Poetry Series

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

- 46 poems -

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Buyunde Acura Sylivester (8/10/1990)

Born of a mother and father, I was the firstborn among four siblings of Mr. and Mrs. Buyunde; two girls and the remaining were boys. I being the firstborn, Kevin being the second, Phylevian the third and Sylvia the very last. By bad lack I lost them all to heaven including sweet mum just on a normal death. Silvia and Phylevian died same year (2000) respectively only within a period of two weeks! Kevin died on 25th December,2001 and mummy kicked the bucket on 12th April,2002. WHAT A GREMLIN!

I still grew strong under the care of step mother.

I'd learnt in five Primary schools since my father was a teacher and each time he got a transfer from one school to another we had to vacate together with him. Bujumba, Eshirumbwe, Buhuyi, Burinda and finally Bulimbo were the primary school I went through respectively. I joined Lubinu Boy High School in 2006 to 2009. In 2012, I joined Masinde Muliro University of Science and Technology for. a degree in Education Science, Chemistry and Physics; in which am also good at.

To talk about my poetry passion and skills, all I can say for now is that IT'S MY HOBBY. I like reading minds and learning minds. It gives me a competitive world not with strain but with fun chain to express myself in free words. I begun poetry at the age of nine but fear dominated me and I kept all for myself but I used to write article daily on deferent issues across Kenya as a nation but again still I could let no one see my work. But i think it was great. Upto now none of my work has been released but wait and expect one very soon.

Works:

Comming soon. Poemstorm publishers (2011)

A Blister of Fate

All is but the name,
You keep it for fame,
Am an observer! ,

But it's nice to be,
For the great it does to me,
Am a victim!

I curse you my stew,
I found you hard to chew,
Am a patient!

Oh, here we join,
To explore the groin,
Call us AN EXPERT!

Love is a blister of fate,
When it hurt then you hate,
So am a poet!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

A Day of More Nights

The long spinning nights,
When darkness chase lights,
Here come minds of the rights;
Yes! What that life hides,
The few we miss, loveth,
And can haveth,
Despite a skip of a breath,
Distance push them further.
Time become limited to one another,
But thoughts bind us together:
And a day can have more nights!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

A Good Sermon

A good sermon should be like,
A miniskirt:
Short enough to arouse interest,
But long enough to cover the essentials.
Okay, seal my lips
Since silence is the only statement
That has zero misquote

Please this is not blasphemy,
Forgive I if it is,
Am I lost?

This's a message to,
Him or her who hold,
A position to address,
Hear me say,
A GIANT SERMON,
Doesn't raise more converts,
Neither does it make you a saint,
Stick to this:
A GOOD SERMON!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

All For Dorcas

It's now what we call,
A long period to recall,
but short to remember,
the late eve of December,
But that was before I met you,
Though I had a clue,
That your name's Dorcas!

A wish that you be,
My most heart's hobby,
Since I yearned to have,
You and to Love,
Who you are in many a way,
But darling you couldn't say,
That your name's Dorcas.

In a cool outfit,
I made myself fit,
So as to make a systematic,
Approach towards you in Majestic,
Style like a ghost of prey,
Just after a morning-night pray (s) ,
That your name's Dorcas.

It took me a bulky expenditure,
It caused me a sharp growth of temperature,
You can tell, it gave me pressure,
To excavate you, my treasure,
Later, I got your real name,
Which in it made fame,
That your name's Dorcas.

And is like you expected my arrow,
To hit you my hunted sparrow,
Or saw me before I knew,
Or you took a quick view,
At my heart,
Now you were so, very alart,
That your name's Dorcas.

A beautiful woman of eternity,
You made me drive a car of insanity,
Just because I needed your attention,
Even if it meant the whole nation,
should wait. Did they just see?
At last I met you at the bank of sea, (where you admitted :)
That your name's Dorcas.

In you I've made my custody,
And to Love you am ready,
My name, your name,
Will get rid of our shame,

Now that we plan to have a tie,
Of the knot, and that's not lie (I believe)
Your name's DORCAS!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

All You Did For; 'Thank You' (I)

Suddenly one day had to come,
That was her time to say bye,
With her shrunken wringled face,
She was dead.
But why's all this coming back to you?
Hitting you like a crash of thunder!
You never jus' cherished or respected,
Her; your real mama.
You had a chance...

I remember, your time of birth,
Mummy spent hours birthing you,
You cried every night despite,
In the middle of her nap,
With no spare gap of peace,
This's all you done to thank her!

I even got you many a time,
Dropping that ice-cream
Precious mum bought you
All over the floor,
At that age of four;
This's how you said 'Thanks'

Remember even those smooth, safe journeys,
To school. She drove you,
You thanked her by closing car door,
And no bother to even barrow a gaze back,
At the age of six, age of schooling.

Mummy tried her best,
To win you a smile of comfort.
She paid your music lessons fee,
At that age of ten,
All you did to say 'Thanks'
Is to never dare practice.

I even recall, at age of twelve,
When she paid for your summer camp,
And you never wrote any single letter.
All you could do to appreciate?

Beautiful mama took you to a movie,
That year that followed; you and friends,
And for you to say thanks:
You asked her,
'Can you sit on a different row! '

While you were 'way, she expected your call,
Eagerly waiting at that important ring! ring!
But you thanked her by,
Being on phone all day long.

When she cried on your graduation at college.,
You did party out with friends all night,
No bothering to tell her 'mum am okay! '
All you did for 'Thank you! '

At the age of eighteen, aging mama,
Carried all your bags and stuff,
To your campus,
All you could do to thank her,
Was to yell 'Go away! '
Embarrassed in front o' friends.

At twenty five, you get married,
I thought this time you cou'd say 'Thanks'
Wonders remain!
Mummy cried for your happiness,
You did move past-half across the island country,
And even no bother keeping in touch,
All you did for, 'Thank you! '

When in your early thirty(s) ,
Mother got older and emaciated,
She cried for your care for her,
You thanked her by saying,
'She's annoying! '

Why now cry at her eternal rest,
Just say bye!
Why should it hurt you?
When she's gone!
Mum did her best for you till her last,
Tip of breathing.

Remember: we have one dear mother,
Love and appreciate her efforts,
While with that chance!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

All You Did For; 'Thank You' (II)

He'd lost sleep, at your age one,
Nursing you, as his son.
At age ten, he lost his favourite,
Perfume, to pay fees.
Forgetting his savings, to grand you graduation.
At age twenty, if you remember,
He lost his respect, so his reputation,
Getting you job, to keep you rich,
By not even purchasing, his best clothes,
To sustain you, and in luxury.
Papa forgot his health, he left it be,
I remember, some times in December,
He shed all, including personal interest,
Of his very best, for your prosperity.
He was wise, to make a sacrifice,
Giving all you need, and your dew.
What's all you did, for 'thank you'?

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Choose Your Hobby Wisely

Some people wanna look tough,
They claim reading is their hobby,
But they sleep while reading,
And also sleep while sleeping,
And never do they read while sleeping,
Or read while reading,
Then I proudly declare their hobby,
Is sleeping.
After all sleeping isn't a curse!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Christmas; Heart Of The Year

Heart of the year, just got near,
Lighting streets, with bright lights,
Conspicuous blinks, of bright winks,
Of Christ's mass, this Christmas.

It's beautiful, it's cheerful
Temperatures grow warmer, to rise sweet aroma,
Of perfume, on Santa costume,
Stemming his toe, beside the mistletoe.

Vigorously, and ceremoniously,
Atleast a kid, takes a lead,
To stir up, the cheers so sharp,
Raiding fume, out of each gloom.

Glowing smiles, given in styles,
Making one fonder, of yonder,
Bloomed flowers, fountain showers,
All to describe, the whole vibe.

Distance to a blaze, of craze,
Getting thinner, for each designer,
That fro' satires, they make attires,
Signed on contract, to attract.

Democracy, grows to idiocracy,
Since most take wine, few get fine,
From ram, to stand firm,
In that lunatic, state of magic.

Either With, or without filth,
This Christmas, is celebrated by mass,
To usher in, a birthday of within,
The monarchy, of heavenly hierarchy.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Commitment Of Guilt

This is my diary, of what I'd done,
A moment of sorry, for this one,
Mistake I'd to learn, the whole in a story;
leaving you alone, in a city of no ivory,
I mean sorry darlin'.

Hear the siren, of a falling heart,
Stay and listen, how much it was hurt,
Carefully be on alart, to count eleven,
The hour to start, am almost to heaven.
I mean sorry darlin'.

This is the load, that I give my innocence,
Whenever I hoard, false courage to my conscience,
That with science, I can stay safe road,
Yet with pretence, I do no odd,
I mean sorry darlin'.

I apologize leaving, you in my friends' arm,
Letting you starving, hopping I no harm,
Disrespecting your alarm, ignoring your loving,
Underseeing your arm, when you were waving,
I mean sorry darlin'.

Though I gave no name, to the journey,
And denying the blame, my sweet honey,
Times 're many, you call'd I no came,
As I say am funny, you say it's no game,
I mean sorry darlin'.

Don't wanna recall, this day,
Again at all, and tomorrow is Sunday,
I'll go to pray, for my action of fall,
My tears I'll pay, saying sorry! as whole,
I mean sorry darlin'.

Forgive I, my sole,
open me eye, raise my soul,
I'll play my role, to my topmost sigh,
Me no fall again. This isn't a lie,
I mean sorry darlin'.

Sorry my angel, if not enough,
My earthly archangel, make me lough,
Please win me triumph, my dove angel,
Smile on my behalf, my archangel.
I mean sorry darlin'.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Day After Tomorrow

Just before today, there was a day,
Then today of yesterday,
Is yesterday,

Just after today, is another today,
Then tomorrow of this day,
Is tomorrow!

Just before tomorrow, is another day,
Then the yesterday of tomorrow,
Is today,

Just after tomorrow, is a day,
Then tomorrow of tomorrow,
Is 'The day after tomorrow'

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Days of Toto Zuri

A smile from every,
Glowing face,
A touch of each heart,
And a flower from all hand,
None is scary.
As in this good case,
Everyone's on alart,
To offer comfort grand,
In any case of worry.
No one lack a race,
To saving a juvenile heart,
In every tick of a second,
Smile's carried on a ferry,
Each toy is a vase,
That I won't let part,
On taking a double feet stand,
Good name 'toto zuri, (good child)
Come as lights of grace,
And each moment is the start,
Of as many wishes as sand,
My childhood bring merry,
And merry is nothing less,
Some enjoy to mimic my chat,
As I chirp what nill people understand,
Busy emptying my salivary,
Glands on catching every trace,
By mouth like a rat,
Stranded in an alien land,
A nap takes me AWAL from mammary,
And mama's sparkling face
Without anybody's 'what? '
My day has finally stand!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Far From Reality

Far...
I think that night just got me,
Miles aways from strength,
And was only gulping for a breath,
Of relief from tire.
I closed my eyes, so did my ears,
I went deep in sleep;
Was actually deep!
Far from reality,
In a dream of quality.
I saw birds of white feathers,
Flying Eastward to better weathers;
The direction that is the sun,
Wafting their cute arms-fan,
Looking for a verdant tree of apple,
In a tranquil sea of fortuned ample.

From...
Here, my innocent conscience spoke to me:
'The second bird was last behind,
But the first in mind;
In line, it was the last,
In speed, was the first'
My innocent conscience spoke again,
This time stabbing my brain:
'The bird behind must be MAN,
The bird on fore must be WOMAN,
'Man's in white suit,
Woman's in white gown that suit'
Wow! A day to remember,
Like twenty fifth of December,
An hour ago they took a vow,
Assuming to anybody, nothing they owe.'

Reality...
Now I saw them fly, past me,
Man and woman flew past the sea,
That place I couldn't see,
But only take a chance to imagine,
That Bill and Coo along sea margin,
Leaving a silence of heart,
To prove best of its creative art...
And it was like, I overheard,
Or and or may be it was heard,
From semi voice, whispering mind,
A raunchy voice of the kind,
Sandwiched between gaiety,
And slices of romance and humanity.
Whatever I judged was not bogus
Neither it wa' a present from Las Vegas!

I

The bird man's voice came to me,
He spoke,
What me no joke o' poke:
'Darling, my sole love,
You're all I wanna have,
Not all perfect relationships got in existence,
Some require mind of patience:
One, understanding of scholar,
Two, knowledge like philosopher,
Three, flexibility of an infant,
Four, acceptance like a saint,
Five, subtlety of very wise men,
Six, fortitude like certain,
Seven, thirst of a learner
Eight, creativity like a designer...'

II
Feminine sweet voice hit me,
She cou'd not wait NINE and TEN,
Her heart mus' hadst been an oven,
Falling deep, deeper and deepest,
In LOVE with words of great taste!
Speaking like queen captain of fairy,
Commanding a plague over ferry:
'But what I feel for you is strong,
Worth living for you for long,
It's profound,
And can never be found,
Upon towers of royalty,
Or under impediments of loyalty...,
(Whisper) You are my thirst,
And allow me win your trust! '

Chorus:
Strongly lustrous, smiling...
You're far away from SAD,
Living to know me, you; are TWO,
In this affair we STIR.
Veins full of real blood than GRAPHIC,
Every minute roaming each AREA.
Seconds shou'd mean blooming CLOSENESS,
Time to time we make love NEW.
Encounter every dream within our ERA.
Reality shou'd zoom close and BIG.
Across every nation, Imma be with YOU.
Kenyan queen, you're all woman I NEED;
Uncomparably CREME DE LA CREME.
Races of every crustal state must salute....
Above reality! Far From Reality!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Foe Of All Fall

Executing your brutality, commanding much faulty,
Upon your audience, paying a strong surveillance,
But don't you over all, think that your subject is acquittal
Of whichever your mind, has judged them behind.

Do you think you can, disturb their decision to run?
Then you're mistaken, more like your minds of chicken.
I really hate you, I wish you knew,
How from my head to toe, you are my foe.

To me you're young, but on my throat you hung,
To me you're another race, but with huge disgrace,
To me you appear grown, but you never stand your own.
You think more money, 'll win you names like 'honey'

I find it rock hard, to reconcile with you lad,
Because you're not wise, to do what's nice,
Like listening to an alarm, that's indicating harm.
My foe, please don't wait, try be your own vindicate.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

For Happiness, Wait!

If you saw that raising sun,
Just know a blessing you've earn,
And that's what life got,
Beyond that, there's not,
Or there nothing to smile,
About, be it a millionth of a mile,

Everyday twenty four hours,
Expect nothing than sours,
Not really any sweet,
And wherever you sit,
Better hold tight on chair arm,
Since less humans are firm,

Life is a mixture of sunshine and rain,
Laughter and teardrops of pain,
Pleasure and blackmails.
Just remember what life entails,
There's never a cloud that the sun,
Couldn't shine through, my son,

You're yet to see another day,
Just chant a thankful pray,
Ask Almighty God anything,
Stay calm and wait atleast something,
That not even a person can thrust,
Only in God, Trust.

Believe me you,
According to my view,
Of my personal entire life;
Only for survival, strife,
But for happiness, wait,
Time will tell you straight.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Granny Used to Smoke

Granny used to smoke,
She had her special cigarette.
Granny used to smoke,
She had her special style to.
Granny used to smoke,
She used to send me to shop.
Granny used to smoke.

She used to smoke this way:
Putting the glowing side,
Inside her mouth cavity,
And hers is to release,
Trains of smoke!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Great Prints

She left in his life great prints,
Prints of great philosophy,
Prints that never fade,
She begun this with just a smile,
Then after a certain short while,
She grew in his heart,
both tall and fat,
Then he developed a thirst,
Not realy of lust,
He just could not help it,
He couldn't eat,
He couldn't sleep,
His days became slope steep,
And nights became long,
He couldn't be strong.

She cracked the shell,
In a normally simple 'Hi! '
She was innocent,
And so too, he was,
But in her presences, frenzy arose!
He'd been admiring her silhouette,
In the evenings of late.
Time to time he sets on her a look,
His heart wrote a book,
A book with detailed photography,
Of her elegant body geography.
Daily, these left him on fire,
Really! ... Yes, fire of desire!
That burnt in real wrath,
Like the deadly inferno hearth!

Then she again made a print,
In his heart, that never fade,
When she walked up to him,
After losing her boyfriend,
And her love had hit the end,
She felt her world in a plain,
Actually she was in pain,
And no one could do her favour,
Like giving her an arm cover!
He offered to be her stand,
Wishing she could understand,
What his heart hankered for,
At that very time or before.
He mourned his days being a week,
Yet this girl was growing weak.

She left one great print,
When she moved ahead,
Accepting the world in both angles.
She chose to toss her past, so,

She left it crossed on the verso.
Again she was hooked up,
In another relationship lap.
So he missed the lack,
Since she could not get back,
And, that month of September,
Is all he never forget to remember,
That in the book of his life recto,
He loved her, De facto.
He only kept silent in the name,
But his love spirit were in shame.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Heart Transplant

Am carrying somebody's mercy,
Am holding somebody's fear,
Am carrying somebody's heart,
Am living somebody's life,
Am loving somebody's wife,
Am leading somebody's strife,
Am carrying somebody's world,
Am triumphant of somebody's win,
Am wearing somebody's crown,
Am living in somebody's kingdom,
Am breathing somebody's air,
Am countin' somebody's heartbeat,
Am struggling somebody's survival,
Am accepting somebody's denial,
Am holding somebody's fame,
Am talking somebody's words,
Am writing somebody's thoughts,
Am I breaking somebody's heart?
Am I living with somebody's heart?
I'll die somebody's death,
I'll be judged for somebody's sin,
Oh! No, this the bad feeling I have,
After I had a HEART TRANSPLANT!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

He's a Man of Both

He's a man of arts and science,
A man with right conscience,
With passion for for both parts,
That's sciences and arts.

Science being exploration,
And arts being a realization;
Of facts' interior,
So none is superior.

Science is to scientists,
While arts is to artists,
Scientists being sensitive,
And artists being creative.

Science can realize,
While Arts can organize,
Human potentials,
In all quintessentials.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Home

Home alone,
A place to be on,
Where to find me on phone,
I'll be seated by the stone.

Home for long,
A place to go strong,
Where to find me without wrong,
I'll be waiting a knock at door gong.

Home for good,
A place to get food,
Where to find no trace of rude,
I'll be relaxed to manage my mood.

Home my home,
A place to avoid life storm,
Where smiles 're always worm,
I'll be chatting with brother Tom.

Home my fame,
A place to hold my name,
Where my title find its stem,
I'll be standing to rub my shame.

Home of peace,
A place that none tease,
Where respect never miss,
I'll be holding your forehead for a kiss.

Home best refuge,
A place we no grudge,
Where care has no judge,
I'll be having meals by the fridge.

Home is sweetest,
A place without evil test,
Where, West from East,
I'll sing, Home remain the best!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Hymns of silence

These are moments that,
Carry me in unison,
With melodies of life.
You find me humming,
My sweetest song.
When deep in solitude,
I realize this:
Silent has a hymn,
With a cute rhythm,
With a scheme of rhyme....
Just Hymns of silence,
Say it again,
Hymns of silence.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

I Feel Wow!

I feel wow!
Not just in a single way,
No matter your distance away.

Raising my spirits,
With the magic in your text,
Giving me the desire for the next,

Loving you,
From the nerve of my spine,
And the burn o' my intestine,

I miss you,
But you prove your presence,
Each time you text me a sentence:

'Always you are my king,
Baby, Even when I speak nothing,
In my heart you pronounce everything,

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

I Hate This Christmas Holyday

Tearing my heart,
Into pieces apart,
Again we gonna miss,
Each, moment of kiss,
I hate this Christmas Holyday.

Not even a word?
How'd be my world?
Till where and when?
What of ogling eyes of men?
I hate this Christmas hollyday.

Tearing away from beauty,
From a concentrated Cutie,
Born of crescent moon,
Grown in a day-bright noon,
I hate this Christmas holyday.

I gotta miss a trillion,
Of wishes among million,
A fairy image from roses,
My angel of white horses,
I hate this Christmas Holyday.

Like we've not had enough,
Despite all the time o' laugh,
Still more I need you,
Daily within my view,
I hate this Christmas holyday.

Promises that never die,
Dreams that never lie,
Your backup of sacrifice,
And a moral that entice,
I hate this Christmas holyday.

I can see your brother coming,
In his car of silent humming,
To fetch you home,
From this town of Rome,
I hate this Christmas holyday.

A tear is all I can shade,
As I see you fade,
In clouds of dust,
And I feel my world burst,
I hate this Christmas holyday.

We've shared best,
In this school and the rest,
I beg, you keep your promise,
Till again we kiss,

I hate this Christmas holyday.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

I Understood

If i ever asked for strength,
God must have given me difficulties,
They made me stronger instead.
Then I understood;
Sometimes He allow illness
So we care for ourselves.

If I ever begged for wisdom,
God must have granted me problems,
I think I hadst to solve.
Then I understood;
Our hearts 're broken,
So we be strong.

When asked for prosperity,
God gave me brain,
I had to think and think o' work.
Then I understood;
We fail other times,
For us to be humble.

In place of Courage,
I was given storms of danger,
Mine was to overcome.
Then I understood;
God might break our spirits,
In time to save our souls.

I called forth for favours,
Instead God made opportunities,
Up my way.
Then I understood;
Our paths 're made longer,
So we won't hit Walls.

I then asked for love,
But God gave me trouble stricken,
People. To help.
Then I understood;
Sometimes God snatch our best,
To make us live longer.

I
Then I understood something,
Happening sometime,
For some seasoned reason...,

II
I remember one time,
I broke my leg.
Now I understand;
God wanted,

Me not to fall in hole.

III
I recall another time,
My short younger brother,
Lost everything from the ground.
Now I understand;
He was to find them on shelves,

IV
When I received nothing I wanted,
God gave me everything I needed,
And that's His perfect work

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

James! Of Four!

This father to James is funny,
He has a very funny naming,
Not only to what he sees,
But also what he sires,

He's monogamous,
Married to the mother to James,
His wife is the mother to,
These only four kids of his.

His firstborn was named;
Firsterson,
And the second was named;
Seconderson,
Now he made the botany as funny,
When he named the thirdborn;
Thirderson.

Wonders had to form a chain,
I wonder,
I wonder how he named the fourth!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Just a Smile

Thousands of happiness can't,
Remove one pain in heart,
But one pain can remove,
Thousand of happiness in heart,
So, Live within the acceptable fringes,
And turn your door By the fix of you hinges,
When looking for happiness,
Never just look upon laughter,
Expect painful tears too!

That single minute,
Out of thousands of hours,
That you had spend building,
Rome towers of happiness,
Might raze to ashes,
When a minute stone slides,
Down the slope in pain!

Just consider a smile,
As a curve that,
Rubs away wrinkles,
And sets them straight,
When not in use!

Remember the unfair world:
The obvious make us laugh,
The special make us cry,
Yet we have to consider the special!

Before we die alone;
We are born alone,
We live sole.,
By only our love and friendship,
Do we create an illusion,
That we ain't alone,
So, we end up living in joy!

Just consider a smile,
As a curve of lips,
That sandwich a message,
Of ' I like that! '

Can you like this?

You can't count,
Your hair!
You can't see,
While eyes closed!
You can't breathe,
When your tongue is out!

Oh no!

Please put your tongue inside!

If you've just smiled!
That's the far you can do,
To claim that you're happy,
Believe this;
Just smile, and chill off.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Just Flipped The Page

Just counting days,
And constructing ways,
Staying out on look,
Reading our dairy book,
It's good I can memorize,
So, sure I'm to realize,
So and so much more.
I've flipped to the sophomore,
Now am yearling,
Since I started calling you darling.
Flip! Flip! Flipping the page,
To read an affair, a year of age,
We just begun yesteryear,
A period seeming so near.
Instead it creat my story,
For this very first anniversary.

Just flipped the page,
One year old of age,
Is our relationship,
That 'll sire our kinship.
Just flipped the page.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Just Waiting

I was holding you hand,
That time we came to this land,
Walking in brackets of broad smiles,
For that long distance along Nile.

I was holding you hand,
When we first had a stop to a still stand,
Then you took out a necklace jewelry,
Worn it round my neck for your memory,

I was holding you hand,
That very time you said 'NO END'
'll bring down those pillars,
Of so called love of us.

I was embracing,
Whenever you felt we swing,
To the beautiful life melody,
And you said, 'My heart's your custody'

I was embracing,
When moon smiled and sun was facing,
Rivers cheered,
And forests cleared.

I was embracing
That time you felt wilderness chasing,
When we came to this broad full river,
Had no otherwise than watch chirping Weaver.

I was just standing still,
Then you left my hand for 'good will',
A Samaritan who held you innocently,
As I wait by this river patiently.

I was just standing still,
When you last peeped back to see me kneel,
As I hated that strange arm,
That was holding you firm.

I was just standing still,
When you admitted, ''I know what you feel'
And that without me you'd starve,
Since I was and I'm your love.'

So I'm just waiting,
Imma stop hating,
I'll command patience 'pon my toe,
I'll rest down under this jungle mistletoe.

So, I'm just waiting,
In faith, keeping my lips biting,

Looking up to your comeback,
In that so called, mmmh! Right track.

So, I'm just waiting,
I'll keep on sitting,
Living like one big fool,
Bound by my faith 'you'll come' in full!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Lily of The Valley

I smile the reality,
I smell the reality,
I see the reality,
But I couldn't bare the false entity,
Of what the wind is blowing,
Over the present air.
That we might have some...
Ups...and downs.

Where is it written,
That we let go what we still need?

I wish,
The Lilly of the valley,
Could scent off a sweet fume,
While I be the reason,
Of your thoughts,

The skies run blue,
Peas burst off the pods,
Buds bloom,
The tides rise,
The butterflies flap,
And the melody of life,
Hum a rhythm of meaning!

If I can be the reason,
To make u admire the beat,
Of your heart,
Then Let's talk facts,
I love you past forever!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Missing My Home

Look at the coloured clouds,
Following the steps of the fading sun,
Its chilly this evening,
With a slow blow of a wind,
Wafting my officially tacked shirt.

Again see the harried crowds,
Taking home what they've earn,
Since this day morning,
With or without, don't mind,
What rests in their small hut.

Take a glance at the birds,
Singing in a melody as one,
Flying as men are running,
Wishing the day could rewind,
To come again to the start.

Cattle fetched in herds,
With round belies they run,
Armed with cud from grazing,
With prepared molars to grind,
The food far from reach of rat.

Playfully singing children raise me moods,
Some singing what they'd learn,
Jumping and shouting,
On giant dunes behind,
Setting free each beat of a heart.

I miss my daughter's words,
Her argument with my son,
I miss too my wife, darling,
A family that God bind,
And I know while away they're hurt.

Am a man of different worlds,
In total melancholy of what I earn,
I miss my home when leaving,
For this serious kind,
Of attendance to a diplomat,

About to rest my head on woods,
Where I do sleep alone,
Till that day of earning,
When worm alien wind'll blind,
Me from seeing lonely desert!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

My Dream, My Diary

My dream, my diary,
Art of writing more about,
You and me.
Like yesterdream,
I dreamt terribly,
Like death, probably,
And I woke up in sweats.

You see that road to Maraba,
Where u stay,
Just ahead of K.F.A, office,
(Kenya Farmers' Association) ,
Yes, that was,
The scene for, my diary,
The place of dream.

I was with your foe,
Conney, you know,
Then there was a massive,
Very deep grave,
Dug across that very road.

And or maybe we had,
Null choices to find way.
Either Turn back, or fly.
We had to jump across,
But it was too wide

I saw a man jump,
Though in a stamp,
But with total ease,
And a sort of tease,
Upon us.

When we tried,
Small was our stride,
And we had to toggle,
Into the grave now.

We struggle, we struggle!
To climb up the ditch,
Then I saw you screaming,
Speed and running, coming,
Full to brim of mercy.
Despite a bulge of pregnancy,
You ran to save my life.
Then in you, I saw a wife.

My complicated dream,
Made me dread,
I thought I was dead.
I wrote this as my diary.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

My Love: A to Z

Memories that of no stain. (A, Attractive)
You're as pretty as a gold chain. (B, Brilliant)

Loving you are, for sure, (C, Cute)
Over every latitude of contour, (D, Dazzling)
Velvet smooth skin, (E, Elegant)
Everything you are, my queen. (F, Funny)

In the world, you are one, (G, Gorgeous)
Somewhere in me, everything you won. (H, Hot)

Dear darling, you're king, (I, Immaculate)
Outstanding naturally in mind. (J, Jovial)
Really, you conquer, (K, Kind)
Custodies, each time you anchor, (L, Loving)
All you pass, all time, anywhere, (M, Memorable)
Seldom does anyone deny you a stare. (N, Nonchalant)

Waking every dizzy flute, (O, Outstanding)
Attracting every idle parachute, (P, Peculiar)
Girl, sincerely, you're pretty, (Q, Quenching)
Unbelievably beautiful, my sweet. (R, Responsible)
Doctor to my nightmare, (S, Sharp)
Endlessly I'll cherish you; I swear. (T, True)

Angel from the blues, (U, Understanding)
King you made me in your views. (V, visioned)
Immaculately instinct driven. (W, Wise)
Naturally number one; when gauged. (X, xilinous)
Yearning is me to believe, (Y, Yummy)
In you. Appreciate, good you are! (Z, Zealous)

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

My Love: I Know You

Shiny and modern,
Young juvenile face of beauty,
Looking intimately nonchalant,
Very humane and softened,
Extremely the best choice.
Strong and full of ideas,
That forever bind us,
Everytime you tune to talk,
Rhythmically, am moved baby.

Luminous of sparkling cheeks,
Overwritten in a thousand smiles,
Verifying the perfect work of God,
Externally be it,
Still Internally you are.

Dearly furnished in fit shape,
Okay in length and breadth,
Rated and compared to red roses,
Cute from toenail to eyelash,
Accurately spaced strides to walk,
Sincerely, I know you Dorcas.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Philosophy of HIS MAJESTY!

He who occupies the right hand side of,
He who's left hand side is occupied,
By Him, the before named,
Sent the latter,
Who is the son,
And the other, the father.

In one, there exist three,
The father, son and the holy spirit,
In three, there's only one,
His Majesty!
A word spoken by one,
Is a word spoken by all,
And is the only righteous word.

The father creat,
The son teach,
The Holy spirit fill.
But work done by one,
Is work done by three,
The great!
The immense Trinity of Holiest!

Out of the Decalogue,
His majesty made a Holy trilogy,
Of commandments!

The first is to SERVE GOD YOUR LORD, THE CREATOR!
WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT AND HEART.
The second is to RESPECT YOU EARTHLY PARENTS,
IN ALL CIRCUMSTANCES GIVEN.
The third is to LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR,
AS YOU LOVE YOURSELF.

And that's the Philosophy of His Majesty!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Price Tags of Wishes

A night without darkness,
I know you won't take off your dress,
So you won't guess a nap,
With your head drowned,
In a pool of live fantasy,
Just like I do for you my sole.
Never will I let you fall,
In me you exist whole.

In the night, good night?
In the morning, good morning?
What about, nice time?
And of the journey, safe journey!
So I see you, welcome!
After no see, wow!

Expensive you are,
More like a new model car,
If God had placed on you price tags,
Then I could've been a miser of hugs,
And more of my wishes,
Keeping them only for you,
When they be enough.
You are indeed special!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Ricochets Within Shuffles

In a highly delicate diplomatic meeting,
I see a haze of lips flapping,
Lip on lip,
No one to sleep,
Silence is the noise,
May be the speaker do the voice,
All I recall is a calling letter,
For us diplomats to have a chatter.

Ok I remember the reality;
One, I didn't call on unity,
Two, I did too much controversy,
Three, I snatched the youths their mercy,
And also, I walked behind law,
Again, I walked a greedy row.

Not me again,
I fear I got nothing to gain,
For the much I did,
'Please God forbid,
It's all coming back to me,
I understand I snatched the Aimee,
And never will the eternity storm,
Hit a blaze of unity at home,
If not, a tsunami will call my life,
Like a suicide by the knife.

This'll will burst my head,
Whether here or on bed,
Bullets are coming,
Just because am in a meeting,
Shuffles make me deaf,
Heaven be my chief.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Salvage on Voyage

It requires courage,
To turm over the page,
Akinyi knows what it entail,
To abide by what prevail,
Especially at this juncture.
This hot temperature,
As none see nothing,
Imma expect everything,
From all my endeavour,
I know, all's mine favour!

Akinyi sail to the south,
Forget about the North,
Save that special heart,
That evidently is thine part.
Don't take long,
Just stand rigidly strong.
As an iron ore... like steel,
Say what you feel,
Protect thine voyage,
Do the rightful salvage.

Am in this ship,
Sinking in hollow waters deep,
Fighting much for survival stern,
With a blindfolded 'noble Titan'.
Akinyi save my heart's void,
Unite this kingdom, that's deployed,
Build your city, with me,
Amass your army.
Before the ship is twirled,
Now, Can you conquer the world?

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Sincerity Prayer

Hours rush by,
But the day no end,
Darkness swift in,
But nights not goin',
Remember this call of sincerity:

Whatever it is in heaven,
We call 'pon thee Lord,
Give us way, and of righteous,
Subtlety bind us to thine road.

Chariots of bloody fame,
Behind the silhouettes,
Of merciless vampires,
Rush past.,
Remember this cry of sincerity:

Whatever it is in heaven,
We call 'pon thee Lord,
Give us way, and of righteous,
Subtlety bind us to thine road.

Swords dripping with red,
Hot blood held,
Behind the name of Holly,
In white garments in no shame,
Remember this beg of sincerity:

Whatever it is in heaven,
We call 'pon thee Lord,
Give us way, and of righteous,
Subtlety bind us to thine road.

Wondering in wilderness,
Shivering in the night deserts,
Stranded in wavy beaches,
But no place to take the cry?
Remember this prayer of sincerity:

Whatever it is in heaven,
We call 'pon thee Lord,
Give us way, and of righteous,
Subtlety bind us to thine road.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Six Minus Five

Scene One:

I was born in Kenya,
I was born a Kenyan,
A country that entitled me KENYAN,
Just a six lettered word.

I insist, I was born in Kenya,
I was born a Christian,
Calling for peace in CHURCH,
Just a six lettered word.

Get it, I was born in Kenya,
I was born a Muslim,
Calling for peace in MOSQUE,
Just a six lettered word.

Understand, I was born in Kenya,
I was born a Hindu,
Calling for peace in MANDIR,
Just a six lettered word.

I was born in Kenya,
I was born a Kenyan,
Calling for peace in NATION,
Just a six lettered word.

As a peaceful Kenyan,
I learn the value of brotherhood,
Through my National ANTHEM,
Just a six lettered word.

Scene Two:

I was grown in Kenya,
I was grown a Kenyan,
A country that taught me UNITY,
Just a five. Lettered word.

I insist, I was grown in Kenya,
I was grown a Christian,
Reading peace in the BIBLE,
Just a five lettered word.

Get it, I was grown in Kenya,
I was grown a Muslim,
Reading peace in QURAN,
Just a five lettered word.

Understand, I was grown in Kenya,
I was grown a Hindu,

Reading peace in GEETA,
Just a five lettered word.

I was grown a Kenyan,
I was grown religionless,
Reading peace even as a PAGAN,
Just a five lettered word.

Scene Three:

Am a calculated One Kenyan,
Ruled by a six or five,
Lettered names of a president.
Am always proud,
Because I get to learn that:
Six minus Five Equals to ONE.

What about,
Church minus Bible...
Masjid minus Quran...
Mandir minus Geeta...
Belief minus Pagan...
Nation minus Peace...
Growth minus Unity...
People minus KENYA...
IMPOSSIBLE!

Maybe,
Those're, six characters,
Minus five characters,
Equals to...
One God,
One Nation,
One Kenya!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Solitude of Fame

Through thick, thin and hards,
Thine was the strong will to revive,
In the long tunnel of goods and bads,
Wishing a trumpet of revelation could arrive.

Clocks ticking in unison,
To thee, sounds like psalm of life,
And like eleventh hour cock tintinabulation,
Is marking the time of denial and strife.

Holding back thy breath,
On cross. With veneration of the saints,
Calm! Gazing at this sacred wealth,
None was purchased via cents.

Don't please! Jesus don't leave!
Ere I tell thou the ultimate sorrow,
Left behind in a strengthful heave,
Of the final hour of a hero.

Thine hast been Holly Gospel 'n' fasts,
Trophying this massive nation smiles of triumph,
Preaching and healing to the last,
Of the wholly human 'Kulturkamph.

Redemption, salvation for free,
Just after thy solitude of fame,
When you'll build temple in three,
Days. Together we praise your name.

And here you fly. Taken in prayers,
That go where the eternity begin,
Sit on the topmost layers,
Of Heavens, forever and again.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Speech of Fairness Democracy

(Clearing the throat)
'... I know I won,
I understand I lead,
But that does not mean I exclude,
My competitors.
My victory, is their victory,
And I think it's a better victory,
For them this way,
Than whatever they,
Were competing for,
Not unless they thought like,
Am thinking right here;
Am not expressing my point,
As a philosopher who's darting,
Hard for fame of speech,
But this is what I mean;
That me, my subject
And my competitors,
Creat a nation that aspires,
For the best.

There's is great prosperity,
When I join hands,
With my competitors,
Than when I choose to stand alone.

This is way of constracting peace
And that,
My dreams might not include
All desires of my people,
But with collective ideas,
Of my subjects, and competitors,
Raises a great percentage,
Of probability to move,
To being greatly a perfect performer,
Of my people's wishes...

As a selected leader,
I beg for your stand by my side,
To give me courage and,
Encouragement! ...'

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

SYLVESTER

S- Strongly in love with you,
Y- Yearning for you,
L- Liking everything in you,
V- Very sincere to you,
E- Evidently trusting you,
S- Smiling every time for you,
T- Thinking about you,
E- Endlessly cherishing you,
R- Repeatedly renewing my love.

You are that sweet melody,
Of life and the hymn,
Of my silent heart,
That pronounces your sweet name,
In every beat,
That day to day smiles for you.

The craze of my poetry arises,
From the fact that I love you,
Without reasons to name,
But I love you with reasons,
Beyond counting,

A letter to my:
Darling,
Friends,
And fanatics!

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

True Friends

I love walking in rain,
Then none knows,
I'm shading tears!
Rain's my true friend,
Because it take away my shame.
An aspect of true friendship.

For sure, for trust,
Frienfships require real effort,
When everyone of us 's busy,
Simple message reminds me,
'Am not forgotten.'
My true friend indeed.

Still again no one is busy,
It's only but a matter,
Of priority,
What comes first.
An aspect of true friendship.

Standing on a platform,
Of sincerity,
Spending life with who maketh thee
Happy, is good,
Than, who thy hadst to impress.
So, fringe thine self with,
Those who know thy worth.
Those are True Friends.

Need not too many people,
To see a happy sun rise,
Jus' few real ones,
Who appreciate thee,
Exactly for who you are!
Those are true friends.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Walked In The Night

You can see I care less,
Yes, i have no quick race,
To pale up my face,
With too much stress.

I walked in black,
Tiptoed in the dark,
I thought I had seldom luck,
Thus a doom of forever lack.

Always been through thorns,
Collided with horns,
Hurt on stones,
Then, chocked by corns.

They scolded, am blind,
I watched them behind,
Without making up my mind,
That happiness I'll find.

By walking in the night,
I didn't want a fight,
So I made my life tight,
To destine my right.

As of history are ages,
I wrote that in diary pages,
Since these are life stages,
That come ante wages.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Where You Are

Far from where we spend a dark opposite of the bright day, the sweet night I mean,
Still by my side I feel you,
I smile but cannot talk,
I giggle, but cannot demonstrate,
I hold, but cannot touch,
I look, but cannot see,

Ain't alone, but maybe,
Am distinctly lonely,
Only left in a pure merely poetic globe,
To stare at your silhuate,
In the swirling white nimbus,
Clouds of pure thoughts n wishes,
The inverted blue bowel of the horizon,
Look down at me,
And it's a kind of sympathizing...
ACTUALY AM LONELY

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Widow of Massacre

Some said she lost,
None said she crossed,
Nothing was known clear,
Something about her was fear.
Everything, though said,
She's a widow of massacre.

If asked, she never say,
because witness you can pay,
She lost her husband,
Then lost her hand.
Everything, though said,
She's a widow of massacre.

Behind her, there're stories,
Behind stories, there's worries,
Her village was ambushed,
And in bullets, washed.
Everything, though said,
She's a widow of massacre.

She survived the claws of wild,
After death of her single child,
Finally she ran to this village,
Where we paid her homage.
Everything, though said,
She's a widow of massacre.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester

Your Name, My Poetry

D- Dearly created,
O- Overally above beauties,
R- Realy so sweet,
C- Caring,
A- And All I need,
S- Sincerely from my heart.

W- Wholly immersed in love,
A- Above all girls,
G- Greater in elegance,
U- Unexplained perfect shape,
D- Driving me insane,
E- Every time I see you.

A- Always in my heart,
K- Keeping me eternal company,
I- In each and every place I go,
N- Naturally special,
Y- Year after the other'
I- I LOVE YOU.

Buyunde Acura Sylivester