulechoi: Help me officer to arrest these people.

Policeman II: Now listen, the only crime established is that your daughter has committed a crime of child neglect. We are going to arrest her only for that.

Policeman I: The boy who married her is whose son?

Kulecho: He is son of Chenje, his mother is called Kuloba.

Policeman II: What about the boy?

Lusaaka: He is called Namugugu

Policeman II: Chenje, I know him, I also know his home.

Kulecho: He has a ruffian thatched house with full of rats and cockroaches.

All: (laugh in a loud gurgle)

Policeman III: You can now go back home when we arrest him we shall inform you or even come here tomorrow to find out if they will be already arrested or not.

Kulecho: I will appreciate if you arrest him plus the woman as early as tomorrow.

Policeman I: By the way, how is your daughter called?

Kulecho: Loisy Nanyuli, she is brown, having spaced teeth. Her bust hold

sharp pointed breasts. Officer I tell you, you may think she is a girl, when the truth is that she has three sons with three different fathers.

All: (laughs)

Policeman III: Anyway, we shall arrest them by tomorrow

(CURTAINS)

ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

In Chenje's house, Kuloba is peace at the fire-yard cooking, smoke fuming a whole room, Namugugu and Nanyuli talking undertone, Chenje looking on.

Kuloba: I am now happy that my son has gotten a wife. I now have a company.

Chenje: It is good. If one gets a wife he of course gets a good thing.

Kuloba: (to Nanyuli) come here, move near and get some warmth from the fire.

Nanyuli: (moving) thank you Mama.

Kuloba: (to Nanyuli) to you enjoy eating ugali and pumpkin leaves that is stewed with cow's milk?

Nanyuli: (featfully) yes I do Mama.

Chenje: No it's a taboo let her not feed on any milk nor on any other animal product until we pay her parents pride price.

Kuloba: Those values have gone a way in a whimper, let my son's wife eat anything that comes her way in this home.

Namugugu: Mama! You can even slaughter a hen for her.

Chenje: No! No! let me tell you, my daughter in-law is still in a honeymoon. We have not officially met and talked with her parents to solemnize her marriage, she cannot feed on a hen not only to mention eggs?

Nanyuli: (laughs) Even I myself am allergic to meat. I strictly use greens. The only meat I can eat but even very little of it is smoked tilapia fish.

Kuloba: Oh! You mean it?

Nanyuli: Yes am a vegetarian. Just like other sisters of mine. We don't eat cow's meat.

Chenje: Where did you inherit that spirit from?

Nanyuli: Why?

Chenje: Because I grew up with your grandfather he could eat meat like a pregnant vulture. He was a ravenous meat eater.

(Enters Policemen each having, a sten gun)

Policeman I: All of you down! Don't try to run!

Policeman III: (slapping Namugugu) your eyes are as big as those of a bull-

frog.

Policeman II: (inveighing a slap towards Nanyuli) who told you to get married without coming along with your three sons?

Kuloba: (screaming) don't beat my son like that again!

Policeman I: (to Kuloba) you noisy harridan I will arrest you for obstructing the police officers on duty.

Chenje: (to policemen) my sons is kindly tell me where we have a Mistake?

Policeman III: That is a good question old man. But I will answer you through actions (handcuffs Namugugu and Nanyuli together) these two are lawbreakers.

Chenje: My son, what law have they broken?

Policeman I: (To Chenje) Mzee shut up your mouth or I will teach you how to be an old man. Preserve your questions, you will ask them to the trial magistrate.

Kuloba: (wailing) don't take my son to prison, He is already epileptic he will die from there. Oh! Forgive him.

Policeman II: (To Kuloba) Old woman, being an epileptic is not a leeway to break the law (laughs)

Chenje: (to policemen) Please my sons tell me what their fault is (pointing to handcuffed Nanyuli and Namugugu)

Policeman II: (To Chenje) Mzee, this son of yours is a very stupid epileptic. He is imposing his testicles to each and every person. He has eloped a way with this concubine. She has run away from her children. Three sons. One of them, the youngest one is still at a breast feeding stage. A suckler.

Policeman I: (to Chenje) therefore they are jointly arrested for having broken the law. They have committed a crime known as child neglect. They will come back after three years in prison. Either they will be sentence at Kodhiak or Kakamega Maximum labour prison.

Namugugu: (to policeman I) please forgive me sir; I was only tempted, I never intended to do all these.

Policeman III: Keep quite you useless, miscreant. Never talk to law-enforcers about temptation. Tempted ones are more sinful than the tempters. Stand up we go! The useless temptor and the tempted, walk! You wobbling temptress!

Kuloba: Officers! Let me give you a cockerel so that you can leave my only son.

Policeman III: Old-woman we did not come here to pick bribes in kind of chicken.

Policeman II: We can take your cockerel but there is no key to unlock the handcuffs. It is at the police station.

Policeman I: Off we go! (Pushing out Nanyuli and Namugugu, policeman II, Pushing them out)

Policeman III: (to Kuloba, stressing) bring that cockerel to the police at Bokoli village market police station. Make sure you come incognito (exits)

Kuloba: (wailing to herself) my only son. What has happened again? Since I was born I have seen always people getting married without being arrested. Since the earth was created a honeymoon has never been in prison. What a bad luck, what a curse hangs in the clouds of your head. You try to get my son, only to go up in handcuffs. But if it was another person from this village, nothing bad could have happened. What is the source of this entire evil machination?
(CURTAINS)

SCENE TWO

Its early morning, at Bokoli village market, inside a police cell, Nanyuli and Namugugu shouting between themselves. Each in a separate cell. Their respective cells are separated by a wall.

Namugugu: (shouting over the wall) Loisy why did you not tell me that you have children and a suckling baby?

Nanyuli: (shouting over the wall) why did you not tell me that you are an epileptic?

Namugugu: Epilepsy is misfortune I am not ashamed of it.

Nanyuli: Bearing children is a blessing from God I am not ashamed of it.

Namugugu: You have to be ashamed for cheating your way into a marriage.

Nanyuli: You have to be self dignified as a married epileptic?

(CURTAINS)

SCENE THREE

At the police station, under the shade of pines-trees. Kuloba, Kulechoi, Chenje, Lusaaka, Policeman I, II, III, Child I, II, III, Namugugu and Nanyuli are brought out from the cells. They are still on handcuffs.

Policeman I: (To Nanyuli) look at how your children are as small as rats.

Kulecho: (to policeman J) Officer, don't just talk. Be flogging that woman.

Policeman II: Let her take the children we want to take her to court.

Child II: (to Nanyuli) Mama, I am hungry; Kukhu never gave as any food since you went.

Kulecho: (To child II) ask your mother to show you your father.

Policeman I: (To Kulechoi) you said each of these child has its own distinct father?

Kulecho: Yes, the girl is no joke.

Policeman III: (to Namugugu) we are just waiting for your father to come, and then we take you to court

Namugugu; (shy and not confident) thank you afante I will appreciate.

Lusaaka; (to Namugugu) but my son, are you ready or are you willing to take this daughter of mine to be your wife?

Namugugu; Yes Papa am very ready to stay with Loisy as my wife

Lusaaka: will you take the children

Kulecho; why not! if you cut the tree you must also cut the branches.

Policeman I: (to Kulecho) listen madam (then to Namugugu) will you take your wife

and along with her children?

Namugugu: Yes

Kulecho : (to Nanyuli) give me my money and my tea leaves!

Nanyuli ; this afante (pointing to policeman III) took the money and the tea-leaves. Plus the tumbler.

Policeman III: (to Nanyuli) don't point that useless finger at me! Will you go and stay with your husband? Are you ready?

Nanyuli; yes

(Enters Paulina)

Paulina; Bad news honourable police officers!

Policeman I: announce it

Paulina ; Chenje is dead, either the rats killed him or if not starvation. But his wife Kuloba is claiming that you the policemen killed him through the rudely shocking manner in which you arrested his son; Beatings! Insults Handcuffing! Jabbing! I mean! Officers! I mean that old woman Kuloba, even she is my age-mate, but she has totally smeared you officers the real mud of the year!

Namugugu: My father dead! ?

Policeman I: don't ask us that question, we don't work in the mortuary. You take your wife and your children to your house. And we don't want to hear any nonsense from you. (to policeman three) remove the handcuffs from their hands. Let him go home with his family. He is now married before the government. Yes, the government of Kenya. Let him go home with his wife and her three children quickly.

Kulecho; (to policemen) let them give me my money, please officers, help me to recover my tealeaves, I want my money and my tea leaves!

(CURTAINS)

alexander opicho

the year of great deaths

THIS YEAR 2013; IS THE YEAR OF GREAT DEATHS

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

This year alone world society has lost more than ten great intellectual and political leaders. They have been lost to death in a deeply wounding manner. Human society has indeed been robbed. It is so sad. Three of the leaders have been Nobel laureates and the rest are leaders of intellectual, moral, political and spiritual stature in their respective capacities.

It began without any stampede in early part of the year some where March when Chinua Achebe, a Nigerian and Francis Davis Imbuga a Kenyan, both succumbed to early deaths caused by stroke. Rendering not only the citizens of world of literature, but also African society as well as global intellectual communities to the most desperate bereavement. Thereafter, within short while of the subsequent days, The Venezuelans president and Marxist intellectual, Hugo Chavez also succumbed to death caused by throat cancer. Even though the Pravda, the daily circulating paper of Russia contended that Chavez was poisoned; it is dismissible as only a Russian stand attributed to ideological hangover, because the Pravda also made similar allegations in relation to deaths of Yasser Arafat, Pablo Neruda and Frantz Omar Fanon, but it did not go a head to establish the factuality of this very allegations.

What we know is that human life is in most cases contested for by the three spiritual forces of fortune, fate and death. As decried William Shakespeare in his Romeo and Juliet. This time round in the year 2013, the angel of death has dominantly reigned with its untimely consequences in form of fangled early death of our leaders. Herman Melville will remain classical in his concern in the Moby Dick about death that; O death! O death! Why are you untimely?

Sadder is when the Al shabab terrorists killed the Ghanaian born global literary citizen Kofi Owonor. Kofi Owonor the poet and author of This world my brother was among the people killed in Nairobi during the terrorist attack at the Westgate mall. Of course he had come to Kenya to celebrate in literary festival organised by a society of publishers in Nairobi. This is an eventuality of some month ago. In September 2013, the Irish born literary Nobel prize poet; Heaney Seamus died. He died prematurely when the world society most needed his service to literature and his literary service to human society.

A couple of some weeks ago again the world loosed two prominent artists, political leaders, human rights crusaders and intellectuals. These are none other than Doris May Lessing and Tabuley Rosseuru. Lessing was a white African living in London, literature Nobel laureate and a feminist as well as an anti apartheid crusader. She is known for her firm stand against communist utopia, championing for the courses against dehumanizing human behaviors like racisms, but mostly Lessing is known for her great literary works like; the grass is singing, Golden Note book, Dann and Mara as well as so many other works. Whereas Tabuley was an African Congolese, a musician, a businessman, once a husband to Africa's most beautiful songstress Bellia Belle. He was the composer and the vocalist of African Rumba music. His song Bina Mudan which we in Africa always pronounce as Simbukinya was actually an artistic and cultural bombshell. Tabuley has been a politician, who enjoyed a gubernatorial position of the city of Kinshasa for ten years (two terms) .

Most disastrous is the currently trial-some moment for the world community as they all commissarriate the death of Nelson Mandela. Mandella died early december 2013 at his

home in the Johannesburg city of South Africa. The death of Mandela is an open sore to the society. It is a window for social, political, intellectual and family abyss in Africa. It is indeed a sad moment. But what can we do? For it has already happened. We can only swim in the consolation inherent the wisdom of the Babukusu people found in the western part of Kenya that; Mis-brewed wine behooves volunteer carousers. And truly, I have personally joined the world community to commit a poetical kamikaze in volunteering to drink this sour wine of humanity. May god give us and our leaders in their diverse capacities long live. Amen.

Alexander Opicho

THERE IS AFRICAN CHIC WHO LOVES ME

Alexander k Opicho
(Eldoret, kenyaapicho@yahoo.com)

Old school hawa yu?
A u lavd as I do?
There is a lade
Who loves me now
But doesn't show
Coz of work and jobs
As she partially and cordialy
Gotta play it coola
With mine dear bossa

alexander opicho

There is Power in the Name Alexander

There is power in the name 'Alexander'

By

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Spiritual scholars of Christian Science have a concept that there is power in the name. They at most identify the name Jesus and the name of God, Jehovah to be the most powerful names in the spiritual realm. But in the world of literature and intellectual movement, art, science, politics and creativity, the name Alexander is mysteriously powerful. Averagely, bearers of the name Alexander achieve some unique level of literary or intellectual glory, discover something novel or make some breakaway political victories.

Among the ancient and present-day Russians, most bearers of the name Alexander were imbued with some uniqueness of intellect, leadership or literary might. Beginning with the recent times of Russia, the first mysterious Alexander is the 1700 political reformist and effective leader, Tsar Alexander and his beautiful wife, tsarina Alexandrina. The couple transformed Russian society from pathetic peasantry to a middle class society. It is Tsar Alexander's leadership that laid a foundation for Russian socialist revolution. Different scholars of Russian history remember the reign of Tsar Alexander with a strong bliss. This is what made the Lenin family to name their son Alexander an elder brother to Vladimir Ilyanovsk Ilyich Lenin. This was done as parental projection through careful choice of a mentor for their young son. Alexander Lenin was named after this formidable ruler; Tsar Alexander. Alexander Lenin was a might scholar. An Intellectual and political reformist. He was a source of inspiration to his young brother Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, who became the Russian president after his brother Alexander, had died through political assassination. However, researches into distinctive prowess of these two brothers reveal that Alexander Lenin was more gifted intellectually than Vladimir Lenin.

Alexander Pushkin, another Russian personality with intellectual, cultural, theatrical and literary consequences. He was a contemporary of Alexander pope. He is the main intellectual influence behind Nikolai Vasileyvich Gogol and very many other Russian writers. He is to Russians what Shakespeare is to English speakers or Victor Hugo is to French speakers, Friedrich Schiller and Frantz Kafka is to Germany readers or Miguel de Cervantes to the Spaniards. Among English readers, Shakespeare's drama of King Lear is a beacon of English political theatre, while Hugo's Les Misérables is an apex of French social and political literature, but Pushkin's Boris Godunov, a theatrical political satire, technically towers above the peers. For your point of information my dear reader; there has been a commonplace false convention among English literature scholars that, William Shakespeare in conjunction with Robert Greene wrote and published highest number of books, more than anyone else. The factual truth is otherwise. No, they only published 90 works, but Pushkin published 700 works. Equally glorious is Alexander Vasileyvich Sholenstyn, the, the, the author of 'I Will Be on Phone by Five, Cancer Ward, Gulag Archipelago' and the First Cycle. He is a contemporary of Leo Tolstoy, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Alfred Nobel and Maxim Gorky. Literary and artistic excellence of Alexander Sholenstyn, the, the anti-communist Russian novelist was and is still displayed through his mirroring of a corrupt Russian communist politics, made him a debate case among the then committee members for Nobel prize and American literature prize, but when the Kremlin learned of this they, detained Alexander Sholenstyn at Siberia for 18 years this is where he wrote his Gulag Archipelago. Which he wrote as sequel five years later to the previous novel the Cancer Ward whose main theme is despair among cancer patients in the Russian hospitals. This was simply a satirical way of expressing agony of despair among the

then political prisoners at Siberia concentration camps. In its reaction to this communist front to capitalist literature through the glasnost machinery, the Washington government ordered Chalice Chaplin an American pro-communist writer to be out of America within 45 minutes.

Alexander's; Payne, Pato, Petrovsky, and Pires are intellectual torchbearers of the world and Russian literary civilization. Not to forget, Alexander Popov, a poet and Russian master brewer, whose liquor brand 'Popov' is the worldwide king of bar shelves?

In 1945 the Russians had very brutish two types of guns, designed to shoot at long range with very little chances of missing the target. These guns are; AK 47 and the Molotov gun. They were designed to defeat the German Nazi and later on to be used in international guerrilla movement. The first gun AK 47 was designed by Alexander Klashilinikov and the second by Alexander Molotov. These are the two Alexander's that made milestones in history of world military technology.

The name Alexander was one of the titles or the epithet used to be given to the Greek goddess Hera and as such is taken to mean the one who comes to save warriors. In Homer's epical work; the Iliad, the most dominant character Paris who often saved the other warriors was also known also as Alexander. This name's linkage to popularity was spread throughout the Greek world by the military maneuvers and conquests of King Alexander III. Alexander III is commonly known as Alexander the Great. Evidently; the biblical book of Daniel had a prophecy. It was about fall of empires down to advent of Jesus as a final ruler. The prophecy venerated Roman Empire above all else. As well the, prophecy magnified military brilliance, intellect and leadership skills of the Greek, Alexander the great, the conqueror of Roman Empire. Alexander the great was highly inspired by the secret talks he often held with his mother. All bible readers and historians have reasons to believe that Alexander of Greece was powerful, intellectually might, strong in judgment and a political mystery and enigma that remain classic to date.

In his book Glimpses of History, Jawarlal Nehru discusses the Guru Nanak as an Indian religious sect, Business Empire, clan, caste, and an intellectual movement of admirable standard that shares a parallel only with the Aga Khans. Their founder is known, as Skander Nanak. The name skander is an Indian version for Alexander. Thus, Alexander Nanak is the founder of Guru Nanak business empire and sub Indian spiritual community. Alexander Nanak was an intellectual, recited Ramayana and Mahabharata off head; he was both a secular and religious scholar as well as a corporate strategist. The American market and industrial civilisations has very many wonderful Alexander's in its history. The earliest known Alexander in American is Hamilton, the poet, writer, politician and political reformist. Hamilton strongly worked for establishment of American constitution. Contemporaries of Hamilton are; Alexander Graham Bell and Alexander Flemming. Bell is the American scientist who discovered a modern electrical bell, while Fleming, A Nobel Prize Laureate discovered that fungus on stale bread can make penicillin to be used in curing malaria. Other American Alexander's are; Van, Ludwig, MacQueen, Calder and Ovechikin.

Italian front to mysterious greatness in the name Alexander spectacularly emanates from science of electricity which has a measuring unit for electrical volume known as voltage. The name of this unit is a word coined from the Italian name Volta. He was an Italian scientist by the name Alessandro Volta. Alessandro is an Italian version for Alexander. Therefore it is Alexander Volta an Italian scientist who discovered volume of electrical energy as it moves along the cable. Thus in Italian culture the name Alexander is also a mystery.

Readers of European genre and classics agree that it is still enjoyable to read the Three Musketeers and the Poor Christ of Montecristo for three or even more times. They are

inspiring, with a depth of intellectual character, and classic in lessons to all generations. These two classics were written by Alexander Dumas, a French literary genius. He lived the same time as Hugo and Dostoyevsk. When Hugo was writing the Hunch-back of Notre-dame Dumas was writing the Three Musketeers. These two books were the source of inspiration for Dostoyevsky to write Brothers Karamazov. Another notable European- cum -American Alexander is Alexander Pope, whose adage 'short knowledge is dangerous,' has remained a classic and ever quoted across a time span of two centuries. Alexander Pope penned this line in the mid of 1800 in his poem better drink from the Pyrene spring.

In the last century colleges, Universities and high schools in Kenya and throughout Africa, taught Alexander La Guma and Alexander Haley as set- book writers for political science, literature and drama courses. Alexander La Guma is a South African, anti-apartheid crusader and a writer of strange literary ability. His commonly read books are A walk in the Night, Time of the Butcher Bird and In the Fog of the Season's End. While Alexander Haley is an African in the American Diaspora. An intellectual heavy- weight, a politician, civil rights activist and a writer of no precedent, whose book The Roots is a literary blockbuster to white American artists. Both La Guma and Haley are African Alexander's only that white bigotry in their respective countries of America and South Africa made them to be called Alex's.

The Kenyan only firm for actuaries is Alexander Forbes consultants. Alexander Forbes was an English-American mathematician. The lesson about Forbes is that mystery within the name Alexander makes it to be the brand of corporate actuarial practice in Africa and the entire world.

Something hypothetical and funny about this name Alexander is that its dictionary definition is; homemade brandy in Russia, just the way the East African names; Wamalwa, Wanjoi and Kimaiyo are used among the Bukusu, Agikuyu and Kalenjin communities of Kenya respectively. More hypothetical is the lesson that the short form of Alexander is Alex; it is not as spiritually consequential in any manner as its full version Alexander. The name Alex is just plain without any powers and spiritual connotation on the personality and character of the bearer. The name Alexander works intellectual miracles when used in full even in its variants and diminutives as pronounced in other languages that are neither English nor Greece. Presumably the -ander section of the name (Alex) ander is the one with life consequences on the history of the bearer. Also, it is not clear whether they are persons called Alexander who are born bright and gifted or it is the name Alexander that conjures power of intellect and creativity on them.

In comparative historical scenarios this name Alexander has been the name of many rulers, including kings of Macedon, kings of Scotland, emperors of Russia and popes, the list is infinite. Indeed, it is bare that when you poke into facts from antiques of politics, religion and human diversity, there is rich evidence that there is substantial positive spirituality between human success and social nomenclature in the name of Alexander. Some cases in archaic point are available in a listological exposition of early rulers on Wikipedia. Some names on Wikipedia in relation to the phenomenon of Alexanderity are: General Alexander; more often known as Paris of Troy as recounted by Homer in his Iliad. Then ensues a plethora; Alexander of Corinth who was the 10th king of Corinth, Alexander I of Macedon, Alexander II of Macedon, Alexander III of Macedonia alias Alexander the Great. There is still in the list in relation to Macedonia, Alexander IV and Alexander V. More facts of the antiques have Alexander of Pherae who was the despotic ruler of Pherae between 369 and 358 before the Common Era. The land of Epirus had Alexander I the king of Epirus about 342 before the Common Era and Alexander II the king of Epirus 272 before the Common Era. A series of other

Alexander's in the antiques is composed of; Alexander the viceroy of Antigonus Gonatas and also the ruler of a rump state based on Corinth in 250 before the common era, then Alexander Balas, ruler of the Seleucid kingdom of Syria between 150 and 146 before the common era. Next in the list is Alexander Zabinas the ruler of part of the Seleucid kingdom of Syria based in Antioch between 128 and 123 before the common era, then Alexander Jannaeus king of Judea, 103 to 76 before the common era and last but not least Alexander of Judaea son of Aristobulus II the king of Judaea. The list of Alexander's in relation to the antiquated Roman empire are; Alexander Severus, Julius Alexander who lived during the second century as the Emesene nobleman, Then next is Domitius Alexander the Roman usurper who declared himself emperor in 308. Next comes Alexander the emperor of Byzantine. Political antiques of Scotland have Alexander I, Alexander II and Alexander III of Scotland. The list cannot be exhausted but it is only a testimony that there are a lot of Alexander's in the antiques of the world.

Religious leadership also enjoys vastness of Alexander's. This is so among the Christians and non Christians, Catholics and Protestants and even among the charismatic and non-charismatic. These historical experiences start with Alexander Kipsang Muge the Kenyan Anglican Bishop who died in a mysterious accident during the Kenyan political dark days of Moi. But when it comes to The antiques catholic pontifical history, there is still a plethora of them as evinced on Wikipedia; Pope Alexander I, Alexander of Apamea also the bishop of Apamea, Pope Alexander II, Pope Alexander III, Pope Alexander IV, Pope Alexander V, Pope Alexander VI, Pope Alexander VII, Pope Alexander VIII, Alexander of Constantinople the bishop of Constantinople, St. Alexander of Alexandria also the Coptic Pope and Patriarch of Alexandria between then Pope Alexander II of Alexandria the Coptic Pope and lastly Alexander of Lincoln the bishop of Lincoln and finally Alexander of Jerusalem. However, the fact of logic is inherent in the premise that there is power in the name. An interesting experience I have had is that; when Eugene Nelson Mandela ochieng was kidnapped in Nairobi sometimes ago, a friend told me that there is power in the name. The name Mandela on a Nairobi born Luo boy attracts strong fortune and history making eventualities towards the boy, though fate of the world interferes, the boy Eugene Mandela ochieng is bound to be great, not because he was kidnapped but because he has an assuring name Nelson Mandela. With extension both in Africa and without, May God the almighty add all young Alexander's to the traditional list of other great and formidable Alexander's that came before. Amen.

References;
Jewarlal Nehru; Glimpses of History

Alexander K Opicho is a social researcher with Sanctuary Researchers Ltd in Eldoret, Kenya he is also a lecturer in Research Methods in governance and Leadership.

Alexander Opicho

There Is Slavery In Mauritania

There are black slaves in Mauritania
Indentured Patel Slaves in India
Black Slaves in Mali
Black Slaves in Nigeria
Black Slaves in Niger
White Slaves in Russia
Muslim slaves in Senegal
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

Today, November 2013
There are black slaves in Mauritania
Serving the white Berbers
Toiling from morning to late evening
Working under desert sun like soulless beasts
With no single pay, with no human dignity
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

Let us all go slowly and slowly to fight
In the Islamic city of Nouakchott
To demolish evil monuments of slavery
With our entire human might let us fight
With our blood, sweat and soul
Fight slavery the human vice in Mauritania
Free them all black slaves to freedom
Black moor, black Africans, Afro-Mauritanians
From the shackles of slavery to white Berbers,
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

There are women in slavery in Nouakchott
Herding camels and goats, donkeys and mules
Black women Raped in the field alongside animals
Enslaved women Raped in the field as children look
Black women Raped in the field as goats and sheep watch
Black women of Mauritania are in deep tribulation
All their pregnancies a protégé of white rape
No child of love, wedlock or out of romance
There are black slaves in Mauritania

There are a million black slaves in Mauritania
Some know of their fate some know not
Their doom of chattel slavery
Where man is sold away like a wooden spoon
Away to a willing buyer a slave is sold
Away to a fellow slave master man is donated
As a wedding gift or a birthday token
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

When a white Berber king dies
The journey before him is long and arduous
The journey to heaven is long indeed
He can't go alone he needs a hand
Two live slaves are buried along with him

The slave master the white Berber
To provide hand and service to the master off to heaven
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

In the city of Nouakchott Muslim enslave Moslem
Against the holy law of Mohammed,
As long as they are black Africans and moors
Islam is neither fortress nor succor for them
Against the racist urge for enslavement
White Berbers the rich of Nouakchott
Enslave Black Muslim and half Black Muslim
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

It is true god of Christians and Allah of Moslem
Owe apology to enslaved black humanity
God and Allah should apologize to Africanity
God said, Jews can kill a non Jewish slaves is no sin
Albeit, killing a Jewish slave is sin
Jews only to be slaves for seven years
That, slaves venerate your masters
That, non-Jewish slaves are in life slavery
Their sire slaves of the master
Jewish slaves give birth to children
Non-Jewish slaves give birth to slaves
Allah said, Muslim can enslave all non Muslims
O! Africa! There are black slaves in Mauritania.

Liberated slaves of Mauritania go back
In the sand dunes and dents of slavery
Teach your folks both master and slaves
The fruit of freedom from religious utopia
Tell the slaves to ignore the Quran and the Bible
For these are none other than handmaids of slavery
Stupid bliss, blind faith, O! Archaic pusillanimity
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

Let the slaves read and teach others to read
Fanon Omar the son of Algeria
Walter Rodney son of Guyana
Aime Cesaire son of the north
Ousmane of Senegal the wood of Islam
Amilcar Cabral the verdant cape
Malcolm X and Paul Freire, pedagogy of slavery
Marcus Garvey and The black souls of W Dubois
There are black slaves in Mauritania

For me and my house I stand for freedom
For me and my house I stand for human dignity
For me and my house I stand for diversity in humanity
For me and my house I will never enslave a fellow human being
For me and my house I better serve Marxism down to my infinity
Other than flirting with christo-islamic glorification of slavery

Slaves in Mauritania have tyranny of numbers over the Berbers
Stand up and fight the few slave drivers in Mauritania
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

alexander opicho

Things that puzzle Taban Makitiyon Reneket Lo Liyong

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

I guess most of you will be born when
Taban Makitiyong Reneket lo Liyong is dead
When he will be already another nigger dead
Myself I am luck I have met relative of zinjathropus
I have shared a table and a roof
With Liyong the poetical witch of port Africa
Let me tell you how he is and what puzzles him;
He is black and short stumpy and weak
In his shadow of seventy years, a sagacious septuagenarian
He has sexy eyes and his protruding nose is keen
On solving problems of an African girl child
He has read all the books in the world
Apart from the book of Amos in the evil Bible
He is ugly in the face and breathes cacophonously
In the left north with heavy sound
He is an aggressive eater with sharp appetites
Towards African herbs and turkana beef; goat meet
He is a sympathetic listener who gets
Inspiration by listening to the young
He loves all students with passion, but who knows
He loves poems and incantations
From the akuku culture in southern Sudan
Where he was born before becoming a temporary Ugandan
He is fond of taking knowledge upwards
The palm wine tree along the shores and coastlines
This is where he found the fellow son of zinjathropus
A palm wine Drinkard in the name of Amos Tutuola,

Taban wonders why Frantz Omar Fanon has
The un-even ribs on the sides
Taban wonders why there are no aged Chinese in the world
Why turkana women are the most beautiful in Africa
But they play like playing bush love where
But every time before you go off her top
The deadly desert scorpion bites you on the leg
Why The Babukusu of east Africa stopped their revolution
Why the books of Ali A Mazrui form a succinct tribe
Why the Masai chiefs eat as peasants beggingly look
Why there is oil in turkana area and no turkana man knows where oil is
Why Obama has not read his fixions and meditations, his youthful oeuvre
Why Wole Soyinka used to be jailed by foolish people in Nigeria
Why Achebe and Okigbo condemned Captain Elechi Amadi to detention
During the tribally secessionist Igbo war of Biafra
Why publishers in Kenya take bribes in kind
Especially whisky, pilsner, viceroy, smirnoff and freezing tusker
Why Pablo Neruda was not born in Congo
Why Jews are all over the world but none is seen
Why thirteen offenses against his enemies

Never shook the world like Das kapital of Karl Marx
Why man cannot eat socialism but only bread and wine
Why Ramogi Acheing Oneko was not in Lodwar prison
Why Paul Ngei broke the leg of Jomo Kenyatta
When they were in detention at Lodwar
Why he missed by a whisker to betroth Grace Ogot
A Luo babie who leaves in the land without
Neither thunder nor promise of thunder
In the bossomy bossom of Bethwel Ogot
Whose foot prints on the sands of times
Hat to Sent Daniel arap Moi Home shout a lame poem;
Jogoo! Jogoo! Jogoo! Jogoo!
Why a short fat big headed man the poet in this poem
Asked him why he launched Christmas in Lodwar during December 2013
But not the intellectually logical So what and Show What
Why turkana men don't put on panties
But still their penis cannot make three percent in size
Of the size of the penis of a Luhyia man Mr. Wanyama
Who hosted Taban during christmas in Lodwar
Why his tribesmen will remove six front teeth
From his lower jawbone when he is dead.

alexander opicho

Tod

O tod! O Tod! menschenlich schrei
warum eine du vorzeitig?
du jungerauen toten im ihr ruhmestunde
Jungefrau du toten im die susse du sie liebe und leider
tod! du habe sehr bose eifersuchtig
meschen du gesondert von ihr palast
du sie nicht gute besucherin
warum besuch Doris Lessing dies ruhmestunde von ihre
wann im dienst der literature
hals uber kopf du habe immer veruteilen familien

alexander opicho

Tonguistic Victimhood

Languages are elastic realities of ages
Going beyond political and historical chauvinism
That selfishly blends into exclusive nations
The European languages we slavishly speak
In diversity of the world is a virgin testimony,
Ostensible Afro-American cultural civilization
Are mere protégés of transplanted tongues
In forlorn position of knowledge
That derides cultural Darwinism
Unto this last that Language
is born and grow from the native soil,
Nurtured by facts of history in timbre of altruism
Where misfortune of history raped my stature
Planting unknown and unnamed language
In my virgin soil of pristine times
My conscience not yet passively accepting
The changing misfortunes of the transplanted English
As they are at current times
The negations of vicious cultural Darwinist
Condemning me a victim of tonguistry.

alexander opicho

torture house

NYATI HOUSE TORTURE HOUSE

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

There was a house in Kenya
Called Nyati house
Nyati means Buffalo
But was not buffalo house
It was purely house of torture.

It was in the city of Nairobi
Its basement taller than the storey
It was darker and horrific
It was built by tax money
Collected from the peasants
By the powers that be
Nyati house was built by the government
When Daniel Moi was the president
He thought torture can replace democracy
He had to built torture house
Staffed by the special branch
Official technocrats of torture.

Torture technicians were black and tall
Literate to anti opposition politics
Democracy sent them to nausea
It was filthy and distaste
They relished sycophancy with passion
They meted torture with tribal scales
Universities were an eyesore
Graduates were an open sore
They bothered special branch
A jigger in the nail of your toes.

Nyati house had all forms of torture;
Excommunication
Ostracism
Hunger
Artificial lice
Bed bugs
Beatings
Pliers on your balls
Pincers on your breasts
Standing in water full to your waist
For days or a fortnight
Drinking your urine
Getting sick without treatment
Mental disparagement
Slapping

Kicking
Loneliness
Freezing cold
Spying
Counter spying
Mockery
Withdraw of your certificates
Dying
Resurrecting like a phoenix.

When you come out
You had one political poem to sing;
Jogoo!
Jogoo!
Jogoo!
Jogoo!
Jogoo!

alexander opicho

toxic valentine

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Here is a toast for valentine
Valentine in all seasons perennial
Where angst of money for love
Cradled utopian capitalism,
It is once again in the city of Omurate
In the south most parts of Ethiopia
On the borders of Kenya and Ethiopia
Where actually the river Ormo enters Lake Turkana,
There lived a pair of lovers
With overt compassion for one another
The male lover was an origin of Nyangtom,
A cattle rustling Nilotic kingdom
While the female lover was a descendant of King Solomon
The Jewish children which King Solomon aborted
Because their mother was an Ethiopian African
They now form substantial part of the Ethiopian population
Their clan is known as Amharic, they speak subverted Yiddish,
These lovers were good to one another
Sharing secrets and all other stuffs that go with love.

Both the lovers were fatherless
They had lost their fathers through early death
They only had the mothers, who were again sickly
Their mothers coughed a whole night with whoops
And when in the wee of the night, when temperatures go low
The mothers breathe with wheezing sound
Like peasant music from African violin,
They didn't eat with good appetite
They always left irritating chunks on the plates,
But they all puked mucus from their mouths
And of course with a very sickening regularity.

The menace of sick mothers intervened with love freedom
Among the inter-compassionate lovers
They did not have time for real active love
I will not mention recurrent missing of ceremonies
Fetes that are bound to go with valentine day
The lovers were bored to their teeth
They don't knew when gods will come to unyoke them.

Especially the male lover, was most perturbed
His mother looked sorriest
With a scrofulous look on her old aged African face
She looked like a forlorn erstwhile cattle rustler
She ever whined in pain like a trapped hyena
Her son the male lover even began apologizing
To the female lover for such environmental upsets
Hence an African proverb that;
No love is possible with impaired judgment.

One day in the wee of the night
With no electricity nor any source of light
Darkness engulfing each and every aspect of the city
Confirming the hinterland of Africa
The female lover woke up from the sleep
And she never heard the usual wheezing breathes
That her mother often made in such hours,
Feat of suspicion gripped her
She jumped out of her bed to where her mother was
On feeling her, she found her dead, cold like a black member
She was already past the rigor mortis stage of death process
African chilliness had frozen her like a poikilothermic creature.

She wept but not in the uproarious groan
In that instinctive Jewish shrewdness
She did not announce nor inform her lover of her mother's death
She only washed and groomed the cadaver of her mother
She made a headscarf around the head of dead mother
She even placed reading glasses on her face
On her mother's dead torso she wrapped a dress
The most expensive of all bought from Egypt,
In the same wee of the night
She carried cadaver of her mother on her shoulders
The way a poor Nigerian farmer would carry a stem of banana
And walked slowly by slowly for a distance of a hundred kilometers
Down slope into Kenya towards the city of Todanyang in Turkana County
Todanyang was a busy city, but silent and minus people in the night
The king of this city was called Lapur the son of Turkanai
And the law that Lapur passed in this city was archaic
It was; an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a Jew for a Jew
A pokot for a pokot, a samburu for a samburu
It was simply the law with nothing else
Other than clauses of measure for measure
And clauses of tit for tat instantaneously administered,
On reaching the market she placed her mother standing
Being supported on a sign post at the bus stage
In pose similar to that of an early morning traveler,
She sat a side like a prowling spider awaiting foolish fly
They way an African vixen exposes its red anus
And when the hen comes to peck
It traps and closes the head of the hen
Deeper into its Anus,
At that bus stage there was a hotel
Owned by a Rwandese refugee
From the foolish clan of the Hutu
He had ran away from the genocide
In his country, he was also the perpetrator
And thus he was a runaway from the law cum hotelier
His name was Chapuchapu, meaning the quick one,
When Chapuchapu opened the hotel for the early customers
The female lover walked into the hotel

With innocence on her face like all the Jews
She placed an order for two mugs of coffee
And two pieces of bread
When Chapuchapu had placed food on the table
The female lover shrewdly instructed Chapuchapu
To go and hold the hand of the woman standing at the sign post
To bring her into the hotel for morning tea,
Chapuchapu in his unsuspecting charisma
With a mad drive to make money that morning
He dashed out as instructed with his foolish notion
That the customer is the queen, which is not
He grapped the standing cadaver with force
On pulling her to come along
The cadaver tumbled down like a marionette
Everything falling away; headscarf and glasses
Chapuchapu was overtaken by awe
The female lover was watching
Like the big brother in the Orwellian satire,1984.
When the cadaver of her mother fell
She came out of the hotel
Screaming like a hundred vehicles
Of St John Ambulance
And two hundred Kenyan vehicles of fire brigade
And three hundred Kenyan cash transfer vehicles,
She was accusing Chapuchapu for being careless
Careless in his work that he had killed her mother,
Swam of armed humanity in Turkana loinclothes
Began pouring in like waters of Nile into Mediterranean
Female lover improved the scale of her screaming
Chapuchapu like a heavyweight idiot was dumbfounded
Armed people came in their infinite
Finally king Lapur arrived on his royal donkey
That his foot soldiers had only rustled
From Samburu land a fortnight ago,
The presence of the king quelled the hullabaloo
The king asked to find out what had happened
Amid sops the female lover narrated how
Chapuchapu the hotelier had killed her mother
Through his careless helter skelter behaviour
The king sighed and shouted the judgment
To the mad crowd; an eye for a.....! ?
The crowd responded back to the King
In a feat of amok value;
For an eye you mighty Lapur son ofTurkanai,
The stones, kicks, jabs began raining
In volleys on an innocent Chapuchapu
Amid shouts that kill him, he came here to kill people
The way he killed a thousand fold in Rwanda.

The sopping female lover requested the king
That his people wait a bit before they continue
Then the king waved to the people to stop

Chapuchapu was on the ground writhing in pain
When the King asked the female lover what was the concern
She requested for pay from Chapuchapu not people to kill him
Chapuchapu accepted to pay whatever the price that will be put
Female lover asked for everything in hundreds;
Carmel, money, Birr, sheep, goats, donkeys, cows
Name them all they were in hundreds
Chapuchapu and his family were saying yes to every demand
And they rushed to bring whatever was said
The payments exhausted Chapuchapu back to square zero
The female lover carried everything away
The cadaver of her mother on her shoulder
She disappeared into the forest
and buried her mother there.

When she arrived home she found the male lover
He looked at her overnight change in fortune in stupefaction
He didn't believe his eyes, it was a dream
Sweetheart, where have you gotten all these?
Questioned the male lover
Sweetie darling there is market for dead women
At Todanyang in the Turkana County of Kenya
I killed my sickly mother and carried her cadaver
As a trade ware to Todanyang
Whatever I have that you are looking at is the proceed,
Can my mother fetch the same? Asked the male lover
Of course yes, even more
Given the Africanness of your mother
African cadavers fetch more than the Jewish ones
At Todanyang market,
The male lover was now overtaken
By strong urge for quick riches
Was not seeing it getting evening
That day for him was as long as a whole century
He was anxious and restless more tired of a sickly mother
When evening fell he was already ready with the butcherer's tools
He didn't have nerves to wait till the wee of the night
As early as eleven in the evening he axed his mother's head
Into two chunks of human skull spilling the brains in stark horror
Blood streaming like a rivulet all over the house
The male lover was nonchalant to all these
He was in the full feat of determination
To kill and sell his mother to get the proceeds
With which he could foot the bills of valentine day.

He stuffed the headless blood soaked torso
Of his mothers cadaver in the sisal bag
He threw it to his bag
And began going to Todanyang
The market for human dead bodies
He went half running and half walking
With regular whistling of his favourite poem;

Ode to my Jewish lover

He reached Todanyang in the wee of the night
No human being was in sight
All people had gone as it was late in the night
He then slept in the open with dead body of his mother
Stuffed in the sisal bag beside him
Wandering night dogs regularly disturbed him
As they came to bite at smelling curdled blood
But he always scared them away.
As per the male lover he overslept till five in the morning
But when he woke up he unhesitatingly began to shout
Advertising his ware of trade in foolish version;
Am selling, the body of my mother, I have killed,
I killed her myself, it is still fresh, come and buy,
I will give you're a bargain price,

When the morning came
People began crowding around him
As he kept on shouting his advertisement
Also Lapur the king came
He was surprised with the situation,
He asked the male lover to confirm
Whatever he was shouting
The male lover vehemently confirmed,
Then the law of an eye for an eye
Effortlessly took its course
Lapur ordered his people, in a glorious royal decree
To stone the male lover to death
And bury him away without ceremony
Along with his mother in the sisal bag
In the wasted cemetery of villains
The same way Pablo Neruda
Had to bury his dead dog behind the house,

On hearing the tidings
About what had befallen her lover
The female lover had to send out a long giggle
Coming deep from her heart with maximum joy
She took over the estate of the male lover
Combined with hers,
All the animals and everything she took,
She made her son the manager
The son whom she immaculately conceived
Without any nuptial experience in the usual Jewish style
And their wealth multiplied to vastness
And hence toxic valentine gave birth to capitalism

alexander opicho

Tribalism, Listen!

I don't know how much the world is tired
Of hearing again in this year that
Still tribalism and negative ethnicity
Is Gog and magog with Africa, I mean Africa
The second largest continent in the world
After Asia, being seconded by Americas,
Her only cultural overture is tribalism and tribes
Large tribes swallowing small ones
Small tribes making desperate moves
Like bush virgin in the lethal fangs of the python,
Large tribes swallowing political fruits as the small ones
In despair look, being choked by forlorn appetite,
Tribalism, listen! Leave Africa alone; stop messing up the African youth
Tell the Dinka and the Nuer of the southern Sudan to put down the arms
The arms made in the old Russia, the AK 47,
Tell them to go to Russia not to buy
Arms but books of poetry and literature
To buy Dead souls of Nikolai Gogol and
Brothers Kamarazov of Fydor Dostoyevsky,

Tribalism, listen! Am tired of introducing myself
By my clan, I don't want to be known by my clan
I want to be known by my work; I am a poet
I sing and chant the African incantations of freedom
I do not perpetrate feelings of tribal terror
It is never my work to cement ethnicity
Tribes are good but tribalism is evil, or satanic or impish
Or gnostic or macabrous or ghastly insidious,
As its hatred is the most heinous.

alexander opicho

TUMMY TAX

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Kenya; the begotten daughter of your poor mother
Whose children starve and stave hunger in their tummies
Wallowing in mire of food destitution and diverse others
Wondering where to get victuals from as you have none to tax
Kindly look at your state officers the tummies are bulging
Occupying space all over, suffocating neighbours to the fringe
Tax the commonaplace tummies of your state officers
For them are plenty enough to give you revenue
In combat against hunger unto your children

alexander opicho

VIOLENT DEATH IS THE BANE OF AFRICAN WRITERS AND ARTISTS

Homage to the late poet; Kofi Owonor

By
Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

In one Sunday Nation article, Professor Ali A Mazrui analyzed the inter-politicality of The Jaramogi Odinga family and The Kennedy family by arriving at a difference that the Odinga's have curse of long life but the Kennedy's have a curse of early death through violent and untimely mode of death. Mazrui made these analogies in reference to violent death of John F. Kennedy and the subsequent Chappaquiddick bridge tragedy. Similarly, the salient difference between a European and American or a Japanese and African writer or African artist is that most of African writers die early in the mid of their lives through violent death but in contrast American and some European writers die peacefully and comfortably in their old age. Early and violent death is the dominant bane, fate and misfortune that now and then besmirch an African writer. This position is in recognition of a fact that my child-hood American popular literature writers in the name of Mario Puzzo author of the God Father and Robert Ludlum an author of several anti soviet spy series like; Borne dentity, Borne Ultimatum and Icarus Agenda plus very many others like The Matlock Paper had just to die recently in their late eighties. The most surprising of all is Phillip Roth whom I read at the age of twelve years while in my primary four. Now I am forty years and this year 2013 Phillip Roth is still alive and active to the American literary civilization that he has been touted by the Ladbrokes as a probable candidate for Nobel Prize in literature. But sadly enough on 22 September 2013 in Nairobi the black angel of early death has carried ahead its foul duty by claiming the life of Africa's most honorable literary scholar Professor Kofi Owonor during the helter-skelter of Alshabab terrorist lynch of the upscale West Gate Mall in Nairobi.

Actually this essay is meant to be a deep felt homage to the late Kofi Owonor, Killed by Islamic terrorists in Nairobi. However, the essay also goes ahead to decry the violent and early deaths of several other African writers. The deaths which have almost turned Africa into a literary dwarf if not a continent of artistic bovarism. Kofi Owonor, who peacefully and honorably came to attend Story Moja Literary festival to be held in Nairobi, was violently shot by the Islamic fundamentalist terror group known as Al shabab. Whose gunmen lynched the Mall in which was Kofi Owonor and his son. The terrorist were sending out the Muslim catchword on which if one fails to respond then he was known not to be a non- Muslim on to which he is shot or held hostage for ransom. Fatefull enough, Kofi Owonor was not muslim. He was an elder, an Africanist, a scholar, a poet, a realist, a rationalist, a Christian, a religious non-fundamentalist and a literary liberalist. He could not respond with any tincture of religious irrationalism to the question of the terrorist. He was shot dead and his son injured. Too sad. This is actually the time when Christian positivism goes beyond rigidity of other religious affectations in its classic assertiveness that the devil kills the flesh but not the soul. And indeed it is true the devilish terrorist killed Owonor's flesh but not his literary soul. They are such and similar situations that made Amilcar Cabral to observe in his Unity and Struggle, in a section on Homage to Kwameh Nkrumah to rationalize that the sky is too enormous to be covered by the palm of a sadist nor to be vilified by the spitting of the filthy ones; Truly, like Nkrumah, Kofi Owonor was the sky of African intellect never to be covered by the brute of the cannon from the parrel of a Muslim terrorist. Kofi Owonor is not alone neither are we alone. You, my dear reader and I we are not

in any historical nor literary solitude. In Africa God has blessed us with the opportunity of the dead relatives in the name of the living dead. We are not the first and the last to grief. Owonor is not the first and the last to dance with fate. Even Ali A. Mazrui in his literary expositions of 1974 otherwise published as the trial of Christopher Okigbo. A novella in which Mazrui cursed ideology as an open window into the moving vehicle that let in a very bad political accident to Nigeria in the name of Biafra war which claimed life of Christopher Okigbo at the Nzukka battle front. This was one other sad moment at which Africa lost its young literary talent through violent death. Reading of African literary biographies in all perspectives will not miss to make you attest to this testimony. Both in situ and in diaspora. Admirable African American writers like Malcolm X, and Dr Luther King all died through violent death. Even if in the recent past, the Daughter of Malcolm X revealed to Sahara Reporters, Nigerian Daily, that Louis Farrakhan was behind the assassination of her father, wisdom of the time commands us to know that it was evil politics of that time that made Malcolm X to die the way international politics of today in relation to crookedness which was entertained during the formation of the state of Israel that have made the son of Africa professor Kofi Owonor to die.

An in-depth analysis into the life and times of African writers and artists will show that the number of African cultural masters who die violently is more than the number of those who died normally in their old age. Some bit of listology will show help to adduce the pertinent facts; Patrice Lumumba, Steve Biko, Lucky Dube, Walter Rodney, Tom Mboya, J M Kariuki, Che que Vara, Ken Saro Wiwa, Anjella Chibalonza, and Jacob Luseno all but died through violent death. Lumumba died in a plane crash along with Darg Hammarskjöld only after penning some socialism guidelines. After writing I write what I want, a manifesto for black consciousness Steve Biko was arrested and tortured in the police cells during those days of apartheid in south Africa. Biko died violently while undergoing torture in police cells. Lucky Dube was fatefully shot by a confused thug. Walter Rodney who was persuaded by his student who is now the professor Isa Shivji at Dare salaam University not to go back to his country of Guyana, desisted this voice and went back only to be assassinated in the mid of the rabbles that domineered Guyanese politics those days of 1970's. This happened when Rodney had written only two major books. How Europe Underdeveloped Africa, being one of them. Tom Mboya was shot by a hired gunman in down-town Nairobi, some one kilometer away from the West Gate Mall, at which Kofi Owonor has been shot. Mboya could have written a lot. Even more than Rudyard Kipling and Quisling. But fate or bad luck had him violently die after he had only written two books; Challenges to Nationhood as well as Freedom and After. Both of them are classically nice reads until today. He had also submitted sessional paper no.10 to the Kenya government which was a classical thesis on Africanization of scientific socialism.

J M Kariuki, Che and Saro Wiwa are all known for how they violently died. Powers that be and terrorists that be, expedited violent death against these writers. Thus, brothers and sisters in the literary community of Africa and the world as we mourn Kofi Owonor we must also let Africa to unite in spiritual effort to rebuke away the evil spirit that often perpetrate terror of violent death which especially claim away lives of African writers.

References

Ali A. Mazrui; Trial of Christopher Okigbo
Amilcar Cabral; Unity and Struggle

Alexander Opicho

VIOLENT DEATH IS THE BANE OF AFRICAN WRITERS AND ARTISTS ii

Homage to the late poet; Kofi Owonor

By

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

In one Sunday Nation article, Professor Ali A Mazrui analyzed the inter-politicality of The Jaramogi Odinga family and The Kennedy family by arriving at a difference that the Odinga's have curse of long life but the Kennedy's have a curse of early death through violent and untimely mode of death. Mazrui made these analogies in reference to violent death of John F. Kennedy and the subsequent Chappaquiddick bridge tragedy. Similarly, the salient difference between a European and American or a Japanese and African writer or African artist is that most of African writers die early in the mid of their lives through violent death but in contrast American and some European writers die peacefully and comfortably in their old age. Early and violent death is the dominant bane, fate and misfortune that now and then besmirch an African writer. This position is in recognition of a fact that my child-hood American popular literature writers in the name of Mario Puzzo author of the God Father and Robert Ludlum an author of several anti soviet spy series like; Borne dentity, Borne Ultimatum and Icarus Agenda plus very many others like The Matlock Paper had just to die recently in their late eighties. The most surprising of all is Phillip Roth whom I read at the age of twelve years while in my primary four. Now I am forty years and this year 2013 Phillip Roth is still alive and active to the American literary civilization that he has been touted by the Ladbrokes as a probable candidate for Nobel Prize in literature. But sadly enough on 22 September 2013 in Nairobi the black angel of early death has carried ahead its foul duty by claiming the life of Africa's most honorable literary scholar Professor Kofi Owonor during the helter-skelter of Alshabab terrorist lynch of the upscale West Gate Mall in Nairobi.

Actually this essay is meant to be a deep felt homage to the late Kofi Owonor, Killed by Islamic terrorists in Nairobi. However, the essay also goes ahead to decry the violent and early deaths of several other African writers. The deaths which have almost turned Africa into a literary dwarf if not a continent of artistic bovarism. Kofi Owonor, who peacefully and honorably came to attend Story Moja Literary festival to be held in Nairobi, was violently shot by the Islamic fundamentalist terror group known as Al shabab. Whose gunmen lynched the Mall in which was Kofi Owonor and his son. The terrorist were sending out the Muslim catchword on which if one fails to respond then he was known not to be a non- Muslim on to which he is shot or held hostage for ransom. Fatefull enough, Kofi Owonor was not muslim. He was an elder, an Africanist, a scholar, a poet, a realist, a rationalist, a Christian, a religious non-fundamentalist and a literary liberalist. He could not respond with any tincture of religious irrationalism to the question of the terrorist. He was shot dead and his son injured. Too sad. This is actually the time when Christian positivism goes beyond rigidity of other religious affectations in its classic assertiveness that the devil kills the flesh but not the soul. And indeed it is true the devilish terrorist killed Owonor's flesh but not his literary soul. They are such and similar situations that made Amilcar Cabral to observe in his Unity and Struggle, in a section on Homage to Kwameh Nkrumah to rationalize that the sky is too enormous to be covered by the palm of a sadist nor to be vilified by the spitting of the filthy ones; Truly, like Nkrumah, Kofi Owonor was the sky of African intellect never to be covered by the brute of the cannon from the parrel of a Muslim terrorist. Kofi Owonor is not alone neither are we alone. You, my dear reader and I we are not in any historical nor literary solitude. In Africa God has blessed us with the opportunity of the dead relatives in the name of the living dead. We are not the first and the last to grief. Owonor is not the first and the last to dance with fate. Even Ali A.

Mazrui in his literary expositions of 1974 otherwise published as the trial of Christopher Okigbo. A novella in which Mazrui cursed ideology as an open window into the moving vehicle that let in a very bad political accident to Nigeria in the name of Biafra war which claimed life of Christopher Okigbo at the Nzukka battle front. This was one other sad moment at which Africa lost its young literary talent through violent death.

Reading of African literary biographies in all perspectives will not miss to make you attest to this testimony. Both in situ and in diaspora. Admirable African American writers like Malcolm X, and Dr Luther King all died through violent death. Even if in the recent past, the Daughter of Malcolm X revealed to Sahara Reporters, Nigerian Daily, that Louis Farrakhan was behind the assassination of her father, wisdom of the time commands us to know that it was evil politics of that time that made Malcolm X to die the way international politics of today in relation to crookedness which was entertained during the formation of the state of Israel that have made the son of Africa professor Kofi Owonor to die.

An in-depth analysis into the life and times of African writers and artists will show that the number of African cultural masters who die violently is more than the number of those who died normally in their old age. Some bit of listology will show help to adduce the pertinent facts; Patrice Lumumba, Steve Biko, Lucky Dube, Walter Rodney, Tom Mboya, J M Kariuki, Che que Vara, Ken Saro Wiwa, Anjella Chibalonza, and Jacob Luseno all but died through violent death. Lumumba died in a plane crash along with Darg Hammarskjöld only after penning some socialism guidelines. After writing I write what I want, a manifesto for black consciousness Steve Biko was arrested and tortured in the police cells during those days of apartheid in south Africa. Biko died violently while undergoing torture in police cells. Lucky Dube was fatefully shot by a confused thug. Walter Rodney who was persuaded by his student who is now the professor Isa Shivji at Dare salaam University not to go back to his country of Guyana, desisted this voice and went back only to be assassinated in the mid of the rabbles that domineered Guyanese politics those days of 1970's. This happened when Rodney had written only two major books. How Europe Underdeveloped Africa, being one of them. Tom Mboya was shot by a hired gunman in down-town Nairobi, some one kilometer away from the West Gate Mall, at which Kofi Owonor has been shot. Mboya could have written a lot. Even more than Rudyard Kipling and Quisling. But fate or bad luck had him violently die after he had only written two books; Challenges to Nationhood as well as Freedom and After. Both of them are classically nice reads until today. He had also submitted sessional paper no.10 to the Kenya government which was a classical thesis on Africanization of scientific socialism.

J M Kariuki, Che and Saro Wiwa are all known for how they violently died. Powers that be and terrorists that be, expedited violent death against these writers. Thus, brothers and sisters in the literary community of Africa and the world as we mourn Kofi Owonor we must also let Africa to unite in spiritual effort to rebuke away the evil spirit that often perpetrate terror of violent death which especially claim away lives of African writers.

References

Ali A. Mazrui; Trial of Christopher Okigbo
Amilcar Cabral; Unity and Struggle

Alexander Opicho

Warum Spektakel

warum ein spektakel
du meine vatter und mutter
meine tochter und kinder
warum spektakel
wo stile ist tugend
warum spektakem
wo respekt ist tugend
warum spektakel
wo ausdauer und beherrlichkeit
sie tugenden
warum spektakel
wo geduld ist tugend
warum spektakel! warum spektakel

VERGNUGEN!

alexander opicho

Was Ist Weltanschauung Von Sie

Meine weltanschauung is nullsnobismus
Nullsurrealismus
Nullheuchelei
Nullsadismus
Nulllegoismus
Nullvortel
Nullbigoterie
Nullbettleren
Nullverliebt
Nullkarussellen
Nullbrutalität
Nullrasismuss
Nullhabigier
Nullkapitalismuss
Nullsentimentalität
Nullpessimismus
Nullbdaeletue
Was ist weltanschauung von sie?

Vergnügen!

alexander opicho

We Are Dying Tommorrow

My self my wife and my two children will die tomorrow
Lucky, my first born daughter died last month
I and my wife we had Aids viruses
We have no immunity to take us forth
We are all dying tomorrow

My wife is thin like a ghost
I breathe with sound like a train
My kids look ugly like ghouls of Loudon
Drugs are all over my room like alchemist's domain
O! Surely my children are dying tomorrow

Let man of honesty come forth and say
Not only my succor but world in total
Tell the world of who really made HIV viruses
Tell the world of who can cure HIV aids
But I and my family we are dying tomorrow

alexander opicho

we sow future calamities

WE SOW FUTUTRE CALAMITIES

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

We sow the seeds of future calamities
In our capricious commissions and omissions
We put ourselves centre stage with ego
Not minding how much we mar
The future comfort in our mad scramble
For power and material glory
A wham Pam Pam in which we are carried
Far much away to verge of self-destruction
Cutting the woods to glow fire of selfish fame
Balancing our character on the tri-vicious
Pillars of sycophancy, snobbery and selfish hypocrisy
Looking at the clouds with scold not knowing
Is the cradle of deep blue suits and fibres
In its sympathetic micturations on matter below
The nonchalant oceanic human locomotive soles
Our deeds are full of vagaries as we jostle
To change the world before we change ourselves
The tired world is soon to change the capricious humanity

alexander opicho

what is love?

Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

As its social phenomenality
Grows with zeal and verve
Humanity of love befits
Beautifully Elaborate explanation
To enable both young and the elderly
To have clear and useful
Knowledge and insight
Of what is love;
Shakespeare in the prime
Of his bardness decried it
A foul protégé of individual beholder
Christ confused it for self-immolation
In the succor of the universe
Leo Tolstoy thought that
It was minimal ownership of land
Umberto Eco in his scriptorium
Declared it man's impaired judgment
Kenyan cupidmaestroes deem it human foully
To create a leeway to keep change of a Casanova
Mahatma Gandhi called it caste blindness
Mandela called it zero apartheid
Both in Luther King sang the song
Of nonviolent revolt
But me I will boldly clash
With the precedent civilizations
To call love foolishness of a man
And shrewdness of a woman
As for both man and woman the very love
In un-fangled in truth that it can't pay bills.

Alexander Opicho

When Her Husband Died

She was only in the mid of her age
When her womanhood was in the prime
That her husband died, died in the bush
He was fighting guerrilla war, for freedom of his country
Freedom of fatherland Africa, when the snake sank its fangs,
The two deadly poisonous fangs in the flesh of his thighs,
The puff adder poison overwhelmed his blood, he dropped dead,
His penis instantly erecting with the last bullet,
Bullet of fertility which he had preserved for her,
To fertilize her egg for the last chance,
On which they could sire a child of freedom
And call it Uhuru, liberte, Freheit or Freedom,
She heard of it and she mourned, with grieve
Fearing her future life without the husband,
The only one, father of her five sons,
Him who broke her virginity in one afternoon
In the fields under the canopy of a bush thicket,
He broke her virginity with electric like energy
In the stiffness of his erect African penis,
She wailed with sweetness of sensuousness
Clinking on his muscular and warm body
In libidinous foretaste of her soon wedding,
She remembers all these in cacotopian bitterness.

On getting news of his death, in the bush,
She swore to herself to remain pure till her death,
She kept on washing his clothes for years and years,
Preparing and preserving food for him every evening,
She often played sex with him in her sweet dreams,
She ironed his clothes and brushed his shoes for years,
He often came in the night, to give her baby talk,
She still wrote love letters to him via the address;
Po box, care of death in the city of his grave,
She did all these for decades after his death.

Alexander Opicho

Why African Men Have Good Daughters Than Sons

I have been reading the old copy of Saturday Nation, a week end edition of the daily nation in Kenya. It was published some weeks ago. It has some enticing feature stories that have made me to reflect on a certain family values in Africa. The three feature stories I have been reading are; Lupita Nyong'o stellar performance in the movie, 12 years a slave, in which she emerged a top American actor, attracting in the same course the most coveted Oscar prize, I have also read in the same paper the shooting literature star of Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, an American based Nigerian writress, who had had her last book Americana win the American Booker Prize, and lastly, I have also ready a very captivating account of Wanjiku wa Ngugi's spellbinding debutante in her book, the fall of saints. Wanjiku account was written by Proffessor Evans Mwangi a Thiong'o literary scholar based in Newyork. Mwangi being a Ngugi wa Thiongi'o, scholar wrote this article because Wanjiku wa Ngugi is also a daughter to the world famous Kenyan novelist, Ngugi Njogu wa Thiongi'o.

In each of the three above cases, emanates a significant observation that the fathers to the respective ladies are great men in their respective capacity, and that the ladies mentioned are now obvious heirs to the family names, family intellectual domain and family selling point respectively.

Lupita is heir to proffessor Peter Anyang Nyong'o, Adichie is an heir to the African literary heritage of proffessor Chinua Achebe, and While Wanjiku is a promising successor to Proffessor Thiongi'o.

These are actually a crystallization of strange unfolding that time has now challenged old mindset among African societies. The mindset in which Africans have not been counting girls as children. This family value has been there up to today. If an African man tells you that I don't have a family it means that he is expressing three connotations; he is not married, he is married but he does not have a children, or he is married but his wife have only been bearing him girls, because if anything; an African man is only responsible for siring sons, daughters are a mistake of the wife.

This typology of family civilization got to its peak in the mid of last year, when the Luo council of elders, hailing from Siaya County of Kenya, where Baraka Obama is rooted, expressed their open puzzle over Baraka Obama as per why he can't take his time to have sons. They are now organizing a delegation that will go to America to counsel President Obama over the matter that he needs to re-organize his posterity strategy other than thinking in terms of Sasha and Malia.

What I mean is that Africans don't believe if at all family interests can be carried forward through a daughter. They don't believe if a girl can be an intellectual or command any wisdom that can go places. But realities from a historical experience that great African men don't sire great sons but instead they sire great daughters must make this society of male chauvinists to have a mental paradigm shift in relation to child valuation and recognition. To accept a social déjàvu that daughters have a big capacity to carry forward the family name than the previously mistaken notion that they are only sons who can do this.

Facts on the ground range from the case of Julius Nyerere, Kwameh Nkrumah, Malcolm X, Frantz Fanon, Richard Wright, Tom Mboya, Masinde Muliro, Nelson Mandela, Mutula Kilonzo, and Francis Imbuga just to mention a few African heroes. Justification of this list showing Africa's reversal of Prospero complex abodes in the facts that; Susan Nyerere is currently the most outspoken in the Nyerere family. Similarly, Nkrumah's daughter is currently a politician in Ghanaian parliament and very promising politically. Betty Shabazz X was recently reported to have put Louis Farrakhan on the spot over the murder plot of her father the late Malcolm X. Mireille Fanon Mendes is the director of human rights activist organization known as Frantz Fanon foundation. This is the organization which recently recognized Mumia Abu-Jamal with a prestigious prize. Mumia Abu-Jamal is an African-American writer and journalist, author of six human

rights focussed books and hundreds of similar spirited columns and articles. He has spent the last three decades on racially biased Pennsylvania's death row. And now general population in America and in the world knows that Mumia Abu-Jamal was wrongfully convicted and sentenced for the murder of Philadelphia Police man, Daniel Faulkner. His demand for a neutral trial and unconditional freedom is enmassely supported by heads of state, Nobel laureates, human rights organizations, scholars, religious leaders, artists and bioethical scientists. All this is nothing other than universal singing of the tune in the poetic writings of Frantz Omar Fanon entitled Facts of blackness, through his daughter Mireille.

And equally enough, those of you who have delved into posthumous family conditions of Richard Wright must have appreciated stellar performance of proffessor Julia Wright in respect to the genetic legacy of her father. Dr. Susan Mboya is currently living in South Africa and she is serving the society in the same tandem her late father Tom Mboya discharged anti-colonial service to the people of Kenya, Africa and world in general. Masinde Muliro has Mrs. Namwalie Muliro and Mutula Kilonzo has Kethi Kilonzo. The point is that, just like all of other heroes in Africa, these two great politicians have their daughters; Namwalie and Kethi as the heirs to their political legacy.

This phenomenon is not unique to Africa. But it is a universal genetic condition. The study of genetics has a concept that inferior genes of the mother are passed through an X chromosomes in XY to the sons, while superior genes of the father are passed through an X chromosome of the XX to the daughters.

Just but to wind up my story I want also to counsel The Luo council of elders that president Obama, their son who lives in America does not have misplaced values in projecting his posterity through Sasia and Malia. Personally I am aware that as per now there is no any African boy at age of Sasha Obama that has ever read Yann Martel's Life of Mr. Pi. But in stark contrast the international media reported Sasha Obama to have vividly read this book until she commented to Baraka Obama that, 'daddy, this is a very good book'. And of course this is how an intellectual is made.

Alexander Opicho

Why Did You Abort My Baby?

I loved you on your assurance of loving me too
I kissed you as you kissed me in turn
I showered you with the gifts and series of treats
I courted you on the shores of Zanzibar island
We hovered around and hopped in choppers
To give a toast of debutante to our love
I swell your account with all currencies
I paid your University fees and hostel costs
I financed wholesomely the wedding of your sister
I did all whatsoever you wanted from in time
You got pregnant and promised me a baby
Only you turned around to abort my baby
The second week I lost my job
Babie you are very bad.

alexander opicho

Why Lie

Why lie my dear?
It is bad to lie
Coz
If you lie on Monday
You are forced to lie on Tuesday
If you lie on Wednesday
You are forced to lie on Thursday
If you lie on Friday
You are forced to lie on Saturday
If you lie on Sunday you are forced to for a week
If not your lies will be discovered.

Why lie?
If you lie in the right
You are forced to lie in the left
If you lie in the front
You are forced to lie in the hint
If you lie on the top
You are forced to lie on the top
If you lie in the periphery
You are forced to lie in the centre
If not your lies will be discovered.

Why lie?
If you lie to women
You will be forced to lie to men
If you lie to elders
You will be forced to lie to the youths
If you lie to the beggars
You will be forced to lie to the donors
If you lie to the seeing
You will be forced to lie to the blind
If not your lies will be discovered.

Why lie
Lies are social uranium
They have minimum ethics
There is no utility of a lie
A lie is violence
It is a social boomerang
They make the liar a slave
As he must keep on lying
Or else his lies will be discovered.

Alexander Opicho

women and wine

Women and wine corrupt the soul of a simple person
Women and wine corrupt the soul of simple person into thinking that wild sex and
drinking is a measure of mighty when it is simple a matter of women and wine having
sex needlessly and having wine non nutritionally.

alexander opicho

worriless

WORRILESS BRETHREN THINGS WILL CHANGE

by
Alexander K Opicho
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@yahoo.com)

Worriless brother, desert ennui sister
Things will change, change to your bonanza
Problems come and go
But life is exercise in acupuncture
Never fear we are all with you
I know a hunchback who healed
A beggar who prospered
A woman who became a man
And a man who became an angel
Vagabonds transcending to property magnates
Barrens and sterile forming nations
Like the phoenix the dead rising from the ashes
The beggars riding horses as the kings walk on feet
Worriless brethren things will behave

alexander opicho

Worrying Over Broken English In Africa, Is Much Ado About Nothing

This year has had plethora of public worries in Africa over broken English among the young people and school children. It first started in the mid of the last months in Nigeria, when the Nigerian government officials displayed public worry over the dying English and the strongly emerging slang known as pidgin English in Nigerian public offices and learning institutions. The same situation has also been encountered in Kenya, when in march 2014, Professor Jacob Kaimenyi, the minister of education otherwise known as cabinet secretary of education declared upsurge of broken English among high school students and university students a national disaster. However, the minister was making this announcement while speaking in broken English, with heavy mother tongue interference and insouciant execution of defective syntax redolent of a certain strong African linguistic sub-cultural disposition.

There is a more strong linguistic case of broken English in South Africa, which even crystallized into an accepted national language known as Afrikaans. But this South African case did not cause any brouhaha in the media nor attract international concern because the people who were breaking the English were Europeans of non British descend, but not Africans. Thus Afrikaans is not slang like the Kenyan sheng and the Nigerian pidgin or the Liberian krio, but instead is an acceptable European language spoken by Europeans in the diaspora. As of today, there are books, bibles and software as well as dictionaries written in Afrikaans. This is a moot situation that Europeans have a cultural leeway to break a European language. May be this is a cultural reserve not available to African speakers of any European language. I can similarly enjoy some support from those of you who have ever gone to Germany, am sure you saw how Germans dealt with English as non serious language, treating it like a dialect. No German speaks grammatically correct English. And to my surprise they are not worried.

The point is that Africans must not and should never be worried of a dying colonialism like in this case the conventional experience of unstoppable death of British English language in Africa. Let the United Kingdom itself struggle to keep its culture relevant in the global quarters. But not African governments to worry over standard of English language. This is not cultural duty of Africa. Correct concerns would have been about the best ways and means of giving African indigenous languages universal recognition in the sense of global cultural presence. African languages like Kiswahili, Zulu, Yoruba, Mandiko, Gikuyu, Luhya, Luganda, Dholuo, Chaka and very many others deserve political support locally as well as internationally because they are vehicles that carry African culture and civilization.

I personally as an African am very shy to speak to another fellow African in English or even to any person who is not British. I find it more dignifying to speak any local language even if it is broken or if the worst comes to the worst, then I can use slang, like blend of broken English and the local language. To me this is linguistic indicators of having a decolonized mind. It is also my hypothesis that the young people who are speaking broken English in African schools and institutions are merely cultural overtures of Africans extricating themselves from imperial ploys of linguistic Darwinism.

There is no any research finding which shows that Africans cannot develop unless they speak English of grammatical standards like those of the United Kingdom and North America. If anything; letting of English to thrive as a lingua franca in Africa, will only make the western world to derive economic benefits out of this but not Africa to benefit. Let Africans cherish their culture like the way the Japanese and the Chinese have done, then other things will follow.

alexander opicho

You Name It

In the wee hour of the African night
When the light from the full moon
Shone brightly clear on each creature
Even the scorpions, making them visible
As Africa is more near to the moon
Than any other planet of the universe,
I was outside in the cold night shivering under the eaves
Anxiously leaning on the wall of a ruffian thatched hut
Music blowing cacophonously from inside the hut
From which the village disco dance was taking place
In the obvious ceremony in punctuation of elder's burial,
Congolese music was blowing to apex of its might
As foot-falls of dancers sounded up to where I was
As the disco orchestra hailed the son of the chief
For artful holding of the female dance partner
in majestic tune with the romantic song
Pangs of jealousy terribly burned my chest
I mused the warmth which the chief's son was enjoying,
I began walking away towards my home; against all odds
As my home was in another village across the river,
Hyenas are all over the way, but I did not fear
My fear was the infamous Night-runner; Muyomo Omutabani,
He is famed to be a terrible wizard of the foul,
But I rationalized it away that; I'm a man and I will die once
I kept on walking and walking, nearing the river
At which the sound of croaking marshland land frogs got high and high
This informed me that the river terrain is safe, no impending danger
I crossed safely on a log of wood lying across the river banks,
From no where, I saw a blurred stall of dry banana leaves at my side
Numerous black cats surrounded the stall, all moving in a cheeky style
The stall also yelled shallow chicken cluck,
The scene was scary and deadly impish to my nerves
It triggered my feared, sending me a half mad with emotions
I took off on my heels, in flight with an Olympic speed
Running towards home, not knowing whether to cry or not
But I resolved not cry, just to run as I kept mum
As my crying would only rattle snakes and hyenas from their sleep,
I gazed back the stall was running after me even in a more maneuver
It is when I realized that the running battle is between me and the wizard
Muyomo Omutabani the village wizard of the foul, some times with the crow,
Diverse chicken cackles strongly chirped from the running stall behind me
Not only to mention the hell like mewling sounds of very many cats,
I ran faster than I have ever did till I got home
The running stall never got up with me
I had to run faster to safe myself from the ever nearing stall
The rumor had it that the touch of Muyomo would make one sterile,
So I ran and ran to safe myself from the curse of sexual impotence,
But I was not lucky neither was I better
New version of fate was waiting for me in my own cottage,
Which I came face to face with in a stark countenance
After I had kicked open the metallic door of my cottage,
That I quickly had to shut for me to curtail my pursuers out,

I wanted to jump into my blanket for total safety
My blankets made of sisal fabrics,
But moonlight coming in on to my bed
Through a hole in the ruffian roof held me back
It was shinning on the ball of coils of something black and glittering,
It was the largest snake that I have ever seen in my experience
It was at on my bed; at the middle of the bed!
Waning sounds of the mewing cats were still faintly heard
From outside my cottage which I had shut myself in
I was divided mentally with no name to label my situation,
Please you name it.

alexander opicho

Zorn

Zorn! zorn! zorn!
Du sie heime von feigligs
Du sie nicht kumpel von tapferkeit
Du immer mehr toten
Aber du kahn nicht tragen
Noch eben lohn fur
Die beerdigung kostens
Zorn! irrtum ist von mutter

vergnugen

alexander opicho