Poetry Series

Masharia kanyari

- 35 poems -

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Masharia kanyari

Masharia Kanyari is a man's man and poetry is the half of his soul. I may not be a Picasso or a Mozart, but I don't have to be. When I conjure words to represent emotion and people unanimously relate to my art- my work as an artist is done. Thus, in that light I present my poems to the world that has so generously provided me with material. God Bless you.

A Monkey has died

There is a monkey that I knew of,
And for the sake of rhyming,
Lets call him John,
The monkey died today,
I shot him down,
His eyes shall not see light anymore,

He is gone,
With his flambouyant ways,
His chivalrous nature,
And violet genitals,
Now I can harvest my tomatoes when I please,
At the pace that I would want,

Strange though-
I might miss him,
Or maybe my mind is playing tricks on me,
Given my mortal fear of boredom,
Back to my humdrum life,
Now that I have settled the score,

If I had it my way,
I would raise him from the dead,
Capture and release him at will,
Since I know for certain,
That I loved his charismatic spirit,
And the anarchy he stood for,

His hide dries in the shed,
Next to the bow and arrow that shot him,
A memento; keepsake if you may,
Of our undefined relationship,
My friend, My foe,
My monkey- JOHN

Masharia kanyari

Amnesia

The name of the woman is the first to go,
Followed by her profession,
The handshake, the charming smile,
Then inevitably the entire encounter,
She suddenly becomes a stranger,
Never even heard of,
Thats the fate they all share,
As if one by one the women that I meet,
Decide to retire to some remote part of my brain,
Where trivial matters are discarded,

Long ago I kissed the names,
Of women I caroused with goodbye,
And watched my pubescent fantasies,
Pack their bags and leave,
And even now as I memorize the order of the women,
Something slips away; one woman's cup-size perhaps?
Whoever I struggle to remember,
Seems to hover conveniently beyond recall,
Not even stored in some obscure corner of my heart,

They fly away to some distant land,
Whose name begins with an M; as far as I can remember?
You are on your way to oblivion too,
Where you will join those faces I have forgotten,
No more waking up in the middle of the night,
To look up your name on the internet,
For my vagabond mind will have drifted,
Away from a woman that I used to know by heart...

Masharia kanyari

Answer this

Tell me why.
Of the many lips I've kissed,
It is your pair I vividly remember,
Despite how many miles I walk,
Your allure is always my neighbour,
You seem to haunt my every step,

Tell me why.
Of all the scents I know,
Its yours that my heart most longeth for,
A scent so profound- deep...
Only comparable to a million roses

Tell me why.
I don't care who reads this,
Not even my friends,
Who will think I'm weak,
Stupid, in love or smitten,

Tell me why.
I woke up a little upset,
That this chic beside me,
Is not you,
Despite our yester-night's indulgence,

Tell me why.
I sent this,
Knowing all so well,
That should your man see it,
He shall be violently offended...

Masharia kanyari

Black To White

I am death at the delivery room,
I am starvation in a restaurant,
I am poverty at the Vatican
I am always where I am not required,
but they cannot eliminate my kind,
The best they can do is eliminate me,

You are joy at a funeral,
You are guns to ammunition,
You are satisfaction to need,
You always appear where you are required,
You are hope to the hopeless,
You are beauty to beast

We are both not tough but we are strong
We are what black is to white,
We are who we are and that is where we meet,
Our family, Our team,
Together in the dark as in the light,
You and me

Masharia kanyari

Can we Live?

I love that thing my genitals do,
When I see a brown plus-size woman,
Walking with her nose up in the air,
As if to spite skinny women...
Wondering who the hell are you?

I love that feeling I acquire,
When I'm high off my prescription drugs,
Writing poems till dawn,
Only to edit them while sober,
Wondering when will this passtime pan out?

I love that thing my heart does,
When I sit with my partners and clown you,
Seeing as how audacious stupidity can be,
Life is for living and photos are for facebook,
We put God on our asset column maybe you should too...

Masharia kanyari

Cleopatra feet

I am in the green champagne bottle on the sand by the sea,
I am in the red panties that last night I helped you yank off,
I am in the memory of a mind numbing orgasm you suffered from,

I am in the distant scent of perfume masked by your musky female scent in bed,
and yet among these chaos you still love me,
maybe not with your heart but definately with you feet,
which make haste to come to me,

I love you with my ears wide shut,
you love me with your legs wide open,
you are far better than any woman I have ever had,
you are equivalent to ten women on the street,

You are what Bonnie was to Clyde,
I love that you are mine for now, in this moment that we are in between my sheets,
with your devil's charm and cleopatra feet,
claiming you were mine would be incredibly naive,
so lets make merry now when times are fit,
for the only the gods know the whys, the whens and the ifs

Masharia kanyari

Concept Men.

We are concept Men
An embodiement of what men;
Should aspire to be
To the untrained, unkeen eye
We are unreal
And as true as that may be
The longest a pretender can front this -
is a week

We are concept Men,
If we were condemned
Our last request would be
A couple hours of;
Call of duty on X-Box 360
or better still...
The warmth of a woman
And a home cooked meal

We are concept Men
Few women can put up with us
Fear and disgust is what we inspire
For we see things as they are
So while you charm women's hearts
We sway Men's minds when we speak
Reality is our triple beam

We are concept Men
As in every man of our kind
There is a flaw- The future
That is where we squander our present -
Plotting, scheming
Of how will put our skeptics to shame
Accomplishing that which they deemed impossible
That is the business we are in

We are concept Men
Feast your eyes
Glut your soul
On our accursed magnificence
And our bodies are sand
Our thoughts are clay
And we eat and sleep with success.

Masharia kanyari

Dear Gladwell...

If I ever loved before you met me,
It must have been infatuation,
I dated women who fascinated me,
Women some men only masturbated about,
You are the first chic I actually like,
The first one whose problems I can stand

If I ever had sex before you met me,
It was just that- An exchange of seminal fluids,
Between two horny Homo sapiens,
What we have is more fulfilling
Emotional connection between rational humans,
I guess this is the proverbial 'Making Love'

If I had enemies before you met me,
That number has only but multiplied,
I always thought that love made one weak,
But I feel tenfold stronger,
As long as 'us' remains as 'We',
It'll be us againist the world

If there was any good fortune foretold for me,
That time is here, that time is now,
With you on my team baby,
There is nothing I cannot conqure,
I hope the world gets to see this,
I want them to know how much of you-
I am proud

Masharia kanyari

Destiny

Somethimes I like to think,
that this is not about a girl,
But it almost always is
It is she I think about,
Right before I sleep
The one I dream about,
In my erotic dreams,
My fantasy. My love.
My little chickadee.

Despite a skittish navigation through life,
Plagued by fear and anxieties
Every now and then,
reality slaps me,
That our destinies;
simply crossed paths,
Never were they intertwinned.
So you never really were- mine,
and definitely never will be.

Masharia kanyari

Don't envy him...

Back when he was single,
He thought that he needed a girl,
Being single was underestimated,
Not to mention looked down upon,
See her beauty didn't satisfy him,
He never drew happiness from her charm,
Thats when He learnt the lesson,
To always forge his own perceptions,
It now matters little who's beside him,
The colour of her skin or the size of her bust,
All that matters is how she makes him feel,
And the contents of his scrotum,

Dear single Bretheren,
Coupling is slavery and hard work,
Once you are in it you're done,
You'll need the jaws of life,
To either quit or even run,
Although it may seem so on the outside,
Being hooked is not nearly as fun,
It really is involves toiling,
From chocolates and wine,
to sharing feelings and monogamy,
I'd say you are better off with an expensive hobby,
Pick up a bad habit- do what you
 you may,
Just make sure you are not caught up by monogamy's allure

Masharia kanyari

Face In The Crowd

I miss being a virgin,
Back when kissing a you,
Would linger on for weeks,
When a trivial argument with you,
Translated into a sleepless night,
Having to walk for two miles,
for an opportunity to make out,
or a simple chance to squeeze a boob,
I miss phone sex- you know?
The type that would run,
Two minutes shy of an hour,

I wish I held on for longer,
On that my green status,
Because now I would care,
About how she feels,
or what she really wants,
I would still remember her face,
Maybe even how happy she made me,

The thing is I've had too much,
Kissed too many for her's to count for anything,
And I really despise sex now,
Relationships mean nothing to me,
Because this naked belle I woke up beside,
Claims to be in one as it is,
So I try and try as I might,
But you'll remain nothing but a girl to me...

Masharia kanyari

Forever Begins

If last night I promised,
You- my hand in marriage
or bought you a diamond ring,
And swore to love you forever,
I lied,
Because forever begins today

If I was ever so kind, dependable- decent,
That you imagined ours being a lifelong friendship,
You let me in too far,
You got too involved,
That person was a front- he never really did exist,
Because forever begins today

If we formed an alliance last week,
Forever- we againist the world,
Now would be best you forgot it,
I am a man of no principles,
so that treaty is null,
Because forever begins today

I cut my ego down like a pine tree,
Destroyed and burned the old me,
Now I rise; the seedling of a vine,
Too fluid to be defined,
Strong, but flexible like the reed,
Forever begins today...

Masharia kanyari

I am Kind

I don't mean the 'weak' kind
The way most men are-
The kind most women gravitate towards,
I am not that kind,
I mean the kind that comes from
enormous strenght; an inner power,
so strong that, every act
No matter what, is evidence
Of that power,
I am that kind,
The kind that all women resent.

Thats why they try to cut us down,
Because our knowledge of ourselves,
And their kind is very right,
So true-
That it exposes the lies by which they,
Every scheming one of them,
Live by.

It takes a true woman to understand,
That the purest form of love,
is of a man who denies himself of her,
Of a man who inspires worship,
Beause he has no need for any woman,
Because he has himself,
A self who is better; more beautiful,
more powerful; more perfect,
More virile, domineering,
Stronger... More masculine
More irresistible,
A self that is up in the air.

Masharia kanyari

I am Number Two

I am number two
I always come second
Not because I am second best really-
This is a position I have chosen
I do not envy number one
I am simply shy
I don't dig the limelight
For me, number two is best
I cannot be third
Because again-
I am slightly better than that

I am number two
I have nothing to prove
I have confidence in my abilities
My ego needs no golden medals to boost

I respect the first
A contender I take not lightly
I applaud his prowess and effort

I admire the third contender
For the slave of ambition he is
With a steely work ethic
Nature favours his kind

Yes, I am number two
but don't be fooled
I am not complacent
I welcome a challenge
The bout I'll put up will be legend
For this a position I have chosen
My position is second.

Masharia kanyari

I promise you...

I will love you,
as long as there is blue in the sky,
ink in my pen,
and salt in the sea,
As long as there is warmth from the sun
and violets are blue;
I will still love you

I will love you for as long as,
There is a God who is benevolent with time,
A God who defends us from harm,
A God who keeps the air in our lungs,
The rhythm of our hearts,
and an inherent sense of human being.
I will love you; still

I will love you for as long as,
its realistic,
For my entire lifetime,
and maybe a year after I die,
whenever that'll be,
Visit you occasionally in your dreams,
So don't you go seeing a shrink,
This will stop as soon as you replace me.

I will wait for you in the after-life,
Hope you'll follow me soon enough,
before all we had is blown by the wind,
but for as long as there is time,
I will love you; still

Masharia kanyari

In a Perfect World

You always had an eye for beefy men,
But I was far from remotely athletic,
I don't know how but I hit the gym,
I never quite could let you down,
Like your first time at the gynaecologist,
To check on the post-coital bleeding,
I missed a test so that I could be there with you,
I'll never forget how you showed your gratitude,

I loved the plain you every morning,
Standing 5' 2 in your pink sneakers,
I loved your scent and coffee stained teeth,
In my arms; even when you didn't believe me,
You were the fire of my loins,
My greatest fear was you losing your magic,
That our enchanted bond would be severed,
And real life would come crashing in,

When I said you weren't what I needed,
You walked away; Let me have my space,
But leaving you didn't hurt me near as badly,
Like the kisses I knew I would miss,
And last week when the news reached me,
That you were finally engaged,
I realized I was genuinely happy for you,
For given the chance; I would still dump you again...

Masharia kanyari

Liberty

Fear is my curse
Greed is my sin
Wisdom my lover
success my sibling

If silence is golden,
and love is platinum
Then power is priceless
Thus success is my mistress

My woman was my right hand
but while I was deeply attached
I had her amputated
She was ruining my act
so I quit her like a bad habit

Let it be known
There is only one of my kind
The only one there ever will be
which is why I remain unscathed
by societal scrutiny
I dance to the beat of my drum
Thus only God can judge me

Masharia kanyari

Living with Abandon

Today I'll light up a cigarette
To hell with the asthma
I have never smoked in my life
but I'll smoke it like I missed it

I shall then watch a movie
One that I've watched a million times
and I will enjoy it
Listen to a Bob Marley track
And swing my head to the beat
Call up my girlfriend;
tell her that I miss her

I will groom my cat
While basking in the sun
I'll have white coffee with an old friend
And her husband; congratulate them
On her pregnant status
I will smile at the sky and hold my hands to the breeze
Submit my paper dreams to the universe
And tell her 'Take care of these! '
I'll toast a tot of water to the dead
and the yet to die
I shall ask for God's forgiveness
and wisdom from up high

I will have a nice day
I will not think about my boss
who I am bound to see tomorrow
Something I dread about my job
I am going to live in the moment
The minute, this life!

Masharia kanyari

Masharia Monologues

I am not better than anybody is,
I am simply further up the right direction,
I am not happier than you are
I only exist in another dimension
I am blunt; excuse my mind speech
Although I prefer it to my reflection
My aim lies not in out-doing anybody but myself
I don't seek to be the best
I thirst not for medals
All I need is perfection
To thrive in my time
And live like nobody else
thus it is not entirely about paper dreams
It is more about progression
I love what I am becoming
And who I was;
I admire and respect
One day my soul will apllaud my body
For having stood the adversities
Pursuing an elusive dream
Journeying to this destination
The attainment of perfection.

Masharia kanyari

Mazeltov

No glasses will be breaking,
Excuse the expression,
It matters not the time,
Life is a celebration,

Cheers to human being
the best form of existence
Sip this wine with me
watch as it takes effect
Drink to your partners eyes
thank God for the moment

Watch as reality sets in
The sense of the situation to heighten
Into a haze in your mind
ride on the wave, surf with your head
The sun shines on us now
lets make a life before sunset
Die after having lived
attain immaculate beauty and remain perfect with impunity
at death

Masharia kanyari

Modern Man

Like many young men my age,
I used to pride myself a modern man.
That I had moved far Beyond,
My primitive ape-like ancestors,
I used to pride in being cosmopolitan,
Afterall, I live in a secular world,
I was wrong,

I thought myself sophisticated,
Courtesy of my flambouyant resume`,
My dining skills with forks and knives,
I banked on my command of English language,
and how the words rolled off my tongue,
I was wrong,

I may shave my genitals regularly,
But I embody the ansestor's spirit,
which is why I keep tabs on you,
Through various social media,
when I learnt of your father's demise,
It broke my heart

Masharia kanyari

My kind of Woman

A young woman without pride,
In my world is unthinkable,
No woman who lacks pride,
Can play such a role as being mine,
Thus I consider this quality,
The first prerequisite,
Of any woman I end up with,

How much of this quality remains,
by the time she attains this rank,
After sex and allowing me in her life,
Have affected and modified,
This pride of hers,
Is my primary source of fascination,

And the longer the extent she retains it,
The better she does at convincing me,
That I need her expertise in my life team,
That is in pursuit of the proverbial and elusive perfection.

Masharia kanyari

My Mattress

This single item of my possessions
Is custodian of many of my secrets
Home to some of my lowest poins in life
And some glory moments

A poorly visible tear stain where I lay my head,
Of times that I have cried
Tears that I have shed
A visible patch of salaiva somewhere
A reminder of nights I slept deep
Nights I never dreamt

A great big patch of dried urine
Of nights I have wet my bed
Times my brother Levi would opt to forget
A hardened patch of whitish-yellow
On the left hem line
Reminder of an old flame
And two of similar kind in close proximity
Records of good times I've had
Trophies of Glory moments
Times I have killed it on this bed

I thought about cleaning you tonight
Then I talked myself out of it
I chose to buy you a cover
I found a fitting green one to be best
In faith that you will keep my secrets

Years from now
When you talk about this
and I am sure you will;
Hopefully, after I'm dead
please be kind
My dear Mattress

Masharia kanyari

My Nirvana

I want to live a life
Devoid of Naive hope & fear
I wish for a wife
One that I can hold dear
I want less anxiety
To see the future clearer
I need to be less sensitive
Better equipped
To handle success
And bear with Failure
It is then-
and only then
That I will wish for wealth
For I will be built mentally
To handle all that srtength
All that power

Masharia kanyari

One Direction

The root cause of my belligerent attitude,
Is that I'm a little less than over you,
And you know that- even if just for a little bit,
So my words get there on the peripheral,
Right outside with these undelivered messages,
Staring at your heart,
Which resembles a medival fortress,

But my words are warriors,
Boundaries mean nothing to them,
They are battle hardened and chisel jawed,
They are like a fierce wind at sea,
My steady hand just plotted their course,
Sit back. Watch the master at work,
I have definitely done this before,

If I had a preference to change the past,
I would deafen my heart,
And wobble your charm,
Because forgetting you is such a mundane chore,
I need more Pride and Grace if nothing else,
From now on this is what I'll be,
Too cool to be clapping in one direction.

Masharia kanyari

Our days of Yore

In those days before the wind
Blew away our innocence
By the shade of the sycamore tree
So we kissed, so we laughed,
So we were bound

Time in our world didn't exist
And we surfed through the seasons
we were lost in our bliss
Our nirvana; our bubble of peace

We didin't realise the music stopping
So was the Dance
There was this fundamental truth
Which we ignored
That death was not something you caught
It is not a disease
It is in someone you meet

Death is something more profound
Private and unique to every man
Our deaths were like tokens
That we carried around
And the very moment we met,
The clock be began ticking
and so when time came,
We died...

Masharia kanyari

Read this at my Wake

Tell them I dined with lions,
And slept with snakes,
I suffered from greed and Vanity,
That foolish pride kept me together,
For I was human in more ways than one,
Do not paint a vivid picture,
Of a perfect man that never was

Let them know,
That I charmed the universe,
Into dealing me with better cards,
So I deserved every good thing that I got,
I caroused with women I barely recall,
Told them I loved them to have my way,
Breaking my heart in the process because I knew,
I would be telling that lie again,

Please make it clear,
Of my profound respect for my nuclear family,
For loving and providing unconditionally,
You also need to aknowledge,
My illustrious and mendacious friends,
Who I valued less than my sophisticated foes,
In many ways I had a perfect life,
Please read this at my wake...

Masharia kanyari

Siren

You are a rich man's toy,
An ambitious man's dream,
A poor man's fantasy,
And a weak man's pitfall,

You are a dare devil's Playground,
A chaste man's breaking point,
A gambler's good-luck charm,
A chess player's queen,

Men are like moths for you,
Helplessly drawn to your beam,
Excuse my aloof demeanor,
But illumination doesn't attract me,

There really is no magic to it,
I am simply none of these men,
so you remain but a siren to my ears,
Wailing away in a godforsaken city.

Masharia kanyari

Six Feet Under

Exactly five past six
I woke up to a Tim Mcgraw song
And a belle in a thong
Whose name I couldn't recall
A lifesyle brought by my,
Vagabond heart

As I swallow cereal and a flat beer
Over the morning paper
I cannot help but smile;
At the obutuaries,
The best part of this paper,
Like previous ones I've read this year,
I see dead people.

They feel no anxiety,
They Feel no fear,
Just eternal rest,
Timeless slumber

Maybe its time I rikindled my religion,
Polished my old Berretta,
And sent lead through my brains
Join the free men and women
In the timeless dirt nap
Six feet Under

Masharia kanyari

Sunset Dirge

I dedicate this to the day's end,
As nobody weeps for the death of the day,
No candles are lit,
No songs are composed,
No tears wept,
The world simply goes to bed.

Few rejoice in the rising of the moon,
or its cold blue silvery light,
That bathes the earth,
And its distant aloofness,
We fail to embrace the cold night,
Or aknowledge the day's end,
All too busy fighting to live,
Hope fuels us from one day to the next,

We should borrow a leaf from the trees,
Celebrate every single sunset,
For the trees are wise,
Their wisdom lies in their silence,
So evening I take a moment,
I breath. I listen.
To the whisper of the trees,
Music from the creaking, swaying branches,
That creates the magical somberness,
Of sweet and mellow sunset

The trees are old and wise,
They figured out the gist of existence,
Living and letting live,
Enjoying life by the second,
And that a day's beginning
Is way less better than its end.

Masharia kanyari

The Odd Fish

It is okay to be female,
Okay to be temperamental,
and God given right to have mood swings,
Its okay to believe you are fine or even awesome,
and its more okay if you're rich along with it,
Its okay to enjoy your work whether you are a pornstar, or you spend your work hours shearing sheep,
It is defineitely okay to be Jesse Macharia,
but it is actually greater a reward to be me,
It is okay to be whoever you are,
provided it is so you act, so you feel and so you are,
For in this aquarium they call life,
long after applause has drowned the whisper of skeptics,
The medals go to the odd fish...

Masharia kanyari

The Player's Curse

Remember that girl whose heart,
You are about to break and scatter its pieces?
This is what you should know about her,
Before you finally let that ship set sail,

Women will almost always carry on,
Whether We marry them or dump them,
Every woman We ever shut our eyes from,
Every woman We run from or denie,

Every woman that We despise and degrade,
Finds happiness in the very end,
With somebody who kisses away Our Nastiness,
Who undoes Our evil with rainbows and butterflies,

And having dated Us becomes a source of beauty,
A fountain to build Joy and and Strength,
This woman becomes special to He who's heart has vision,
And therein their cloud is the silver lining,

So She gets the last laugh,
But We get no Oscars or Grammys,
Just a subtle Curse to forever remain in our trade,
In which case we fail by default- Miserably...

Masharia kanyari

The Script

I live by the book
But I am the author
That is the key to being me
That is what I am about
See, I am of the opinion
That it not only makes life-
Easy and worth living
It also makes life fun!
And like the jews
I also believe
That living is not really living
If life is devoid of leisure

Masharia kanyari

Women; Made in Heaven

I can't say for sure,
What made me fall in love with women,
Or why their charm could drug me,
That everything about them was so intense,
Their bodies, their minds,
Even their feline tendencies,
Nothing is quite like a woman,
Nothing- in this realm at least,

Sex- or whatever it is that man looks for,
He will find it here,
He gets to understand alot,
In only but a few minutes,
But the rest has to be lived,
The heat, the love, the passion,
Promising him everything,
In exchange for his soul,

Women may lack agility or strength,
Yet they are infinitely powerful beings,
You can hardly remember your name,
Or what life she saved you from,
You could be forgiven for thinking,
That time does not exist,
That its only you that matters,
You and She,

She now becomes Man's dose of opium,
She stops the wars in his heart and mind,
She nurtures and loves him,
Turns his house into a home,
And then something happens,
As in all addictions do,
He gets permanently hooked...

Masharia kanyari

Yes, Dear

I am Masharia Kanyari,
My own master,
The men you have known,
And you have been with,
I am not like them

They are so polished and considerate,
I bet you know dozens,
Most women like that type,
They are safer; easier to predict,
I am not like them

I ain't so tough, but I'm strong,
I don't give, I take,
You could love me to death,
Because baby I'm addictive,
I am not like them,

I am wild- Hunt me,
Tame me; then enjoy the revels,
I am Masharia Kanyari,
My own master,
I am not like them...

Masharia kanyari