

Poetry Series

Kato Marial Buot
- poems -

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Kato Marial Buot()

Ak47

AK47

I used you on gazelles
I benefits
I ate meat from gazelles.

I used you on leopards
I benefited
I got protected.

I used you on my enemies when nothing else worked
I benefits
I wons.

I used you to fought for freedom
I benefited
I enjoys the fruits of freedom everyday of my life.
I am proud to have my own country and government.

Now you're used to killed my two brothers
I cried, I weeps bitterly. I know now, that you were not good at all
I wish you would have never been made.

Kato Marial Buot

All Are Fair When There Is Peace

Moon is ever shining throughout but i realized afterward that it is only last for fifteen days; If you are not serious, your life will be like a light of the moon.

When i saw that the road is always straight but i did not realize that it has so many branches from east to west

i was meaning everyday should be light but i did not know whether there is darkness behind the light

a simple meal with love is better than a feast where there is a hatred

They had turned to their riches to be the most powerful than peace

shouting, biting, quarrelling and insulting is not a solution to bring peace, ye have worsen the situation

I was meaning life was understanding between the people but i did not know whether more were coming for destruction

being greedy cause's trouble for your families because you have made yourself to be bribes

I was meaning large families all do the best but i did not know whether most of them failed

It's wrong to favour the guilty and keep the innocent from getting justices

students are not your enemies to hate, leading you to a right path is not a war but they want your future to be bright

Those whom you think that are good to you are leading you to road of death, go with them but you will come back after danger.

Drinking makes you to forget your responsibilities and you will mistreat the poor.

Bear and wine are only for dying or those who have lost all hope to drink and forget but still not a solution for miserable or poorest, you are increasing to be more miserable and poorest until you die

only solution is to cook your mind but don't eat it, because God has given you everything's eye to see, hand to do something and leg to transport you, with all this created by GOD to do what you can

afford

Kato Marial Buot

All I Need Is You

ALL I NEED IS YOU

“My dear, my adorable one
The queen of my heart
The future leader and teacher of my children
My personal Doctor.

Before I knew you
I knew that one day, I would get the queen of my heart
I knew that you would be there for me in the future of today
My heart knew it and it has come true today.

I love you like that
I don't care whether you are short or tall
Whether YOU are fat or slim
I don't care whether you are brown skin or dark
Nor do i care Whether YOU are aged or not
Neither do i care about your illiteracy

I don't care whether your parents are rich or poor
Whether they are my tribesmen or not
I don't even care about your religion nor do I care about your culture.

I just choose to love
The way you are is more Than all
Your characters are enough
The life style you have is all I have been dreaming of,
Your social education is more Than all.

YOU are lovable, you deserve to be love
By someone like me without doubts.
It's God who planned it
My dear, my adorable one
All I need is you.
I want to die with you, you and I can make one body
Accept me the way I am
And I will be the happiest person in the World
I will die celebrating.
All I need is you”.

Kato Marial Buot

Dear Mama Adol Lueth.

Mumi! Mumi!

I know ye can hear me
In the deep of my heart.

Mumi!

Full of love toward ye
With shining light.

Mumi! Mumi!

With all my heart,
With all my soul,
With all my strength.

I love you

With aquarium in me
In nine months in your womb,
I was save.

Mumi!

Ye protected me from whatsoever
I went through

Without ye, I couldn't be here
ye love me
And that's why ye were our
Arbiter with brothers and sisters

Sweet Mum!

Ye are my world, and anon ye'll leave me
As your mum left ye.

Promise me my sweet mum, 'll ye Always be at my side?

Kato Marial Buot

Dollar Crisis Spread Like Fire

Dollar! Dollar!

When i am at home,
When i am in the school,
all i hear is you

only dollar as the matter of the day

Dollar!
You had risen against pounds
You had risen against shilling

on the street
you have controlled it
in the churches, temple
And in the Mosque

you are the matter of
discussions.
Congregation had abandoned their God because of you.

Dollar! Dollar!

Fathers weep daily
Mothers sheet tears
Children cries

violence increases like burning fire in the midst of dry savannah forest.

You had risen against pound
You had risen against shilling

you made me simple man,
I'm nothing, Am no man
and
i can toll for you.

When i have a hundred of you
i feel like a Dinka man who has owned a hundred cows

I rejoice
I thank God, I pray.

But who are you?
Are you not a made of paper
and gold like other money?

Dollar!
I bleed for you everyday
I lost my dignity.

Kato Marial Buot

Education

Education!

I know that I can do anything on this earth with you. Either small or big- with your help.

In my house, in my life

In my nation, in Africa

And in the whole world.

There are a lot of problems you created

But who can solve them? When it's not you

You're second to God,

Only God and you can solve all the problems that lays on my ways.

All the solutions needed by the world are with no one but you.

Life is dark when education is absent

It's like someone without a religion

Who has no hope

Who is working in the darkness

Lead by Satan.

Education is the key of life

It's where my hope lays

And I am sure I will acquire it

From wherever it's

Either far or near

I must sacrifice for it

I must search It like a hidden treasure.

Human is useless without education

Study less and die soon

Spend your whole life studying and die at you oldest ages as a you man

The world will know you, and you will know all its corners as you know your village

Oh Education! You're my strength, and I promise, I will never abandonyou.

Kato Marial Buot

Human Life Is More Important Than That Of A Cattle

My dear brother
Your life is important
Your brother's life is important

 But
What of that of a cattle?
That feed on grasses
That has no brain of humans

If you ask it
It can not answer you
It does not open it mouth

 Completely
Like the dead human
It's just an animal
 Like other animals
Like a dog and a fox
It has no differences
With a goat and a donkey
With other animals
 Around you.

My brothers
Listen to me
 And
Let your animals listen too
If they can.
You may complete yourselves
All of you may go to the second
 World
And the cattles will always remain as an inheritance

If you can kill children
An aged
 And women
In order to get herds of cattle
Is it not a disaster?

If you kill all
 Then

Whom do you think will inherit your properties.
That of your brother need inheritant like yours
But
Will the cattles inherit the dead's properties?

Answer me if you are wise in your act
Let your cattles answer too
If they can.

Listen, your Fathers came from Rumbek
Your mother are all Jiang!
Your are all true Dinkas
Of Agar community

You are not half-caste
Your are not slave men;
Your father were not
eggs in Dinka tribe.
Be the bullets of Agar community,
Your mothers were not exchanged
For the tins of salt from Arab traders.

Ask me what beauty is to
Agar community
To Jieng people
And
I Will clearly show it to you
If you give me a chance
If you consider me as a brothe
Not
An enemy, cattle raider

Listen carefully, superiority by fight is nothing
It can only determine who remained
But not who has right.
Dogs fight and peopple make funs of them
Unlike people fight.
It work best for dogs and cocks.

Stop conflict my dear brothers

Your life is much important than that of hundred cattles.

Kato Marial Buot

'Hunger My Dear'

Hunger, you makes me simple
You makes me cry, you makes me easy
The simple one to ignore

My stomach always complaints because of you
I am always heated as if I lives on an oven
I feel discomfort, no rest at all
I must walk and work to fill the small bag
And when the small muscler bag is filled
I feel Swelled
And swig
And when I see someone eating simple food after I ate chips and chicken
I look at them like those eating fork to Muslim and drinking swill
And those people look swinish to me.

Dear brother,
Why don't you care? You like attacking, famishing in the weak side of the country
Weak people starves every year
The poor one who have nothing at all.
Let me want you
Today
Now, that they will one day curse you to death forever and ever in their present.

I have to toll for you in order to get ride of you
Swinking is the matter of the day
And if I don't drudge
Then
I have to swipe
To steal, to survive.
Every human-being sufferable, non of the living creatures is insufferable
Either on earth or somewhere else,
With you
Everything is noneffective

Hunger,
You are peccant
To me, to my relative and friends
You make all of us Peccable
Why?

Do you think you are peccadillo to me?
No, you are absolutely a murder
I abhor you
In my life
I loathe you.

Kato Marial Buot

I Hate News From Rumbek My Homeland

Rumbek news can always shock me
I don't laugh completely

Always sad news

Always bad news

Always bitter news

From Rumbek
My homeland.

I hate news from Rumbek
When there is a phone call
Have you heard,
Unknown gunman had gundown Mr. X some hours ago.

Death news everyday

Every hour

Every minute

Why please?

I hate it
I hate news from Rumbek.

Kato Marial Buot

'I Know, It Is My Fault'

I made a choice to left my homeland
In search of a good education, the better one
That can change my mind, my understanding, my thinking
In short, my life
As cattles keeper looks for the beautiful pastures for their animals,
As business men looks for the best market for their goods
As a young adorned man look for his beautiful wife among the country girls.

I love it and that is why I chosed to left you all

There was nothing apart from gaining knowledge
Made me to left you there
And now
You have taken it, as a big problem
To treat me badly without care
Without pity as if we are not relative.

You let me suffer,
hello!
I sleep with empty stomach, hopeless
Like an orphan
Who utterly lost hope, for he never think of any parents and relative behind him.
I tried to live orphantly and it did not happen
It is the hardest thing I tried
It is difficult to pretend like an orphan
It's the last and the worse thing I tried and I failed

Still my heart can tell me that I have more than I need and ring Morethan
enough
When all of them are there
Not for me but for their businesses.

I am always treated like a boy who had impregnated chief's daughter
Like a barren women, who do not have a child
A cursed person in the community
The outcast

Whenever I ask for the small portion of money, it seem like I asked you to sell all
your cows, your properties, including your ancestors lands

My calls are always redirected
Dodging of my calls is not a problem
My numbers had been blacklisted more than ten times
And started blaming Chinese phones because I still reach you.
I use different numbers please

You always tell me that you did not sent me abroad
That I did not leave anything of my own when I left you.
I know, I left nothing at all
But our relationship is much important

Please I beg, never blacklist my number
All I need is your support

I know it is my fault, to chose a better environment for my studies.
Would you please forgive me and help each other in time of needs?

Kato Marial Buot

I Never Knew Whether Lost Things Could Be Found

On the fifth of October,
Wednesday morning,
When i was travelling home from School
By a public transport
With my beloved friend.

Carrying all my documents
Like somebody who had gone to look for a job opportunity inthe ministry,
All our original certificates
And report cards.
I put them infront of Taxi as if it's my owned
I was inside innocently with my friend like a new born baby
We were travelling happily.

As soon had we reached the bus stop
When we left the car
leaving all the documents there.
I never know whether our documents where inside the Taxi.
We left happily focusing on the next trip to our final destination Jebel,
Who knows, do anybody know what we did?
I thought that the things were with him when he thought like that too...
I with my friend left the Taxi to leave
When none of us knows it
Even it number plate,
Even the bus itself,
We guess afterward that it was a white Taxi
Do i know whether there is a white, red or blue Taxi?

After i thought of how we left the document
I turned into Tears
Do i even know whether there is a plural of tear?
How careless had i been
I was useless
Very Very useless
And nobody was to be blame
Only me.

Two days standing at the round about in Gudele main street and later to Custom
To see whether i could know the car or the driver.

I never know the taxi i was travelling with
I could only remember the colour of the car and the seats
And it was hard to detect it from thousands Taxis in Juba City.

From that day,
I became famous
In the whole of Juba city
I was seen by everybody
At the gate of Custom
And on roundabout.

Some thought of madness
While others thought of pick pocketing
While others thought of Connerism,
But
Does that matter to me?
It doesn't
Just i was to see the Taxi that has taken my
Blue
White
Yellow And
Greenish Papers.

I gave up
In three sleepless nights
I never felt like human
I was useless

On Friday afternoon
I saw the car
It was like that Taxi
But was i sure of it?
No,
I wasn't.
I was trying to ask driver
Whether he had comes across such papers.

'Are you the owner of the documents that i had found here last Wednesday? ' He
asked.
I felt cool
My feet were shivering with feaR

I didn't know why?
I turned into tear(s) again
I was so happy
I never know whether lost things could be found.

Kato Marial Buot

I Saw The Dead Body

On the bright day morning
when the sun was about to raise
when all the town was like labourers of twin tower

I heard the sound of the gun
At the roof of the house
the sound is heard

On the bright day morning
when the sun was about to raise

they shot him
He laid on the ground
to the wrong direction, he laid

On the bright day morning
when the sun was shining

The cool blood was taken
I was beside the body
shivering, i cried, i lacked of word

On the brigh day morning

they had taken away the life
from him
They had shown me what
i have ever seen.
I have seen the human body on the ground
they called it the dead body
I have seen.

Kato Marial Buot

Is It A Coming Of Christ?

You told us that you will come by then
we waited, expecting you to come soon
but why are you still hiding yourself from us

You told us to appear by then
It's now another season
It's now another year
but you never appeared.

You told us that you will come by then
hoping your coming to end our misery
but you are increasing our misery
when will you come father?
Is it a coming of CHRIST?

Kato Marial Buot

Is My Studies A Crime?

I have chose to know something on this Earth.

I love to learn new things

And it is now an eerie to you people

None of you all like it

No one love it at all

Although I have given myself to suffer for it,

Though some of you had studied enough

Knows the importance of education

To human life.

It is still like you have never learnt A B C & D,

Never learnt A e I o U

Since you were born.

I love to study as human love to live

As you love to eat and drink.

Have you ever been refused to

drink pure water for two days?

How did you feel?

Did you feel happy?

Tell me.....

I know seeing me not studying is not a big deal to you

It doesn't matter to you

It is like seeing a dog playing with it puppies

Like monkey playing at the edge of the top tree

You don't think of it completely.

I beg

All I want to acquire from studies is knowledge

It is more than weapons of war to me.

I am learning news things, I need our future to be something great,

I need to make a united family of Panbuot Kon

I need to make it shine among the thousands of families in the world here particularly in Africa,

Family to be praise by all the nations

Family of no regret
That is all i need to do please.

But it is like i have jointed a Military school
It is very different from that

In Military, you are trained and taken to front line
Which is not there with school
In school you are taught
And then chose a career which is good for you.

I am an egalitarian person

I believe in egalitarianism

I believe in studies

Is it a crime to study that you abandoned me like this? ? ?

Kato Marial Buot

Kalashnikov

You gives freedom and take it back.

Kalashnikov!

The strongest gun ever made on earth
The ever most sold weapons of protection as it was mean In the first place
The worse ever enemy to man and animals

You're so great and famous
Highly demands by the whole world
You're common and cheap in every country

You are mean to be use for protection
To kills wild animals like leopards and lions
The first enemies to man.

Thousands of people have achieved their forceful freedom through you
Thinking after all, they would enjoys their fruits of freedom
That you have helped them to achieved

You gave freedom to Rep. Of Congo from French
You gave freedom to Eritrea from Ethiopia
You gave freedom to South Sudan From Sudan.
You set many people free from harassments.

And you never leave them to enjoy their freedom
And you never pity their tole for freedom
To lives peacefully

You left nothing but graves in every household in
Only Windows are what you brought to them after freedom
Only Orphans are there now with birds of preys waiting for them
Only deep hatred and killing everywhere
Only corruption and looting
Famine and misery is what you brought to all part of the Country.

Kalashnikov!
The most ever sold weapons
The worse ever enemy of man

You have done more harm than good
Have pity on .

Kato Marial Buot

Mumi And Dadi

An astute mum and dad
with you
I am symmetrical
with you
my life is an austere
with you
you has avail yourselves of every opportunity to improve my life

Mumi and Dadi

you plus me make
trinity
The Father, the Son and the Mother.
Mum!
Are you not the whole spirit to me?
Aren't you dad?

You are my only avenue in order to achieve on this earth

Mumi and Dad!

Avert your eyes away
from my wrong doing,
stay awake
for my award and never sleep

We made trinity
without one of us
life is incomplete

Mumi and Dad!

It's your ballad
Don't you love me as i do?

Kato Marial Buot

Rumbek The Destroyed City

Rumbek the destroyed city.

“Come to Rumbek and let it be rebuilt!
Let the city of Rumbek be restored.
A fire flame come from the north
A blaze from the east
It burn the city of Rumbek and all its towns
From Rumbek east to Wulu
From the northern part to all its corners.

It destroyed the rulers of Agaar community

What sorrows await you, Oh people of Rumbek!
You are finished, Oh worshippers of Satan
The Magic believers and Idol worshippers
Who gave their powers, trust and beliefs to the gods of the earth
The gods of Darfur, Congo and Nigeria
The gods of Ethiopia and Equatoria

Rumbek has left her son's and daughters as refugees in foreign lands
As slaves in western World

We have completely destroyed ourselves
From Akot to Maper
From Lu?l to Roor-nhom.
We have completely wiped ourselves out of our own homeland
As far away as the borders of the city.

Oh Rumbek, the destroyed city”.

Kato Marial Buot

Who Knows What Will Come With Me From My Studies? ?

You abandoned me
I am like a parentless child
In a thousand of miles
Where I am studying

None of you all can think of me
Apart from my poor Mum & Twin vro
Who could not afford to buy for me
Even a single book
Even a pen,
 Nor paper
My Mum
Who do not even know where i am in
In which part of the country
In whose people's Land
In whose people's Kingdom.

I feel parentless in my studies
In my Living
In what ever i do.

It seems like i have never been born with brothers and sisters,
It seem like i was born alone
No brother and Sister
But
It is a huge lie
Un measurable lie
Even a lie detector can tell
I condemn it,
They are there
I have morethan enough
Too many brothers and sisters who could support me,
All uncles and Aunts,
Cousins and Nephews are all there.
But
In the midst of the biggest family
I feel like an Adopted child

Who do not know the really blood Parents

Why is it painful to you
To spend something on me
On my studies
So that i can be somebody tomorrow
In the future.

If i ask for a small fees
To support me in my studies
In Foreign land
I am looked at as if i have asked For Pail of money.

I am pyretic to you
I know,
My soul knows
Because i am now a beggar
Who have nothing
Apart from life that God gave me.
But
Who knows what will come with me from my studies among you?

Brothers, Sisters, Uncles, Aunts and all my relatives!
I have NO YOU, I can't see you
Only friends that i can see.
Where ARE you please at my side? ? ?

Kato Marial Buot

Yecu Kristo

Yecu Kristo!
Yakoba wände Madh?
Mili? de miliik
Wëntö? Nhialic tök yic diäk
Ny??de köc.

Në ya köl dun pu?thdhië
Akölde dhiëthdu, p??i nin thiärou ku dhiäc, p??i thiäär ku rou
Dhiëth nyan ?eer Maria yï
Nyan dhië? kën th?ny ke röör
Pinyde Bathlehem, de Judaya th??r wär.

Në ya köldun pu?thdhië, Duluë?da, akölde dhiëthdu
Ayagam, ayagam l?n yin wää, l?n yin duciëk
l?n cï Nhialic yi tuöc në Pinyhom—ba piir.
Piir Pan-nhial> Kua ce piir Pinyhom
Piir ca lëu yök, të n?? wää, të n?? maa
Të n?? raan-dët path
Elö yin, yin yï tök.
Yin kaye raan piir, piir nhiäk, piir ath??r wadë.

Yin akëc bën Pinyhom cï bëny, bär cï milik.
Yin aci bën cë a?ä?, ku?r r?t piny ci a?ä?
Dhiëth yï cï a?a?— ?ön da Akaja
Ku tëëcyï këye Akaja cam.

Yin aci bën në wëikua
Ba ?o bënë luök, ba ?o luök
Bi wëikua piir, bi wëikua piir ath??r të le ?ok pandu.

Go ku yï man, tuc ku yi k?c
Piät yï cï Cuär**, piät yï cï Ruëny**
Kamke k?c r?c, k?c ke Pinyhom.

Wäda Yecu!
Yin aci bën Pinyhom ku thu?u ri?nku
Rin adumuom kua
N?? ran gäm r?t thou rin randië?
Acin ran.

Eyîn yî tøk, eyîn ace loy
Yîn ayeku ?öth—ke yî bî b? dhiëth në dhiëthdë, në ye pinyhom
Në aköl ciën bi bën.

Yecu Kristo!

Yakoba wënde Madh?!

Yîn ayagam, yîn ayagam ?a puöu ebën

I?n bîn Pinyhom neem aköl-ciën cî m?n cîn ye göör në Bible yic.

Amen! ! ! !

Kato Marial Buot

You Hate Me Because I Am A Dinka

You call us whatever you like

you call us hyena
you call us dogs
you call us bitch

why? Why do you sing our name every day?

Yes i know it's sweet to describe us as you always do it

we are tall and smooth-skinned
feared far a wide
an aggressive people of strange speech

But what had we done?
Are we not brothers and sisters?

'Be quite like shimmering heat in the sunshine, like cloud of dew in the heat of harvest'.

You all hate us

you call us barbaric
you call us dull
you call us fools

Although we are abashed of our deed
you still push us away from you because of abdication
make you abhorrent against your brothers

you call us at whatever you like,
you sing our name

abide our apology
we beg, it's ablaze.

You all fear us, that we kill
but it's not like that
It's a wrong concept.

Hw you describe us

hate

It burn me down from my bottom

please, how you describe us hate me seriously.

Kato Marial Buot

Your Words Are Worth Than Hundreds Of Pounds To Me

You fear calling me
As if I'm a wizard
Who don't communicate with his people
Even on internet
Who bewitched people across the oceans

Your words of encouragements
Are worth more than the money
You think I may ask
The can let me go through deficulties
That money can not help me in.
The can guide me
Through my studies
Though my miserable life

Call me
And I will give you all my attention
I will patiently listen to you
And take what is relevance with my life

Life can be change through several motivational ways
It can be changed forever if you carefully listen to people
Who can tell what matters in life
And the are people like you, not from any where

Your words can give me different types of tools for accessing my most spirited
and creative self
It help me to break through the negative barriers
And
Banish the pessimistic thoughts that are preventing me from fulfilling
My long life goals
And dreams.

Motivation is the only thing that can let person succeed in time of hardship.
Please I am in need of your calls and mails to help me in my studies.

Your words are worth than a hundreds of pounds

They repair my bones, my feelings, strength and way of my thinking
To fight with my problems that are trying to tackle me

I beg,
Ana ma indu
Miskila Mahkhum! !

Kato Marial Buot