

Poetry Series

Otieno Albert
- poems -

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Otieno Albert(LIVE POETRY, LOVE POETRY, AND DREAM POETRY)

Moi university student taking communications and PR.

Like writing poems, performing etc.

Eager to learn from other poets.

The next big PR guru in KENYA

Albert

Lyf is al bout me,
albert n thats me,
wen u down n wanton,
i wil b there up and upton.

Otieno Albert

Bliss Of Ignorance

I read the question,
with no devotion nor attention,
not knowing the annihilation,
of the 'lady' in my possession.

I opened it with expedition,
looked at it with apprehension,
what is elucidation? ? Emancipation? ?
Or is it participation?

Now am hanging in suspension,
grin with passion,
to hide my frustration.....Damn! This examination! I will not fail is my
conclusion.

So I open my lady,
with all stupor in me,
let alone the plethora of this lady's euphoria.
Alas!

Am caught.
This is enigmatic. So unpragmatic. For the propondence of it leaves me at the
senate chambers, and in no defence expelled.

So to thee I say, you ought to read, and prepare indeed.
For to pass as it deems, ain't as easy as it seems! Avoid fancy fallacies to
success, for they all lead to:

THE BLISS OF IGNORANCE.

Otieno Albert

Could It Be

Words twist and tumble
Through my mind
But I can't grab the right word
Or the right line
So we sit
In silence
But it's not uncomfortable
In fact I love it
You rest your head on my chest
As we lay here
Lovers entwined
Hearts tangled
You raise your head
And look into my eyes
And I see our love
Almost as if it's a real force
I don't ever want to lose this moment
You lay your head on my chest once again
And now I can feel your heartbeat
And my hearts skips
And I finally find the words
I'm looking for
I LOVE YOU

Otieno Albert

Facebook.

I have a book,
that has a face,
it is sane,
but the users are insane.

People talk with it, to it and about it.

I have heard of it, and now am using it. Thence here it is, I present to you....the book that has a face.

Through the book,
love is sown or broken,
stolen or woken, nurtured or cultured.

People gossip or worship. Such a mystery it poses, for it has a face.

People update status, let alone profile and pictures. Either single or complicated, the book accommodates all.

It is a super book,
though it is addictive,
can make you abusive, if not render you submissive.

Beware of it, for it is real.

I have a book, that has a face.

I have:

FACEBOOK!

Otieno Albert

Happy 2012

Happy 2012 pals. Thanks 4 the support.

Otieno Albert

I Think She's My Next Choice..

You don't know how I'm feeling

I have yet to look you in the eyes

the depth of love inside me

and I think I'm gonna give it to HER

Dare I tell you how I feel?

Do you think I should take the chance?

Do you think you would realize the need for you I have in my eyes?

Can you open my heart

and make me smile like before?

One thing you can't see in my eyes,

is the way I smile

when I think of you,

can you see it in my eyes, that you're my next choice?

Otieno Albert

Junk

She stood quietly on the edge, Watching the waves below. She was sure no one would miss her, They wouldn't even know. Alone in a sea of people, Blissfully unaware. She was all but invisible, No one knew she was there. There were never any answers, Just confusion and strife. Like a piece of cosmic garbage, Living a useless life. She wondered if the fall would hurt, Would she suffer at all? What if she managed to survive, Left crippled by the fall? Perhaps her peers would notice then, Though they'd try not to stare. She wouldn't be invisible, At least they'd see the chair. Then from behind her came a voice, "Don't do this! " it implored. A little girl stood all aglow, An angel from the Lord. "Mommy, I can't let you do it. You're worth more than you know. If your life ends, mine can't begin; I'll lose my chance to grow! " The apparition startled her; A child she never bore? She couldn't see how this could be, But needed to know more. The child became a teenager, And addressed her again. "I'll need your patient wisdom when My rebel years begin." She watched the vision change once more, To a young woman now. She said: "Who will plan my wedding, The day I make that vow? " Again she saw the image change, And take her by the hand. An old woman stood promising, That soon, she'd understand. Then all around the two of them Stood people, young and old. "Each of these is your descendant." 'Twas a sight to behold. When the apparitions faded, Only the child remained. Saying: "Now do you understand, The things that I've explained? " "There's a reason for every life. From king to serf to drunk. And every soul is important, For God does not make junk." With that, the vision disappeared, And finally she knew; Every person has a purpose

Otieno Albert

Methali Za Kiswahili

anya mpishi mbona wakimbia moshi! !

2. Mchelea juani hulia kivulini.

Otieno Albert

My Pen, My Poem.

As i hold my pen,
i know not of Ben, nt men,
nor women.
for its time to sit in my den,
put aside my yen,
and put it down as i may.

Am drained by thoughts,
ideas come and blot,
I persue them in knots,
taking key not of my fonts,
lest i loose my plot, and end up writing a soap!

I start by scheming,
making referrence to my theme,
for to be catchy, fancy and funny,
my personae has to speak with ease.
in so doing, i have a stanza,
I add another two-three like that,
n my body is full.
I pick on a title,
and my poem is out.
My pen just gave me my poem!

Otieno Albert

Pious

Whence forth the lords of Geneva gazed
Upon, hundredth an hour fruitfully ablazed
Of obstructed dominions hence fortified,
A longing into a spiral phase
Then the bombardment of a horrid stool
In a compartment of an amorous ghoul
Did the harsh praising-
Of genuine unity in fearful rest;
Nestle a memorable fathomable nest,
Hath the seeding of yon heart;
Corrupt the solemnity of my art?
Oh founding ancients of our world
Courtesy of a faint whistling bird..
Transcendent of telescopium functional fumes
Give silent arbitrating exhumes..
Of post-rhetoric colorational shrines,
Whilst misty tribunal rhymes
Constellate our emotional endocrines.
Fleeing the zest of an incestuous accommodation
In a superfluous collateral coagulation

Unify the dysentery of our lines

In a holy symmetry of majestic vines

Of tumult destiny, let us in bleak measures pray

Upon us crude fantasy's wings shan't scatter fey

For the pleasures of the sun-god are but valleys of steep;

Lost ancient gallows were lurkers erroneously creep

Mesmerized by the endogenous device of time,
Condemned for his pious pleasures as their crime

Otieno Albert

Quotable Quote.

It is bad to be oppressed by a minority, but it is worse to be oppressed by a majority.

Otieno Albert

Reality Beckoning

Am on my heels
going after the wheels
just to remove the peels of your well guarded steels.

Just to check how it feels
to jilt with your jeels
for i know not of the keels of real love reels.

I hope time will heal, the broken and cherished deal,
for hardly had we seal,
than i was overtaken by ego and zeal,
to eat my meal of our love bound real.
To b cont.

Otieno Albert

Te A Mo

To fanatyczna koncepcja niemal jak s-f
daloby sie ja zrealizowac moglibysmy
zaistniec wszyscy
rozwiniete skrzydla i wielkie bale
wystawy koncerty i tlumy gosci
rewelacyjny pomysl

ale nie to nazwisko

Otieno Albert

The Disease.

I went cycling,
in a land so brightening,
its beauty so presenting and touch so appealing.

But came back running
in a coffin so daring
and its reality beckoning.

I thought i was swimming,
little did i know i was sinking
the malady consuming
the little i had for living.

It was a bliss
full of whizz and gliss
but now am on my knees
in pain writhing
with all but my frame of bones.

Thence, as i see you cycling,
or crave to cycle, to you i warn:
keep vigil and still.
Beware of vices, that may tatter you to ashes.
Dont be cheated.
There is nothing like peddles, for when you slip the saddle,
you remain susceptible to AIDS! !

Otieno Albert

Too Far.....Still Missing You...

Every morning I wake up

Realizing you're really far away

So I put together my 2 hands

And pray for a good day.

I know God's watching

And he'll lead me back to you

I just have to keep living

So she can see me through.

Although you're not close

And many miles away

I'll still love you

Even after today.

I really miss you dearly

And really wish I was there

But despite of not having you here

At least I still have air.

Twisted.

The lad
was sad
for the dad
had got mad
when he did bad
and never had
the will to pad
instead he only wad
in his God given yard!

<he was nt reproducing>

Otieno Albert

Word Play

I
would
have
bought
you
mull berries
but they
threatened
to explode in my
trousers so i
left.

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