

Poetry Series

Mwenyeji Spikes
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2022

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Mwenyeji Spikes()

Mwenyeji spikes, born Matthews is a culture enthusiast, prolific writer, literary critic and an outspoken natural poet. He is aptly fascinated by the turns of evolving culture and social cultural trends in contemporary society. Finding diverse ways of bringing out humor even with the simplest of words and different ways of painting mental picture with words, he seeks to express the mind of today's sociocracy on issues ranging from harmonious co-existence to the nature of man today.

He is open to working on scholarly projects that seek to bring enlightenment on social issues and has graced the stages in many spoken word and poetry forums both within Nairobi and any other places where people deeply love and appreciate poetry, and also pioneered the Poetry week on Homeboyz Radio, 103.5 since 2011 and founded the annual platform for art diversification in Kenya, Central Wacka Festival of Music & arts.

He aspires to impact the world through words, words of wisdom and enlightenment, enriching lives through the gift that God has imparted in his life, for the good work.

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If I Wake Up Hungry Tomorrow

Bowels full, days of bounty and abundance resound in a distance past
We cared not for gratitude for we thrived from full granaries
In a sudden wave the tides change blamed on weather and climate
For today I will not with satisfaction as I bite my last and gulp from the mursik
gourd

In time, the hope might come back around from the seed sown to the ground
If the rain find it just to show an ounce of mercy, any sign of lash down we shall
welcome
The world turned its back on those that forgot to store some food and supplies
for a time
If I wake up hungry tomorrow, my stomach touching by back deeper will I dig
under

The cassava and the root stored down under will prevail with its water drips to
restore life
Hunger, drought and famine will raise the hell we once heard of in the biblical
text and scriptures
Fathers against sons for what is left, if we should hunger so the madmax reign
fall on us unaware
We shall remember days when our crumbs were thrown to the dogs at our feet as
they nimbled

Will we remember to care and share when all hell breaks loose and only a few to
survive
The looming shortages, the palm oil the wheat in the north to the south, our
baskets empty
If I wake up hungry tomorrow, I will still look to break the little left till the turn
tides again
We could do much with the least and pray that the ancestors intervene for the
road ahead is dry

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I Found Balance

What is there to life if not an anchor to the turbulent turmoil?
Is there a way to dance on the thread, the wave and enjoy the music
You might sit and ponder the ups and downs of life
Soon as you sit down, the call to rise up comes

Some say inner peace is the equilibrium, others joy and happiness
I will tell of all my journeys someday, in the quest to find where I stand
The same place where my feet stand, there my spirit sits still in the moment
I strived for balance, the voices outside, the will inside, the weakness of my
spirit

When my spirit was willing, my body was weak my mind couldn't let me
Where I needed to be there I wasn't, what I like to do, that I didn't
I strived for balance and found discipline, hope and struggle from within
If I obeyed silent voices in my head, I couldn't calm the loud noises of all outside

I stood still and wrote a melody, I sang I aloud and it consumed my soul in fire
When I had nothing else inside and the waves came rocking, the song carried me
through
On the other side was peace, so much different than the chaos I raised myself
around
In the tune I found balance, control and my strength to maneuver my universe
inside of me

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The Horizon

In the eyes of the children, the horizon is bigger
As we grow older the horizon grows smaller and smaller
The possibilities of turning over the leaf yet yonder ahead
As lessons, regrets and hopes get intricately intertwined the hope dash

A sense of loss of the childhood innocence is fast replaced with dedication to duty
In the horizon we had hoped and work for assurance of stability and prosperity
Look what we have here, the weight of the world on our burden
A crooked path we had hope fate would lay strait one day but now we walk in
circles

With the same curious spirit of a child and open heart to love we can widen the
horizon
The things that make us who we are we shall fight to keep intact for that was the
intent
The purpose for which we are create we shall embrace and see the horizon
expand
Living day to day with intent and awareness of who we are shall make the
horizon even more clear

If we stand in the way of ourselves our clarity is blocked and the veil won't move
The possibilities of a life we hoped for remain to be just that, nothing but wishes
Why not embrace action and work with the universe that makes magical the
beautiful blue horizon
If we know self and live with love and understandings that days of our lives
would be full of depth

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Eventually We Get There

Are we only living to die one day?
Is our fate sealed that eventually we all get there
Every day is a preparation for the eventual
Life's true consequence in death, but in between we live.

With zeal and utter determination we strive
Savoring every moment of bitterness or joy
We embrace change when we can or seek someone to blame
Never do we find fault with death nor her cruel ways

When we sit and ponder life, we reflect on the lives of those before us
We wonder were they wrong to depart in their way
Can we turn back the clock and find why or when death came
Is here any among us wise or lucky enough to escape death's cruel hand

With our eyes open we look again and begin to see the truth
Death creates way into a new life, just another door open into new existence
We may mourn, hurt and quarrel death's cruel ways but eventually
Eventually we get there, to the acceptance of death as a rite of passage to the
new.

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The Beauty And Ugliness Of It All

The rising and falling tides will usher in new seasons
The beauty of it is the new start a second chance to start over
With zeal we toil to make better our chances at a better life
Without knowledge like wind at the end of it life ends, the ugliness.

A wise soul will keep their finger on the torn page
Just like a book this life brings both beautiful and ugly chapters
At times in it we ask for the rain but won't dance in the mud
As the straights come, so shall we take it with the crooked, the ugliness.

The birth of a child, a new hope for the continuation of a legacy
A deep beauty seated in their eyes, on the same day the wail for a departed soul
In the village the bride and groom will dance in the beauty of the sun at noon
The certainty only lies in one thing the ultimate end of it all we call death, the ugliness

In love, we find beauty over all shortcomings that life may present under the shadow
The song in our hearts when we look ahead with hope to the horizon is a beauty
In the same the enemy stealthily creeps and sows hatred in the hearts of men for war
Sickness, disease, despair and hunger a lining on the same cloud, the ugliness.

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We All Die Someday

It is appointed before the start of days
That every man born of a woman has his fate
A day to be born and a day to die and cross over
In the rites of passage we celebrate life and its givings

If we do grief for those gone and shed tears
We do so on the edge of uncertainty of what's to come
If we celebrate the gift of life in its start or the so-called end
We do so in faith that everything is in the hands of the almighty creator

Nobody what to die but death is brutal in its ways
Sometimes in the most unexpected ways it takes away the hope and love
When we wallow in grief mourning the deserted ones
We might wish that they never left or took us with them

In death there is hope, though we may not see it
Through the moment of disbelief, denial and grief sorrow will take over
But in our hearts let us remember one thing in clarity now and days to come
That life is given and even through death, life is renewed in a better place

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When Africa Unites

The people of the land of our mother are dispersed and disillusioned
A mind far disconnected from our history and our culture
Kwame's voice was raised for all to stand together in unison
The plea fell on deaf ears now weak we stand at the mercy of the world

Another day we live to reflect on what could be if Africa would unite
With one voice we would rise and work to change our children's future
The wealth on the ground and above shall serve the benefit of our people
In wisdom and integrity our paths will lead all to prosperity and freedom

When Africa unites, not even religion or tribalism will keep us apart any longer
Our eyes and minds will open to the possibility of what life should be
The generosity, ingenuity and resilient of our pave will pave the way to a new
day
The poverty, suffering, disease and corruption well shall conquer in unison

If the barriers to unity are conquered, Africa will find its feet to thrive
She will awaken as a sleeping dragon ready to roar
In the age of the Aquarius the knowledge and revelation will be found
When Africa unites, power and might we shall yield and in our restoration shall
we busk.

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No Man Worth His Sort...

A man worth his sort, abandons his family not
He will live to prosper only if he falls for nothing
No man worth his sort abuses a woman
Never will he awaken a woman's love without the intention of loving her

No man worth his sort makes empty promises he could not keep
He Judges not another for their misfortune
Every man worth his sort Lives without purpose
Never shall he laughs at injustices

No man worth his sort Stirs war for nothing
Never will he grab another man possession or wife
No man worth his sort accuses their brother and kin falsely
Every man worth his sort works to harms nature

No man worth his sort spills out sworn secrets
He strives to defend rightfully what is theirs
The wise man defends the honor of this family
He strives to provide for his family determinedly everyday

Never abandoning his role He leads his family
He seeks to provide, protect and profess
In Wisdom he Looks into and prepares for the future
He Learns from the mistakes of his past

No man worth worth his sort doesn't seek knowledge and wisdom
Day to day he works diligently for his own and his people
No man worth his sort doesn't leave an inheritance for his children
He strives to create a better future for his family

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Unsettled

Unsettled

Deep matters stand unresolved, a mind stirred that can't find no sleep
Nobody knows tomorrow, so in uncertainty we seek rest to no avail
Lacking in assurance we flip and turn to fate, only if the toil would be rewarded
Days of doubt then faith, in the afternoon the disgruntled shadow follows with
anticipation

What should be the outcome of it all, who can foresee and tell
Down in the spine, you can feel the confidence wavering minute by minute
Maybe fear and work or tension could never change the outcome of tomorrow
unknown
The cards are dealt so when tides turn, hope they turn my way on this time
around

We do our part and rest God hold his will true to our benevolent destiny in him
It might feel sometime that we are on the verge of something great this time
Our hope and patience is tested in trusting the timing and the process
Be ye settled my restless mind because the coin is tossed up in the air still to
land



Whatever the outcome we hope for shall draw closer if we believe and holdfast
our faith
In every unsettled matter that rendered us restless lacking in peace may we call
the matter done
When we let the voice inside speak in truth and positivity we shall resonate with
the universe
Our unsettled minds shall now learn peace from within, only if we trust more in
the power of the all.

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My Voice Is Ready

The say words have the power to build or break
Spoken words can inspire, motivate, shake up move or destroy
What are you using your words for when its time to speak
To the ends of teaching, uniting and changing, my voice is ready

With a gift with slight murmur but steadfastness, I will devout self to even more
When I speak, so shall i be with resounding clarity for my people to all the
corners of the world
In the depth of my consciousness shall I do only with truth, insight and with love
When they call me to the table, I will speak in nothing but brutal honesty for my
voice is ready

If the fault the messenger and not the message, I will still speak in boldness only
for whats true
When they listen and are ready to engage near or far, young or old, wise or
curious
My mission and work shall be done not just to please but to cause change
through the work
When they fight the words for the upsetting truth, so will I continue to speak for
my voice is ready

They might ask, is speaking better than listening or is speaking more important
than the action
Even in the speaking shall I devout my time to listen the voice within and the
teaching of the wise
Where I know not what to speak will I resign to knowledge first than open my
mouth in vain
For the gift of speaking will I still stand in humility to speak for my voice is ready

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Nothing Is Something For Nothing

I have gazed outside, then within and seen the despicable loath for value
A generation that knows the price of everything but the value of none
Google at the quick dispensation for every answer sought after
What is the value of sacrifice, how can I get it without sweating for nothing

Everywhere you look people wanting something for nothing
The emptiness looms with all the rooms we create for greed
Determined to be and to get we end up empty wanting something
When we end up with nothing eternal where shall we turn for a fill

For lack of understanding we seek true meaning
Blind to facts we ignore the value of the little things
Nothing is something for nothing every single piece fits into the all
When we strive let our endeavors be to the depth of the sacrifices we make

Time, reason and place for things under the sun
High we jump and low we stoop to get the understanding
Why shall we have to work to thrive and prosper in whatever we will
Nothing is something for nothing, we shall toil and uncover the value of it all

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Force Of Life

The ubiquitous magnificent edifice of being and feeling is to reckon with
Even in the full depth of our imagination shall we never understand
The force supreme, the intricacy and simplicity all wrapped into perfection
A rhythm that holds together the delicate balance of everything we see and don't

The psalmist, the physicist, the magician, the chemist, the zoist and geologist
all stand clueless

What is the secret of the universe and are we headed to the end or back to the
beginning

From the birthing chambers they say the force of life replenishes itself to a new
chaos and perfection

Have we seen the best of days in the blossom of mother nature or are the days
of wonders yet ahead

We sit and ponder the force of life, yet again we come up clueless at every edge
of tiny discovery

The echoes of doubt linger in our spirit for we know not where to search nor what
to search for

We live with hope that the mystery of the force of life will unravel right in front of
our eyes someday

If we go within maybe and look deeper maybe the pursuit of our truth as part of
the force beckons

With shadows of our ancestors walking right ahead of us in the heat of the sun
The force of life within us yearns to connect us to the true source, the beginning
and the end

The triumphant discovery and assurance is that the force is within us and our
spirit thus attests

When the eyes of our understanding are open, then shall the force of life be
revealed unto us.

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Go Within

Seldom, even great Kenyan athlete have tried running from their troubles
So often the troubles will catch up and take them on a spin to their defeat
Supposing you travelled so far that you eventually meet yourself
Some will still look on the mirror and deny the reality of their existence

Mere habits and thoughts curve into a culture a way of living embracing our
struggles

Men walk past their own self-reflection on the mirror for the guilt of self
judgement

Many have resolved to rather live in a bubble with no regard to when the burst
will come

Merits of self-reflection and the walk within are many to enumerate but still it's a
long journey

When we go within, the light in us illuminates on our scars

With burdens tethered to the core of our souls we stand afraid to go further yet
within

Wondering whether our own nature is flawed we seek to face and confront our
limitations

Withering spirit of self-doubt knocks us down as men and women with a desire to
be free

Any life that is unexamined is not worth living, at least not without the self-
search threshold

Another man may try hide from the reality of the inadequacy, the war or doubt
from within

Anticipating that a better day will come to change his reality is the downfall of
the man

Arrogance and detachment from reality might stop us from soul searching but it's
the way within

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Feel Alright

There is pressure from the outside, tension from within
What you do not know cannot harm you, better yet you still crave insight
It has been long since anyone knew what to expect from all the virus
pandemonium
Maybe even longer since anyone felt truly alright amidst this storm we fight to
surmount

Have you heard of the songs from the village, for weeks it has all been silent
Nobody knows the rhythm of love, passion and optimism that once made us feel
alright
All that is left now is cleavages then bigger divides between family, friends and
relatives
We hug no more, we live in abject suspicion, what if or maybe how about we
stay apart

Depression, stress, pressure and the vibration at a broken frequency
What made us feel alright before all of this was the hope, the love and optimism
Now we walk and have no clue how and when things will get back on track
Is this the end of the days where everyone had dreams to live for?

We will be alright, if we toss the dice and let our hope resurface
Beneath the surface of it all, we shall find a new start, we will sing a new song
Past the dense mist we shall discover the ray of sun that guides us to the
brighter days
If we persist in hope and pray for the removal of the overcast, we will feel alright
again.

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Rome Is Not Home

Home of the greatest inventors
Land of renowned writers and designers
The forte of architectural ingenuity
A hall mark of poignant religious marvel and excellence

All this glory just but a reflection of the land beyond; kemet
On the journey in the quest for knowledge romans toured Egypt
The Nile valley is home to the spring of knowledge beyond
All the scholars and philosophers drew knowledge from

History has been soiled bottom up side down
The narrative of generations handed down in false account
A malignant white washing of all historical facts from carthage
The battle has been lost of the biggest battlefield; our mind

From the account of Kings and tales of the folk
We have in light placed shadow on the glory days of Kemet
Land of the blacks where civilization stemmed from
Rome is not home, ask the voice of the ancestors they will tell you

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Bound To Be

You saw the smoke and said the fire was bound to be
Every mark and sign pointed to days we only hoped for
At the start the very first step told a tale of the journey to be
No simple way to tell it, but every sunset covered our worry with hope

We were bound to be great, bigger than our fears
Bound to be better in our noon than our dawn ordered us to be
What didn't break us gave us way to be stronger and agile in our ways
In the evening every word said of our future in secret bore no harm to our
chosen destiny

With pride and determination we set out on our way to greatness
A light in our hearts was better than any conviction anyone ever traded
Every ounce of doubt about where we would end up we didn't let deter us
None of where we are today is by our doing but by the Almighty hand

Everything we aspire to be, within us was the power to bring to manifestation
With determination in our spirit we put the words in our mouth and focus in our
minds
We charged our focus on to the good, we hoped to be and we clinched tight onto
faith
With unison of thought, word and action we walked to the place we were bound
to be

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Son Of A Mother

The river and its source knows the depth and expanse of life
The apples from the trees know how farther to roll from the tree
The son sired from grace knows how many steps back to home he takes
Everything about our mere existence was written way before we got here

The mothership calls into the future of the son
She said son your steps are ordered into light with grace of fulfillment
With these words the son walks in favor and the wisdom cultivated in him
The son of a mother shall never lack for a queen bestowed favor on him

Every day as the toil in the field gets harder, the son knows the harvest will be in season
In the coming and the going, the sun will favor the son and the day will be his reign
With the crowning of the head with wisdom & insight the son shall grow his kingdom
His boundaries shall continue to expand, his seed shall thrive whenever he sows

Even when the tides rise higher, in divine protection the son of a mother stands
No harm or weapon fashioned against him prospers day and night
The spirit of truth and understanding lies within him as he toils
The words of his mother resonates truth and life in everything he purpose to do

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The Curse Of Doubt

Ears and hearts have been drawn to myths
Generations to generation caught up in lies
I should have want some comfort in the stories but not today
I will only believe it if I can see it

What are the questions lingering in my heart
Will I even come to trust in myself for self or others?
Some say the truth is relative to where your allegiance lies
My doubts with everything won't let me surpass life

Some people have trusted and failed
Others have believed and lived, but I will hold back till I see
Sight not faith even when faith has the key
I question why trust that which I cannot see

If I should break free and believe in infinite possibilities
Perhaps then my walk with life will change
My wings to fly will flip with strength
I will move beyond doubt to a life of freedom & abundance

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From The Ether

As above is so below, our existence is no coincidence
On this dimension we exist in but we know of a place yonder
On earth's plane we may live but for a moment trapped in the matrix
Spiritual beings having a human experience but for a time

As part of the all we exist and call as the universe responds
At times our distant memories so far away like the milky way
When we awaken from the inside everything lights up the way back
At times we look up and reminisce of seasons and expanse of time

Deep within us the truth resides and the lost path to guide us back
Hoping to find light and be light in the highest but our aspiration may wait
How can we work out save passage to the ether to our real power and place of
balance
We shall persist in opening the eye to the holder of the key all existence'
supreme

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Besides The Fatigue

Sitting and waiting then waiting to sit
You look at both sides of the coin
One thing is certain, the waiting won't help
You probably wished for a little more action
But most of the days felt empty like a reverie

Isn't life supposed to feel more fulfilling?
Aren't the things we already prayed for out to be here
What you see and feel can charge you up or drain you
For the better part of the day the draining doesn't stop
Careful what you wish for because none of it might you get

You sit ponder and reflect
What more is there to life besides the fatigue?
Does the promise of sun tomorrow make any difference?
Do you stand a chance to refill your soul with beautiful ink to paint life
Everyday might end just like the last but besides the fatigue
There might be hope if we will and manifest and work some more for change

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Time Is Running

Time is running fast and I don't know why or where to
From whom might it be running? I have no clue
We were at the start just the other day, now we are closer to the end
Too much I don't know but for sure we can't trust time nor the process

We see growth at the start then half way between the withering starts
Are we just mere objects of wrath and mockery for time?
What the use of gaining everything in the world but lose time
Some said its money others say if you lose it, you can never recover it

When we ponder time and its selfish ways we realise we are with no meaning
Walking through the sands and leaving a mark on time can be the only hope
But before we done we wake to realise time is already way too gone for any of
that
Our actions compared to those before us might not matter much rest we work
with time

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Losers Anthem

It might not have been our day to profit
Our preparation was wanting maybe we did our best
Look out how big their grim sparks on our defeat
It just wasn't meant to be our trophy for the picking and we know it

Didn't you have a hunch from the start that this was going to be
We win some and lose some every time to coin is tossed on the table
The cards have been dealt and tomorrow the tables turn once again
All the blame now goes to them for making us lose this bad

We shall fold our hands sit back and wait for the next round
After all how was this even worth our precious time
The gods hid their faces away from us denying us the stroke of luck
We are not the first to lose and don't this happen daily to any other?

Forever at the bottom we shall not remain
Look at how everybody looks at us, soon this day shall be forgotten
Tomorrow we shall pick up the pieces and start again and do them like they did
us
They mockery and insult don't stick let them keep talk after all we are lucky we
made this far

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Circular Motions

Once again, we reset at go back to the very beginning
The core of our very existence is put to the test of how far our survival goes
When pose and ponder once thing above all is more apparent to the keen eye
The more round and round we go the more unchanged we remain

They said the more things changed the more they remained same
Cycles around the moon and back, yet the dust settles not in our souls
What shall become of us next turn the cycles brings us around to a place of no
satisfaction
We dedicated life to growth and progress but look how far around we came

Whose devoted soul can awake us from this slumber in the dark
Will our cry for justice and a more fair ordeal about life be heard
Can we change the course of this to a much sober predicament than mere round
circles
Shall we slowly wake and retrace our steps along the loop to a place where we
straighten our destiny

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Maybe It's The Weekend

What's on the bucket list might as well spill out this weekend
Loosely counting days to the weekend and Friday is the icing on the cake
Rushing like the Olympics to make all the bad decisions I might regret
Maybe it's the spirit of the weekend or it's just the rebel in me that's set on the cliff

Get out the phone and make a few right calls to friends that know to spin time
It doesn't matter whether it is sunny summer weather or a dull spring
When the weekend beckons the call is well received by the weekend faithfuls
Now it's time to get out and do all the indoors can't cope with this weekend

How times have you looked up to the weekend that never came
Promises for the time that ended up just being promises
Every other weekend you attended a wedding and a celebration but waited on yours
The weekend is for memories and the best time to go out and create new ones.

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Self Critical

My mind is unbound but I still feel the shackles around my thoughts
Hold my right to speak or do, rest my words and action be used against me
I walk along to see if the today I had all pictured in my head is all that
Whether right or wrong, I step out without much assurance of what life is to be

Questions linger in my head if the society is right and just in all its judgement
I might not have it all figured out but at least I see the way society breaks its
own

Without a holding hand and a fat herd of cattle and a name to your bloodline
All the aspirations of the young are washed a bay, a society critical of itself and
its own

How to be well in a sickly society is the real quagmire in our day
We moved from raising our own in modest essence prioritizing values
Now we break our own with classism if they don't fit in the particular strata
Every now and then in the self-critical I have to recheck if am still in my lane.

If my thinking is in right with that of the society then I am bound to be right
My wings are clipped and I am left to follow a path left before me not stretch in
possibilities
If I talk like nobody talks and think like nobody think I might just be right
When I share my open mind I might just offend, I better cave and stay self-
critical to survive.

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Reclaiming Peace

I yearn for calm in the midst of the ranging turmoil around
The news and media claims it's impossible to attain the normal we took for granted

Worry and fear has gripped the folk both in the city and the country side
The pandemic orders chaos and restraint but my heart will reclaim peace

A cough and sneeze raises suspicion, the close bonds we had now side tracked
We seek a reason to stay apart and separate ourselves from those are hearts hold dear

Strangers stay even further, schools and stores momentarily shut for days then months

Adaptability and agility slowly slipping away from our once closely bound society

We condemn the same values we should so dearly uphold in times of calamity
Disaster ought to have got us together yet now we allow fear and worry to infiltrate

Everybody looking out for some sense of hope at the end of this grey cloud hanging up above

When we wake to the end of the virus pandemic perhaps we will know peace and take back our lives

The difficulty in trusting and loving with a conscience poking questions at heart remains

Peace of mind now seem to cost more than most are willing to part with for own selfish reasons

Every the society breaks further part but what is the ending of this pandemic tale
If for no other lessons, we learn to remember those who stood close by now and the fortress of our peace

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The Price Of Poverty

The man rides on the poor man's shoulders
No longer is it a secret, the rich man feeds off the poor man's bowl
Man eat man and rather, survival for the fittest in a capitalist society
Look closely at the economies of scale and whom it may favor

The government fosters the equality gap each day with policies
As the taxes rise for the poor man so does the anguish with no hope for better days
The cycle of poverty so vicious is orchestrated and perpetuated against the have nots
Each day the oppression of the poor man gets worse then worsen in favor of the rich

How and when does the tides change, they say education bridges the gap
In the same breathe education access hasn't been easy for the poor
The price of poverty weighs heavy on the casualties of generational injustice
Tomorrow perhaps the poor man's cry will be heard by the same deaf years it struck

Without a doubt the poverty will drive the poor to the depth of depth
The same indebtedness the rich uses as a noose on his neck for his gain
With determination and hard work the poor seeks to break free
But isn't freedom from poverty an illusion even the rich seeks to busk under?

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And If Not Now

At the right age of innocence I was immersed in the depth of the baptismal waters

From the depth I emerged feeling somewhat unchanged from the outside

With the urge for change and a new life I walked back home from the service

The spirit of patience and discernment was not bestowed upon me on that day yet

Walking into my destiny without a guiding hand wasn't my human aspiration

Everyone talks of godfathers for open doors and access to the big table

But I woke up a long time ago to realize, I was my own godfather and such I moved

The realization wasn't as comforting but it inspired speedier steps to my chosen destiny

Many burdens have weighed on my shoulders time and again

I waited for signs in the shadows as I designed the path I thought was right

Now I move with discernment for I know the time is right

If not now, then I feel the time of my arrival wouldn't be better than right in this moment



PoemHunter.com

Mwenyeji Spikes

Men Have No Clue

May be sometime we out to listen to our hearts the way we know how to
You see quarrels picked over silence and lack of any clue
Just the other day I caught a frown over the pretty face of a queen
She was upset over clumsy remarks made in earnest

Confused for a dry joke, men get themselves into real problems
We end up in a ditch for lack of a clue what's happening in our queens minds
Let's not pretend we have an idea what's happening in the beautiful minds of the
queens
To ease our problems, I bet we ought to talk and ask, even better we ought to
listen

Oh now she is mad over what I didn't say, when I don't even know what I ought
to have said
Maybe even, we have no clue when we ought to say it, timely compliments
matter
Sometimes its our silence and just an approval nudge of the head, maybe we
have no clue
When we listen and then speak, we bridge the clue gap, in the end all clues
matter.

Are women so hard to understand? In the grand scheme, what do women really
want?
Some men got a clue, yet the clues are not enough we end up treading grey
areas on our queens minds
We live, love, learn work all for the good of our women, to love and provide and
protect
To read between the lines every now and then, to know what our women really
feel and want.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Vibrate Higher

All living things vibrate, some with resonance to the universe
Others off tune but the fact holds still, we choose our vibration
Love and happiness draws us to the higher tune of vibration
Fear and worry drags us down to the lower frequency

Whether we lay on the ground or stand firm on our feet
We are constantly vibrating to the tune guided by harmony of our thoughts
Our actions steer us closer or further from our right frequency
In harmony with our thoughts and actions and foods we consume we vibrate

The light within our souls never guarantee absolute light for all days
We can raise the energy whenever we take hold and control of our subconscious
Body and soul, mind and spirit all in unison with a unified purpose to be free
Casting all the negativity away, if we focus on positive so shall the energy and
outcome be

Mwenyeji Spikes



PoemHunter.com

Bread In The Oven

Day after day the rising sun sets leaving us lessons for tomorrow
If you live long enough to watch the flame dull you will learn of the process
Mix the dough with yeast just like the season mix the wheat and chaff
All through time yields in time as you wait in the process to make something worth

Through life and the unfolding of it, you wake up to realize some ingredients missing

You strive for a perfect bake to make something out of your life
To add some sugar and icing for those around you that you love
Every day you realize that the right mix of everything will never add up

The lessons are clear, make your bread to your own taste and liking
It might never be perfect but the time and dedication will eventually make it worth

It times time for full formation of anything in life we pursue
We know it but yet we want to rush through life, pause and let the bread bake.

Mwenyeji Spikes



PoemHunter.com

Part Of Your Story

Let them talk in their superficial understanding of your predicaments
They try to make sense and fill up the gaps in their minds about you
None has walked a mile in your shoes but they feel the shoe fits
Make peace with the matter of the mind in your incomplete story

The story of your life unfolds right in front of their eyes
All feel entitled to stroke the brush and paint their view of you
What they would like you to be like or what you should live like
Never we surprised that your best efforts are nothing compared to their wishing

When you move and continue to build on your life
Look around and recognize who is the real part of your story
Who stuck around long enough in the chapters of your life
The rest are side notes that never added weight or value to the story's
completion

Your story was written from before even way before the physical
When you move the way you move, move in the purpose of your story's design
The soft whispers, the loud confrontation and the moves against you will ensue
In all, what is part of your story can only be determined by you in your life

Mwenyeji Spikes

Evolving From The Inside Out

Finally I found the light, the light I needed to metamorphosize
The light to look inside and illuminate the deep trenches in my heart
A light that set my way searching for self leads me
I have been running a race, that found me lacking in tools

□

In my life journey, I open my eyes to the light that changes my view
Now I tread the path with full realization that life is for the living
To walk it and fully engage in life with the living and loved ones
The light that brought the knowledgemaking me believe I am part of the all
around & inside

I feel the new birth of the evolving self that agrees with the purpose and rhythm
of the universe

The evolution of my steps into the depth of life no longer sitting on the fence
Fully participating in life to the depth of it in love, faith, peace, family & God
The changes from the inside, have given me a new heart to fulfill my purpose

To immerse fully into this thing called life in its intensity
With a resolve to face my demons with my cross on my back
My thoughts being fully in sync with my actions to the glory of the all
The evolution from the inside out leading me to my pursuit of happiness in depth
of life.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Still Beautiful Songs To Be Sang

Even in the last chapter of the hymns, there is sync in the symphony
With the last kick of the dying horse, there is beauty in the struggle
Ask the marching infantry they know of ugliness in the triumph
We advance an inch closer to victory, but why isn't the glory of the win good
enough?

The heart ponders and executes in secret, but the ends never justified the means
We toil and labor against time and tide, but at the end of it all the work still
remains
Hoping to reach the pinnacle in a loud applause we run and soar but the peak
rise as we do
Never an end to the toil and mark for completion to the race we run this earth as
human

All the universe, weight cast on the back of the man that lived with a song in his
heart
Never sang it loud in fear it wasn't a song good enough but listened keen to
those sang
With the gift of time, might and purpose every man and woman shall leap out
from the tune
The beautifulor ugly tune we put out to the universe and the way it made
resonate with humanity

Mwenyeji Spikes

Written In Stone

The kemetic nobles, alchemists, diviners and soul searchers
With eyes wide open looked into the future and the order of days
Their hearts with pure understanding of the seasons and changing tides
With certainty they spoke of generations to come and great awakening

In wisdom and insight a new generation of the enlightened will reign
Without question the universe moves in rhythm to the prophecies
Written on the kemetic walls and secrets carried by the shamans
The days of greatness will come back to the rulers of the earth in a great
reckoning

The direction of the wind many hold still but the seasons move in cycles still
With knowledge of self and retracing of the roots of the natives the awakening
looms
Hold steadfast and listen to the voice of our ancestors that had it written In stone
Go within and connect to the voice of the awakening that lingers clear in midst of
turmoil.

Mwenyeji Spikes



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She Knows She Can

She takes a sharp look into the mirror
Maybe she don't like the small dark tiny spots at the edge of her skin
She nodes to the music playing on her pods eager to get out and run the day
Most days just be like the last nothing much different this last few weeks.

The boy she kissed last hasn't been acting right
She just isn't sure where that friendship is going next
She believes deep and loves even deeper but she has been hurt before
What love is there in the world if she can't have some for herself?

It is not her kind of thing to put her heart on the line anymore
She knows she can and she just might
What's the gain in giving all to those that don't deserve it, she ponders
She has a few more attempts at love in her heart she knows but she thwarts the
thought of hurt

Maybe love just isn't for everybody at times she thinks
She deserves it deeply but her turn hasn't really come yet
Cupid hasn't been kind and she trust timing is everything
In the right season she just might trip and fall in love, she knows she can.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Constantly In Motion

What if earth stood still for a rest momentarily?

Tired of going round and round her feet sore and her will restrained

Her revolution round the sun brought to a halt for the sake of rest

I would hope she never gives up of her motion

What if the moon finally gave up on rotating?

Moved from her own axis and tipped off to the side to take a nap

Seasons and signs all brought to jeopardy to the end of chaos

We would all begin to appreciate her dedication and constant motion

What if the sun didn't rise on the East tomorrow?

Would we embrace the darkness of the day and the cold of the noon

It would open our eyes to the beauty of the constant motion for all beings

Heavenly or earthly motion keeps us alive and going for all eternity

When we rise, we move in the rhythm of the universe

We shape our destiny by being constantly in motion both for good & evil

To our ends we hope that one day our hearts never fail in motion or skip a beat

The rhythm of the universe in constant motion keeps us connected.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Gotta Feel Good

Social media profiles not so social after all
Fake smiles, overseas trips but look again what do you see
Pretense, ambiguity and the addiction to post some more then again
Gotta feel good from the inside outward
Never forgetting that happiness is an inside job

How will the purusuit of happiness truly end
If only we do it for others and not for self
It gotta feel good from the inside and from the outside it will show
Self love, blessed and new me the favourite new captions
Is there true love from the inside where the camera isnt there

When we are alone, conversating with ourselves captions read different
True hapiness comes from within, contentment no comparison
The point to life is to live it not worry over it
No comments on your latest posts and that dont affect your esteem
It gotta feel good from the inside, if not whats the point to it

Work inwards so the fruits show, master peace without approval
Gain in the number of deeds that spelt out compassion
It makes you happy so it gotta be right but does it feel good overtime
Drwa back your ammunition and captions and let it simmer from the inside

Mwenyeji Spikes

Clarity

Shuffle the cards that you've been dealt,
Lift your head up look up to the clock on the pale wall,
Time tells, time heals time gives clarity
Only if you can tell what time it is.

Your hunger and thirst for clarity time feeds and quenches
The alignment of thought and will within makes it all clear
Racing towards destiny, you pause and question the worth of it all
Your journey all the same different from any other of feet that treaded earth

Mind over matter, truth over perception nor opinions
What counts at the top of it all will be clear in good time
Each step bringing new answers on the path to a destiny of own choosing
Stop and seek clarity over the things you hold so dear to the heart

In pursuit of clarity and grounding we meditate and elevate the mind the soul
Our spirit are renewed with will to make a choice and get the change to create
change
Like a moth we metamorphosize into something new a fresh with possibilities
We break off the matrix and in clarity our rebirth is made apparent to the eye of
those that doubt

Mwenyeji Spikes

Covid Nineteen

Seldom I pause and reflect, often I pause to ponder cause and effect.
Records would give precision to the picture, masses affected with the rapid
spread of disease
When the year started out, it was going to everybody year but only one
possessed it awfully
From a small town in the Asian dragon, the diffusion effectively reaching all
corners of the world.

Even with the cough and respiratory problems, the corona virus ravages on
months after trace
Doctors, scientists, researchers, Tom Dick and Harry wobble in fear of the
unknown
The uncertainty in the world ensues, empty stores, closed businesses like the
apocalypse
Global leaders lead in distancing themselves socially, politically and assistance
wise from the masses

Health works at the frontline in the fight against covid nineteen, forever heroes
they shall remain
With a reminiscent thirst, I recall my local favorite restaurant now shut down and
towing the rules
Travel restrictions causing worries and separation, neighbors hold back in
restraint for safety
Who stands to gain the most from a socially and economically disrupted worry
order from covid?

The elderly feeling the bitter blunt of the virus, being most susceptible to the
virus
Italy, Spain, Korea and the rest of Europe and Asia wails in anguish from the
devastation
The numbers and effect is astronomical causing lock down and on the blink of
martial law to enforce
Africa least hit but cautious rest the virus ravages through the cities and villages
with cure or reprieve.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Dollar Portion

Dollar portion

Drinking rum at the station with the rail workers

Making fun of the warm summer weather and ready cotton

On the other side, not a hint of anything to smile over

Mighty America ready to blossom on the back of the colored

Columbus takes the credit, the discovery was worth all he imagined for him

The Red Indian with the feather to the back of his year

Might recall with burning itch the scourge of the dollar portion

The plantation full this season with peasant workers and African slaves

When the work is done and mighty America rises to dominate

Will the architect of this greatness find their dollar portion

Segregation from the table of the feast, indignation of the statue and history

When the conversation is heard, Karma will roll back

After the waking from the sleep, the hue man from the ancient will reclaim

Get back what rightfully belongs to them with unrelenting vengeance

With the crumbling of the mighty Benjamin, the dollar portion will roll back to the builder

Reparations the discourse and the restoration of the natural order of the universe will ensue

Mwenyeji Spikes

Kigali In The Morning

Cold breeze of a decent view overlooking the hills
Every folk and jembe needed for tasks this early Saturday
We live, love and work, in this we discover happiness
Coming back together to lend hand to one another
Our hearts are connected with care and concern for tomorrow

Birds chirping and it's a new dawn though the close of a season
The rains breaking the banks of the beautiful meandering rivers
Karama would remember this from seasons gone none like this one
The joy in the laughter of the playing children makes all well
The morning carries hope of the day that brings our hearts together

Unity in the spirit of the ubuntu stitches us together
The sun on the emblem of the Kigali flag suddenly begins to shine
And the music of the nyambingi lingers in the bliss of the morning
When the greetings on the passer by storm my composure amakuru
With work and rhythm a platter for the noon is assured with zest

When you look over the horizon past the hills
The hint of connection with nature gratifies the spirit
Even the kivu waters would never quench the desires of a bliss cool as this
Kigali in the morning, a dawn for emulation my cities all over Africa

Mwenyeji Spikes

Something About Home

An aura of familiarity and genuine calm
For the traveler, a hint of nostalgia
We are all tethered to the world from a place called home
We stray and find our way back
To a place in our hearts that's defined by more than just the four walls

The bonds with our kindred makes the memories rooted
Deep within our hearts we treasure the relation and memories
Memories from a place called home
Hot meals, cold showers, warm heartily laughter
Kindred feuds all woven into the family fabric

The bonds stitch us together
Promises we made to stick up for one another
From a house to a home and family is made
Something about home that still lingers.

Home is the easing into rest and tranquility
Home is the long embrace that yields into a sigh of relief
It's the distant long poise of calmness within
Something about home we cant really fathom
Home is a step back into comfort from comfort
Home is the moulding pot

Home is the shortest distance from our hearts to our hands
We feel and do not from responsibility but love
Home is the long afternoon shadow that stays long with us
Even after the sun goes down
It's something about home
We all can't place a finger on.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Risk It And Disrupt Fear

The greater the fight, the bigger the reward
Throw your feet to test the waters and hope not to drown
The depth of your hunger for success and glory beckons
You would rather go down in the fight than wonder what if
Will you miss the opportunities for lack of guts?

Your gut feeling was right, your mind was ready
The essence of life; to try, to attempt once more
Prosperity lies yet further ahead' just outside comfort
What won't break you makes you little stronger
An ounce of valor to step out and attempt, yet one more.

You can hear the echoes, not cheering you but jeers
Moving in fear a little shaking and trembling but moving still
Determination to pick the prize and taste the fruit of courage
Hardwork is key but courage works the trick to large doors
Keep knocking and seeking, keep asking and revelation dawns.

Move and risk the trouble, comfort and disruption
At the opposite end of the spectrum will you find favor
Swim against the wave and conquer all fear of failure
With confident stride and shoulders held high calculate moves
The fruits of your bitter strife and sleepless nights await on the other side.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Light Worker

I seek enlightenment, ready to drink from the cup of knowledge
Let the words spoken sink & the truth simmer deep into the soul
Some called it magic but all along my spirit waited for the manifestation
I spoke words and released the intention into the universe
The universe was fertile and my thoughts and words came to be.

I walk in light, then work in light and nothing to fear nor hide.
My thoughts are clean, my intentions are pure
Creation will stay still and let the waves in my spirit bear life
When the daylight breaks my spirit wakes and commands the day
At night the light within still shines, even in my sleep I traverse the universe

My reign will never cease, the rain will never cease
Every waking dawn will lead me closer to what I seek to be
A light worker moving through time and space not bound but free
Now I stay woke to guard my thoughts and weigh the magnitude of my vibration
I am more than the physical can limit, I am the master of my thoughts
The creator working with God to manifest the will that bears no evil.

Mwenyeji Spikes



PoemHunter.com

It Feels Like That Sometimes

Another bright dawn, early morning and the rooster crows
Woke with hope but a lingering need for a little break to catch a breathe
Later I've been gone far gone almost Inaccessible to self
Other times I hold my chest out, heart bulging with confidence.

Standing in the crowd but still doubt invades
Suddenly I feel empty and out of place
A wave too indignant to push people away
Other times I enjoy the blissful tranquility of being indoors

Sometime I talk in whispers for the fear of not being heard
Other times my body is crumbling with Exhaustion
When I look at the world am overcome by the desire to care less
When self-doubt rocks I feel tiny spaces in my heart fill will rage

We will never know the magnitude of our eternal desires
But daily we seek heightened awareness on our purpose here
Other times we feel other eyes on us being looked, microscope on us
At the end of the day who care whether doubt or confidence wins?

Mwenyeji Spikes

We Could Be Happy!

Standing at the gateway to happiness
You lean on the side and wave with uncertainty
How will you live with your memories being the stumbling block
Will you let your hand down and give way to the inbound feels

We could know happiness and live in its embrace
Only that we've been so scared of the unsacred
We move stealthily with caution and an ounce of guilt
Once we did put others ahead of self and look where we are now

What if we knew a life without karma
Would we be happy and fulfilled?
Perhaps the shadow in our path to freedom fades to empathy
How will we know peace and laughter with our palms firmly closed

Chest to the wind and arms wide open is the way
Embrace the whistling of the wind through the trees in the forest
Let ourselves rise and fall, limp and learn before we run
Maybe then, we could be happy.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Another Young Lost Old Soul

The stare on her eyes is deeper than her age would know
She'll play at take her time in thought like she lives on a cloud
Secluded from the rest of her folks she sits and mimics an old lady doing dishes
Her mastery says she has done dishes and kept a house before

One thing her guardian granny lives to wonder
Where did this young soul live to learn her craft
Maybe and just maybe the young old soul has been in this realm before
She talks in awe and the things she says are baffling

Was this a transcendent experience of a life she has lived before
Did the matrix cast her back on the earthly realm for a new life
What are we to make of the way she thinks, talks, sits, stares and does it all
She is a young old lost soul from before trying to find a way back into a life she
knew before

Mwenyeji Spikes



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The Illusion Of A Connected World

Picket fences, door bells and bold tags, beware of dogs
A tour on the city bus and everyone is clinched onto their phones
One lady with her ear piece plugged onto her ears
She could never hear what the world says, neither could she understand where
it's headed

Right at the next stop we all alight
Dashes and glances everyone scatters in different direction
I had hoped to carry a chat with the driver ask them for direction to this street
The pace of his world is seemingly faster just like the passengers he ferries

The world goes round in different currencies
Everyone trying to chase and get a bit of that
Get some security and assurance in the capitalistic world
So, not even a single second spared for connection

Point of correction, a decade ago the pace was slower but there was a matrix
It's amazing how little a time we have for humanity or anything that won't benefit
us
We are caught up in a daze putting up so many walls but no bridges
What are we so afraid of? if only we could find a place and time to congregate
with ourselves

We now stand conquered by our greed in this internet greet
With a pseudo sense of connection we stand side by side with ourselves
What if we stretched our palms and held out a hand
Connect once again heart to soul, neighbors to strangers.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Let The Voices Speak

You might sit and ponder, then wake and leave
While you were still near slumber a thought crossed your mind
You thought, no, that's probably not me
I am no genius in that kind of way
A nagging thought on your mind, then a still small voice.

Rather probably just let it go and let me settle
What if the voice inside my head was speaking to me
Maybe if I had the time to listen, I'd be great or even at peace
When I choose not to let the voice speak, I parted with my composure

I heard the voice say maybe, just I shrugged and turned the other side
Is my soul mediocre for not following the prompting?
Should I surrender to the voice just sometime?
Am I free for pretending not to hear what the voices in my head say?
I lead the way and the voices follow
At the junction of our agreeing that's where peace of mind abounds

I promised myself never to cheat myself out of the greatness
Told myself the day I agree with the voices, that will be a sure path to triumph
Let my spirit within me free to hear in eloquences
That day I let the voices speak, I found a new light and a path from inside to the world.

Mwenyeji Spikes

He Was Kind Of A Good Man

Many conversations that end the same damn way
So many words spoken with the same solemn intention
A couple of letters written to tell the magnitude of the depth of life
Well to summarize it all some just say, life was granted, so we live it

Reminiscent of bad deeds orchestrated with good intentions
We live and look back at the expanse of life man has lived
At the eulogy reading they keenly listen at the end of a life story
So the bereaved stand under the consolation of friends, neighbors.

What kind of man has the soil taken from the village?
He was kind of a good man with good intentions for his family
Time cut him short of all the aspirations he had for the community
He drunk just once a little, then cursed at the village chief once too little

Angry at the misgivings of life he was, but stilled he toiled
What kind of man works to sweat the little things in life?
Only this kind of a good man that taught virtues to his children
Now to a land beyond he is taken
Leaving behind not the biggest of estate for his children
He shared his soul even with the despised and afflicted

Almost too close to being a good man in his time
Without a legacy as big as the kings but the hearts of many will behold his
memories
Never enough words to describe a man in his quest to be perfect
A journey to fulfill as much but with limited time
He was kind of a good man.

Mwenyeji Spikes

But Remember God

Look up to the skies from whence your help cometh
Is it from the mountains or beyond the horizons?
You sit and ponder days when you had a heart
A heart that was gentle in heeding to the prompts
You were in tune with your spirit and the source of your being

Lately everything seems to have fallen apart
A desperate plea for help deep inside you
Your walk around in the darkness wishing for light
Hopes to thrive and be reborn are deep and alive
You long for something better and with meaning

Giving to the poor and singing a hymn to it
Thumping your chest in days when you felt mighty
Every noble gesture you made gave you a sense of life
How now that you've forgotten where all that came from

Look up and remember your tap
All blessings flow from the One that made you
Your soul longs for the tune that made you feel connected
Anchored to the one that owns your life
In this helpless state of emptiness and despair you stumble
But now remember God, He cares deeply about your every step

Mwenyeji Spikes

Even Then

Turn around quick in panic
Even then your prying eyes miss the dashing line
When the guilt in your heart plays tricks on you
Even then will you put on your white shirt and keep your smile
The lies will explode on your face one day
Even then shall you keep your shoulders held high above your malice

People will talk behind your back and despise your ambition
Even then shall you walk boldly with undeterred zeal
Sometimes things don't work out as you had hoped for
But even then you don't bulge to the humiliation of the doubters
Many won't applause when you finally make it to the top
Even then shall you pour your champagne and toss to a good life

You know that pain is temporary while pride last forever
Even then you steer clear of all the things that would cause you pain
The desire to have something to last a lifetime wakes you each morning
Even then you toil and strive till evening but still it eludes your heart
Your heart felt deserving of love and a little passion
Even still you learned to walk away from the feeling for fear of hurt

Mwenyeji Spikes

Even After A.M

I guess we are even now
Even after all those times I messed your mascara
I still wish I could reach out see through your heart
Thoughts and emotions you kept locked deep inside
All along you wished you could settle your score
Break me down then pull me back again like a breathe in winter

Should I stand like a puppet on your strings
Or a muse for painted under your rough brush
I kept hoping we could find our turn around perhaps start a fresh
The greed instincts in me and your pet peeves couldn't match up to something
bright
Deep inside a shape of savage shows, eager to devour and tear me apart
Now that the opportunity did come around you pull your trigger with no
hesitation

He say she say I am always on the wrong no matter how hard I try
My insecurities show only for you to pick that as ammunition
How long can we keep on this road to our destruction
I started it, you say and cling on to that as a shield to cover your mistrust
Point your finger to my assertion of the ambition I had for us
Even in the afternoon you still stay up not ready to loose your guard

Mwenyeji Spikes

Louder For The People At The Back

Hallowed be thy praises as the envy for your lifestyle by others grow
From the podium we call social media your ego is highly lifted up
You crave for likes and follows and reposts and all that resembles adoration
"Blessed with bae or time for vacation" reads your captions
Or better yet shopping at the mall, ribs and chicken thighs and the Gucci store
bags

You show the world all these happy moments your followers adore
Living the life from the outside but on the inside you crumble bit by bit
Luxury, comfort, goals and dreams you live it all on the pages and rub it on their
faces
The pictures, captions and filters shout yet louder for the people at the back
Those not on your lane and level deserve to bow and spread the timeline with
likes

All falls down and the cement on your podium comes crumbling down one day
Those at the back row will pass by hastily with chuckles at the glimpse of your
fall
Use your pitch a little better sensitive with words for the people at the back-row
You may need a hand or a pat on your back when wind blows turmoil in your
little castle
Maybe then the lines to these lanes will be re-drawn with a new paint

A little less depth with the filters for the people at the back
Maybe you should stop yelling because we can still hear you from the back here
Lanes to broadcast, attention to salvage and a back row to alienate yourself from
A better pitch with a little more depth and eyes fixated on their reception
From the back row some will hear you but most are not listening

Mwenyeji Spikes

Next Three Words

She said, choose your next three words very carefully
All my life I never tensed over a thing so fragile
My statements now put on the weigh balance
Only that I stood there clueless hoping that my promises held weight
Patiently I wait for her assessment, a chill running down my spine

Never been the one to take compliments through arguments
Those curse words cut through the surface to reach my feelings
Once we get started there is no timer to set our grind pads halting
So I take my time to read the lines on her face
Hard to tell what's going on in her mind right now

All the things we said that we didn't mean got us here
Maybe sometimes we should learn to just kick back and hush
Words running through the cracks in our emotions
Forgive me please rather be It's your fault
It's never easy taking the blame for wrongs done

I am sorry it's my fault how can I make it right?
So often I beg pardon but forget to make it okay with that
My next three words should have matter more than my last three
Maybe we should set this ablaze with the next three
How about, Go to hell!
We would all be better making peace and living over it

Mwenyeji Spikes

The Voice Of God

I never heard God speak to man
Should be surprised if he really exists either
Says the atheist in a rather settled tone
Under his pitch though desperation is stirred

Tell me still does God speak in thunder
Is he rather shy and utters in soprano?
Through my dreams I have travelled far and wide
Yet in all my escapades and adventures never stumbled into him

Man yet longs for a determined voice
All he got has been an echo from sheiks, pastors, rabbis and teachers
Not something dependable he could tune his ears to
If only god could wake and decide to speak this afternoon
How long could man wait in this world of turmoil and uncertainty

An inspired wave comes along
Opens man's eyes to gods voices
Through nature god speaks
Soak your skin and clothes in the rain and you'll hear it
Listen to the morning birds sing and you heard it
Look at the laughter of the child play and you'll hear it
The thunder in the sky cracks as you listen to it
Read of the Israelites long struggle on their journey and it's astoundingly clear

The voice of god is everywhere
Even to the deaf he speaks clear
The blind see it as clear as day when open up their hearts
Even in your sleep he speaks
Open your eyes, your mind and heart He speaks even when you're not eager to listen

Mwenyeji Spikes

Soprano In My Conscience

That voice of reason
I try to talk myself out of it
Even when my guts says am wrong
I dash against the counsel to do otherwise
That must make me really dumb or ignorant
The soprano in my head tunes my spirit to my conscience
Yet that won't hold me back from heeding the serpent's whisper sometimes

I fall short time and again
Pinch my ear for not listening to the sharp soprano in my conscience
Walking fast to do wrong and regret later
I could only learn to survive my bad decisions
Sometimes even with an option to walk back on my bad decisions
My foot wont troll back the voice urges me yet back to reason
The soprano in my head tunes my spirit to my conscience
Yet why do I do wrong or should I blame it on the unredeemed human nature

Mwenyeji Spikes



PoemHunter.com

Floating

The air is heavy with intention to pull me down
She says gravity rules cannot be broken even in the shadows
Only if I had wings to set this spirit afloat and toss the feeling around
Why so much to fly for while I could sit comfortable on the ground
A magnimous purpose to live and be free with arms so open

When you float this high some will call it un-humble
Try to blow the dark smoke your way and shade your day darker
You can't be who you are living in fear of those that hate when you're higher
At the end of it all they say it's the humility and the lives you reached down to

Before the curtains close on my little show
I aspire to rise up higher for myself and for all that believe in me
Show the younger generation that they can make it only if they try
Tell the unbelievers that all is possible with a little faith and work
Be the emblem that stands high and conspicuous as a floating kite

Rest of them would try buoyancy will all agree with me
It's not about living inflated with feelings, it's more of letting go
Living beyond the limitations of things that put you down
Leaning against the wind and letting the worries fade for a little while
Nothing is perfect in this world but we all deserve a little floating

Mwenyeji Spikes

Not In The Same Way I Do

Honey bits shared in the dark are sweeter
Wrong actions with good intent are easier to pardon
The will of a heart embroiled in passion is stronger
It's just that you don't see it better than I do

My heart will stop here and let my mind take over
I have let my foot trip and I fell deeper than I thought right
You hold my heart on your palm and toss it right and over
Innocently I came to the cross right where you shed me open

Now my eyes are wide open, I let the light come in
I trust you feel something for me but just not the way I do for you
Playing the fool better than nobody else can yet now tables turn
Laid my emotions flat at your love I was subdued like a cub at the lioness foot

I know now what you feel for me, just not the way possible
Not the way I had desperately hoped it would turn and weave out
We are better off distant and quiet than close and confused, simply entangled
It's like the ceasing of a fever that ravaged through my heart like a forest fire

Mwenyeji Spikes

Girl On The Map

Its easy to see hope grow into something more,
Hard to know what's inside when you trace a smile,
Time flies rapid you should know,
Yet from a time you notice something peculiar through time,
A girl on the map that has been aging with grace.

Every now and then the colors match,
Time feels right like the blues in the skies,
Simple sentiments for a girl on the map,
She lives big with big dreams,
At 23 loving all with a grateful heart

With abundance of life ahead,
She lives to see all her dreams come to live,
With a winning smile on her face her heart is always calm even thru storm,
Nothing is truly perfect she knows,
But that won't stop her from achieving her dreams,
The girl on the map shines bright,
At Gods perfect time, no one could ignore her impact & the good her existence
brings.
Aging with grace eager to make her big mark on the map, on her globe!

Mwenyeji Spikes

Men Are Like That

Men are peculiar and mystique
In gods eyes they stand free with will
Husbands, fathers, sons and brothers
All made out of the very clay by the pool at Eden

Designed to the makers' specification and imagination
Most have no clue of the limits of their wants and desires
Measuring their muscle and life's worth against that of others
Granted dominion over all creatures and resources of the earth
They rule over the earth and multiply both in honor and contempt

The thoughts of power, control and conquest
Men are from mars and women from Venus
In pursuit of love many have been wounded
At the battle grounds for conquest many succumbed
You may never know what they know, guilt pleasures

Yet they stand clueless but steadily coming up with a plan
Men are courageous, most with the heart of a lion
Are eager for love but afraid to commit
Honor their fathers and mould their sons
Men are a mystery, dark like a forest some just bright as the day

Mwenyeji Spikes

Opium Of The Soul

Careful little lungs what you inhale
Be wary tender heart what you harbor
From sunset to sunrise you watch and wait
Eager you stand by the door frame looking to the skies
The tides and seasons all seeming right for the prophecies
Your allegiance stands unquestioned, the word will hold true
From a distance you catch a glimpse of a deep grey cloud from the north
Your ear tuned more attentively to the radio, rumors of war and nations uprising
Disturbing reports of atrocities unthinkable and evils unimaginable to your
sanctified ears
Faith is a commodity and in hope you are eager to transact even though
questions pop in your mind

Patience, persistence and perseverance
Your heart swells each minute with hope of a thing
The definition of your life struggles unfolds vividly by the hour
This thing called hope you choose to hang on to till your morning comes
But your morning has been elusive so you consume some more of it till you pass
out
Passed out on your dreams, left the ways of your fathers before you for
something new
What got you drunk old friend while deep within you desperation grew tearing
you down to the ground

Mwenyeji Spikes

Reconciliation To Heal

A harsh inclination to compromise
A succession from the truth that borders pain
Sometimes you wonder if you let your heart time enough to heal
Every time you ponder forgiveness it hurts even more
But did you deserve all this misery perpetrated by your own kindred

The memories come flooding right through
Your only hope for redemption dawn on your heart now clearer
You set free your heart when you choose to let go all the pent anger inside
Denied of your childhood the better days taken away from you by your beloved ones
The hurt left scars deeper than the surface but now a cure can be found
Forgiveness and reconciliation is a mile extra but in reconciliation rest is promised

You pose and reflect what it could be if you felt more free
The time to break bread seemingly never too certain
Fathers to sons, mums advice reprieve to their daughters
When we hold hands close our eyes and seek for direction from above
Our wounds seem to heal and our broken bonds seem to redeem their pulse
It may seem a mile stretch but each step brings us closer to freedom, sanity and redemption from hurt

Mwenyeji Spikes

Worth The World

To gain the whole world and lose your soul is nothing
You ponder and question what life is
What it all amounts to, is there reprieve after all
To lose yourself only to be found at the feet of His mercies is everything

Treading life with caution, hold back the good
Fear restrains your endeavors to reach out
You know not the worth of your love
Whether once rendered out, it will be reciprocated
Countless nights you laid your head on the pillow fathom regrets
Compromises you had to reach to keep your upright heart

The meek shall inherit the earth
Lived all your life in meekness but when will the inheritance come
You live to question the deity and take a humble pie of their disapproval
All your life, you strived and toiled
Tilled unproductive land hoping it could get better later
Here goes the later now, nothing to reap off it

Was too much ambition your undoing
The hope to reign on the cross over robbed you

Mwenyeji Spikes

Whom Are We Kidding After All?

Whom are we kidding after all?
Whatever it is, there is no winning in this game
The union of two into one is strange
More like confusion than fusion
So who is the lucky con?
Emotional rollercoaster feelings that hurt

By lucky or chance the coupling takes place
More like love at the first glance in the hall way
First union boulevard then uphill all the way
Flowers, chocolates and rings to show
So two turn into one but can't decide which one

Love is strange but even stranger is marriage
Blessings pronounced over exchange of vows

Mwenyeji Spikes



PoemHunter.com

Smile Carrie Smile!

Smile Carrie smile!

Remember when mum used to rub your tiny feet?

Bathed you in warm water and served you donuts

Your world was small and the smile never left your face

I recall your innocent laughter when poppye played around you

You joined school and teachers liked you

Smart demeanor and an elegant stride when puberty met you

You loved to dance with pete and smallie after school and play

Your birthday cake came late at 16

Often you let off your guard and let pete catch a peck on your cheek

Where has all the laughter gone

Can you still feel your heart beat

Do you still dance to the rhythm of the universe under the night skies

You caught a fever doctors said your lungs were weak

But your heart is strong and the fight ensues

On the mirror you look a little sulky but your light shines

Curly hair no comb but the boys loved that

Through seasons your smile has disappeared

You took their mockery with a light heart now look at them

Put on your smile and hold your shoulders up higher

Listen not to their careless whispers

Deep within is a voice that speaks clear

Be sure through it all your soul wins and your smile is the crown

Smile Carrie smile, the morning is bright the day is yours!

Mwenyeji Spikes

Viral And Vicious

Viral and Vicious

Tell me what it takes to sanitize this level of savage

Is the level of idiosyncrasy something we can salvage?

We are bombarded with the vines once again

Check your spasms and clear folder this is no news or grapevine

The clips have gone viral around the world and back on your phone

What where your eyes tread, lest it's you trending with your infamous manners

Cameras everywhere by the click of a button all is sent

Is there any more privacy left on us to spend?

Is this vicious salvage that hungry for amusement?

Perhaps rules or regulation should apply

According to the new vine chapter this vice has just began

Cultural absurdity, nudity, vulgarity all appropriate in the city

Where then does this sit with our morals or traditions?

The amusement doesn't stop there yet

So catch yourself laughing at the peril of others on a funny clip you just got

You click share and spread around the misery

After all this wasn't your tragedy

This morning the post shared on my timeline

Knew I could afford time to read the line blurt out loudly with laughter

The medicine of the soul after all is a little morning amusement

Memes, funny clips, reposted generic jokes devoid of sense or sensitivity

The landscape changes every turn at the click of a forward button.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Be The One

Be the One

When calamities fall and the clouds all turn grey
If the smiles slowly fades out
Perhaps the going will get tough
When you ride this life like a rollercoaster
You will reach the peak but wait still for your low

When the wolf has struck and the sheep all scattered away
You will take home none but a depressed spirit
If your growth is curtailed and for a reason you can't stretch further
Then your call is eminent to rise higher and stand above
Though the tides range higher, your level will be raised

When your waiting has been long overdue
Your patience is all drained, the call is upon you still
To be the one whose head will be raised up
Your test to be unwavering in the promise
Let not time twist your arm
The fulfillment of your hopes and promise stands nay

When the parading of the righteous will be called
Let your ear be one to hear the trumpet and stand
To be caught up in the skies in the day of hope
Let your spirit be unstrained living in love today
Will you be the one that counts it all joy?

Mwenyeji Spikes

By The Roadside

By the Roadside

Two roads diverged in a wood

I stood there by the roadside clueless

Seldom I took a glance at the pedestrians that walked afar behind me

A man with a crippled feet responded with an equally blank smile

He walked right passed me disappearing into the woods

From the deep thicket a child appeared with a bowl on her hand

Quickly, she took a left rushing fast on her way

May be its time I asked for directions, softly I thought

A fools errand or a kings call I should had time to respond

Two roads before me without the spirit to discern my path

The cloud high above hanging like a canopy

I looked up for signs, a flash in a direction to observe

None from up above did I see

Looked down to my feet

Caught a glimpse of the steps of they that walked ahead of me

Big footsteps that scared me, I felt timid

Looked up again and saw the clouds part

Behold a beautiful smile was the impression

Telling me to carry on pursue the right

Alas the footsteps ahead were gods own

Walking ahead of me to pave my way

Mwenyeji Spikes

What's Next From Here?

What's next from here?

All along I suspected the teachings were wrong

The edge, more or less seemed closer than it actually ought to be

The decorated truths of our journeys now stand questioned

What if you went yonder, surpassed life and got back?

These tales seem never to end, the departure of our souls

We stand bound together by reason yet broken apart by uncertainty

What happens next after you leave this world physically?

Are the doors to life beyond suddenly open with warm reception?

Will the angels of light pave your way to the crowning

Perhaps eternal damnation of the wicked and the celebration of saints

What happens next yet a mystery

When nobody knows or has the revelation yet, we stumble and crave to know

The patience of having our questions answered is wavering by minute

We stand here and pose naïve therefore, opening our minds to leave them blank again

One day perhaps not today the revelation will dawn

The thirst of our knowledge to tread our next path shall be made known to all men

We can thus leave with a little less tension

Hope to enjoy our lives with a little less concern

But upon every man lies a question in his heart, a burden on their back

The cross to carry living life precarious of what could be in our next journey

Only problem is mastery of how to be grateful for the current journey

Under the face of the earth and shinning yellow sun

Mwenyeji Spikes

Seeing My Life

Tipping point was the only point
Life on the edge of despair & disillusionment.
The weight heavy on my shoulder,
And even heavier it weighed on my heart
Pulling me deeper from the surface

Desperately I yearned for an escape,
I felt time and love slip from my hands
From afar I looked helplessly, seeing my life.
I took caution in love
And let all those repressed feelings fly away.
Nothing to hold on to but promise devoid of passion.
I looked on yet from yonder seeing my life with the eyes of another.
I anchored my hopes onto your promise yet my faith was wavering

The view unpleasant, the feel distasteful
I felt the need to get a hold of things
Steer me far away from all the troubles in my life.
Reconcile the good and the bad
But yet even my deepest convictions were shaken.
Knew not what freedom could be nor what I could feel to love myself even more.
Did wrong to self and others heard mama yell boy you need to see your life!
Straighten up the crooked and toe life's good line
I yearned for certainty in tomorrow but even when I looked yonder no
streak of yellow line for my reprieve.

Laid down on my bed at night, put out the lantern just to count ways
of how I'd hoped my life would turn out
Only it wasn't to be
Wishing I could see my life from my mother's humble eyes
To see the son she'd hoped I'd be
But that path wasn't for me
A million things in life I could be, yet only one I see, an astrologer
with a palm to hold
And visions to see.
Seeing my life in my own eyes.
Everything I would hope to be.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Sober

SOBER

Sober up oh beautiful staggering soul,
Where is your determination for conquest and resolve for peace?
Have you lost your sight to the blurry vision of undetested malice?

Roll your dice, feed your hunger
wash your hands off the dirt from your past.
The clouds look up to you and your will for the safety of our
tomorrow. The bells ring in your head but you're still caught up in
your slumber, when will you depart from your ignorant ways.
Will you lend a deaf ear to the voice of reason that whispers gently?
Old soul sober up, raise your head and listen to the beautiful rhythm
of your long determination for freedom.
Let not your sorrow cut you off from your inheritance, old soul look
up for tomorrow brings yet new hope for prosperity and a future you
once dreamt of yet watched from a distance with fear.
You let greed, fear and malice steal your soberness,
now you walk on a dark part filled with guilt and resentment,
old soul your fight to salvage what's left is your only chance.

Your fist firm but your resolve still wavering, old soul sober up let
your will to fight come alive,
For the war within stands calling, the battle around sapping your
energy but in determination, your hope for soberness stands unfoiled.
Drink from this bottle of trust, self worthiness and love and your
fight will be half way conquered.

Old soul live and love, your laughter in just along your way so flown
no more, stretch your wing and soar beyond, old soul your beauty in
soberness stands.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Numb

NUMB

: Hang on or probably just hang up,
Walk away from all this mess and take your mind further from it.
Interesting how this should all end,
Perhaps you had wished for a happier ending.

Numb is how you feel and the sour taste left on your tongue won't help,
Stay up late and count ways of how worse this could have gone,
Its better now, you break up with your demons.
Bottomless pit of despair, but you still feel your feet,
A desperate fight to stand again, still all you find is an empty heart, numb.
You cry of hurt, yet tears won't flow,
Sad and bitter yet your lemons couldn't make lemonade, so anger ensues.
All this time you lost would perhaps have better been spent not
building castles, now all comes tumbling down.

Walk along don't pause on your way, the grief grips your heart and
you tried your happy melody, still you stand numb.
Scars will heal, you tell your heart, innocent to believe but time
won't rush so you go over the ordeal in cold slow flashes, heart numb.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Tell Me

TELL ME,

Are you happy in denial of what you used to feel?
Are my secrets still safe with you.
I need to know in this slithering paranoia that creeps
up close repressing my hopes to salvage what's left of what we used to
be
my heart in runs and yours just indifferent
tell me what could I say to smother your heart of stone
that was once beautiful clay now
gone hard, tough to break, impossible to mend
I pretend not to feel no more?

Tell me How did it feel sleeping on all those texts,
Was it sweet as a bed of blue ticks,
I dont mean to be a pest in my protest for a
tension.
That I should still maneuver around
curve this insecurities that engulf me
I thought we was real now all we got is you showing up in filters,
I know we can't feign the good vibes no more but still cannot help but think,
what if.

Tell me, what if we could rewind back time, and play back all the good
memories, would it change a thing?
I know you still creep up my Instagram, and check snaps on my chat
just incase one was directed at you
beneath your solid show I know
there is a place where our fluid energy still flow, tell is that place
empty or are you letting other prey on what we built.
Time & again I flip my phone to check and see of a text that perhaps
accidentally came from you but we both know our egos won't let us play
first move so feelings we throw like Tom braidy yet wait n pray that
things change.
Tell me is our hour glass still to watch, are this feelings still worth to toss?
Tell me that even in the next life your heart will still be mine

Mwenyeji Spikes

Love Is, ..

Love is a slow stream, meandering time and again
Flows forth from an unknown source
Sweeping through the very clay that molds hearts
Only to empty into the ocean that never fills up.

Love is a solid rock on a hill
Whose face the rain drips upon
Quenching the thirst seated in the rocks crust
Deflecting the heated rays of the sun back to the blue skies
Steady and immovable by no petty force
But slowly eroding over the years
Into pebbles no one can plaster back together.

Love is an ever green vineyard
Whose gardener holds dear to his heart
Dressing every vine in the morning sun through seasons
Ever generous the yard provides for the wine-press
To the eager drunkards and humble royalties.

Love is dust on a sojourners path
Blown up by the wind and blinding his eyes
Never holding onto the ground for a moment
Causing thirst and hunger to the tummy
Love is sight, not blindness
Love is bright not darkness
Love is kind not harshness
Love shines brighter than all other stars put together.
Love is Love.

Mwenyeji Spikes

When Was It?

when was the last time your commitment took you there?

what day was it

when was the last night you burnt the midnight oil

Not passively sitted on your bed

but restless working on progress?

When did you hunger for it more and more?

when did you yearn for success like you should?

Did you let slumber drag you away

Did your aching back let you sleep?

The zeal slowly calling you out to stay awake

Yet you cling only onto dreams

dreams with no commitment

wheels with no fire burning within them to move

when was the last time your determination took you there?

what day was it? did your dreams keep you wide awake into the wee hours of the night?

Did you let fatigue rob you off your ambitions and dreams? did laziness stealthily creep in while on your nap?

was the siesta to last that long?

the challenge is calling, the time is hastily passing

yet the question remain unstirred

when was the last time your commitment took you there?

Commitment not unto a purpose of your own making

A quiet night thinking not only of yourself

Beckoning to the need of fellow man and feeling the need to stretch forth your arm and lend help

to see, to touch, to meet the need of another before that of self?

Tell me when was the last time compassion took you there?

what day was it?

Mwenyeji Spikes

He Say, She Say

He Say, She say

Aren't you tired of all that old mess already?

You come up with that single line every time

At the edge of our conversation you hang up the line

The straight face couldn't hide a single lie

You seem to know when to cover your insecurities

pose numb and duck to the door when the floor gets cold

Well, He said, she said you are not to trust

so inside my heart these questions linger

Look at all the dirty clothes in the sink

Wish you could pose for a minute and think

Why are we here for?

What are we screaming out silently for?

Our hearts no longer pound the same

Yet you insist you are not to blame

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 PoemHunter.com

Look, what time we sit on this argument for

When all you heard was systematic rumors

Now posing an informatic tumor in your nerves

You head out to pick groceries

Yet the voice still stuck in your head

He said, She say

You stand and pose strong

Only to get down sick with the pretense

Where is your heart already?

He say, she said, am not to mess with

But the truth don't hold with their whispers.

They look down on us

Yet pose like we could be further

Happy with their ruins

The silently wish we broke down

Like them only to break up
Don't give power to their words
Your ears are way too beautiful for that
When He say, she said.

Mwenyeji Spikes

A Little More Conversation

You walk with stance and vigor
You know a lot but probably say nothing
you press onto hopes and face resistance
you hesitate at the resounding regret in silence
you test the waters and immerse in the doctrine
your innocence holds you back, yet you want more

You yearned for a little more conversation
You wish you could set an audience with yourself
You hold the funniest moments dear
You discern truth at the face of it
You live to see the day it sets you free
You hoped for flowers and a note
You yearned for a little more conversation

You hoped for laughter on the other side
You clasped on tightly to the dreams
you stayed wide awake and recounted the moments
you wished you could redeem lost time and secrets
You knew your worth was times over
You deserved better and new it in your heart

You lean forward and take a deep stare
You crave for a little more attention
You never complained of the words uttered
You rest your head on the pillow and kept thoughts saddle
You longed for a little more conversation.

Mwenyeji Spikes

No Place Called Home

From a distance I catch a glimpse of the cross-roads
I have stumbled on my path and gone astray
Felt the nostalgia to track back my steps
My heart desire to find a light to lead me home
In the darkness my soul has known lack
Lack of the feeling of what it used to be.

With my luggage on my back I tread black soils then red
Cross oceans in the midst of ranging tides
I hopes almost crushed at the sea
I have lived through promises of yet a new dawn that cometh
Kept my head high hoping my plea gets heard

Looking for a hand, a war embrace
Only one I couldn't find, no place called home
Departed amidst the wars, the striking of hunger
Looking for a place where my dreams would be fed
Opportunity scarce not even any bread enough for my rumbling tummy
I had felt better in days when smoke came rising from the ruins

To be looked down upon, with a gaze of despicion
Held at bay quarantined from my anguish
Waited for a day to sleep and find dreams in my sleep
But the voice in my head kept me up, longing for home
Days passing by and dreams slowly fading away

Families town apart by the tide to run away from home
My only cry to find a better resolve, to stand again
The courage in my heart slowly burning out
Yearned for less and less but event still never found the place
No place called home.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Wrapped In The Light

I have built a chamber in my heart
where hatred and promiscuity could not survive
I have painted reflections of good deeds
only a noble man could patent
I have robbed my innocent heart of all desire
to cause and hurt in the world
I have been wrapped in the light

Jeopardy stands afar in the shadows
eager to see me trip and point at me
accusing me of masquerading as an agent
The world therefore bespeaks of my relentless will
a humble commitment only to pass on good
a persistent choice to only walk upright
I stay indignant only to the unjust
All day and night wrapped up in the light

My words not always colorful
but to speak hope to dull moments i persist
In the depth of my dedication i find paths
Luring shadows and voices that only call the stray
I find comfort in the little
never new the belly of a glutton ever filled
in gratitude i fair on to journeys across the beam
Always wrapped in this light.

Mwenyeji Spikes

When Did You Stop Being Enough?

I keep trying persistence, then patience.
I went slow on faith, yet the believe in myself falters
When did I stop counting on myself?
At the window opening, did i sell out to the opposition?

Virtues, character, timing, passion and focus
I was at the tip of getting it all right
Then my feet sunk deeper in self doubt
One i was rooted firm like a tree besides a stream
I had conversations with self of what I'd be

In my dreams the weight tipped off
Woke up to the feeling of inadequacy
Self sufficiency drifting further and further away
When did you stop being enough?
The question lay rhetoric on my mind
Did their whispers and prying eyes breed self doubt in me?

Realized nobody could counter the force
Hope to be better and make mileage
All the energy I hoped to unleash on my dreams
on the world that once seemed to be on my platter
All is now crumbling down to insufficiency
Self doubt draining the courage from my heart
When did you stop being enough?

Mwenyeji Spikes

At The Taxi Bay

I don't know where I caught up with my groove
Often I don't come to these sides of town
So it's not energy am tearing straying my eyes/
To catch a glimpse of this stunning lady carrying hampers
Truly discovery don't happen only on the channels.
At a taxi-bay, is where all this is happening

And now I realize culture engraved on her ecko-jacket
Pieces on her jeans too.
Her wrist band says hello, my heart goes mellow at the taxi bay.
My eyes glow weary, she's not alone her baby sister came to town with her too
My glare is now torn.
These two chicks have Irish hair and eat apples to shape.
No wonder the sub-Saharan is so hot but I got to let this go.
Let it go but let them know, what it'll be,
Some kinda tea, some coffee please, just any kinda outing to talk
Talk to these, two ladies that you did see,
Pace your convo spot the blonde, catch a lead and head 'er off,
You got the lady tell 'er so, make her day wit' mend-alls so,
She can't resist you n' you know, it's on her soul, shot wit' Cupid's bow,
Now just play ya game, get her tossed, salads all, she never had it like it's now...

She can't be on the same lane and remain same,
Texture of her lips is just the work of art,
The way she stepping on the ground it just kind of hurts,
Movie scenes she should be in, to melt hearts
I like to make my vibe work n think of camera flash
When we go up the aisle but cut the scene,
Roll t back to the taxi bay, got me catching a cab

Mwenyeji Spikes

When We Write

We yearn to create something beautiful
When the ink craft fully spills down to paper
We wish to make every letter etch its impression
When we write the conscience in our mind is clear
We pray that every letter finds its place in your heart

Whether in joy or anguishing in pain
When we write we write with a passion
Whether the subject is dear to our hearts
Or causing tears to our eyes we write
We write with a purpose at times known
At times dark and unknown as the pearl of the night

We write with zeal, we write under dimming flames
When we write we pour out our minds
We relish every curve of every letter
Every syllable special, every vowel conspicuous
In consonance with the will deep within we write

Mwenyeji Spikes



PoemHunter.com

One Direction

Had the story of my life told
But just in one direction
Told of how enduring I was to the struggle
For the battle was fought deep within me
For days my feet hurting, knuckles bruised

If only the pen to write cast more ink, more light
To the reality of the rollercoaster life
No to miss the ups nor over stress the downs
Neither to take rest but continue shedding light
Express the low in its depth and heights to the pinnacle

Ditches I found myself caught up in
Hallways I found myself treading paths of highness
The story in one direction
To paint the rough dull picture along white flames of glory
To talk with zeal of the moments I rose to the occasion
And not deprive this audience of the moments
Moments I fell to proud or weak to rise and take my stand
With a simple voice the story still is told
Told but often in one direction
The saint's direction casting shade on the sinners direction.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Never Let Go

The upside is on the downside
Defying gravity that pulls our hopes down
Our relentless struggle to finally come up
On our path to freedom and emancipation
The light dwindles further and further away
A different kind of danger surmounts

The hopes of what we'd become
Now seem something distant and strange
From the view down here the streak is dimming
A thin line between dreams and goals
Yet the line; work stands awaiting to be done
Stand up for what we believe
Never letting go of our hopes

Our feet might get bruised
Our soles might wear out on the journey
But our hands will forever be clasped tightly together
Our unity, our passion, our drive
What's ours will never be taken from us
Deep within our hearts our dreams will rest
Never letting go of our vision

Mwenyeji Spikes

Proprietary Feelings / Lust

Every cloud has a silver lining
Even the dark has its bright side
But what's the use of all this love spent on you
If all it boils down to is lust
These proprietary feelings of wanting you
But not loving you enough to stay

It's all wrecking confusion and havoc in my heart
A turbulence deep down my spirit
When do we go deep
When do we know how deep the Abby dips
How long the proprietary feeling sleeps
And when not to cross the line

Mwenyeji Spikes



PoemHunter.com

Here We Go Again

She says that we've been here before
and then she starts to cry,
You see in her conversation I get lost
Like emailing addresses on E- bay
How I wish I could listen and respond in every-way
but every word she utters leaves me in ultimate dismay

So I bounce onto the couch
Sit back as I watch her lips move up and down like a cartoon in Disney.
Here we go again arguing
Calling me names and she's tired
Even she don't believe in, all the lies that I be weaving
So she picks up her bags and contemplate of leaving
But even she don't really think of life living after
It is like we don't give this love enough space to breathe

Her friends keep on lying that I am lying
and I know that her heart is bleeding
But I am not to blame for whatever hurt her feelings
She knows that I suck at being perfect too
But I try to calm her down and tell her,
Baby we got problems & though money don't grow on trees

I know of a beautiful place where we can go sit beside the seed bed
Under the trees as we listen to the ballad notes
and watch our hopes grow
Here we go again me begin for her to stay
But she's tired, too tired to even try.

Mwenyeji Spikes

The Spoken Word

In the beginning was the word,
Spoken word that gave life unto the universe
So today I speak to immortal souls that are in deep lust for flesh and gold
Ambitions to rise to hierarchies and riches they mould
But within a short time their bodies wither away like dry mould
Who then can speak life to this dead and dry bones?

The spoken word is deliberate, the broken world is un delighted
Harsh words full of ill motives have made us feel wrongly rubbed
Hunger, poverty and violence have made us un united
Cheese, bread and water, make sons rise against mothers
Fathers violate their daughters, the alter priests lose their focus
Images reflected on the mirror show no love and no mercies

This is not what words were meant for
So I decree with a proclamation, freedom to the captives and vaccines for the
prone
The virus is spreading fast, even to the sheep in the fold
Many tales and myths have been told
But relentlessly our ears could not listen
The media, vogue, double xxi and of course the CNN
These things are un pronounced but perhaps that's why we got two ears
But still only a few can afford to pay attention.

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Mwenyeji Spikes

Lamile Itale

Last week strong winds blew over the dry lands
Carried with it the manyatta roofing made of grass
Shook the roots of the mighty baobab and acacia
Despair rents the air as the suns heated rays fiercely heats up the ground
The boreholes seem to give up already

Their encounters with the moon at night is their only hope
Only thing that promises them a better tomorrow
The regular morning dew didn't show up
So the quest to quench their thirst was frustrated
Not enough water from the boreholes to feed their herds

Ancestral spirits promised never to forsake them
But lately they feel desperate and deserted
At dawn the morning rituals were cold today
As they prayed to find an oasis along their way

Lamile Itale is worried sick and her stomach bulges in
And then inwards some more
The bitter roots of the Sahara are bitter and dry
Without a light at the tunnels end, desperation grows
She construes that may be she should give up and die

Deeply carried away by thought
Agonizing from the troubles of cattle raids
Lamile Itale adamantly refuses to give up in this struggle
As her little son suckles her empty breasts
Ignoring constant distraction from the house flies
As it suckles the life out of its own mother
Troubles won't last hopes depressed but the spirit to fight will suffice

Mwenyeji Spikes

Afromental Contagion

A diagnosis of the mind state urgently looking for answers
To that which has prevented the person from being himself
Restrained him from living to his full potential
That which causes him not to be appreciative of himself
To depart from his own cultures
To be unappreciative of his fellow man in the pan African struggle

That which has caused him to look up to the western ways as being superior
To have nothing to look forward to in his mother land, Africa.
A post mortem to reveal the new strain of virus that has infested his mind and soul
Caused him to make deep resolutions every year start and not abide by any of them
To be full of greed and lacking in love

To withhold from giving and be backward on thought
To lack freedom and constantly spite justice.
To lose spirituality and resent polygamy
To longer treasure informal education and way of apprenticeship
To want to migrate to urban centers and have a fast foods lifestyle

To let go spirituality nor pour libation any more
To lack regard to the spirits of our ancestors
To be unappreciative of the femininity in the spirit of mother Africa,
But instead raises his hand to strike his woman and scold his child
To not speak out against violence and other atrocities
To want to sell their bodies and depart from our culture and value for chastity
To want to explore lesbianism and gayism
To want to have equity but not grant equality
To turn his back away from the shrines

To lack time to enjoy nature and tend to it
To rid elephants off their tasks in pursuit of money
To not want to wear colored beads and dance to the rhythm of Africa
To be ashamed of our African protruding bellies and endowed hefty women dancing
Not to find ways of healing our communities and live as one in unity
To not hold our hands and be one as Africa

Mwenyeji Spikes

The Mission Warden

When fairly dusty tales fail to add up
We look up to logic for interpretation of starts and riddles
His hallucinations were temporary but his dreams were forever
Something like the village bliss swept over his soul
He was a steward to the master's materials
Keeping watch over the cattle on a thousand hills

Mission warden kept watch over deserted sheep
Every time the rod got off his hands he found himself asleep
Precaution and caution he took to keep guard over the tribal sheep
Mission warden always boast of will
But never in the morning will grass sit by the dew

His imaginations are full of wary
What happens when the master gets back to find two amiss?
Gates broken and the wild fox bruised half the flock
Mission warden never found time to keep count of his stock
Night approaches and he can't tell what's important of his flock

Mwenyeji Spikes



PoemHunter.com

A Good Photograph

I simply stayed up late last night
In a decisive state of mind I came to realize,
I couldn't help but stare at this photograph
And now I already done the math

A thousand words would cost, Kshs.123/- on mail
But on a mission to tell you what's really heart-felt they would fail
On networks like Safari they would sail,
Yet am not sure whether they would reach Yu,
Sent through rail, sea or Air I can't Tel

But a good photograph I pictured
Is worth and much more than a thousand words it could tell
Tell you of my sincere thoughts of you
Scrolling through the album
I caught a glimpse of you held in your mom's arms

Truly a lifetime is made up of moments
Too late hide from this tide that might drown us
We could ride along and see where these memories drop us ashore
If only I could frame every minute and put it close to my heart

Mwenyeji Spikes

Born In Africa

When ends swell and hope shines,
I know that that am from the precious wells,
It's so easy to tell with the charm hanging on my neck
Diamonds from Sierra Leone make that side shine

When I stand like Zulu
Know it's a lot that I've been through
Gold mines down waterfalls, above all black oil wells,
It all began here, and here it's going to end.

The motherland that gave birth to civilization
Cultures that hold us together
Both the old and the wise will sit around the fire place
This rich heritage no one will ever snatch from my heart

Raised to know how to respect the elders
give regards to the ancestors, pour libation
With humility extending our hands to give love and receive
Once the sun rises to pick my tools and till the land
walking the Savannah with the heart of a lion
Every morning dawning with new inspiration for the land and its people

Mwenyeji Spikes

Nothing Personal

I heard that you don't give a listening ear to him no more
Well, he is not the first of your allies that you label a friend,
Only to get back at you and bring you down again

They say that your spirituality no longer exposes your soft spot
The same spot that boys once use to love to prick and make fun of
Your body you always said was a temple of the most high,
But look how easy they bring you down again

It's nothing personal, but even so, I wouldn't help but wonder
If all this tuition your parents pay, doesn't afford you class
At least it should afford you sense and intuition
Of who you really are, and what your heart says through your eyes

It's nothing personal, but your worth is fallen
You try to bring back the days of your grace
But along the way, you feel that your scar still shows
Your heart and soul is still out there
But deep inside lies the hurt
Deep wounds to nurse and all you feel is betrayal

Mwenyeji Spikes

Nights In Her

Every time the thought sprouts in my mind,
I recall a path at the back of my mind,
A path that leads me back to her,
In a different world far off where lights shine at night.

Within her tables are laid for drunkards, robbers and murderers
Her warm breath attracts all by her path like a strong magnet
Her talk many have heard as afar off her praises scatter
So kings, poppers and the lay ride on horses, from afar west and east eager to
find her.

With pounding nostalgia I recall nights in her, crickets wailing in the dark
My boots heavy with dust, as I proceed to enter this land of the living cursed
Nights in her igniting passions
Her enchantress beauty, her cultured paths
Chimneys and diamond alleys on her neck

Nights in this small town and the moonlight shining from above,
High above the roof for this was more than just the passion,
Never did I let her feel any guilt for the sons she has sired
For in none of them could she find pride

Even with the sixth sip of wine on their lips
the strangers in her, can't tell whether her alluring smile is for forever
they sip and dip their lying tongue to clobber her with promises
and utter praises stemming from their lust

Nights in her are never cold
the monsoon wind blows over the bristle roofing
her tenderness is a soft spot many love to prick
at times I fear, that's all left of her
Is a deserted rusty space, a town down in ruins.

I recall nights in H.e.r, in empathy, sympathy and nostalgia no words can
describe

Mwenyeji Spikes

Good Vibes

Good vibes she had
She used to come around at noon
and ask what assignment the chemistry teacher had left for us
In the afternoon we would discuss math and chuckle
Loved to see her smile because it sent this breeze over my soul
She had good vibes
and the morning sunshine would get me along my way
Heading to her house to drop her chocolate bars and see if she got the work right
Good vibes she dropped on me and made me believe this world was mine
No lie I could feel my feet get lifted off the ground
every time me and her got to walk around
Her Good vibes made the birds on the trees want to eavesdrop on us
because she was something sacred
It made the mango trees want to drop leaves on us
Because in her soul she harbored something different
Made the rain want to drip on us
It was the way she walked, way she talked
That made me want to be around her forever and a day
She talked good, then held my hand tightly
Not even the strongest storm could do us part
Her hair fell on her shoulders
and the beauty of her words and wisdom made me even more submerged
and lost in her Love, deep vibes She had
Was it her charms..? I don't know but all the fellows
started to get jealous, rumors creeping about how I never take my time with her
or good enough about how I didn't care enough about how she felt
Her good vibes sheltered her all this long from their careless whispers
and divergent rumors, she could care less about what you or your clan thought
about us
We were not put on this earth to be perfect
But in her heart, there laid perfection
In her eyes the gates to her treasure
She kept her love for me hidden like a deep treasure
Good vibes she had, why you ask, best believe me
Good vibes that go deeper she still has.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Ostiega, .

OSTIEGA OSTIEGA...

If you could open up your heart to the understanding
that love hurts whether its right or wrong
then maybe you could shelter yourself from the heartbreaks
that comes from the outbreak of emotion and separation.
Ostiega, this isn't meant to send you on a guilt trip
but lately your actions have caused ripple reactions
now your words come back at you like misguided arrows
Maybe, ..It could be that your silence could have better saved you from the
troubles

but now the lip gloss on your lips has caused you gross misfortune.

Ostiega, take your time!

Before you apply that make up on your face
maybe you need to make up your heart first
work on that which is deep within,
then maybe outside things will follow your order

Men taking you out for dinner

and what is your order?

maybe just chips and soda

but that was so you at 16, always trying to do everything to fit in

Now that you've grown older and outgrown your dreams

Wipe off that frown off your face and focus on that which is deep within.

then maybe out there, things will follow your order.

Chips and soda was your order? !

But now you've grown older and outgrown your appetite for little things

Out competed your mothers wits or so you think.

You had childhood dreams but now your future seems bleak

You toe a thin line and call it career

A career lady or so?

Ostiega, take a glimpse of yourself on the mirror

Illuminate your soul and let the beauty show

but first work on that which is deep within

then maybe, out there things will follow your order.

(Sorry, Chips and soda was your order?)

But now you have grown older

and outfitted your little red pair of jeans

maybe it is the latest fashion that has had its toll on you.

In your closet you have different color weaves,

but you're still not comfortable with whom you are deep within

and so the desperation causes tears to drip down your pretty cheeks

In your endless search for identity, you have stumbled into things
Question marks that make you question your dreams.
and even still you take heart.

In that big bag you carry hopes, ambition and flat shoes to change

Under those shades you hide your face

maybe you are afraid of coming out of your cocoon

and claim what is yours without hesitation

So your friends relentlessly step on your feet

and coyly you keep your fingers crossed

hoping that one day opportunities show up

You had dreams of a family, two kids

with a man, tall dark with a height slightly above yours

most of all financially handsome

Quietly you still keep your hope

It has been a while because every now and then you whisper unto God
before you get to bed,

Ostiega ostiega, illuminate your soul and let the beauty show

work on that which is deep within

and may be out there, things will follow your order.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Closer To The Truth

I am the one to lock you down in your insecurities
I will not be the one to liberate you from unending struggles with self
I will stand with my head held high
I will ponder all the aspirations concealed beneath your frown

Pat you on your back and promise you comfort in tomorrow I will not
The turmoil within your spirit sends ripples ranging across your heart
The universe it seems, spins slow
Too slow perhaps a rhythm that you couldn't dance to
In your fighting corner all your strength is now drained

The tides sweep you over then over again
You are tired of being tossed up and down
But your will to conquer still scarce, your confidence dealt a blow
Your confidence bruised beyond nursing
But every step of the way you get an inch closer to the truth
That only you can get in the way of your happiness.

Mwenyeji Spikes



PoemHunter.com

Quarter Ounce Of Comfort

A loud buzz starts my conscience
The noise of a passing housefly
Breaking apart my tranquility that was settled
My head yearns for rest, then sleep
An inch of nerve longer strained
Can't keep my calm and savor rest

The bliss swept over the hair on my skin
But the heat of the afternoon still too strong
Tropical dreams at the basement of the shaft
And more work lays undone
Yet desperation and fatigue comes calling
Wishing for rest and some good bit of sleep

A quarter ounce of comfort
Perhaps the only one thing I truly desire
Seems like a distant wish drawing further away

Mwenyeji Spikes



PoemHunter.com

Caught Up In The Middle

CAUGHT UP IN THE MIDDLE

I cast my eyes like a net in a calm pond
Trying to fish out the answers why everybody is caught up.
You see, tailors are just caught up in torn suits that they be sewing
And lawyers caught up in raw suits that they be suing
Young men and women caught up in higher education that they be pursuing
But seems the higher we go the more unknowing like we become
Losing our minds in this endless pursuit of happiness

Our teachers also caught up in meagre salaries
In classes they leave us with nothing to discuss but purple hibiscus
And am just so caught up trying to figure out this life
At some point even trying to convince my mom to let me quit college
Since drop outs too graduate to the next life too anyway
But she says son, you have to study and work hard to become something some
day
But I say don't you worry mamma, you didn't give birth to a nothing
But instead you raised an achiever with potential much greater

Trapped, unappreciated and caught up is how I feel
In this confusion we are all caught up
We always thought that one day we'd practice what the preacher taught
But even the preacher is now caught up with a congregation
That hasn't had its prayers answered in over half a decade now.

I am caught up reciting this piece thinking that you should listen
But instead you are also trapped in your own small world
And I guess that's probably why Readers ingest,
What politicians ingest, these characters to parliament we elect, it is funny
And now here I stand, tired of wailing like bunny.

Caught up is how I felt when I realized that the cover story on the daily
Was just a cover to the real story and so the people is misled on the daily basis
In this state I sink deeper in deprivation
I need teachings to lift me up off these struggles
And I heard your auntie's daughter is caught up too,
She thinks she has had enough of it
But has no idea what awaits her round the corner.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Broken Bonds

There is a path to light
Brighter days for our society tomorrow
To extinguish hurt in homes
Broken bonds when we seclude our own
Simply because our nest is bound in negativity.

Broken bonds families separated
Where is the love that bound us together?
Before predicaments we shared smiles
If we care enough to lend an ear
This time we might get the message loud and clear
The time to unite our hands
In the fight against stigma is now here.

Strong bonds that lasted have now disappeared
The way we look at each other
Bespeaks of roused suspicion and condemnation
Wasn't it the doing in will after all?
We silently whisper
Judgment, the evil seed has sprouted in hearts
Broken bonds have left us in deep hurt.

Questions linger in our minds
Unfulfilment as we encode a message
Broken bonds when we no longer learn
How to live, life and love
Our concern and hands extended to reach out with love
Live with consciousness
That though you may not be infected
In a way we are all affected

Broken bonds
Burning down bridges
Building up walls is not the way at all
Let's hold our hands together
Eat, share and be one in unity
In love respect and apprehension of the fact that we are all one.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Once So Often

ONCE SO OFTEN

Often, I don't get the chance to learn
Neither will I let schooling interfere with my education
to say the least am constantly day dreaming
making circles round trees and wishing I could blow trees
Every day the sun is up early so I guess these day dreams are up for me to
marry

I believe in chance and luck
But day dreams could only do so much for me
So without work all is wasted
In a stream my dreams get washed away
Once so often I find time to give in to inspiration
Simply because the mind is King, it wouldn't be mindless for me
to say I only think of superior things

You have to believe it, life is not that hard when you are always full with zeal
life isn't that fast when you never think you'll ever die
life isn't sweet when you're afraid of taking another lie
so I lie on my bed and put my worries to sleep

Before leaving I like to throw my two fingers in the air, that's my sign of peace,
and so she leaves her seat to stand and clap, only one thing she did a mistake to
ask,
was that your signature piece?
Disturbing my peace, I feel my mind crowded with words like Luda cris
Once so often I wear back that polo for the second time
put my dreams on my sleeves

Mwenyeji Spikes

Constant Consonance

CONSTANT CONSONANCE

Thick beads of sacred sweat trickle down my spine
Sacrifices we made now slowly fade away
Half way we've fallen short of what we hoped we could be
Constantly we shed tears directing our faces to the ground
We succumbed to their mockery and covered our faces as we hurt

In constant consonance we stutter at vowels as we make vows of allegiance
We convinced ourselves that our crying days were over
Yet we convict our souls to constant frustration and oppression
In constant consonance we kneel by the well to quench our thirst
In the course of our path we constantly seek to justify our greed
We gave a listening ear to their sarcasm and lend them an eye to look down
upon us

In constant consonance our destiny is shoved between their sweaty hands
Only a little of our will left for consideration
In their spite we continue to drown
They contaminate our drying wells and watch as we perish
We ask for fish but gladly take their bait
And now our tummies hurt even more as we wait

In constant consonance we've lost our way in search of justice
Stumbled and fell on our path to emancipation
Every evening we look up to the west where the sun sets
And desperately, there our hopes end
From distant horizons we hope that assurance will be restored

In constant consonance the clouds have gathered to conspire against us
Falsifying witnesses of accounts of our ignorant actions
Yet still they can't utter a word about our struggle
Constantly we have bowed to fetch from their bowl
To fill our bowels, we bow and kiss the same boots that won't hesitate
To kick our butts and adequately feed our hunger with empty promises.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Body And Spirit

Body & Spirit

Without a body and soul

All that man treasures would I not wish to have

Power, love and riches that invoke greed and lust

Within the depth of my spirit still lays a desolate plea

over the agonizing flesh are turbulent desires

The possibilities are limitless, and that is Awesome.

& I am filled with Awe that the body is just an instrument that I've been given to express my spirit

Body and spirit to harbor my thoughts and innocent desires

spirit to discern times and tides

body to make steps and leave a mark on the fine sands of these earth

breathe from my spirit as i explore the depth and texture of God given air

But between the body and spirit is a waging war

fighting with the principalities and desires that shield me from worldly realities

wrongs that the body and spirits conspire igniting me to flames

are still the same that inflict me with plague.

The liberation of the mind seemingly the battle field is left with broken bones

At times its the body that takes the proud run, only to fight another day

The spirit still too weak at times, but soberness only the cure

To wade of bad intuition that make the body feel insecure

Mwenyeji Spikes

Abiding In Forgiveness

ABIDING IN FORGIVENESS

Abiding in forgiveness I recall,
This kind of forgiveness,
that forgives on the tendencies of the good features that we have,
forgiven only because the phone had no charge
bank teller forgiven only because he had good looks
but what will happen when the good feature are no longer there,
will we still abide in forgiveness?

Abiding in forgiveness I recount,
Intense moments of questioning reason I had
asking why it has to be this way and not that way
and only blaming others for all that went hay wire
So constantly in kneel, persistently I plead
who can take away this guilt

Wrongs done to us, blaming fingers pointed at us
only one thing will put us back together
brothers and sisters, lets keep abiding in forgiveness

Mwenyeji Spikes

The Inner Vault

THE INNER VAULT

I took a vow never to look back
promised myself never to lend an eye
to the vanishing treasures of the world
the desires of love, endless passion and material things
that forms a fog beyond my vision.

I swore to my knees, never to breakdown again
and beg for respect but in humility earn both power and respect
to quench desires beyond, that which the world could quench

Hopes of reincarnation to the greener land
still linger as I crash with ungratefulness
for this current life that I am offered
but i still hope and trust for one day
I'll reach the inner vault and open the door
doors to treasures beyond the material.

The locks to the Inner Vault are rigid
but still the inner vault remains the only safety
custodians to treasures
treasures that defy greed, ethnicity and lack of love

The vault that stores the hopes and aspirations
the dreams of brighter days of rain and plenty
The inner vaults also holds heritage bestowed upon history
by men of strong will and women of great adoration
and children with ample dreams
Beside the inner vault, I stand waiting.

Mwenyeji Spikes

Flowers Like Valentine

Flowers like Valentine

You always wanted to say it,
Like the epic you only read in novels
Or a line you picked from the soaps on T.V
And you had the thoughts of type of things like diamond rings

You forgot what matters, is that which is deep within,
Flowers for valentine, someone to take you out and dine
Blow a bliss over the stress in your mind
But you never really found someone your kind

Some one to call you a ten, even send you a text at ten
To your small worries attend
Like your girlish screams from ants
Bring you flowers even when it isn't valentine

But a lot of things have been missing
From this very scenes
But you keep hope and faith,
You will get the one
To get you flowers like valentine

Mwenyeji Spikes

Crafted With A Promise

A psalmist playing harp
stumbled on a harp string and broke his nail
Singing praises to a wonderful maker
who makes all beings equally beautiful, and with a purpose.

This same wonderful creator he sings of
Gave me the same gifted hands
like Ben Carson had
hands made to do exploits and touch lives global.

He gave me this same uttering tongue,
like barrack Obama had
that is meant to speak in utter humility and inspire change.

Endowed me with the same warm heart like mother Teresa had
to heal many with love,
with generosity gave me this same dream, that martin Luther king had
freedom that i now speak to life.

Not to leave me broke,
he gave me this same enterprising mind,
that Richard Branson had that makes me believe,
that i can fly even without wings
across the Atlantic to an island full of virgins
and still bring back home my chastity

With this architects passion was i designed,
fearfully and care free made
crafted with a promise
made for a purpose.

Mwenyeji Spikes

House Of Accolades

Who could that be?
Knocking at your door but Ashley,
The little dear likes to come to your house,
And play with the trophies,
Wow at the pictures of you great,
And souvenirs you brought home from overseas,
May be one day they'll shape her dream
With all this inspiration they bring.
She is just so passionate,
About living next to the seas on a cottage one day,
But it's this house of accolades
That sets her hopes high on flair!
The object of her dreams rests on the window view
In the summer sunset, she watches the birds fly back
To their nests, in this House of accolades
Everything seems so fair.

Mwenyeji Spikes



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Mental Patience

I had conspired to conceive,
But instead I got inspired to deliver,
My relatives were sick and tired of waiting
So when I delivered, I gave them something sick,

Thoughts would flow like a river,
As I inked harsh words ready to deliver,
Morning pains would come even in the evening,
But that wasn't to stop me

I stayed up late, restless like a mental patient
But I had resilience and the mental patience
..not lots of pennies to deliver to my Greedy producer

But I knew that one day I would break chains,
Like I just had medusa, flip my wings and fly
High like Amarios, with flow deeper than cherry,
I defended and striked like Terry
Till Ross and Weezy, thought I was John
But I kept going strong

When I pushed, I heard Doctors screaming like Dre
My producer gave me beats like dre,
Ear muffs was all I heard, not beats by Dre,
Kicks and snares hit me ba-dre
Almost made me miscarry my ambition,
But I had to deliver on the MIC, represent for the poets, the thugs & the gangsta wannabes
Now the fake mC's cant nurse this ill
They wanna know how I make them clean dollar bills

I feel high like that lady on her heels
& feel inspired when I see haters take to their heels,
All they lacked was MENTAL PATIENCE

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