

Poetry Series

GIDEON BORE

- poems -

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GIDEON BORE (1982)

Kenyan born Poet and Book lover, and trained as AInformation's system Administrator.He works as an ICT Instructor In a governmental School.His hobbies includes Reading, writing and riding.

A lone walk in gardens

Something strange in the lush garden,
When I walked down unbeaten lanes,
With tender thoughts and feelings
Equally strange, my mind thickly dry,
Beneath beams of sunny rays
Sipping through the dodging leafy branches.

Like a sheep strayed I froze still,
Upon intermittent waves of tolling bells;
Faint cold voice calls upon,
My half-deaf ears, distant call-
Like a brook lapping upon thy brinks.
I stopped to answer thy solemn voice,
But oh, I could see graceful birds darts away;
And branches together bundled, beats a branch.

Where were you ghostly angel,
Flying with unfeathery wings, cant you,
Sink deep into the floating breeze
And embrace me?
It's strange, mixed echoes strange ballads
'Cooh...co, co, cooh', sudden break...
Once more: 'cooh, co, co, 'cooing doves,
Paired, ever merrying in the flowery bliss
Buried beneath a spell of endless loneliness.

GIDEON BORE

Abortion

A resigned seedling not worthy old,
Sired by worthy old
Indigenous; respected of locals,
That heart of medicine men,
Sought to confront
Shrieking
That old worthy mammoth:
'Why trample on me? '
Its inner self could question,
Since it had no catchments
To source its laments.
But her comforter blew
Without a definite direction,
and home to pause and talk.
it caused him to hiss and sway,
but the old worthy mammoth
still trampled.
Quit he kept,
That time ill come
That he grow, and be strong;
And the elephant that tramples
Teach him a lesson
And give no food
Then would sway and asked:
'You elephant that tramples,
If I am no more,
If big I grow not
Tall and strong,
Who ill shelter you
from the trembles of the heavens? '

That little seed unseen yet there ask:
'You human-elephant, that tramples,
If you bring down before my day
Who ill lift you up when, old,
you ill grow,
Do you know am father tomorrow?

GIDEON BORE

Acres of hunger

After the flashlights sparkle on sweaty faces,
After the sudden tremor in the rugged hills;
Even gales wipe their faces dry-
The moos, wails...a bray, hiss...ssss, whine...
They scabble for space in this wasteland,
A thunder of spring over distant mountains,
But here dry and sterile thunder without rains
Here there's no water but dark boulders,
Strata of rocks piled over dark vista of cunning history
But sodden, sullen faces sneer and snarl
From the flip of a window in a mud cracked walls.
What is that high voice in the winds?
Whines and wails of maternal lamentation
There is no food. Water?
If there were a smell of water only
That turn our minds, push it to the gray alleys:
Littered with past follies-atrocities
Meted upon the flora carpet of the ecosystem,
And is fallen blood too by the javelins of lead.

GIDEON BORE

Blue flower

Ah, your beauty cloth the naked soil,
And covers; oils thy dry skin.
Art thou a soothing ointment,
Upon stiff dry bones?
Tell me.

Oh, can I live alone,
To the room crawl the silent
Emptiness and sit o'er meals,
Though soft with dry wines;
But
Void of thy appealing rays,
O blue flower;
Will you sit on my table,
For me Dear, to cherish
And feel your radiant beauty?
Tell me.

GIDEON BORE

Broken Heart

There weren't soggy veld much to soak,
Thin and dry winds
And hills dry drunk with sun;
For the shores weren't to ooze a breeze
To the empty stretch barren,
When lands were sucked dry.

GIDEON BORE

By the Boughs

Where do you shelter when the skies weep?
Where in the rain drops-veil do you pass?
If by the boughs aside, then I crouch next,
Sodden, cold in a coat bursts its seams.
Where do you bask in the morn's savour?
Where in the jolly morn do you wish the day?
If by the boughs aside, I sit sick of the night
Sullen, pale wishing I'd meet you 'till warm.
Where do you walk when days
Are grey, vapid.....and seamlessly drawn apart?
If by the boughs aside, then am watching,
Birds chirp. Am wishing, could
I see you bird, in your jolly repose?

GIDEON BORE

Carnage blessed

Who's bad omen rest thy shoulder,
On the day you rode down to thy errands
With enchanted soul you wished to better,
Your morrow doomed if you rest and watch;
Who's' ...so we gone shame `em and rest blest!

O, what debt `av' not paid you carnage,
That you claim my soul, though lost
In thy sight when God thrust it side,
To a confine for more an assignment?
You broke my bones, for reparation undeserved;
You bruised my skin, disfigured it:
Though meaningless,
To you malice carnage;
You cannot tell!

I won't murmur `gainst your wrath,
`coz in it thy delight reeks blood;
But why dimm'd my hopes you render,
Without caution before thy malice strike?
Let's batter what's for ceaser with ceaser's,
And God his due rob not in a twilight.

GIDEON BORE

Death

Before a red heap of mountain soil,
They heap, the abhorrence.
Tones mournful to a dreadful,
That usual shadow;
Always there, not when morns wakes.
The murky even we loathe, but accept;
The background we paint grey-
But the foreground we color blood,
Crimson on the snowy shadows-Death!
Who visit not when doors are open,
Nor doors closed;
Who visit not on the tranquil,
Nor when spearheads and swords glitter.
But hovers above every breathing soul,
Winged like a bird of prey
And mocks every soul that calls on him;
Smiles to who loathe him:
For, whose tact has opened the abyss
To ransom the spilt blood,
Whose wit has wooed him;
To send him for an errand?

GIDEON BORE

Dreams

Dream, to live, even when nights are cold;
Dream, to warm nights, even when bug,
Sprawls your bathed skin;
Or else, what dreams?
Dreams to live aren't dreams
On a warmth slumber,
Aren't dreams when there is no bed;
Dream when the sun live,
Dream where warmth to lay,
Your soul, your heart, your self-
Or is it...
Where to dream when days are vapid,
Are dull, on black Fridays?
Dream to live even when, they
Don't dream of you;
Dream to good nights even when, it seems
All are foes on the loose,
All sits upon thy stool;
Upon thy palm,
And live to dream.

GIDEON BORE

Drum beats in the Heart

O, a silent voice squeeze for a vent,
A voice as of drum-beats buried deep,
Escape without though vehemently coercing.
A voice that nags inner veins to stir,
A voice heavy about to sire;
Voice that urges for a time to set up.

But the walls beats enclosed firm,
Wherein drum-beats deep buried;
And silence trends above calmly,
Heralding all 'be pretty' like birds at dawn;
Scaring dew before the sun set to dance.

What! Deception like sooty thatched roof hangs,
All over the face written, wry and disjointed.
But resonance head long struck by fate,
Blows dead words inside to have blossomed;
The grey even when virility falls to a nap.

The drum-beat isn't music soothing,
It beats as galloping beast on rocky terrain.
Beats that melt emotions and spills 'em,
To the heart wounded, pounding to be heard;
Where there're no words to spell the strange.

Player's sticks walks on the resonating skin,
Rushing when their eyes meets the beauty;
And their touch feels its love tender,
And the crescendo picks to the ultimate;
Fever pitch piercing the Heart delicate.

Oh, drum-beats without a dance, wail to the winds,
Where Silence goes hoarse when pains wakes, to
The time of hidden passionate protestation a glow;
Tossing tremors sideways while sodden heart leaps,
Out of silent cries hidden, Alas, stinking sick.

GIDEON BORE

Duo ghost in the city-park

As I returned pitiful to my liar,
Returning upon my solitude, I saw a face;
A face, but now a phantom of the grim,
City-park, a park of dark shades-
Where human-ghost dots the lush bloom.
What little forest host,
(I thought a scent sweet, courting love doves,
Upon the flowery bliss suck its breast,)
Oh poor, I was lost in its wildest deception.

I saw shades sway away from the grey light,
Out of the cold noon, that never was, (noon lost,
In the floating clouds upon your solemn innocence ;)
As you walked, a playful-damsel gorgeous,
With a cat-like walk lighting the dark tarmac.
Ah, they sighed and held their breath,
But, God forbid! The murky verdant
Of the city-park knew what the duo-ghost,
In their grotesque garb, torn and squalor;
Posed to grab amidst the noon-cold.

I grabbed upon my belly, blood gushed
Down the chin cold like a serpent messy touch,
Just a moment of breath before they pounced;
Grabbed, swirled and disentangled,
Some treasures you held dear.
But, God forbid! You fought helplessly,
Like gracious butterfly tucked by the spiders web.
While the speckles of the budding flowers shone,
As they watched too in their innocent garb
Fleeing away both with your will and belongings.

Oh little angel, they'd swept your feet loose,
So you walked floating by the lush's breeze;
Pulling together wearily a broken will to move,
Where just a stone-throw they cackled, unaware,
Oh, frenzied colleagues drunk delirious
Of the merry social-Sunday they'd drowned.

GIDEON BORE

Fragrance sweet in the orchard

Before I smelt fragrance off your portals
I madly was a bee probing flowery orchard.
I whispered soft and tense, quivering your name
Quietly, to tease your inner self diligently,
And to feel your easeful moments.
As on my trebling lips, I murmured, recoiled;
I knew it wasn't easy to lie at full length,
Cold and dry like an embalmed corpse
Just to wait and feel, to hear you say-yes!

GIDEON BORE

Freedom

You seem too near yet too far,
You seem too far yet too near,
We hear of you yet miss you;
We miss you yet hear of you,
Where is thy abode?
Freedom! We thirst for you.

Old men were crowned marshals,
And old and all women wailed bitterly.
Since they scratched their heads,
Thinking about you, you blew,
(They felt your presence)
And never were you,
Freedom! We thirst for you.

GIDEON BORE

Greed

Crossing narrow lanes of greed,
Our toss I'll crash rugged rocks,
Our swinging arms clash,
For space to sing and swing.
Want is equal greed,
To last for lust pounce,
As we stumble and grumble,
To please the flesh, that,
Lean upon brittle wall.

Tender empathy, our souls;
And flesh is equal greed,
So like and open grave, that
Red heap of soil
For you to return,
The flesh it craves, that lust;
Infinite greed and greed
Lust endless greed.

GIDEON BORE

In the Heart

Some day, when skies turns grey,
Its veil torn and seems thrust,
To the dust we walk and play;
And through our hearts we look,
At every happy face turned pale.
It's when our hearts sags, too,
And hurts rummages our feelings.

We seek for a quite hill, pensive
On a secret couch dangled upon,
The bliss of solitude;
And that inward eye,
Goes miles to the blues to surf
The secret trance and winds of visions.

How scattered are the golden treasures,
Billowing by, and that all has been dreams?
The heart sinks more heavier than a stone,
As all we see is but again it seems....
And how few, how fast they fade;
How they creep, yet our hearts our minds;
Too deep they sink to the pitiless deep.

GIDEON BORE

Justice

Touted deals ripens every moment,
New systems are built on fame and opulence,
The mighty and the rich command;
Yes sirs! My lords. My heart is broke;
Where is justice?
May I give it up as something dead,
Naivety
Vague lexicon of the old-school,
Ever lost no matter where to search
Like fossils buried deep in the abyss?
It's found not in the church,
In the simmering thought of the intelligentia;
Through boycotts,
Through rampages and vandalism
That shakes the streets like hailstorms;
Or shall I find it in my ego?

No justice, oh poverty stricken,
Thou urged out of his blood,
His rightful justice bared,
Down trodden of statesmen
In the open and strewn courts
Like sepulchers
Where justice is thrown scattered.

GIDEON BORE

Life

Lee Emmett! take too
a moment of repose,
And wander of life's true gift
Breath,
Smile,
Sneeze,
Sigh
Walk....
Aha, talk, cackle...
Giggle
They come without a penny
They vanish with a brood,
A sulk in the sweet-morn
When the only ultimate price,
Just be happy!
and as you say Emmett,
take in 'beauty'.

GIDEON BORE

little bird of Tassia

Float swiftly by the winds, o pretty bird,
To and fro dart your space-
Till the day to the deep shall sink,
And thy soul seeks rest through the dark.
But

When morn-star stretch above the nightly constellation,
There shall sigh a day-break with a morn-sweet -a song;
And by thee shall the kaleidoscope wrap its pride,
The whiskers of the sun, hid by the brightness;
For the day- break wait to find Where thee,
Shall hunt the warm.

O, little bird, thou you sing pretty cool,
When to the brim fills its pride,
The scotching sun. Dazed you dart,
To fill thy porch `till even is afar.
But

Beneath the darkly shadows crawls predators ferocious,
Of tender flesh upon their fatal canines;
Remember, as you fill your gizzard full with warms
Their entrails yarn for delicacy birds. Nay, like you.
And the carols you sing gnawing a worm betwixt
Your beak, woos their cannibalistic lust close.

Watch little bird, the tranquil shadows you walk
Down the sky-lane, blue and grey;
Flower tops you perch, too watch
The savage eagle, too perch to catch
A glimpse of the dumb pretty birds.
But

Close to your soul lurk lease of life proper
Wrapped and pillowed in thy feathery beauty,
And delicate like flowery canopies you perch.
They shine bright when the morns are young,
Curly and pale, they mourn when morns age;
And when nights are dry cold they drop.

Think! Think little bird where every wind blows
And with it billows frenziedly scraps of waste,
Dancing
Swirling
Jostling
When the winds ceases, they bear the pain,
The scars
The hurts
The cracks...
They land with a bang!
A plash
A thud
A blow,
And they never repair to their home
Where winds bid them fly.

O little bird, dart a top a stem,
You, count the buds and the leaves;
And flowers too never forget, before their time,
And know when the buds matures to stem
And flowers withers to a fruit,
For all this, little bird wrest your sou

GIDEON BORE

Longing

Though memories grabble, twas,
In mind to gleam and we stare,
My Dear, I'll be faint dead;
Numb and cold my heart `ill grow
`till, alas, days rolls down unaware;
Though lazily the longing precipice,
To see your face, my Dear, glitter;
And upon warmth of the day,
Love and laugh, oh dearest!

GIDEON BORE

Love in the barracks

Sharp like a razor,
Harsh like a battle demy-god,
Blazing as desert flame
Rattled faint echoes of Romans
In the swollen heavy memories
Hammering: 'left, ritght.....left...
Riiiiight turn! '

Cold and dull and love rose.
Sat to suck the breast,
Amidst unsuspecting thighs;
To defy the 'commands'-
Devouring 'march'
Battle like errands.

But it swayed heavy ahead,
To the advancing platoon,
Shuffled
Menacingly to kiss,
With guns
Like pens to pen sensual rhythms,
A soldier in a barren battle.

GIDEON BORE

Memories at even

Smiling upon sweet memories at even,
Reminiscing the: ha-ha-ha-ha-ho-ho! Days,
I had respect for you I thought,
As down thy obscure path I trended,
Till not a thought in me lingered anymore.
That though gleam eyes gazed o'er me,
The stillness in my heart did not stir.
That though far were you a part,
Had I swum meandering waters
To pluck that sweet scented roses,
To keep you in my memories alive;
As though a breeze that always swept across
Went a scent off roses garden,
To place you in my heart
Ever more will you part.

GIDEON BORE

Mercy

Mercy! I wander
Where none pose for my posies-
Art thou a reprieve for grief?
Art thou a cry for pity?
Mine, is but a solemn quest,
Though trodden to squalor,
Bid me farewell in the arid quarters.

Mercy! Thou art from the heart,
Implanted, God in thy spirit did create,
A character through re-birth-
But mercy, aren't you born mercy?

Mercy! What's thy color?
Rose's red paints love,
But in the orchard are roses, many
Roses blue
Roses white
Roses....
And the world with red is crazy;
They chant treacherously: love,
That withers, barely out of breath-
The sun says, 'oops! And poor roses
Decries, 'aag...grrr', engulfs its self
Together with the servile love it extols;
But Mercy, what's thy color?

Mercy! Terror reeks o'er the world,
Tearful eyes sprawl, no mercy;
For every soul pose vengeance,
Man against man
Bird against bird
Beast against beast...
Who's gone be an ensample?
Who's gone walk mercy?

Mercy, thou you speak mercy,
Though you breathe mercy
Thou you laugh mercy
Though you believe mercy?
A friend told me, 'mercy, thou mercy',
Tell me...
Do you slap a mosquito that buzz,
Without your face...
Do you hurt a fly?

GIDEON BORE

Missed Call

Biped on the chest pocket,
And my heart sank below,
For I knew it's a call, a call you know;
Mostly kept I glancing, seemingly:
'Any missed call yet?
Oh, none! ' 'Could it be.....'
Out of the loose pocket, I fished,
A tiny electro-gadget, I took a glance,
'Wow! A missed call'
My little phone decried,
Unaware how painful it turns
To be and to miss as it tells,
That distant faint resonance
Keeping me guessing how it felt,
When tight you pressed the gadget
Against your ear and learnt,
From the other obscured end,
What a treasure you are to delay
That 'quit option' on the line.

GIDEON BORE

Morning Dew

Not a reed in the banks could keep you,
Neither that on the precipitous crag,
But before the sun shone,
You drunk to every croaking of the frogs
Perched on the Karoria River.

When they long for your embrace,
It's just a sweet morning;
Before they surrender to the filthy brook,
Yet before the sun goes to sleep
For you are morning dew.

A sentimental lyricist echoes,
And paints not a beauty in the beholder,
But to the second thought,
True to its self today
And tomorrow a new meaning.
You seem to hide yourself in the beauty,
For when you are fallen, we remember,
You are just a morning dew.

If I could conspire with the creator,
And that ever malice sun could rest,
Not to its usual nagging bed;
At least if rains sit on its chair,
And your radiance linger a bit long
For you are just a morning dew.

Though far apart in every attempt are we,
In my thoughts you 'ill linger.
And, alas, in absence let me see you,
But in someone else,
Just before the sun shines
For you are just a morning dew.

GIDEON BORE

Nature talks to the heart

Am alone walking the isles
of the grey lush
Riddled with scented breeze.
Am alone on the wayside
Watch people walk and talk
Till they varnish I resume
To wonder about nature.
Do it know what's burning
Burning, deep inside me-
What Am thinking?
Silver lined clouds march their path
To the east distance untold,
As winds blow them scattered.
Where do they melt at last?
Could I've let 'em swell with grieve
To shed upon your toes,
Tears as raindrops
Raindrops as tears
I've wept as I watch them
Cross teasingly o'er me?
My dear, do you see
Their grey eyes weep
As they cross and hover o'er you
and know....
They left me on the wayside weep
Morning your love.

Do you know that our eyes
In their stark nudity, unreluctant,
With unspairing curiosity to behold
Pursuing even the infinity
Hissing echoes hid in the air
And when darkness sets off to sleep
An undamned eyes wants to see the winds
Want to meet the sounds
As they walk their indefinable path?
O, what I see
What I seek to see
My dear, I can't tell,
I only wish every possibility
That you learn
That you perceive
How silence in its soundlessness
Speak to your naked ears
That I call your name
Every millisecond of my breath.

Tell me,
Can I walk down the streets
To see buildings
To see people
And turn between ripe memories

Red ripe as a fruit
Of faint shadows of your face
And distant echoes of your voice
Fail to hit on an inspiration
That troubles my mind
To search for colors
Mingled tones to weave a melody
That 'ill drive deep to your bosom
That my love ill not escape you.

GIDEON BORE

Nature's reward

Nature rarely hinges doors loose,
And doors loose a golden fortune,
A golden fortune befalls unaware
As kins and foes alike intercede, to
Strike and bless partially.
But sacrifice, one and for all;
As nothing yields on a mare pat
On its back.
But, can rub tears,
To who lives to its wrath,
And its back turns to who live sweet;
But keeps beckoning: give,
And have me a pat on the back

GIDEON BORE

On the shore gaze

On the shores picturesque sceneries,
Blue waters emanates cold breeze,
Engulfed by moist air stands,
The strange boulder, curved,
And engraved historicity;
Ancientness, fort-Jesus.
Protuberant rugged rocks embeds
Its brinks;
Beneath sits prickly corals,
Waves knocks and sends out swallows,
That inhabits its homely caves;
Crabs crawls passed a lazy lobster,
Chasing the escaping roaring waters.
When the sun scotch the motionless others,
They curse and defend off the enemy
And they lay on the silt they camouflage.

GIDEON BORE

One color too many..

In the grey skies floating,
Above the blue deep far west;
Walked through golden rays
And sat a queen-
Draped in snow as foggy mountain top.

Bathed with pure rays at dawn,
Arrayed as a reed on a marshy land;
O, daughter of the lake, beside your easeful
Slender walk of a crown-bird,
Your pose mock and sparkle jitters:
To their face the extravagant,
Their space the damned proud.

There is a tinge of a sage,
Sculpted from a wood ancient,
And etched with a blunt chisel of a crucible.
A character born, nonetheless with no equal;
Oh, daughter of the lake, beside your dreams,
Flying the moon in its sanctified space;
Your abode is among the galaxy,
For your thoughts stretch across the Milky Way.

Your abode in the wildest thoughts,
Is strangely clasped in dark mystery,
Defaced and thrown into a caricature pit.
What's in you? A being masquerade formless,
In the passionate dreams where none is exempt.

You! Hardened soul crawling quakes' trembles,
And upon lures of the 'moist' in the breeze,
A pigtail never bends and you still a desert?
Who's gone sink you in the deep of love,
To swim like butterflies a float the air.

You! Sane in the self realm of thoughts,
Flying the sky in the eagles wings a stretch;
Solely like a bereaved bird finding a place,
Among the flock already paired and sealed to eternity,
Where's your heart suspended upon in distant hills?

Your place among lilies you dart, O strange bird,
From flowers tender to the buds sprouting unaware,
Of the 'sssss..Shh..sh..sh'..the winds blowing your scent,
To the place you're numbered causing a stir
With aromatic tinge of a flowery lush streams.

What tales be told in the deep,
When you swing on rainbow strands

Cast on a placard waved,
To the rising sun-
And ensues puffs of breeze warm,
With thy tenderness?
What tales? Exept be told in silence;
For the arching heart, oh daughter of the lake,
Groans in emptiness:
A sodden heart wandering and desolate.

GIDEON BORE

Pride

Read it on the shoulders high,
Like a crown-bird's stiff neck,
Stands arrogant head, raised,
That suspends a blazing complexion;
And remotely arrogant lips,
Whistling, spurting.
So sharp cutting tongue,
Pause undisturbed on the palate;
And an egoistic inspiration,
Dare to set ablaze,
For him to rise and blaze;
In an intimidating majesty.
Pride, I dare you pride,
Could you live to see the sun-
If humble and meek fell
On an unwakeful slumber.

GIDEON BORE

Rickety tenements

Now, its work on a Monday morn,
A young man walks out, waving goodbye
To his wife, cuddling their new born;
He briskly walks to a clatter of tenements,
Where unskilled hands-boys chops the bricks,
He is a mason, too, a father a husband.
He sighs, greetings! Shoves out his trowel,
Climbs the rugged unfurnished walls
With a can of plaster, numbed and fatigued,
He'd been there wrestling the bricks, a week now.
But, the rest is news:
'Ten feared dead as house collapsed'

It collapsed, it caved in, and it crumbled,
It sunk to the under-sewage marsh;
Before pronounced: 'four-storey' building.'
Better! Before a fine plastering, just before,
Painters smeared their arts upon its walls,
Just before they placard 'house-to-let'.

After the news:
Women cuddling their infants,
Yes, young and oblivious of the 'head-lines'
Throng the debris.....
Look! Tears wash their faces,
They stare at a battalion;
This time clutching machetes,
And what they do? Oops!
They clobber debris, these
War men on a rescue mission.
Their smiley faces helps but shed more tears,
They wail to their husbands, where are they?

Now, this is another side of the story...
Ahah! They knew, the estate agents,
Even their lords in the government coffers;
Yes, they built and never abode therein.

Is it a government pride? To register
To the blinking cameras?
They know, the world is watching
They want to cover their nakedness.
But, who is responsible?

GIDEON BORE

School of a Sage

Through vista of encounters tape reels,
Rolling intermittent stream of thoughts,
Grotesquely bill-boarded on gush winds;
Tis'hustles ahead,
Draws a bisecting line, locus to measure
The scarlet etched on merrying seasons.

And age sits indifferently hidden,
In the scattered figments of recreated
Imaginations;
Tattered recollections and unfettered creations,
Of thoughts worth mind digging to mine;
The museum of age where tape reels,
And sages are born.

GIDEON BORE

Slipping thro' my fingers

Thou has been mine,
Thro' surrogate faces I see
Bolster courage to endure
Persuasive urge,
Emotional surges.
And I endure momentous urge,
That built up intensity as days rolls;
And what I cherish! 'Mythical appraisals',
Buried in blues
From the scenes I can't escape.
Why slip thro' my fingers all the time?
Nothing impressive so far
In the parties I walk
Neither has granted me serenity to mull
O'er future, O now grayed bleak.

The eyes pretend to see
Thro' every radiant countenance
Of a smiling dawn
But when the sun paints east red
As it peeps thro' its cage,
Hope seems to dwindle sounding a far
Like distant howl of a beast.
And the stuff I seek to hold repels
The feeling I seek to cherish fades
And am left foraging
For answers I can't find.

They tell me: 'live and each day,
Burry in a den like dreams self.'
But reality begs, edgeways,
Being dragged-for justice
Wailing for personality forged
To dazzle beside its grave,
While masses murmur
O'er defaced eulogy.
Yes, I wake the silent night
to see the stars
As the moon light streak
the skies visible
Beyond the extraterrestrial
Mansions where hope abode.
And when the moon crawls
To the far west
Stars cover their faces
And radiance fades
'It grows darker, I thought.....why
Just when sweet dawn,
Even sweet dawn,
Shriek at its birth? '

GIDEON BORE

Song on the dawn of...

Something strange, perhaps, I thought,
Hint bellow my frowning belly that,
Nags and frothing scare
Amid deep silence wrapped on the grey sky.
Oh, what a sparkling bloom, rent dry on the plains once,
green with tendrils soothing flowers joyous.
I listen to every sadistic tune reverberates, burning and,
Shakes the marshy lands that bounds my heart.
Have I not layed aside my wildest dreams
On the mat woven of colored reeds?
Till dawn when the mist pulls down its snowy veil
stretched beyond the invisible sky.
May be tomorrow my dear, I shall kneel on hot coals;
Eyes down appeasing to the stubborn kins not to let,
And perhaps with shrieking notes of birds scared;
I wish them to listen, or else not.
Who shall lull them in the silent night a sleep,
before I come knocking?
Who shall play a flute in the naked sunny day,
When I walk the gates of your kins fortress?
Ah, shall I break all the bond of blood, and set up
the guard of love, for one endless nights?
My dear, your voice, your silent tear will lure
Determined protestation against my shoulders
Laden with gift of flowers plucked on dewy dawns.

GIDEON BORE

Tale of Embaa

This is the story of helchem
The gorgeous damsel who dwelt in the town-village,
A sprawling populace of embaa and with her,
Her kins dwelt betwixt a conjugal brawl
And helchem was stuck, innocent but to a blame,
She knew little about. Young to flee at twenties,
She nestled though in the comfort of her juvenility;
But the dust of the brawl intensified the run,
To the serenade lush in the deep meanders en-route
To the distant Ngo'ng where the city sun sets;

When the dusty clime of embaa
In the stillness of the day billowed, the
Winds slid their rocks off their sling;
It had been too hot, buzzing throngs in activity.
Timid and wary in the nest pelted with dust;
Roasting in the day's scotching heat,
Myriads of errands.....
The place didn't keep her more in its pawns,
To repatriate ere long, the image beauty
Conceived in the memoires of its stretch.

Soon followed her the dusty pebbles scared,
Of winds to the west away to the distant hills,
To the gaudy stretch lush of Rongai;
Where beneath the roughy dales of Ngo'ng
Nests its home in her prime, in the sun-
Ongata city. Its suburbs dots densely,
Bricks tenements shadowed by the leafy boughs,
Where thence helchem and her kins hid.

It was in the month of April, Embaa city-village
Smelly of garbage odor carpeting its courtyards,
And the hot sun danced its pavilion, folks ignorant;
Bubbling murmurings of the grey-market calls,
Helchem walked it, the markets, the hotels...
Shook hands with cobblers, vegetable-venders...
And with eyes of her heart had charms of the folks;
Poached every love of them, none disgruntled.
And not aware of the tom-toms of the approaching,
Fast advancing gallops of the escapade,
She touched many hearts, too, was touched;
And now she drinks from the streams,
From the mountainous heart of nostalgia,
It's a dry pain savanna, it haunts helchem.

***helchem is not her real name**

'Embaa' is a name of a city-village, as well as 'Ongata'
'Ngong' is a mountainous stretch of land and 'rongai' is on its slope.

GIDEON BORE

Tears has failed to dry (A letter to my late Dad)

A character she only knows,
Once she felt his heart,
Missed every beat of a soul, that lives;
For He cuddled his precious gift, first,
That angles slipped down.
O, now expectant Dad sat troubled
As His queen travailed with pain,
Pain that heralded blessings yet a while;
Blessing of a new soul.

Soon you came with cry piercing
Your Mom's heart joyous, and all
The travails drowned she sighed,
And sent to now-Dad of the tidings.
I guess, he leaped from his seat
To greet his heaven gift, he had
For long waited for a Dad he will be;
Though he knew not for a while
He'd take off for a long journey,
To a place his bones were first formed.

A happy! Happy! You threw them to laugh,
Cuddling your first daughter you made
Father and mother now they knew,
The bond was solid til' the sun sets;
And age shall has sought reprieve.
But long was not and the bliss broke
In twain for an omen swept him away
Before he saw you grow a gracious girl,
But oh, words has failed me, how I tell;
How unfair he walked away so early.

You walked away so first, why?
And left mum mourning the past,
The past she carried with and me too
Huddled by her breast I couldn't console'
'Cause the dating flowers still tucked
In a delicate place her heart had kept,
Was hard to forgive a love gone away
Into a place dreams a lone can find.
It's just heard for me to believe too,
Why you left just when I still needed you.

I wonder why I feel so high, now that
Am grown and I `m not above the sorrow.
I feel like springing so high this morn,
In the courtyard birds are singing;
And I `m still recalling things you said,
Oh, lovely Dad to her daughter, you wished
See her grow in love world in its grey
Face can give, you held Me dear;

And though you are gone too far away,
Birds they sing still whisper your name.

It's sad 'cause you can't stretch to hold me,
Though I know you loved me dearly;
Who can deny? You left me your name,
Be it in Exam, be it in...am glad;
I have a precious name, it tells me;
Am not a vagabond though in face
You are not, but in someone else I see you;
And I live with the same feeling you left,
That day the skies turned grey and you left.

Some day your love will shine through,
The very soul that my heart will seek,
To love and I cherish like the day, that
You met Mom in her solitude seeking.
Though some has come and broke my heart,
But I pray I find someone to take away
The heart-ache, take away the loneliness
I've been feeling since you're gone,
And I'll love Him as Mom held me close
And he'll love me just as you did.

Now since you're gone too long,
Am still now your daughter grown up,
Wondering if your love really was mine;
But you left me with eyes wide open,
Thro' surrogate fathers' and Mom's real love.
The world has taught me, has despised me;
It tossed me sideways and am still crawling,
A grown child wondering where is the end?
I still seek the answer from the malice,
Why, why in twilight did stole my first love?

Ooooooh! 've been missing you,
And what you make me feel inside, I can't tell.
What can I do? I send you this song,
To let you know I still your daughter.
Meanwhile, I know Mom miss you too;
In her solitude 'am her remedy though,
We are just two drowned in the past;
The past we both miss: a love, a Dad.
And we long to see you one day,
When the sun rises again, bye!

GIDEON BORE

The back end

Am stuck by the river's bank,
By the ever dewy reeds dancing
To the splash rhythms' of hope,
Traucherous hope of splash-drops:
Born of galloping waters. But all is mirage,
For when rivers' bowels dry, reeds too wither;
And I wake from the roses' bed of dreams.

Am stuck by the river's bank,
By the ever dewy reeds dancing
To the splash rhythms' of hope,
Traucherous hope of splash-drops:
Born of galloping waters. But all is mirage,
For when rivers' bowels dry, reeds too wither;
And I wake from the roses' bed of dreams.

There's still castles floating,
On through twilight that lingers short,
And the night shades the smiles;
Out of the blue skies dotted with stars,
Once am a wake to the white truth-
I need dance to the tunes of fate.

I still walk in the dark, lit
With candle-lights: they flicker shadows,
When the winds scramble for space,
And like wishes I live, its light...Its dark...
And I wake, the winds `ave ceased:
My own self resurrection;
Out of the gloom sepulchre of illusions,
Haply I learn all I hold are dreams.

GIDEON BORE

There was a time I wish it be a time...

There was a time when at even-sunset
I strode the sandy beach stepping mesmerized
At the silhouetted corals glittering,
And the sea breeze oozed out nowhere, rhythmically
With whirling tide lapping the gauged raged walls.
Far in the west down went dazzling rays
Like red hot dome submerging into the deep-blues.
Songs of the shores ravens mingled the lapping tunes
That bathed protruding coral boulders.
Alas, I saw paired doves merrily dash
Past barren fields to the far west,
And flapping towards their nightly warmth in tow
Too, cooing....their love dirge in repose.

I sought a quite hill above stretch lush
So I could see far west remorseful,
Longing for the hey-days when a song was love.
O, I only wish I could weep a moment, albeit intrinsically,
For men conceal their sundry tears;
But tears of love, deep from the sodden heart?
I only wish I could weep just a moment,
For last night I heard your voice;
The words you soothingly, calmly spoke to me
When I called upon you amid suspicious eyes watching
And flirting colleagues watch with glee,
As quite I gaze at you; subdued by your presence,
Without a word I had dared to utter.

Tell me, O daughter of the lake,
By the lake side are buried dirges sweet;
When Nyar Okombo, aha, Alego was a little girl
Lulled her a sleep and the lake roared about
The winds gushed from the empty lands.
Shall I go to loiter by the marshy shores
To learn the ancient ghostly rhythms,
left by your Ancestors?
Or learn the strange rhythms emanating grieved whirls?
Or to search the tunes, I think gods of Ramogi,
In the deep, appeased the roving winds to calm?
Yes, angry winds from distant Migingo flew,
For there was a song: a dirge of peace,
I recall.
Oh, sweet were the dirges for waking dreams
I could sing to you when time and life,
Moves lazily along; and,
O Daughter, give me a smile;
For like the winds a dirge you need,
A dirge lost in my dreams.

In a day time dreams, there is remorse in it,
Oh, you `ill love to have a nap beside groans
Or grumbling volcanoes on the nostalgic soul;

You ill long for home to sit beside warm cinders
With tender thoughts and feelings strong
Writhing in the vapid untickling hours away;
And slowly beneath shadows in the light-flecked space
You ghostly walk, o daughter of the lake
Darting like a pretty bird from place to place.
But now, no word nor a song nor a soothing tonic
So to call out your passions sunken.
I'd fetch out magic words, graceful calls
Perhaps like strumming skin strings of Nyatiti,
Your grad-pa played in his Simba to appease
With solemn piety wrapped in Tholuo folklores-
gods of Ramogi,
And you know what? A riddle was revealed:
The secret springs where Ngege and Mbuta abounds.
Nevertheless, never shall I wonder
In the desert savour without,
Passionate thrills leading to nuptials.

GIDEON BORE

Tribaltitude

Beneath a canopy I sought refuge, where,
Once in childish recklessness' we stirred a pool,
Like slender pelicans when evens drizzled,
And to which most of my life was peaceable
For we thought nothing more than hide- and- seeks;
Childish enthusiasm engulfed my ego.
Yes, that sprawling village; a woven ethical mat,
Spread on our tender 'leggings' we savoured,
Multilingualism like shrills of grand violinist,
As music enshrouding my childish innocence.

Now am aged, and what do I see?
Amazing! Around me roar and crash ethnicity(ism) ,
I cannot live my life with rich piety void,
Where strange sensation has frozen my heart,
The marshy suburbs that love, humanism grew;
But old childish enthusiasm like breeze,
Haunts me as stretch to catch asleep
And I reminisce the dawn when guns crow,
The dawn, dull dawn when black smoke glazed the sky;
Colors of the even sunset greyed with 'teargased-scent, '
And with tense the air is gripped and no longer consecrate,
As tribaltitude swirls across the rowdy village
Gone, gone forever the compassion once we dwelt,
Slept, engulfed by lulling shrieks of tranquillity
Which our self pittance once clung
But now lost like mist escaping the sun.
Evil temerity has grown oaths and militialism.
Against the spirit of togetherness, oneness

GIDEON BORE

Up in the mountains

What's up in the mountains,
In the hills above every springing growth;
Doesn't the very spirit of the infinite revolves
Sweeping its feet in the breeze that,
Is the dust of thy feet....
Look, He is watching us, blazing
Like two edged sword His eyes looks, upon
Graceful creatures He loves,
That's you and me...
Up the hills are bounties full,
Unmatched by finite understanding,
Are bulwarks against wails of bitterness:
Foes vengeance;
And desires our hearts can define,
All for you and me-
In due season.
Look up in the hills,
And with hope, yes,
The eyes to look for the unseen,
Eyes that sees the spirit of the infinite,
Revolving around in the hills
Tells us, you and me...
Don't lose enthusiasm,
But cling and up in the mountains;
Descends down the precipice
To grant our desire in due season.

GIDEON BORE

Virtuous Woman

The Wiseman,
Sought her 'mongst daughters of the people;
'Cause had prob'd among the fair in Jerusalem,
And she was not where the king trod,
And inquired: 'who can find a virtuous wife?
For her worth is far above rubies.
Now, men thought a while,
Where She precious abode to find;
And they thought she was fair as lilies:
Fair to the eye and stir spasm of passion.
But the Wiseman stress'd: 'her husband's
Heart trust safely, for lack he nothing.
She willingly works for wool and flax,
Like a merchant ship, she brings food afar;
Rises before dawn, her household she feeds
And set a portion for her maidservants.
She considers afield to buy, and from
Her profits the vineyard she plants;
As she herself girds with strength, and
Her arms strengthen.
She perceives the savour of her merchandise,
And her lamp overnight glows.
She reaches out to the distaff,
And holds the spindle; extend to the poor
And the needy she reaches out her hands.
With scarlet her household is cloth'd,
And she's not afraid; she's adorned in
Purple and fine linen and her husband,
In the gates is known among
The elders of the land.
She makes linen garments and sells them,
And sashes supplies to the merchants;
Aha, she's adorned in honor and strength,
And shall rejoice in time to come.
She speaks with wisdom and her tongue
Clings the law of kindness, she watches
Over the ways of her households;
Neither eats the bread of idleness,
Her children calls her blessed, and
Her husband also, and he praises her'.
O, poor men sighed with disbelief:
'What nature of a woman is this;
And where is she among the fairest?'
The Wiseman interposed: 'yah!
Many daughters have done well,
But she excel them, oh, them all'.
'Aha! Wiseman', they asked, 'what virtue
Is this woman that exceeded all?'
And the Wiseman replied: 'charm is deceitful
And beauty is passing, but a woman, who
Fears the lord, shall she be praised'.
And the men wroth, asked the Wiseman:

'How test you the virtuous among fairest'?
To the Wiseman he feared the lord,
And counted for wisdom, he replied:
'Give her of the fruit of her hands, and
Let her own works praise her in the gates'
They went mesmerized of things they heard
And amongst daughters of the land
Sought they this fairest among fairest
For the Wiseman had said:
'Who can find a virtuous wife?

GIDEON BORE

Weeds cease not to grow

What's in this soil?
Am without a clue,
For weeds cease not to grow.

What's in this soil?
Am tired to hoe,
For weeds cease not to grow.

What's in this soil?
Am bound to leave,
For the weeds cease not to grow.

What's in this soil,
Am beaten in a tussle with self,
For weeds cease not to grow.

What's in this soil?
Am a looser when with it I wrestle,
For weeds cease not to grow.

Ah, when you rain abound in the space,
I breathe the moist of thy tenderness.
O, Am a delicate seed and I burst to die,
And grow weeds of love.

GIDEON BORE

What Gift Fit?

I have no wit, no clue, no thought;
My heart within me beat a tide,
Of indebtedness each time
Your heart is bared and self prod,
Thereof you spill your corn to me.
I feel the much your heart wills,
I see the far you seek to stretch;
Alas, my heart this selfsame virtue;
I seek a price worth it to bid,
The honest price, nay, not a botch.
It hurts deep when the spills linger,
Even worse I can't the price spell:
The true recompense it calls
While no one speaks loud a bout,
Only sighs, like crawling ants make.
I am lost the gift to find,
And if found what wrappings to gloss,
And the mood to adorn, rendition—
To present?
What a gift fit? I tell you,
It's hard, it pains only once more
When upon its bowels my thoughts linger.

GIDEON BORE

Words elusive

O, words I've searched for so long,
Though did burry thy face
Beneath radiant speckles of ambiguity,
I marvel at crystal grey shadows, that,
Hid in half-darkness the fountain of fresher terms.
O, words I've search for so long,
Faint lips whispers, sweet and impalpable echoes
Drowning intermittent whispers in the dim regions,
Where howling winds babble away in its alienism.
O words I've searched for so long,
I've lost my way to learn,
The forgotten dirge of the aging poetess;
And I may never learn the words,
So sweet the words to sing;
For born naked without the words,
Chilling cold saturate with passion, burns,
The aching depths of my soul; searching for words
That age has sought on the march of time.
But nevertheless, words are hard to weigh,
O, words sweet and tender to thy soul;
Are hard to weigh, words tender to thy soul-
That can bring down the stars
Spread a rainbow mat on your feet,
Lulls you to the even dreams
As it yanks down your heart for me.

GIDEON BORE