Poetry Series

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- 9 poems -

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A teacher's Hope

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

Buried Brains

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brain drain; Drain brain To help Others

Hundredth Lap With Bulls

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

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

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

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

I Broke The Gourd

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

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

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

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

I Will Never Die

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

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

Man On Fire

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

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

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

Master No Masters

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

What Death Failed

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

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

Whipping Whip's Owner

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

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

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

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

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