Poetry Series

joseph orutwa

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joseph orutwa (27th sept 1993)

i am simple open minded born a period when food was abundant, no pollution lets say it was green, studied an 8.4.4 system currently am in a university of mombasa a place of execellence, i have two sisters in a family of five, currently in mombasa where life and light are real.

Life with a knife

the bitter taste of its cover
yellow or sometimes golden
so conspicuous when rotten
pollination there only lover
strongly scented with scent
juicy soft berry to cherry
do quails enjoy them daily?
they that have a mind toil
digging in the very soil
scattering the viable seeds
as they wait a pay for there deeds
indeed they do reap
making sure they dont leap
success strolling along
only for the destined strong
hardwork is like an orange
laziness is to be peeled
sliced and sickled
hardwork to be cherished
my word for the ruled
looking already steered
we still have hopes
me and you it knocks
lets enjoy the berry
but first its bitter.

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My native

we are laughing
enjoying the soft bands of the forgotten

we are talking
the old gold talks that the old told

we are whispering
whispers of love full of emotions

we are chanting
reincanating religious norms to cure, evil.

we are listening
the elders pointing fingers at us

we are eating
everything that cometh from the very soils

we are watching
the very soil soaked in black, its raining soil eroding

this is my home, Africa my native

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Our soul mate

This is like dream in a merry realm
just a sweet dream to tame in a rim
a rim full of thoughts so dim
a dim spirit of smoking love
love strolling and rolling and ringing
ringing explended images on the cones
cones in my popping sweet eyes
eyes that see ur face in a new phase
a phase of love as the sun rises to shine
shine shiniging on the swing swing side
a side with a reflection of intimate love

when things seem tough u give me a reason to live
my heart craving for your broken soul
everytime my eyes close i see you rise
when sleeping all i see is you my rose
though sometimes you can be a total rack

a crack on the rock
a rose that withers to black
rising from the old soil
as your soul begins to rot
you can give one a reason to dive
to the very oceans near shangai

all you care about is my currency
a currency i always note
notes in my pocket and your sockets
sockets in your eyes that gaze
a gaze full of mere innocence

our mates can be so sly
living a life full of irony
this is how they were moulded
it all begun long long time ago...

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The Evenings steer

Is it in your heart?
Full of hate and bitterness
Fear and anger in your mind

who do u blame?
Is it the famous seer Adam?

You hate the legged ones
Is it because you have none?
Crawling and limping on the ground
fangs popped out to hit
Venom full of poison saturate

It is your being with a perception
A life so narrow ended
Just like your tail on the greens

You enjoy your curse
As i gather my evenings firewood
In the Edens famous woods.

(2/2/2014, mombasa kenya)

joseph orutwa