

Poetry Series

**kawoya alosius**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

kawoya alosius()

# After The Wind Blows

After the dangers the wind has caused,  
We will be refreshed with new hopes,  
We will forget the troubled times we've been through,  
All the trauma the wind has caused will be history,  
The hatred against each other,  
That we harbored during the wind storm will be gone,  
Our sons and daughters will be free to inter marry,  
For the winds that separated us will be gone,  
As the rain stones melt after a down pour,  
Our differences will melt after the winds blow,  
The dust mountains they built between us,  
Will be eroded in the deepest seas,  
And we will live forever like brothers.

After the winds,  
We will get a new song,  
Our tongues will rhyme with happiness,  
With our enemies we shall dance,  
Our eyes that were soaked with tears,  
From fumes that filled the atmosphere,  
Will be washed with delight,  
And for our beloved ones that we lost during the winds,  
We will say a national prayer to them,  
We will be filled with a reconciling scenery,  
Our children will be free to play alongside streets,  
We will walk with our pregnant wives,  
With fear of no toxins in the air.

When the windstorms are gone,  
We'll embark on nation building,  
Creating an environment our lives are worth,  
With no one above the other,  
An environment where life's serenity is experienced,  
A sign of unending love,  
Where tribalism, politicism, will be thrown in the trash,  
When nation building will be our top priority, ,  
Even when the darkness comes to one of us,  
The other will light a torch,  
And the way will be bright,

Because the winds will have gone.

kawoya alosius

# Cry The Beloved State

RY THE BELOVED STATE

Cry and wail as much as you can,

Only that can soften your stone cold heart.

Don't make celebration for the newly born child,

For it is to inherit the sins of the parent.

Cry more loud for the unborn citizen,

whom is the inheritor of your fears.

Cry loud for yor dear pregnant wives.

For when they don't get miscarriages while going to hospitals,

Due to the state of the roads and the transportation system,

They get them at hospitalsfor the drugs are either used up or already expired.

Or even die at the hands of the starving nurses employed by the state.

Don't raise your head so quickly inthe morning when the muezzin makes his call.

Wake not your cildren in the early morning, preparing them for a nice day.

Let them rejoice not when face washing is done for the beloved state can  
nolonger offer it's cchildren breakfast.

Dress them neatly not when going to school,

For they are the shamba attendants for the debt stricken class teacher.

Accuse not the class teacher but the state that last paid him in the times he can't  
recall.

Neither the kid thatgrasps nothing at school, for he has lost hope in the state.

He studies so hard to acquire a good job that has already been taken by a breastfeeding kid belonging to the state's officials.

Don't look so happy when the morning sun collects its rays and showers them on the beloved state,

For it is shining in a state of mourning.

Malaria, Ebola and other diseases are busy taking lives of the states beloved,

While state officials are busy in Bangkok, Las Vegas and Florida,

Enjoying state funds buying prostitutes, playing poker and resting on beach sides.

Cry for the beloved state! wail and moan if possible.

For the rainy season is here.

And its waters running with your sons to the deepest seas.

Cry cry and cry for your once virgin and fertile soils have become disposal grounds for chemical components.

Cry for the hunger that is to kill you.

Cry..., Cry until there's no more tear left in you for the rich resource you've discovered.

For the few that will gain from it will terrorise the majority by destroying their great grand father's graveyards and render them landless, leaving them homeless.

Cry the beloved state for your military elites, who have become the gods of the area.

Terrorising both neighbours and citizens.

Wait for a time when you will be thirsty and no neighbour can offer you a single drop of water.

Cry the beloved state for your law enforcers who kill for sport.

Who harrass your daughters sexually on city streets in broad daylight.

Tell your children to laugh not when the waters run through their fingers for they are yet to get the experience,

The experience of wittnesing corruption being taught in schools, being advanced in parliamnt and preac hed in churches.

Cry the beloved state for you've become but a jungle and survivor is but for the fittest.

Rejoice not when the sun's rays kiss the mountains of the moon in the evenings for storytimes with elders is no more.

Let your children love you dearly not, for you are to pass them through lotso trouble.

Cry for KIBUUKA the god o armies protects you not and thieves are on your doorwya.

Power without control and character is but a sin,

Tell your sons to change for in the world we live in no one knows what next to happen.

Tell them to repent and follow the creator's ways.

For the begining can signify the end

kawoya alosius

# I Got Flowers

I GOT FLOWERS

I got a banquet but it wasn't my birthday,  
Well packed and sprayed with good scents,  
The banquet was filled with flowers,  
Flowers that showed emotions,  
Flowers that can be got once in a lifetime,  
Oh... they harbored an instinct feeling,  
Maybe he was feeling better,  
Now that he had sent them.

I received a gift expensive was the gift,  
As though it was crowned with a cap of brocade and pearls,  
Never had i received it in life,  
But it wasn't mother's day,  
Nor was it women's day  
It was partially congratuating me,  
A big day was it in my life,  
I knew i will never get it again.

I got flowers and flowers,  
Not because it was valentine's day,  
Because we had a fight last night,  
And the ramifications were bitter,  
For i had felt resentful and had to fight back,  
Fighting for my freedom,  
Fighting to get peace,  
That's why i got flowers for the first time,  
And it was my burial day.

kawoya alosius

# Maama

MAMA

It's your whispers i hear whenever i keep quite,

You are the soft mild winds.

That causes my spirits to settle with peace,

You are the light that shines in my eyes,

You are the fragrance of wild roses in the fields,

The sweet smell of blossoming vines,

You are the faceless beauty,

That manifests in my dreams,

You are the reason i live,

The still silent whisper,

The breath that colors my rainbow,

Like the swallow,

You swiftly glide in my life,

Although am bereaved,

For not having you physically,

You are still a priceless pearl,

Whenever i feel like seeing you,

I just raise my eyes,

And between twilight and shadows,

I believe i will always see you.

REST IN PEACE MAMA!

kawoya alosius

# Never Let Me Go

Hand in hand,  
I walked with him,  
He took me to the top of a hill,  
And told me what I longed to hear,  
'My son pay attention to what I have to say,  
Do what you want to do and follow your heart's desires,  
Knowing you'll pay the prices alone,  
Cherish the sweat of your body,  
Because that's what makes you a man,  
Before the sun, moon and stars grow dim on you,  
Enjoy what you've worked for in proper ways,  
Always enjoy the pleasant light of the day,  
Be grateful for everyday you live,  
Knowing no matter how long you live,  
You'll be dead much longer, '  
After this he asked for a glass of water.

After the last drop,  
He continued peacefully,  
'Always keep your temper,  
It's foolish to harbor a grudge,  
If you have not discovered something you can die for,  
You are not worth living,  
Never criticize, condemn or judge,  
Try to understand people and why they do what they do,  
The deepest urge in life,  
Is the desire to feel important,  
Always try to make people feel important,  
And do it sincerely  
If you try most of these,  
Then your short life will be pleasurable.

When the sun set,  
He took me to his hut,  
Inside his room was a burning fire,  
It's warmth melting his words to my marrows,  
His lips started to move again but with confidence,  
'I've made mistakes you can overcome,  
A live dog is stronger than a dead lion.

Always keep your life safe,  
For you'll have no use when you are dead,  
Wisdom is better than strength,  
Always seek knowledge from elders,  
Better listen to quiet words of wise men,  
Than shouts from crowds of morons,  
Intellectual gatherings don't pull crowds,  
Remember that first runners don't win the race,  
Always be patient in whatever you do,  
Remembering there's time for everything',  
After these, I opened my eyes,  
And realized it was a dream,  
That I wished to keep in reality!

kawoya alosius

# Renaissance

From a far distance,  
The beats were heard,  
With such a joy they were sounded,  
One would feel the happiness they resurrected,  
The society and atmosphere come together,  
For the joy that was lost for a year,  
Again to celebrate this hereditary occasion.

Three lads took the central stage,  
All titivated in their ceremonial attires,  
Their faces wholly immersed in dilemma,  
Partially in agony,  
And partially in happiness,  
Agony for the pain they are due to endure,  
And enthusiastic for the transformation they are soon to undergo,  
What a ceremony is it going to be,  
With sisters and fellow kinsmen leading the way,  
Vigorously dancing to the melodies of the drumming,  
Through the ceremony routes,  
The viewers extremely watching in great ecstasy,  
For the men that were to be made sometimes to come,  
Inner happiness was portrayed,  
Happiness to be African,  
And also having belonging and norms to follow,  
Generation to generation without hesitation,  
Although it's painful.

kawoya alosius

# Stretch Marks

These stretch marks my son, prove me a woman,

One of those who has been ordained,

One who has completed her mission on earth.

My son, these marks are the rewards for carrying you in me for nine months.

They are the prestigious gift i got for giving life.

My son whenever you see them on any woman,

Bow down in respect,

For she fought and won the battle,

The battle that has seen many sisters ascend to the ancestors

Let the many who notice them not fancy me sexually,

But appreciate the beautiful crown in which i was crowned

These stretch marks my son,

Proves your mother a hero, a fearless woman.

A woman who fought labor pains and succeeded,

A woman who fought for father and son,

A woman who fed both at ago.

My son your mother is a hero!

And these marks just prove it.

They are the Armour in which i was knighted

And the marks are the scars that the labor fragments left on me.

kawoya alosius

# The African Woman

On a live bed smoothed by dry grass in a sack she sits upright,

Busy plucking off the leaves that have sprung on the four supports of her bed

She puts on her Gomesi which acted as the bed sheet and blanket last night.

The night was cold but that was all she could share with her child

Her husband was high on kwete and as soon as entered the doorway, he found himself on the floor

Luckily enough for him, she had just cemented it with cow dung a few days ago....., it provided him warmth

She always dreams of sleeping on a bed not 'tree platform' she puts her precious ribs on.

But then she remembers she has nothing real, not the bed, not the husband, not the home, everything even her life is plastic.

She wakes at cock crow, what her fellow in the states calls an alarm.

She can't tell whether she's been asleep or awake

By this time centuries ago, she'd be tying her child on the back to go tend to her fields,

But that was long time ago, before her children started fighting for power between themselves.

She had never thought of living in refugee camps built on her own land or her sons killing each other to get what one lusted for from the other.

She had never imagined being stripped naked in the sight of her children nor see her children committing incest.

She has poured life into man y but can't protect any, therefore she prefers to be called barren.

'What is the use of having a heart when you feel so heartless?' she usually asks.

Her vocabulary is filled with war literature, scenes and imaginations.

She's fed up of people relating beauty to her. They say she is the swift stream but wonders why nobody would like to swim in her waters.

They tell her she is a haven of minerals but wonders why all the miners just run off after mining her.

She has tried to look for love, but seems love is always hiding herself from her.

She has known violence for a long time that they are about to become friends.

She sits back and laments the pain she has endured. Sometimes she prays for death but it's also not in good terms with her.

In the stiffest circumstances she drags on with life like a drunkard does.

But recently she's been unsettled, elections are around the corner and her sons are over it again.

Fighting one another for money, power, fame but leaving her bruised.

Now she has decided to call them all to her fire place and give them her last advice before she retires.

She wants to gather them all together and teach them about peace and how Africa was engineered on it

She always says 'violate peace and violate Africa'

kawoya alosius

# Whenever It Rains

Whenever it rains  
I get flash backs,  
My soul is thrust to a place far away,  
Emotions start piling themselves in me,  
I feel resentful,  
The hailstones in the rain remind me of the happiness we had,  
Whenever they hit the rooftops,  
They resurrect the fondness we had,  
How we embraced each other,  
How we were courageous to go on,  
But now due to the rains,  
I feel the void you left much bigger,  
I wish it never rains again.

The thunders in the rain perturb my minds with their echoes,  
They take the peace away from me,  
Whenever the dark blue skies gather,  
My happiness also grows dim,  
Hopes of my joy diminish,  
Although i can't be with you,  
And never will i,  
Your presence is freshly felt,  
And it cuts through my fresh,  
As though it's edges are of a freshly sharpened blade,  
And in my heart you'll be irreplaceable.

Whenever it rains,  
I can't help seeing your beautiful face,  
Smiling as though you were alive,  
The rains have become a source of my bereavement,  
Whenever the winds become cruel,  
I get lamentations,  
I really love to hate the rains,  
For they discourage me to go on with life,  
But because you are gone,  
I'll always remember you in the rains,  
Whenever they fall,  
Thoughts of you will flood my minds,  
For it's what i can do best,

To keep you alive forever.

kawoya alosius