

Poetry Series

Meshack Sewe

- poems -

Publication Date:

November 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Meshack Sewe on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Meshack Sewe

Mothered by a mother of all mothers! Fathered by a father who passed away when I was featherless; Educated by a cousin encouraged by my courage; Supported by brothers who have never been a bother; Enrolled in a high school aiming to reach higher; admitted in a University, trained in diversity; worked with an NGO in war-torn Mogadisho; Returned to Nairobi, working with a private company...cherishing humanity, volunteering for an NGO.....appreciate deep richness in all women..struggling like all human species....! And in love, yes! ..in love with my sweet lovely love...., and in love with poetry!

Works:

Hoping and praying I'll one day find a publisher who will be inspired by my poems!

I'M SORRY....

Enslaved by a choice, I feed on pain
Starvation filleth my bottom-less brain!
I'm trapped on a rail ...oblivious of train!
Your trust I have lost...will I ever gain?
My floods of sorrow, I fail to explain!
I'm showering in guilt...like trash in a drain....
I'm Sorry...If I hurt you...will you forgive me?

...Whey you wrote it, your heart was on fire...
I smelled your status... your condition was dire....
My comment was lifeless...like a punctured tire.....
I dressed it in garlic...with words stretching hey-wire!
I sprayed it with comic....whose sources are no where
I'm Sorry....If I hurt you.....will you forgive me?

When I "requested" for your friendship
I was lost in a seahunting for your ship...
Did you check my profile....for any vetting tip?
Or wondered which God, I love & worship?
Your response, affirmative...my life-saving drip!
I'm Sorry...if I hurt you...will you forgive me?

Many a times I chew....on hard bones of boredom....
And choke my status with words vast as a Kingdom!
Suffocating your homepage like sins of Sodom
Words void of pleasure as China-made condom!
So taxing to scroll.....your phone "pre-dotcom! '
I'm Sorry...If I hurt you...will you forgive me?

I have played it rough, spilling beans on your wall
I ignored a friendly game....a gentle toss of inbox ball
I made you wonder, if I'm a headless pal!
With a heart as cold as Everest of Nepal!
I spoiled your mood... with venom so lethal
I'm Sorry....If I hurt you...will you forgive me?

...my absence was abrupt...you never knew it was brief...
Good riddance! You murmured, sighing with relief...
Free at last! From my notorious mischief!
A few did miss me, and nursed their grief
But still I erred....for leaving like a thief!
I'm sorry...If I hurt you...will you forgive me?

I paid a courtesy call to your beautiful photo....
On it I unleashed a voltage of 3-phase motor!
Did it turn your nerves.... like a plane's rotor?
Puzzled..... with lyrics borrowed from a suitor?

Or did I sound mean like a fed-up visitor?
I'm sorry....If I hurt you...will you forgive me?

Two months now, your posts I had to hide....
They were coming in torrents, chained and endless as sea tide....
Clothed in colors I failed to unhide
Hunting for comments, my brain shrunk from inside
In a blackout I landed, my words couldn't glide
I'm sorry...If I hurt you...will you forgive me?

.....I am a Member! in your friends' list....
It must be for a reason...your silence, as noisy as a grave.....and as bold as desert
mist.....
My long posts, stresses your wall...draining its waters...pages dying of thirst...
Scrambling for space are pleasing fans....forcing "friends" to stumble clumsily in their
midst!
A sweet scent hits all walls ...when a function is ripe.....timing as perfect as prayers of a
priest!
I'm sorry....if I hurt you....will you forgive me?

Let me leave it at that!
You all deserve a pat
Be happy; feel great...wear a god-father hat!
Keep rehearsing; continue playing your part...
Yes, a façade is a life's coat worn by the skinny and the fat!
I'm neither both nor any; my "me" will never depart...
I may be blind as many a jailed bat.
Not a relative of a mouse...please, spare me "rat-rat! "
My cup of friends is never full; I take time to make choices like a cat
Mouthful comments, is my trademark!what a pity they drain your phone flat!
But time is magic, I shall explain...who knows, we'll soon chat!
Or collide head-on in some city "mat"
May be when shopping at Prestige Nakumat!
I'm sorry....If I hurt you.... will you forgive me?

(Poem inspired by my Facebook Experience)

Note:
"mat"-Kenyan popular public transport vehicles
Prestige Namumat-Popular Kenyan supermarket

Meshack Sewe

I'M NOT HAPPY

My heart was a vessel
Hungry for a morsel
My soul was cold
As dreams of the old
My cries were null
As tears of a water-fall.....
Then all was history
Your love my story
...But now I'm unhappy...
Because you're away.....

On that May,
On that day,
Amidst blink-less eyes,
Witnessing our love-lit fires
Our fingers were lifted
Blessed rings fitted
Sweet vows exchanged
No longer engaged...
Our union was merry
.....But now I'm unhappy...
Because you are away...

Last time you came....
My happiness I couldn't name!
Our boy on your arm
Your smile was charm
We kissed and hugged
Sad moments were mugged!
Your presence, sweet flowers!
Our laughers, hot showers!
.....But now I'm unhappy...
.....Because you are away...

What is it in the heart that great minds cannot read?
What is it in the minds that great hearts cannot heed?
My soul coldly burns thy memories closer
I reach for my phone with the zeal of a grocer
Your voice so real ...touches me to the bone
The background so alive my pains all gone
But the line goes dead..... All time is spent
I lie on bed, sadly coiled like a serpent
Another time has come... for my long lonely night
YES, I'M UNHAPPY...
.....BECAUSE YOU ARE AWAY

(.....WHEN I MISS HER.....)

Meshack Sewe

INVISIBLE FRIEND....

I may not tell if that's your real name...
A name I like and renders me lame!
I may not be keen on your public fame...
Fame I know not its challenges nor flame!
I may not swear that surely is your photo...
Photo that speaks volumes as words of Plato!
You are an invisible friend
But I feel you.....

I'll never know how you conceive your Status...
Status so telling, so rich as a Desert Cactus!
I wonder which god feeds you with Comments...
Comments so life- filled as mineral supplements!
I'm amazed how you snake your way to my inbox and Wall
My inbox and wall you paint with honeyed-colours of a city Mall!
You are an invisible friend
But I feel you.....

I wish I could call to prove you are alive...
Alive and human, not sting -filled as owners of a hive!
Sometimes I crave to step on your toes....
Your toes might prove we are friends or foes!
At times you go underground as bears of North Pole
North Pole coldness you send, drives me insane... to my hole!
You are an invisible friend
But I feel you...

Meeting you in person may forever be a mirage....
A mirage so haunting and complex as a marriage!
Deleting me from your page may be a decision you've made
Made to drive me far from your glittering friendship shade!
Judging you online I've tried but failed
Failed to dissolve all words you texted and emailed
You are an invisible friend
But I feel you...

(Dedicated to all my FaceBook friends...both active and understandably passive)

Meshack Sewe

IT TAKES A WOMAN...

Born by a woman, born in the neighborhood
Fed by a woman, through tough livelihood
Raised by a woman, all through childhood
Married to a woman, enjoying your manhood
How about parenthood?
Is it solely for womanhood?
All through her adulthood?
Who can be a real man without splendors of a woman?
To be a man, be a man of honor.

To be a man, must you be magically handsome?
No! To be a man, adore people wholesome!
To be a man, must you pay her lump-some?
No! To be a man, just treat her awesome!
To be a man, must you prove meddlesome?
No! To be a man, intolerance is loathsome!
To be a man, is sensitivity irksome?
No! To be a man, indifference is tiresome
To be a man, should your tongue be gruesome?
No! To be a man, wicked speech is burdensome
Who can be a real man without splendors of a woman?
A real man is a man of honor.

Women can be what men can be!
Look not with teeth what women have done
Yesterday's paintings of women are gone
Our world is dead if for men a lone
Treat her with zeal, not as a clone
Miss her big! Reach out by phone
Ooh how lucky! Comparable to none!
Who can be a real man without splendors of a woman?
A real man is a man of honor.

Why drive pleasure, cooking others in pain?
Why bath in a river of dark personal gain?
Why call her weak, void of human brain?
Why tie up the maimed with your heartless chain?
Why drive all to grave like a derailed train?
Why the wicked hatred of biblical Cain?
Why your manly gusto, as complex as Spain?
Who can be a real man without splendors of a woman?
A real man is a man of honor.

Your suits, your house, your car, your laptop you cherish
Your family, your business, your cash, you relish
Your neighbors, your "friends", their gains, your anguish
Her dreams, her strengths, to you, all rubbish.
Your prayer, your hopes, your plans, all selfish
Your spending, your leisure, your shopping, all lavish
Their views, their options, their advice, all childish
Who can be a real man without splendors of a woman?

A real man is a man of honor.

Be a man; carry burning flames of endless hope
Be a man, save the youth from jaws of killer dope
Be a man; embrace the blind, the needy, down the slope
Be a man, don't walk on women, their strengths, endurance, like that of Pope!
Be a man, respect all, their opinions, their actions, their scope
Be a man, be your best, don't sit, desire and mope
Be a man, act now, speak up, move on, with a gentle lope
Who can be a real man without splendors of a woman?
A real man is a man of honor.

(INSPIRED BY MY MOTHER, MY WIFE AND ALL WOMEN-A POETIC CHALLENGE TO ALL MEN)

Meshack Sewe

JOBLESS!

Books in front of me...
I stared through the window...
Uncertainty, hit me with a blow...
Persistent yawns I tried to suppress...
Determine to beat the failing stress....
I did my best to earn success...
Hoping to graduate and later progress...
Our time soon aged, so we were ejected...
Eight months now....No where to be absorbed...oh how dejected!
Days came and pass, I feel disturbed...
Applications I've sent seem to have been dumped!
Deep inside my heart I crave for solace...
Praying for God to grant me his grace...
For life without a means is quite a bitter race...
Life has its spills...
I'll just tick to my will...
Not far may be some thrill!

(Wrote when I was jobless and stressed- eighth month after my graduation and unsuccessful job applications)

Meshack Sewe

MAN OF GOD

Created by God;
In his Godly image;
Blessed with a woman;
Blessed to prosper;
Put in a world, so wild for one;
Left with a choice, of darkness and light...
Oh! Man of God! How godless have you become?

Should God now be a myth?
No faith, no truth, just wealth?
Must you be a player?
Worshiping Cruiser, Trooper, Hummer, or Chopper?
Should you boast of a Hotel, Brothel, Cartel, shares in Zain-Celtel?
Must you mock minnows, Helpless widows, poor fellows?
Should you radiate anger, Forget hunger, preach danger?
No! A true man lives not in the past;
Sees women with his heart;
Lives for the sake of all.

Ooh! Poor man of God!
Before her you knelt, asking for her hand;
Burning with love, she, your ultimate brand;
To her face you swore, no other you'll stand;
With blessings from God, your wedding was grand;
Your wife so modest, as the Queen of England;
I new man you've become, sang your escort band
A true man lives not in the past;
Sees women with his heart;
Lives for the sake of all

Now a man with a ring,
Sweet news: "You'll be a Daddy! "
She says with a smile, hopping to be a Mummy
"Yes! " "Yes! " You shout, intoxicated, you jump
You feel charged, manly, deserving a thumb
You begin; you search, for all manly names
She wonders, so sadly, why all for males
Great day! She struggles, a sweet girl is born
How you hoped for a boy! Your heart is torn
A true man lives not in the past;
Sees women with his heart;
Lives for the sake of all.

Now a man with a ring,
Your passion, priceless as the tail of a swine
Her love maturing with time as wine
To chameleon you evolve, tossing every bit of character
So evasive, secretive, a true champion of trickster
Your own, your choice, whose love was good
Now, despised, ignored, a rotten wood,
Your home- nights, crooked, ever timeless, ever lifeless!
She waits, in pain, in vain, in bed, sleepless!

Back, with a bang, in whisky, no pity, snoring pretty!
Her pleas, her cries, to you, all petty!
Stranded, your daughter, no school, no fee,
Your budget, so full, Mistress' shopping spree!
A true man lives not in the past;
Sees women with his heart;
Lives for the sake of all

Oh man of God! Be a Godly man!
Let her fly up the skies of U.N.Os
Not feeding her with fears of UFOs
Let her voice be heard as Ellen Johnson
Be weary of power-greed like Mandela Nelson
Let her devour the taste of her worldly right
Keep our world safe from your muscular might
Be a model of all, a man of integrity
Embracing every soul, treasuring all humanity
A true man never lives in the past;
Sees women with his heart;
Lives for the sake of all.

(POETIC CHALLENGE TO MEN ON THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARDS WOMEN)

Meshack Sewe

MY SPARKLING CECY!

Her eyes so innocently calm...so deeply warm...

Exuding sweet hidden lyrics of charm;

Her earrings...sparkling blue-purple...

Like Mitchell's jewels giggling in a glittering marble;

Sacred and mystic serenity...reside in her humble lips...

Graciously moistened and tender as Caribbean chips!

Her dress...from nature's blackcurrant, cutely exotic...

The loose-eyed beware, staring beyond is "tipsy-toxic! "

Her skin...natural, free from artificial bleach...

Refreshingly admirable as Kenya's coastal beach!

Her hair... romancing her cheeks, dancing happily, so trendy...

Oooh... SHE'S REAL ...SHE IS MY ALL...SHE IS CECY!

Meshack Sewe

OUR MURDERED SHADE..

Staring at our mourning farm, where our seeds germinated
Fate seemed to have derailed, all leaves degenerated
Scorching sun all over....our souls dehydrated
Only God has a clue...when all we'll be rejuvenated
Ooh! Was it an evil hand....to see them terminated?
...How we miss your shade, our family tree!

I recall your wide canopy with tearful nostalgia
Witnessing your demise filled us with insomnia
For cool breeze under you had a soothing euphoria
We shared...we laughed with no withering phobia
But who knows its origin, this soul-sucking maniac?
...How we miss your shade, our family tree!

(IN MEMORY OF OUR LATE DAD WHO LEFT WHEN WE WERE STILL YOUNG..)

Meshack Sewe

SPOILT CHILD...

I'm a spoiled child, my dad is Bill
Our kingdom great, we masters of thrill...
My conception on a desktop, in a hard wheezing disk;
My delivery, through a window, dodging swine-virus risk;
My restroom, air-conditioned, in mother's pregnant board;
Our receptionist, in charge, welcoming icons aboard;
Our mansion has spare rooms, with backup storage slots;
Our kitchen is African, with smiling cooking pots;
Indeed I'm a proud son, a proud son of Bill...

Bigger than my name, I'm a proud son of Bill...
Our Kingdom great, we masters of thrill....
Friends, all rich, chauffeured by daddy's drivers;
Home fence, all pest-proof, free from fornicating lizards;
Visitors, some welcomed by father's genius wizards;
Messenger, never argues, an obedient cute little mouse!
Compound, so green, all members can browse
Indeed I'm a proud son, a proud son of Bill...

Bigger than my name, I'm a proud son of Bill...
Our Kingdom great, we masters of thrill
Our farms, awesome, all initiates explore;
Fun-rooms, romantic, young tourists adore;
Music, so soothing like death-bed tranquilizers;
Sound Pitch, harmonious with smiling equalizers;
Language, so sacred, our dictionary in binary;
Secrets, well hidden as resentments of an emissary;
Theatre, so specious with father's grand platform;
Food, straws of fire, few souls can fathom;
Indeed I'm a proud son, a proud son of Bill....

Bigger than my name, I'm a proud son of Bill
Our Kingdom great, we masters of thrill...
We conquerors of souls, rulers of the universe;
Older folks elude us like an old Greek verse;
Young folks hobnob us, our company, their game;
The blue-tied befriend us, our wealth, their fame;
"Facebookers" kiss us, our infatuation, their network;
Evil souls, seduce us, our grief, their pork.
Indeed I'm a proud son, a proud son of Bill...
Just who can foot our Bill...
The Bill of our Gate...
The Gate of our Father?
Indeed I'm a proud son, a proud son of Bill
Long live our Bill Gate! !
Long live my dad!

(INSPIRED BY THE COMPUTER WORLD)

Meshack Sewe

THE HUMBLE GHOST

Fathered by a man, an Obama-blooded man!
Live like a man, a real fierce man
Owner of a scary crib, bloody armed like a witch
Leader of thirsty gangs, no need asking which
Rape, murder, drugs, who cares what!
All crimes, my trade, I fly like a bat!
Laws, all shells, true men must break!
Our world, for men, no room for the weak!
Yes, I am a man!
A real humble ghost.....

I float in wealth, got through fearless death!
Dealings, so bloody, by fires of strength!
Women, my toys, I tease at leisure!
My wife, poor woman! No time to treasure!
Orphans, the poor, my garbage has plenty!
My fun, young girls, innocent, below twenty!
My enemies, those breathing, my mission, my target!
My friends, who need them? All worthless, my regret!
Yes, I am a man!
A real humble ghost.....

Man got to do what man got to do!
If you be my man, what would you do?
Yesterday was great, I sacked my wife!
And how did you know, she escaped my knife?
She questioned my trust, my moods, every manly move!
Testing my powers with tears of love!
My parents, who cares! All old and away!
My kids, all crooks, bothersome each day!
Yes, I am a man!
A real humble ghost.....

A bachelor I've become...
But still I'm a man!
No cooking like a woman, I'm a lover of junk!
No cleaning like a woman, I go home drunk!
No shaving, no grooming, bushy beards of a man!
No hiding, all freedom, my mistress is fun!
No school fee, no college, not for her daughter!
No pains, no sadness, I'm a man of laughter!
Yes, I am a man!
A real humble ghost.....

Human freedom, how scarce! For real men only!
Freedom, to torment, and maim, for women, for money!
Freedom, to bully, earn power, show might!
Freedom, to abuse, grab, batter, fight!
Freedom, to marry, unmarry, remarry!
Freedom, to enjoy, destroy, be merry!
Freedom, to pester, pressure for leisure!
Freedom, to capture, and break with pressure!

Yes, I am a man!
A real humble ghost.....

A church man I am, true man of God!
My offerings reach heaven, serving our Lord!
My record, so clean, filled with currency notes!
My heart, quite peaceful, assured of their votes!
My bible, Holy bible, very close to my bed!
My ring, oh poor ring! Lost it after we wed!
My bed, matrimonial bed, has seen many faces!
My house, mine alone! No brothers, no nieces!
Yes, I am a man!
A real humble ghost.....

Indeed I'm a man, haunted brightly coloured ghost!
No woman can host!
Oh how blind!
Void of human mind!
Oh how deaf!
Lifeless as dry leaf!
All passions gone....
My manliness, drawn.....
Yes, I'm a man!
A real humble ghost.....

(MY POETIC ATTACK ON THE INJUSTICES OF MEN TOWARDS WOMEN)

Meshack Sewe

TOMORROW I'M GONE!

It was yesterday, I was a tiny seed...
Planted in a soil so warm... a soil void of any weed
Nine months under the earth were never in vain...
Finally germinating amidst trumpets of pain
My shoots tore the ground with the wrath of a flood
Soaking our farm with streams of blood
A new breed I became, a new soul was born....
In a world so derailedso filled with scorn
But today I must grow bigger and stronger ...
For tomorrow I'm gone!

It was yesterday I slept on a stone-mattress
My dreams were dark as a witch's night-dress
In darkness I searched for a friendly hand to hold
Swimming through my ordeals as mysteries unfold...
An orphaned lamb...scared by footsteps of a night thief....
A terrified cow... smelling freshly used slaughter knife
My head was trapped as a fanatic reader on a thriller!
My soul was withering... surrendering to my killer!
But today I must wake up and cast my fears away...
For tomorrow I'm gone!

It was yesterday you made me cry
It took my world for tears to dry
Your words were piercing...you made me grieve!
My heart was wrinkled, never willing to forgive
All trust in you, were swept to the sea
My ears were closed, ignoring your plea
You left with bitterness, our friendship was over!
My heart was broken as a rejected lover!
But today I must strive...to win back your friendship...
For tomorrow I'm gone!

It was yesterday I was stressed and jobless
My shoe-soles wept, no bus-fare, richly penniless
Old friends teased me; my life smelled doom
My heart was tortured like a shared broom
But you were there for me; always lending your ears
Your endless support cleaned all my tears...
Words from your mouth, watered my seeds of hope
Your tireless compassion helped me to cope
But today I must show my appreciation...and be there for others...
For tomorrow I'm gone.

It was yesterday you infected me with sickness of love
You feathered my wings, and I soared like a dove
I was overwhelmed, your passion so warm
Your whispers reassuring as a magician's charm
I gave my all...you were my only one!
How else could I know you would leave me for someone?
In you I saw a future...pregnant with joy
How else could I tell I was part-time toy?

But today I must forget you...and be willing to love again....
For tomorrow I'm gone

(Was inspired by the fact that in life, we often take things for granted....and watch our
today go to waste....and quite often realize when it's too late.....)

Meshack Sewe