

Poetry Series

Pius Khisa
- poems -

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Pius Khisa(Date of birth 16th April 1990)

Pius Khisa is a poet and a writer.

Ailing Heart.

How can I sleep
Sweetheart
If all night I weep
My heart is hurt

Not is the time nigh
To get off this cup
And smother my cry
In the comfort of your lap

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Pius Khisa

Book Of Love.

None can peruse
Through the sacred pages therein:
On which millions of secrets are tucked;
On which nouns of men are jotted- with fountain
To be erased by end of time.

Therein life's meaning is concealed
By thick muscular walls
And is nourished
By the sap in its vessels...

It bleeds when pricked;
And wounds hardly heal!
Any hand holds it not-
But a one special....

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Eldoret.

A warm breeze- of peace, whirls by
It lulls the souls therein, busied by nation building
A haven indeed to kill a boring day!
Its flourishing beauty, like Konza's, is endearing
Therein great talents are sired and nurtured.

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If We Die Young.

Without us
Now...
Void and empty is:
The world
Whilst our dreams
Lie lazily
In earth...

Of the sickening
Political discourse
Who will doctor it?
The snailing vehicle of technology
Who will pull it home?
And drive us to the vision....

If we die young-
Fertile; and ambitious
Unripe for mother Earth
Who will right wrongs of the old?
And shelter their bones
from rain and sun....

These hands-
Of our next of kins:
So fragile
Who will hold;
And guide them through the unknown
Help them sort wheat from chaff in the dark-
Wherein hungry hyenas await, impatiently
Wherein stones and thorns lie dangerously
Thence hustle way out...

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Iroko.

Unearthing you
From the clay of religious bondage
To demystify the barren belief;
And down you to me
Is disheartening.

Glancing at your image
My heart's tired
I desire to feel your insides;
And the sap that boils in the midst...

But from this cause won't I dislodge
Even though you can't hear-
This hallowed pledge:
This heart makes...
At your feet.

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Lost.

In the heart of darkness,
On our transit to Canaan:
Our star disappeared,
So we got stuck-
Way less,
Enveloped by the mist of hopelessness...

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Naked Woman Dances.

I've learned to wear,
Things that leave my things bare,
So men can see:
Salivate and die to feel- at a fee,
When temperatures are high.

When temperatures are high,
Onto my back I lie:
Wide stretch my limbs,
Wriggle my butt to receive, and... Oh, screams!
Wasting away...

Wasting away...
In clubs, pubs and brothels: I dance all day,
To load my handbags,
Whilst they siphon and suck juices like bedbugs,
Satisfied...

Satisfied...
Muscles exhausted,
I rush for pills-
To prevent obvious ills,
Before dawn-break.

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The Flashlight.

Then, in a world so dark,
Each time life,
Hummed deadening threats,
And I, wrapped in despair:
Sighed...
My path you lit,
And held my heart tight,
But vanished,
Before I could look into your eye;
Just like a flash:
You came.

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Wills Of A Dying Heart.

Take me with you
Whenever you leave for wherever
Alone will catch flu
And wither long before you realize diva.

All isn't well;
With my heart, fragile as it is
Why dump it into a cell
Whilst racing you to please?

I pray you don't say bye
After all we've done
Help me not young die-
Lonely and forlorn.

I'm of no class
Maybe...
I'm an ogre in your eyes;
But therein lies a human soul- see?

I desire not a cent of your money
Not even a little of your breath
If you're generous to part with any
Only love and care
I die for...

I pray you never say bye
After all we've done
Help me not young die-
Lonely and forlorn.

Offer me a place
In this sacred kingdom
With fleas I'll share the floor, if there's no space
Oga won't feel pain- he'll have the whole room
Wherein I'm safely tucked, like a jigger in the big toe:
Droning in his delicacies
Swimming in the sea of pleasure, oh, I not know-

The antidote to end my miseries...

Pius Khisa

Young Heart.

Down slow, son,
Today:
Roaming like a stray dog,
Is no good.
Salivate at women's thighs not;
Fold your itchy hands not to fondle their bare chests....

Let erection determine direction not,
This wagging tail,
Shouldn't splash water into every pot-
It will make a sad tale...

Daily he comes-
Wearing expensive smile,
In flashy cars...
Eating words with a tongue foreign,
But mine daughter, your heart hold.

Lick not the sugary tongue,
Let eyes open-
Whilst listening to his song:
Read his mind,
Before you do...

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