

Poetry Series

**alexander opicho**  
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# alexander opicho(when dictatorship began)

social researcher and a lecturer

## A Ballad Of Starvation

Evening comes early just with swiftness  
Not minding to know what has to come first,  
Whether going to bed first before eating supper,  
Or eating supper before going to bed,  
A hard question I have failed to solve  
Before the glowing presence of my children,  
There is utterly nothing to eat in my house  
From east to west, south to north of my abode  
No trace of anything worth the name victual,  
No energy is there in my mandibular muscles  
To tell my wife and children retire to beds,  
I surrender to time to be the judge of the time  
As I have exhausted my borrowing avenues,  
Relatives and friends are willing to discard  
Any tincture of association with myself,  
Because I have wryly borrowed from all of them  
Down the level of naming me Dr. lend me flour,  
When dawn comes forth am scared to hysteria,  
as I decry one more day to hustle for food  
evening comes also in a similar gear to me  
it only sets in roosting on the empty stomach  
time to go on my old beddings, forlorn to pangs of hunger.

Alexander Opicho

# A Friend

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Do you know apex of danger  
In your life and even mine  
The most dangerous animal  
On earth in and without the zoo  
In the entire world of humanity and bestiality  
That can lacerate you into shreds of carcass  
And to which you are totally defenseless  
This animal is a friend

alexander opicho

# A Half A Government

It is not a half a yellow sun  
Nor a full purple hibiscus  
Neither a question of Americana  
But the political tidbits of Africana  
They are indeed a half a government  
Neither a coalition nor coalescence  
But a journey which starts with one  
Very African mile in the sunny city of Nairobi  
In the country Kenya where there is hakuna matata  
Where gorgeous skyscrapers hang loosely  
Like Towers of Singapore in a babellian ego  
Swam of humanity in full pomp and glory  
Money, property and cityish aura  
Moving up and down in bluish collar task  
Flock and throng like the north bound mating fish  
In the waters of river Nile; O Nile! .....,

Moving you down then the countries  
Passing the geographical enigma  
Of the Great Rift Valley view point  
Putting a wonder working escapement before  
Your eyes in which once the daughter of primitive  
Political bourgeoisie rolled in a Germany Volkswagen  
And gasped the last virgin breath  
A beautiful Maasai breathe echoing  
In the loins of masculine bowels  
The waves of erotically charged ions,

You then passing down to Nakuru minus  
Your meat eating halt at carnivorous kikobey  
Strait to Kiamba area where you easily  
Meet the Kalenjin militia in a tribal cleanse  
Ruthlessly roasting the human steak of kikuyu merchants  
In the church but not a mosque due to scarcity  
Both young and old kikuyus being roasted  
As they forlorn groan and wail;  
Atherere! atherere! atherere! niki kioru muntu wa lumbwa! ,

Down you go again to a chilly town of Eldoret

Where you get a virgin prostitute  
Pursuing a bachelors course at the dumb  
Moi university where low temperatures  
Curtail lively learning in the pedagogy  
Or pedagogy of the kipsigis virgin,

Down you go a fresh to the town of Kitale  
You meet with maize and corn in the  
Full regalia of colonial economy  
In its ostensible memento  
Of the palimpsestish British Empire  
In the brutish colonial history  
Of man eat man civilization,

Then up you go, you beautiful nincompoop  
To the slopes of pokotish kapenguria and  
Again down slopes to Ortum valleys then whoopsy!  
A half a government starts in full swing  
The bush pokot youths utterly naked  
Like the chimpanzees in Kakamega forest  
Shoals of them and throngs of them  
Each having a modern gun, a short gun  
A Sten gun, a machine gun, a slave raiding long gun,  
Revolvers, the lethal AK 47,  
Them pokot youths; extremely illiterate  
Put extremely armed with extremely  
Modern weapons like the last wonder of the world,

Up you go into the desert of Dr. Richard Leakey's first home of man  
In the land of the Turkana, to a toast of human misery  
Where people are sick, people are naked  
People are hungry, people die of starvations  
After thorough hunger based emaciation  
Redolent of purely a half a government.

alexander opicho

# A Leopard Is Not A Good Hunting Companion

The leopard and the lion chose to become friends,  
For they were all proud of claws on their paws  
They each glorified one another for their mighty,  
Ability to live on meat of other fauna throughout a year,  
They each admired one another for running speed,  
They each remained firm and loyal to one rule;  
Lions don't eat leopards neither leopards eat lions.  
They felt warmth in their companionship without verve,  
Until the time they initiated a certain joint venture;  
To hunt an antelope as it was famed to be the sweetest,  
Again, there had remained one antelope only in the world,  
They dilly and not dallied anyhow about such glittering project,  
They both endeavoured to set forth by each dawn for a whole year,  
Tediously hunting throughout a day, the lion doing a great part,  
Setting ambushes and arduously sleuthing to orient on trail,  
The leopard severally fainted in the field due to exhaustion,  
On one eve of christmas day, the lion captured the prey,  
When the leopard was a sleep shivering in fevers of malaria,  
Their prey was a middle aged female antelope with swollen hips.  
The leopard was sparked to fire of life by a mysterious fillip,  
He boldly requested work, now to help the lion in carrying,  
The un-suspecting lion relinquished the carcass to the leopard,  
Feat of shrewdness gripped the leopard, he took off  
Running away with a lightening speed, the antelope on his mouth,  
The lion again began to chase, shouting to the leopard,  
To be a gentleman and stop running, for them to share the plunder,  
The leopard never listened, he craftily climbed to the apex,  
Of the most tall and most slippery tree, he perched at the peak  
With the antelope on his muscular mandibles of voracity,  
The lion remained at the stem, wailing like a toddler  
His family does not climb trees, not even a shrub,  
The lion wailed, using all styles of wailing,  
Pleading with the leopard to donate even an iota,  
Not even a small piece of antelope bone dropped  
To drop on the ground for the lion to taste,  
Human leopards are not good hunting companions.

alexander opicho

# A Negro Disputing With His Penis

Why are you stretching around?  
Like a crazy creature, stretching  
And erecting at every bossom's sight  
Don't you know this to be vile?  
Behavior so uncouth and basest  
That all men on earth dislike,

Leave me alone master, leave me alone  
Show me a happy man without a dick,  
I will show you the sorriest point on earth,  
Which woman burst not with ecstasy?  
On taste of my nature, which woman?

Shut up you sly creature  
And manage you mandibles,  
You always stretch and stretch  
As if you want to lacerate my muscles,  
Don't you know that you put me in risk?  
HIV is all over and you stretch like crazy,

Leave me alone and let me stretch,  
Don't fear disease and risks,  
For HIV is now impotent  
Negro blood is now natured  
Above any nonsensical vice  
Like HIV and his brothers,

Stop stretching or I chop you off  
I don't want any burden of next kid  
I am not in any pocket fitness,  
For one more mouth and one more anus,

You are a foolish coward  
You fear even your success,  
Who told you kids are a burden  
And parenting a curse?  
Beautiful liars taught you these,  
Can't you see china and Islamic State?  
Declaring their muscles and mighty,



For no other reason but children  
Surest quivers needed in your arch,

For sure don't stretch, calm down  
And stay balmy or I tear you off my torso  
Where will I get land in this world?  
To contain the useless proceeds  
Of your raucous erect?

I am tired of cautioning you  
Or I dare you and dare you again  
That perhaps I am on the wrong body  
Those who are few need land,  
But those who are populous need not,  
For their victuals come from tertiary means,

I am finally tired of your rudeness,  
If you stretch again I will be irate,  
As it will be uncouth act of mannerlessness,  
For you surely know that my wife is aged  
She shares not in your school anymore  
If you stretch again know then that you're vile,

Look again at your thoughtlessness  
Who told you that I am condemned forever?  
To be feeding on old women, harridans and sluts?  
I no longer want them on my coital menu  
Feed me on the young wenches in a polygamous fit,  
For the elders like you and many others on earth,  
will only renew their old sinews  
By merely feeding on the French chicken,

Then you persist in one line like the possessed  
Are you possessed by the coital devil?  
I don't have any erotic energy for your business,  
You only put me into a desire for what I cannot eat,  
Leave me alone by quitting your vicious erection,

Fear not at all for how you will eat,  
You fail to enjoy because of your ego,  
You focus on the finish line alone,  
Remember the process in coition,

Tighten you anus to delay ejaculation  
And here you will cogitate with gusto,

Negroes! Negros! All over the world,  
Again you want me to make more Negros,  
Be aware that your melanin is an eyesore  
The world looks at you but in pain,  
Suppliers of blinkers cannot quench,  
The thirst for these wares,  
With which the world can put on,  
To ward off the pains in the look  
At the skin of the Negro,

Fear not Negros don't create themselves,  
They come from the supremo of deities  
All creation is beautiful in wisdom's eyes  
Whoever that hates creation hates the self  
No other act can then match the wickedness.

alexander opicho

# A Police Man Can Do Anything

Why compromised are the police men?

From all over the world, policemen are sellouts,  
Policemen arrested Jesus Christ and flogged him,  
Others tortured Galileo Galilaei for intellectual cross purpose,  
Some of them vandalized Martin Luther King, and his wife,  
As they also put Fidel Castro on the tilted trial,  
The same are the ones that arrested Mahatma Gandhi  
In the same tandem of Colonel Afrifa organizing a coup  
To effect putsch against Kwameh Nkrumah, or Mandela to Robben gulag,  
They tortured Rubia and Matiba in Kenya down the abyss of mental breakdown,  
They kicked in the teeth Abdulla Abdalladiff at Kamiti prison  
Then they ran off for a decade to effect the murder of Robert Ouko,  
Their evil tendency was never quenched until  
They abducted the County parliament speaker  
Of Maembe hamlet in the Nyake Kingdom of potato eaters  
And held him in the spine chilling captivity for days and days  
Only to release him when he sufficed to stay in dumb freedom.

Alexander Opicho

# A Spy

There are spies all over  
Every where a spy  
Spy in my pocket  
A spy in your hat  
A spy in my coat  
A spy in your blouse  
A pry in your trouser  
A spy in my short panties  
Every where a spy

A spy, a pry, a tailer, an agent eavesdropper  
Spies all over  
In the bed rooms, a spy  
A spy in the kitchen  
In the toilet a pry  
Spy in the bath room  
Inside a spy  
Outside an eavesdropping spy  
A spy on my back  
Agent provocateur  
In my front  
In the both side a mossad  
Spies all over  
Spies spies spies!  
Why spies?  
In power a spy  
Out of power a spy  
A spy in the church  
A spy in the mosque  
A spy in royal palace  
A spy in the peasant hut  
In the class rooms a spy  
In the lecturer lounge a spy  
Snobbish Student spy  
Horrendous Police spy  
Actualized Illiterate spy  
Dubious Literate spy  
Foolish Broke spy  
Wise rich spy

Pretentious women spy  
Malicious men spy  
Precocious young spy  
Obsolescent old spy  
spy, spy, spy!  
spy, psy, syp  
yps, psy, spy  
syp, ysp spy  
Boo! spy.

alexander opicho

# A Woman Of No Freedom For Conscience

She married off to a village chief at age of 14,  
But only after being chopped of a clitoris in a Maasai  
Ritual of FGM, chlitoridectomy or you name it,  
For the African elders strictly marry circumcised virgins,  
What a ritual so pernicious that my nerves panic with fire.  
She gets into a marriage now, Male sided marriage,  
Where women and distaff are seen, but not heard whatsoever,  
It is her well rounded buttocks, sharply erect boobs  
Tight thighs and sweet sensuous moans to be made in bed  
That matters most, but not her thoughts not even human feelings.  
She starts of her day by morning glory; early morning sex at 5.30,  
Then she jumps of her bed, whether sexually satisfied or not,  
She goes straight for her broom then begins sweeping,  
And scrapping her house, the main house then the kitchen,  
No brassiere under her blouse or lingerie under her skirt,  
For you never can tell when the chief's cloud will accumulate,  
Into thunderous rain, ready for planting and planting,  
She then prepares porridge from millet and sorghum  
Or Soya beans, ground nuts and simsim for the children  
To take before they leave to school, both her children,  
And those sired through out-growing by her husband,  
Then she goes at the cow shed to milk her native cows,  
Which she milks by dodging ceaseless kicks from the angst ridden cow,  
She sings and whistles hymns for the cow to calm and stand balmy,  
But coincidentally her last-born baby, three months old boy,  
Named after the paternal grandfather wakes up,  
Starts crying and croaning for attention, suckling,  
She shelves milking aside, and rushes to pick the baby up  
Not because of anything but lest its crying may disturb her husband  
From sweet morning sleep, it is so bad and punishable.  
She picks back the baby, using a shawl as a cot,  
Then comes back to the milking shed, to resume her work,  
Only to come to a surprise; the calf un-knoosed itself  
And has suckled its mother's udder dry, foam frothing  
At the mandibles; she picks two litres of milk to her house  
To the kitchen, starts cooking for her husband, two calabashes  
Of tea, over spiced with milk and Kericho tea leaves,  
As the husband is called to a treat of mellifluous tea,  
She jumps at washing her husband's clothes;

Unmarried brother-in-law passes by, and runs back to his cottage,  
Scoops and brings his grimed Jeans Levis Straus trouser,  
Also to be washed by his in-law, as the woman belongs  
To the clan, to the entire community but not singly to the man  
Or the husband who married her, she washes it minus qualm,  
Lunch hour knocks, she rushes to the kitchen and cooks,  
For the children are about to come from school, they must eat  
Eat on time, if not declare this woman a public disgrace  
Who can not cook for the community, forget of the children,  
Evening comes; she cooks again, her baby still on the back,  
The husband complains of the food being not delicious,  
Salt was not enough, she did not put in pepper; a stupid woman!  
She accepts her mistake and apologizes effusively, or else fire!  
She goes to mend the bed for the husband to rest, plus the baby,  
She goes out behind the hut to take a bath,  
The husband has not yet constructed a bathroom,  
For fear that evil neighbours can plant there voodoo  
It can kill the husband to forego his wives and cows,  
She comes back to her bedroom, when drying herself up,  
The husband goes up in libido; he forcefully shoves her to the bed  
As she giggles desperately, he jumps on her bust, minus foreplay,  
No single kissing, pinching, nor fondling of the breast or even kissing her  
On the stunted clitoris, he penetrates her mechanically, like a block of stone  
He introduces himself deep and deeper into her,  
Then he releases warm semen into her, before even she is aroused  
He falls asleep like a log of wood, leaving her wide awake on a flame  
Flaming Sexual desire, burning and torturing her like an abyss.  
This rhythm repeats like a circa, on a pattern of regular basis,  
She endured and finishes one year without getting pregnant,  
The husband gets self-suspicious and irritated, very irked,  
As per why the woman on whom his cows were wasted is not receiving  
His very powerful seeds, to become pregnant, to carry his son,  
He beats her up, ruthless flogging and kicking, kicking her buttocks,  
Insulting and lambasting in heavyweight measure, down to ash pit  
She apologizes and promises to be pregnant in a fortnight,  
To which the man accedes; but...but...but let it be  
That you miss to be pregnant, I will chase you away,  
I will repossess my cows, I squandered on you  
In payment of your pride price; dowry  
To marry a reproductively better wife.

alexander opicho



# Africa My Cornucopia

You are excess of my goodness when am done with my badness  
I love you Africa in excess for your excess of problems;  
Poverty, wars, warlords, diseases, hunger, famine  
And cataclysms evilest eating away your terra firma  
Like a desperate Tigre on a capsized boat,  
Your riches in history of slavery and heritage of colonialism,  
In the excess of your global bleeding that makes me love you more,  
Your excessive black ugly humanity in the explosive population  
of useless human beings; barely illiterate and blunt in knowledge  
Buried deeply in the starkness of crude and vulpine culture,  
These bestow to me the synergy to love you O! My dear tarzanic Africa,  
Your excessive cult of dictatorships that glitter in aura of democracy,  
Sending your sons and daughters to miserable powerlessness,  
Devoid of governance in abundance of power and money corruption,  
Financing and cementing torture chambers for the voices of reason,  
Building my pedestal on which I stand to execute  
My cornucopia of love for you dear Africa, an avatar of Satan,  
As you are prone and spread-eagled in a defenseless stretch  
Against all the rapist condemning your self to ideological turmoil,  
I still do love you in supercilious superfluity my dear Africa.

Alexander Opicho

# Akademish Tugend

AKADEMISCH TUGEND

By

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Hor mir zu! meine tochter  
Wenn du mochte zu bluhem wissenschaftlicht;  
Uben leute gute morals  
Uben leute demut  
Habe leute respect und disziplin  
Behalten nicht an geld  
Waschen leute eure seelen veisheit  
Uben leute forschung dauernd  
Uben leute gute zuhoren können  
Habe intellektuelle einfuhlungsvermogen  
Eure geschicht sollte nicht versweiflung du  
Vermeiden leute arrongnz intellektuell  
Vermeiden leute spottbillig wetteifern  
Vermeiden leute spottbillig konkurrieren  
Wahren leute mannschaftt kultur  
Meine tochter mit diese leute, du werden bluhem

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

# Am Gone Home To Sleep

I am gone home to sleep  
don't follow me down with your issues  
i have no where else i can go for fortress  
other than the oblivion to the world  
which my dear sleep always crowns me,

my heart has no other fountain of self renew  
other than my cost free sleep,  
which your usurer's knack has not yet priced,  
leave me alone to sleep  
for in my death like sleep  
i test freedom of the enslaved

alexander opicho

# Am Tired

Of average conventional thinking Guided by envy,  
Jealousy, bigotry, prejudice and cheap competition  
Shallow outlook and selfish appetite  
Keen nose of cheap money without depth of character  
The conscience and conscient both odoriferous  
In bad and obnoxious obnoxiousity  
Cult of betrayal rive to the brim  
Almost to spill as sadism swallows live masochism  
Cosmetic capitalism paving way to lumpen sham  
Am tired, am tired and am tired!  
No passion for knowledge money a universal linkage  
If no pay then no effort whatsoever  
Asking the blind to give a bribe  
The orphans to give bribe  
The lame to give bribe  
Widows to give a bribe  
Imbecile and idiots to give a bribe  
Am tired, am tired and am tired!

You bunch of mediocre mediocrities don't  
Carelessly mediotize un-mediocrous world  
You know your lameness and you don't accept  
By refusing you put your name in everything with a fallacy  
Am tired of megalomaniacs that fail  
To see their own mistakes  
But keen on the precipice of  
The hardworking conscientiousness  
Am tired, am tired and am tired!

Alexander Opicho

# Amilcar Cabral

The prominent difference between political leadership of present Africa and Africa of the yester- century is the gradient in intellect. Political leaders of Africa during the anti-colonial epoch mostly referred to as liberation fathers were full of ideas and fibrand of intellect. They also had a strong appreciation for intellectualism as well as power of the mind from whatever the source. In contrast with present day African political leadership, which is devoid of political thought and if there is one it must be in turn disadvantaged by a position that it is devoid of quality, suffers from one commonplace stark vice that it is an open contradiction to intellectualism.

This outlook is based on both rudimentary and political experiences in Africa both in the Diaspora and in in the francophone, Anglophone, spanophone and even in the un-colonized Africa of Ethiopia and Liberia. The movement of anti-colonial African political interest was in the hands of heavyweights like Kwameh Nkrumah of Ghana, Namdi Azikiwe of Nigeria, Leopold Sedar Senghor of Senegal, Patrice Emery Lumumba of Congo, Eduardo Mondlano of Angola, Julius Nyerere of Tanzania and Amilcar Lopes da Costa Cabral of Cape Verde. The un-colonized Ethiopia had and has always had a series of intellectually curious leaders ranging from brilliant Marxists like Mengistu Haille Mariam to swashbuckling realists like Meles Zenawi. Liberia was not an exception apart from regular military and non military but armed insurgences. However, there were also cases of intellectual misfortune where Political leaders were not intellectuals like Kenya where Jomo Kenyatta was a kikuyu traditionalist but he becomes the president because of the ballot process favoring the large is why again Jomo Kenyatta made cult of the tribe to be a political weapon. This condition of hostile ethnicity has persisted as a legacy of Jomo Kenyatta in Kenya until today. The unlucky part of such cases like those of Kenya is that half literate presidents and political leaders were in full control of state power, but the top world appreciated intellectuals Like Tom Mboya and Ngugi wa Thiong'o were in ever politically threatened civil positions. One more phenomenal experience is to be encounterd in the relationship between culture and intellect. Especially when an overt reality is observed that English speaking colonies produced political leaders who were not intellectuals contrasted with Portuguese and French speaking African colonies. Inquest into this political and cultural dilemma takes us straight to Cape Verde, the former Portuguese colony which produced Amilcar Cabral.

Personally I am not luck because I did not see and understand what Amilcar Cabral was. As I was born one year later after his violent death. I was born in August 1974 but Amilcar Cabral had been shot to death by Inocentia; a fellow revolutionary in January 1973. He was killed in his own Country as an outcome of twin forces of the cult of betrayal and colonialism. It is betrayal because Seko

Ture is confirmed to have participated in the connivance which led to assassination of Amilcar Cabral because he was for split of Guinea from Cape Verde but Amilcar Cabral was for combination of Cape Verde and Guinea as one sovereign Africa state when liberated from the colonial shackle of Portugal. This tragedy was again extended on the African soil which happened in the manner that the American imperialists used colonel Afrifa to execute a violent coup d'etat Against Kwameh Nkrumah of Ghana in 1974. This was really tragic epoch for African revolutionary movement and social democracy.

But twenty five years later in 1998, after I had had cleared my high school education and desperately looking for a job and a job that you would never get in the city of Mombasa is when I came across a literary force known as Amilcar discovery of Amilcar Cabral was of big concern to me because I was already two and a half decades old, I had cleared my secondary school education with a principal pass in history having a focus on African history but I never knew what Amilcar Cabral was. Really Kenyan education system during Moi's rule was very evil. We had only been taught about Daniel Toroitich arap Moi and to sing a slogan of his ruling political party which we always sang; Jogoo! Jogoo! Jogoo! Every time but there was no actual evidence of education that could intellectualize an African young boy or girl in quest for intellectual liberation of Africa. Moi owes apology to the generations of his reign.

This is how it began; I was chased away from the construction site that time of Monday eight in the morning because of some tribalism issues. So, that day and eventually that week, I did not have any work to do. I went to the public national library at Mombasa. Next to the famous Portuguese military fortress known as fort Jesus. I walked straight to a section for history and politics. A lot of attractive titles were at the shelves. Likes of Jewarlul Nehru, Karl Marx, Mahatima Gandhi, and very many others. In the midst of these titles I saw a paper back, published by Heinemann's African writer's series, its title was Unity and Struggle the author was Amilcar Cabral. His photograph on the backside of the book showed a very handsome man in revolutionary attires. I didn't waste anymore time but I straight got myself a chair on the vestibule of the library then I buried my self into this bible of socialist revolution. I enjoyed humour, intellectual content, language flow and liveliness of the story a whole of that day. What really gripped my emotions and still grips my emotion whenever I read Cabral's Unit and Struggle is the section on tribalism and another one is Homage to Kwameh Nkrumah. The one on tribalism I discovered later is redolent of National consciousness as discoursed by Frantz Omar Fanon in his Wretched of the Earth. But the section I utmost enjoy, even I have enjoyfully read it by this time of 23rd November 2013 when am writing this essay is the section of homage to Kwameh Nkrumah. Whenever I read the lines that; 'Kwameh Nkrumah was the sky no filthy saliva of any malicious mouth can vilify him, he could not be covered by the human balm, and that he has only died because of

cancer of betrayal, ' I always come to personal disillusionment that Amilcar Cabral was not only a Cape Verdean Socialist Revolutionary but indeed the son of Africa.

Usually good books end with a section on the you get recommendation for other books that you can read. Now I was perusing in the bibliographical section of Unity and Struggle. My eyes again came across another work by Amilcar Cabral the title was weapon of theory. Some scholars refer to it as a tri-continental speech made in Havana Cuba, The chicken bones Journal severally refer to this work in diverse tributes to Amilcar Cabral but me I will refer to it as Cabral's work which he formulated both verbally and scripturally when all of his muse and African gods of wisdom plus oratorical angels were fully on duty. I utmost uphold this book for the super revolutionary argument that; 'revolutionary practicum comes before revolutionary theory, masses are fighting not to gain ideas but to gain material success and the armed struggle is a so basic necessity for the success of the revolution.' Actually in this super-revolutionary mental stretch Amilcar Cabral overturned the traditional classical stand of Paul Freire from pavlo, povlo, e povo to povo, povlo e pavlo. And earnestly Amilcar Cabral adjusted to this stand with the heart that was warmed by an unshakeable certainty which gives some of us with an intellectually left bent an appalling courage in the difficult but glorious struggle against the vestiges of both post-colonial imperialism and domestic comprador bourgeoisie agents of African imperialism.

As Amilcar himself could; let also follow the true revolutionary consciousness by going back to him as the source. And indeed he entitled his book as going Back to the Source. We the present living generation of the southern hemisphere we are to be bound by the spirit of Amilcar Cabral by not telling no lies nor claiming no easy victories by affirming that Amilcar to us was a very strong intellectual force, A literary and a no nonsense revolutionary. Those of us who did not have an opportunity to meet him in person we only get such evidence by reading him most. By reading his Unity and struggle, African revolution, Weapon of theory, Going Back to the Source, and tell no lies nor claim cheap victories.

References;

Paul Freire; Pedagogy of the oppressed

Kwameh Nkrumah; Consciencism

Frantz Omar Fanon; Wretched of the Earth

Alexander K Opicho is a social researcher with the sanctuary researchers ltd in Eldoret, Kenya he is also teaches research methods in governance and leadership.

alexander opicho

# An African Girl In Russia

She went to Russia as a student  
To study fashionable nuclear technology  
At the communist Patrice Lumumba University  
At the center of ideologue creating city of Moscow,  
She went there an accomplished total virgin  
No African eye had ever seen her naked bossom  
She came from the western region of Africa  
A girl so couth in all the platforms of life;  
In manners, dress and sexual appetite,  
With only education as the prime focus of her hearty;  
To bag a science degree in her African leather wallet  
Under her arm pit, sandwiching culture and discipline.  
But communist racism turned her into an ape bitch,  
All the tricks of European racism were employed on her,  
The young girl lost her seed of self-worthwhile sensibilities,  
She conceded that perhaps she was a daughter of zinjanthropus,  
In the land of dignified civilisation of the Russian humanity  
Where communism struggles to achieve universal Godliness  
As Negro blackness strives to achieve universal communism,  
In this negative personality feat, my dear daughter goofed,  
A poor girl of Africa joined communist sex workers market,  
And hence the door was opened to communist loutishness,  
Comrades came in arms and went out, to collectivize her love  
Making her sexual rights state property, subjected to proletariat dictatorship,  
Only to suffer the bane of the time on her complain of woman rights,  
She was declared as an African prostitute in Moscow,  
Suffering from incorrigible explosive African anger,  
Negro irascibility never seen any where in mother Russia  
Only capable to be corrected in Siberian prison.

alexander opicho



# An English Girl Who Married An African Ogre

## Song one

This is a song about tarzanic love  
That subsisted some years ago,  
As a love duel between an English girl and an African ogre,  
There was an English girl hailing along the banks of river Thames  
She had stubbornly refused all offers for marriage,  
From all the local English boys, both rich and poor  
tall and short, weak or strong, ugly and comely in the eye,  
the girl had refused and sternly refused the treats for love,  
She was disciplined to her callous pursuit of her dream  
to marry a mysterious, fantastic, lively, original and extra-ordinary man,  
That no other woman in history of human marriage ever married,  
She came from London, near the banks of river Thames,  
Her name was Victoria Goodhamlet Lovehill, daughter of a peasant,  
She came from a humble English family, which hustled often  
For food, clothing, and other calls that make one an ordinary British,  
She grew up without a local boy friend, anywhere in the English world,  
She is the first English girl to knock the age of forty five while a virgin,  
She never got deflowered in her teens as other English girls usually do  
She preserved her purse with maximal carefulness in her wait for a black man,  
Her father, of course a peasant, his trade was human barber and horse shearer,  
Often asked her what she wants in life before her marriage, which man she really  
wanted,  
Her specification was an open eyesore to her father; no blinkers could stave the  
father's pale  
For she wanted a black tall man, strong and ruggedly dark in the skin, must own  
a kingdom,  
Fables taken to her from Africa were that such an African man was only one but  
none else,  
His glorious name was Akhatembete kho bwibo khakhalikha no bwoya,  
When the English girl heard the chimerical name of her potential husband,  
She felt a super bliss in her spine; she yearned for the day of her rendezvous,  
She crashed into desperate burning for true English love  
With a man with a wonderful name like Akhatembete kho bwibo khakhalikha no  
bwoya.

### Song two

Rumours of this English despair and dilemma for love reached Africa, in the wrong ears,  
Not the human ears, but unfortunately the ears of the ogres, seasoned in the evil art,  
It was received and treated as classified information among the African ogress,  
They prevented this news to leak to African humans at all at all  
Lest humans enjoy their human status and enjoy most  
The love in the offing from the English girl,  
They thus swiftly plotted and ployed  
To lure and win the virgin  
From royal land;  
England.

### Song three

Firstly, the African ogres recruited one of their own  
The most handsome middle aged male ogre, more handsome than all in humanity,  
And of course African ogres are beautiful and handsome than African humans, no match,  
The ogres are more gifted in stature, physique, eugenics and general overtures  
They always outplay African humans on matters of intelligence, they are shrewder,  
Ogres are aggressive and swashbuckling in manners; fear is none of their domain  
Craft and slyness is their breakfast, super is the result; success, whether pyrrhic or Byronic,  
Is their sweetest dish, they then schemed to get the English girl at whatever cost,  
They made a move to name one of their fellow ogres the name of dream man;  
Akhatembete khobwibo khakhalikha no bwoya,  
Which an English girl wanted,  
By viciously naming one of their handsome middle-aged man this name.

### Song four

Then they set off on foot, from Congo moving to the north towards Europe abode  
England,

Where the beautiful girl of the times, Victoria Goodhamlet Lovehill hail,  
They were three of them, walking funnily in cyclopic steps of African ogres,  
Keeping themselves humorously high by feigning how they will dupe the girl,  
How they will slyly decoy the English village pumpkin of the girl in to their trap,  
And effortlessly make her walk on foot from England to Africa, in pursuit of love  
On this muse and sweet wistfulness they broke out into loud gewgaws of  
laughter,  
In such emotional bliss they now jump up wildly forgetting about their tails  
Which they initially stuffed inside white long trousers, tails now wag and flag  
crazily,  
Feats of such wild emotions gave the ogres superhuman synergy to walk  
cyclopicly,  
A couple of their strides made them to cross Uganda, Kenya, Somali, Ethiopia  
and Egypt  
Just but in few days, as sometimes they ran in violent stampedes  
Singing in a cryptic language the funny ogres songs;

Dada wu ndolelee!  
Dada wu ndolelee!  
Kuyuni kwa mnja  
Sa kwingile khundilila!

Ehe kuyuni Mulie!  
Ehe kuyuni mulie!  
Omukhana oyo  
Kaloba khuja lilia!  
They then laughed loudly, farted cacophonously and jumped wildly, as if  
possessed,  
They used happiness and raucous joy as a strategy to walk miles and miles  
Which you cover when moving on foot from Congo to England,  
They finally crossed Morocco and walked into Europe,  
They by-passed Italy and Spain walking piecemeal  
into England, native land of the beautiful girl.

Song five

When the three ogres reached England, they were all surprised  
Every woman and man was white; people of England walked slowly and gently  
They made minimum noise, no shouting publicly on the street,  
a stark contrast to human behaviour and ogre culture in Africa, very  
rambunctious,  
Before they acclimatized to disorderly life in England, an over-sighted upset

befell them  
Piling and piling menace of pressure to piss,  
Gripped all the three ogre brothers the same time,  
None of them had knowledge of municipal utilities,  
They all wanted to micturated openly  
Had it not been beautiful English girls  
Ceaselessly thronging the streets.

#### Song six

They persevered and moved on in expectation of coming to the end,  
Out-skirt of the strange English town so that they can get a woodlot,  
From where they could hide behind to do open defecation  
All was in vain; they never came to any end of the English town,  
Neither did they come by a tumbled-down house  
No cul de sac was in sight, only endless highway,  
Sandwiched between tall skyscraping buildings,  
One of the ogres came up with an idea, to drip the piss  
Drop by drop in their panties, as they walk to their destiny,  
They all laughed but not loudly, in controlled giggles  
And executed the idea minus haste.

#### Song seven

They finally came down to the banks of river Thames,  
Identified the home of Victoria Goodhamlet Lovehill  
The home had neither main gate nor metallic doors,  
They entered the home walking in humble majesty,  
Typical of racketeering ogre, in a swindling act,  
The home was silent, no one in sight to talk to  
The ogres nudged one another, repressing the mirth,  
Hunchbacked English lass surfaced, suddenly materialized  
Looking with a sparkle in the eye, talking pristine English,  
Like that one written by Geoffrey Chaucer, her words were as piffling  
As speech of a mad woman at the fish market, ogres looked at her in askance.

#### Song eight

An ogre with name Akhatembete khobwibo khakhalikha nobwoya opened to talk,  
Asked the girl where could be the latrine pits, for micturation only,

The hunchbacked lass gave them a direction to the toilets inside the house,  
She did it in a full dint of English elegance and gentility,  
But all the ogres were discombobulated to their peak  
about the English latrine pit inside the house,  
they all went into the toilet at the same time,  
to the chagrin of the hunchbacked lass  
she had never seen such in England  
she struggled a lot  
to repress her mirth  
as the English  
never get amused  
at folly.

### Song nine

It is a tradition among the ogres to fart,  
Whenever they are pissing in the African bush,  
But now the ogres are in a fix, a beautiful fix of their life  
If at all they fart, the flatulent cacophony will be heard outside  
By the curious eavesdroppers under the eaves of the house,  
They murmured among themselves to tighten their anal muscles  
So that they can micturated without usual African accomplice; the tweeee!  
All succeeded to manage, other than Akhatembete khobwibo khakhalikha  
nobwoya,  
Who urinated but with a low tziiii sound from his ass, they didn't laugh  
Ogres walked out of privities relaxed like a catholic faithful swallowing a  
sacrament,  
The hunchback girl ushered them to where they were to sit, in the common room  
They all sat with air of calm on their face, Akhatembete Khobwibo khakhalikha  
nobwoya,  
led the conversation, by announcing to the girl that he is Victoria's visitor from  
Africa,  
To which the girl responded with caution that Victoria is at the barbershop,  
Giving hand to her father in shearing the horses, and thus she is busy,  
No one is allowed to meet her, at that particular hour of the day  
But he pleaded to the hunchback girl only to pass tidings to Victoria,  
That Akhatembete Khobwibo khakhalikha nobwoya from Africa  
Has arrived and he is yearning to meet her today and now,  
The girl went bananas on hearing the name

The hunch on her back visibly shook,  
Is like she had heard the name often,  
She then became prudent in her senses,  
And asked the visitor not to make anything—  
Near a cat's paw out of her person,  
She implored the visitor to confirm  
if at all he was what he was saying  
to which he confirmed in affirmation,  
then she went out swiftly  
like a tail of the snake,  
to pass tidings  
to her sister  
Victoria.

#### Song ten

She went out shouting her sister's name,  
A rare case to happen in England,  
One to make noise in the broad day light,  
With no permission from the local leadership,  
She called and ululated Victoria's name for Victoria to hear  
From wherever she was, of which she heard and responded;  
What is the matter my dear little sister? What ails you?  
Akhatembete Khobwibo khakhalikha nobwoya is around!  
She responded back in voice disturbed by emotional uproar,  
What! My sister why do you cheat me in such a day time?  
Am not cheating you my sister, he is around sited in our father's house,  
Is he? Have you given him a drink, a sweet European brandy?  
My sister I have not, I feared that I may mess up your visitors  
With my hunched shoulders, I feared sister forbid,  
Ok, I am coming, running there, tell him to be patient,  
Let me tell him sister just right now,  
And make sure you come before his patience is stretched.

#### Song eleven

Victoria Goodhamlet Lovehill almost went berserk  
On getting this good tidings about the watershed presence,

Of the long awaited suitor, her face exploded into vivacity,  
Her heart palpitating on imagination of finally getting the husband,  
She went out of the barber shop running and ululating,  
Leaving her father behind, confounded and agape,  
She came running towards her father's main house  
Where the suitor is sited, with the chaperons,  
She came kicking her father's animals to death,  
Harvesting each and every fruit, for the suitor,  
She did marvel before she reached where the suitor was;  
Harvested ten bananas, mangoes and avocados,  
Plums, pepper, watermelons, lemons and oranges,  
She kicked dead five chicken, five goats, rams,  
Swine, rabbits, rats, pigeons and hornbills,  
When she reached the house, she inquired to know,  
Who among them could be the one; Akhatembete Khobwibo  
Khakhalikha no bwoya, But her English vocals were not guttural enough,  
She instead asked, who among you is a key tempter go weevil car no lawyer?  
The decoy ogre promptly responded; here I am the queen of my heart. He stood  
up,  
Victoria took the ogre into her arms, whining; babie! Babie, babie, come!  
Victoria carried the ogre swiftly in her arms, to her tidy bed room,  
She placed the ogre on her bed, kissed one another at a rate of hundred,  
Or more kisses per a minute, the kissing sent both of them crazy, but spiritual  
craft,  
That gave the ogre a boon to maintain some sobriety, but libido of virginity held  
Victoria  
In boonless state of sexual feat, defenseless and impaired in judgment  
It extremely beclouded her judgment; she removed and pulled of their clothes,  
Libidinous feat blurring her sight from seeing the scarlet tail projecting  
From between the buttocks of the ogre, vestige of bestiality,  
She forcefully took the ogre into her arms, putting the ogre between her legs,  
The ogre's uncircumcised penis effectively penetrated Victoria's virgin purse,  
The ogre broke virginity of Victoria, making her to feel maximum warmth of  
pleasure  
As it released its germinal seed into her body, ecstasy gripped her until she  
fainted,  
The ogre erected more on its first ejaculation; its penis became more stiff and  
sharp,  
It never pulled out its penis from the purse of Victoria, instead it introduced  
further  
Deeper and deeper into Victoria's uterus, reaching the virgin depth inside her  
with gusto,

Victoria screamed, wailed, farted, scratched, threw her neck, kissed crazily and  
pissed,  
On the rhythms of the ogre's waist gyrations, it was maximum pleasure to  
Victoria,  
She reached her second orgasm before the ogre; it took further one hour before  
releasing,  
Victoria was beaten; she thought she was not in England in her father's house  
She thought she was in Timbuktu riding on a mosquito to Eldorado,  
Where she could not be found by her father whatsoever,  
The ogre pulled Victoria up, helped her to dress up,  
She begged that they go back to the common room,  
Lest her father finds them here, he would quarrel,  
They went back to the common room,  
Found her father talking to other two ogres,  
She shouted to her father before anyone else,  
That 'father I have been showing him around our house, '  
'He has fallen in love with our house; he is passionate about it, '  
Akhatembete khobwibo khakhalikha nobwoya was shy,  
He greeted the father and resumed his chair, with wryly dignity.

#### Song twelve

An impromptu festival took place,  
Fully funded by the father of Victoria,  
There was meat of all type from pork to chicken,  
Greens were also there in plenty, pepper and watermelons,  
Victoria's mother remembered to prepare tripe of a goat  
For the key visitant who was the suitor; Akhatembete,  
Food was laid before the ogres to enjoy themselves,  
As all others went to the other house for a brainstorming session,  
But the hunched backed girl hid herself behind the door,  
To admire the food which visitors were devouring,  
As she also spied on the table manners of the visitors, for stories to be shared,  
Perhaps between herself and her mother, when visitors are gone,  
Some sub-human manners unfolded to her as she spied,  
One of the ogres swallowed a spoon and a table fork,  
And Akhatembete khobwibo khakhalikha nobwoya,  
Uncontrollably unstuffed his scarlet tail from the trouser,  
The chill crawled up the spine of hunchbacked girl,  
She almost shouted from her hideout, but she restrained herself,  
She swore to herself to tell her father that the visitors are not humans  
They are superhuman, Tarzans or mermaids or the werewolves,



The ogre who swallowed the spoon remorsefully tried to puke it back,  
Lest the hosts discover the missing spoon and cause brouhaha,  
It was difficult to puke out the spoon; it had already flowed into the stomach,  
Victoria, her father, her mother and her friend Anastasia,  
Anastasia; another English girl from the neighborhood,  
Whom Victoria had fished, to work for her as a best maid, as a chaperon,  
Went back to the house where the ogres had already finished eating,  
They found ogres sitting idle squirming and flitting in their chairs  
As if no food had ever been presented to them in a short while ago,  
One ogre even shamelessly yawned, blinking his eyes like a snake,  
They all forgot to say thanks for the food, no thanks for lunch,  
But instead Akhatembete announced on behalf of other ogres,  
That they should be allowed to go as they are late for something,  
A behaviour so sub-human, given they were suitors to an English family,  
Victoria's father was uneasy, was irritated but he had no otherwise,  
For he was desperate to have her daughter Victoria get married,  
He had nothing to say but only to ask his daughter, Victoria,  
If she was going right-away with her suitor or not,  
To which she violently answered yes I am going with him,  
Victoria's mother kept mum, she only shot miserable glances  
From one corner of the house to another, to the ogres also,  
She totally said nothing, as Victoria was predictably violent  
To any gainsayer in relation to her occasion of the moment,  
Victoria's father wished them all well in their life,  
And permitted Victoria to go and have good life,  
With Akhatembete, her suitor she had yearned for with equanimity,  
Victoria was so confused with joy; her day of marriage is beholden,  
She hurriedly packed up as if being chased by a monster,  
she forgot to put on her panty, nor did she remember to carry one,  
she only fixed her chaplet and felt herself very ready for the journey,  
The ogres went away with Victoria Goodhamlet Lovehill and Anastasia,  
The hunchbacked girl followed them crying, wailing to come along with them,  
She decried loneliness that would torture her, in the absence of her sister,  
Victoria.

### Song thirteen

The hunch- backed girl persistently cried, following her sister,  
Begging and begging to come along with her sister, Victoria,  
Victoria often chased her to go back home, to which the ogres  
Reacted negatively, Akhatembete on every turn cautioned Victoria  
Not to chase her, to leave the girl alone, to come along and travel with them,

Victoria disdained the idea, as the hunch on back of the girl  
Will make her a public laughing stock, as for sure; who in the world,  
of entire humanity ever got married along with a hunchback sibling?  
The hunch back hid herself behind the bush, and totted them,  
Victoria and the ogres walked for kilometers and even forgot  
About the hunchback, thinking she had returned home  
Only for the hunchback to surface  
After they had covered seventy five miles,  
She announced her presence by suddenly wailing from behind,  
All of them were agog, on looking back to find the girl,  
the hunch protuberating on back like a tor on the Mountain,  
Then it was the time Akhatembete as the key person,  
Domineered the situation, he commanded the hunchback,  
to come and walk with them, as other ogres laughed themselves to tears  
Victoria frowning in shame, while Anastasia counseled her not to mind,  
Tell us your name our dear little sister? Demanded one of the ogres,  
Teasing the hunchback to tell them her name, on which they were ready to  
giggle,  
My name is Nellykeen, the ogres giggled, mocking the sound of the name,  
As it makes no sense in their African language of the ogres, what hogwash of a  
name!  
The hunchback chickened and apologized for having a silly name,  
In the usual manners of the European when faced with defeat,  
One of the ogres shouted rudely; what you have told us is human nonsense,  
It is utter English rubbish from a useless wonk; I have to give you a name;  
Your name from now hence forth is Nakitumba; meaning the hunchbacked one,  
This is how we call the hunchbacks in our community of Babukusu,  
We are the Babukusu for your information, dear little girl,  
We are found in Africa, in east Africa; Congo, Uganda, Sudan, Kenya, Ethiopia,  
Somalia, Rwanda and Burundi, you the hunchbacked ones don't come from God,  
You are the off-cuts from leisure of the devil; you are harbingers of bad luck,  
Do you get me Madam Nakitumba? You daughter of England,  
Nakitumba responded with maximum obsequy; yes I do my brother in law,  
But above all I am thankful for the wonderful name, and also for permitting me  
to come,  
With you to your country of adventure, for my break from mundane factories of  
England,  
Two ogres apart from Akhatembete broke into loud cackles, chanting the new  
name;  
Nakitumba! Nakitumba!  
Nakitumba! Nakitumba!  
Mulamwa Nakitumba!

Kene khukhwirire

Ekhafu ewunwa

Mala! Oliemo kamaneke!

They chanted jumping around, from one side to another, throwing their hands in the air,

They then laughed and giggled until they all fell down in the sand dunes of Morocco,

As Akhatembete, Victoria and Anastasia smiled, restraining their laughs.

Song fourteen

They reached home in Congo, in the Amazon forest,

Each ogre carrying an English girl on the back,

As the girls had gotten defeated from walking somewhere in Sudan,

Akhatembete carrying Victoria in a style connoting some slyness,

One ogre carrying Nakitumba, its hand gripping Nakitumba's hunch

the ogre that had carried Anastasia was panting with sound, it was exhausted,

During this portage is when Akhatembete discovered something funny,

That Victoria did not have her under panties on, she was naked of undergarments,

He felt her by his fingers, but he didn't announce,

He felt the warmth of her thighs in silence,

He was in this gusto for a long time,

None of the others ogres discovered Akhetembete's fortune

Until they finally entered their home of the ogres,

Hoards of ogres came running,

To receive their brothers back home,

All of them were naked, both female and male,

Tails wagging high in the air, a symbol of joy

Akhatembete and other ogres went jubilant,

They all put down the girls,

Threw away their make-believe clothes

And remained naked to their nudity,

As it is an abomination to put on clothes,

In the world of the ogres,

All ogres were now in a song and a dance,

Akhatembete khobwibo khakhalikha nobwoya,

The top dancer, his tail wagging the most,

Victoria and the English girls were surprised,

They realized that they were now in the jaws of hyena,

Victoria and Anastasia began crying, in confirmation of their goof,

But Nakitumba joined the ogre dancers, the hunch on her back tilting rapidly,

From which the ogres found a lot of theatre, they sang, danced, laughed and teased,  
Old women of ogres with one eye also came out to dance, with pipes on their mouth,  
Some challenged Nakitumba to a dance competition; some just shook their shoulders,  
In a stupid style, as they whetted their appetite for a human meat, an English meat,  
A dish they had never had in their lives as a community of cannibals.

The last song of fourteen  
Victoria and her friends somberly sat,  
Desperately looking on, as ogres bargained,  
On whether to eat them straight-away or not,  
Those ogres charged with the role of community butcherers  
Came in wielding their tools of work,  
an opportunity to slaughter a white human being,  
instant violence broke out among the teenaged ogres,  
fighting one another in a deathly attacks, fighting over  
the right to eat the vulvas, a war that was stopped by an elderly  
female ogre who came out to caution that vulvas are never eaten by children,  
they are only eaten by married male ogres, as an amulet to boost sexual  
capability,  
the truce resumed, then a song and a dance again, ogres were in the carnival,  
when the noise stopped the, elderly male ogre purely naked, stood up,  
to address the community over the matter of time; eating their new victuals,  
the three white girls from the servile land of England, his balls were  
pronouncedly hanging,  
he danced for some time as his balls perambulated, then coughed loudly,  
a way of clearing his voice for a brief speech;  
he yelled; heberirikwei hei he wunooo!  
Response for the rest; he wunooo!  
Heberirikwei hei he wunooo!  
He wunooo!  
Bakhana bali ano!  
Haaaaaa!  
Balinka enyanke!  
Enyanke yajaaa!  
Khayo ve munye!  
Ve munye!  
Khubalie mujuli!

Mujuli!

Khoroooooo!

Khoroooooo!

My dear brothers and all the leaders  
Of our Babukusu ogre community,  
In our tradition we don't eat tired preys,  
Let them sleep, for their blood to flow in their veins,  
So that when we eat them tomorrow,  
They will be palatable, sweet to munch  
Myself as an elder, I will have the hunch,  
From the back of Nakitumba,  
Not for eating but for voodoo,  
That will protect our community  
From all evil machinations.

All the ogres responded with one voice

Yeeeeees!

All ogres dispersed and they instructed Wenwa wa Ilungu,  
The handsome ogre who impersonated to be the  
Akhatembete khobwibo khakhalikha no bwoya,  
To be the caretaker of the captives, the three English girls  
He took them to another hut, terribly dirty, without a door,  
Human skulls all over the floor,  
And eerie psychopompous sounds,  
Was irregularly heard in a faint timbre  
A lot wood hanging in the roof,  
Possibly used as coal for boiling human carcass,  
He commanded them to sleep, on the skulls,  
After saying we are the ones, who ate their bodies,  
Above there is the fire wood we used to boil them,  
Victoria and Anastasia were wordless,  
But Nakitumba was jovial teasing the ogres on the way,  
Then darkness fell and they were to sleep, and they slept,  
All other ogres went for a beer taking spree, bound to end at dawn,  
In preparation of tomorrow, they left the compound dead silent,  
Apart from Wenwa on the sentry, who was deep a sleep,  
Snoring like the colonial train from Mombasa,  
Passing by the infamous station Sudi in Bungoma county of Kenya,  
Nakitumba developed a trick for them to escape,  
She began whining in deep soprano irritating voice,  
Like that one of a very sick person, in deep pain,  
About to die in an hour's time,  
When the ogre on the sentry heard it,

He woke up quarrelling violently,  
Why all the stupid noise?  
Nakitumba responded artfully,  
in a low melodious voice;  
My dear brother in-law, i am very sick,  
Am feeling deep pains in the hunch,  
On my back, I will die if not assisted,  
My medicine is simple, very simple my in law,  
Just water from the lake on a platter,  
I will be ok; the platter must be a basket-like,  
Please do me a favour they way I did you,  
To call a girl for you when you came to England,  
Kindly help me, I will appreciate.

The ogre felt it, not that he was taken by Nakitumba's prayer,  
But because an elderly ogre had earmarked Nakitumba's hunch,  
If she will be found dead the community will blame him,  
As the ogres don't eat rotting carcass,  
They only eat what they have slaughtered.

He opted to go for the waters, from Lake Sango,  
Later on renamed by colonial avarice as Lake Victoria  
Because its waters saved Victoria, who became the Queen of England.  
He calculated he could only take three hours, to cover a thousand miles,  
From Congo to Lake Sango, to and fro, given his cyclopic strides of the ogre,  
He commanded Nakitumba to be silent as he will be back soon,  
With waters from the lake on the basket-work of a platter,  
Then he flew away, his food steps causing some tremors,  
When the died off, there was silence and calm,  
Then Nakitumba knew that he is now far away,  
The safest time to escape and run away,  
She woke up the two girls; Anastasia and Victoria,  
And whispered to them; it is safe  
Let us run away, they hopelessly accepted  
She commanded them not to carry anything,  
That belonged to the ogres, but call all else that is ours,  
The only sure way to forestall revanchistic voodoo,  
They escaped off walking, no need for running  
As commanded by Nakitumba, notwithstanding fear,  
That domineered Anastasia and Victoria; they were sobbing,  
Shedding tears grievously, without further hope.  
They walked and walked in the darkness of African night  
Three English girls in the moonless night, walking the hinterland of Africa,  
When dawn came they were lucky to see the morning star in the east,

They that it was an ogre looking at them from the sky,  
Anastasia confirmed them that it was an ogre,  
But one of the planetary objects, visibly clear  
When viewed from Africa, Victoria was tired,  
She wanted to lie down die, or be eaten by an African ogre,  
But Nakitumba challenged her to soldier on,  
After a short while of silence and painstaking walking,  
Very huge bull frog, the size of a Volkswagen car  
Appeared in their front, leaping in a relaxed mode,  
They wanted to run away, but Nakitumba said no,  
Let us have a looksee of it, we don't need to be afraid,  
To their surprise the frog addressed in English,  
Like that one used by Shakespeare in his plays,  
The frog introduced herself as a grandmother,  
Properly knowing avaricious stupidity of the ogres,  
She told the girls not to fear, as she will get them back  
To their home in England, away from man-eating ogres  
Then she ordered the girls to jump into the empty stomach,  
They jumped in without question, Anastasia first, then Victoria and finally  
Nakitumba,  
Then from swallowed back her stuffs she had initially vomited, plus the filthy  
fluid,  
Then she began humping slowly towards England, she jumped for three decades.  
When the ogres discovered that the girls had escaped, all of them began to  
chase,  
To hunt for them everywhere in Africa, no girls was found,  
They often met a huge frog, with an extra swollen stomach,  
The ogres, commanded the frog to puke whatever  
that was making its stomach to swell abnormally,  
but when the frog puked first the dirty fluid,  
the fluid nauseated the ogres, the ogres were repulsed,  
and told the frog not to spit more, but to lick back its puke  
and walk away, of which the frog always politely complied,  
The ogres became tired and gave up the hunt,  
On their way back, ogres met the snake,  
They asked it if it had seen the three girls,  
One with a rump on her back,  
Out of snobbish pride, the snake lied to the ogres,  
That it saw the girls and killed all of them,  
Even they are already putrefied due to its deathly poison,  
The ogres flogged the snake, terribly that no other living creature,  
Happened to die of as the snobbish snake did in the hands of the ogres,

Then the ogres declared it a loss, due to their folly  
To which they surrendered and walked home.  
Inside the stomach of the frog Victoria was pregnant,  
Pregnant for Wenwa alias Akhatembete khobwibo khakhalikha no bwoya,  
One the time neared her stomach bulged sideways,  
Instead of protruding forward, Nakitumba predicted the twins,  
When time of delivery came, the twins were born,  
Peacefully without any medical trouble,  
Nakitumba cut the umbilical cords for both the babies,  
Nakitumba placed the placenta in position  
which it could be digested away by the frog,  
the twin brothers grew up into lively babies,  
apart from the sixth fingers and toes on the first twin,  
Compensated by a charming birthmark on the face,  
and sexy gap in the front teeth of the second twin,  
all of them in the stomach of the frog survived for decades,  
on the diet of white ants which the frog swallowed piecemeal,  
Without chewing, each and every evening,  
Until the frog reached in England, to Victoria's home,  
It found Victoria's mother sitting lonely,  
On the sepulcher of her husband who had died a decade ago,  
The frog surprised Victoria's old mother with spoken English  
That was typical of Shakespeare,  
the frog asked only for a permission to puke,  
the old lady permitted the animal to puke,  
the frog puked out its usual filthy entrails,  
then Nakitumba, followed by Victoria,  
the twin brothers, then Anastasia,  
Miracle and joy overwhelmed that entire home,  
Victoria begged her mother to return back to Africa  
To search for the father of her sons, but everyone refused,  
She also complied, and stayed in England,  
She grew up to become Queen Victoria of Great Britain,  
Her sons became Prince George and Prince Charles,  
The frog is kept unto now in home of old frogs  
At London zoo,  
Let my tale in this song die now to let myself live for ever  
To sing more songs of tales like this one.

alexander opicho



# Animal Anger

The most misused natural resource is animal emotion  
Animal jealousy, animal love, animal happiness, animal libido,  
Animal compassion, animal grief, animal ogle, animal sex,  
Animal ego, animal fear or stampede, but animal anger utmost  
It is a resource of value and virtue if used in prudence  
Least vicious off all lest ghoulish natural disposition  
Whose exemplification follows below in juxtaposition;  
Out of anger a human animal kills  
Revenge in full feat of anger  
Causing accidents and damages  
In employment of anger to uphold ego  
A snake will not bite until ignited to anger  
But in its calm state it's an agent of ecological peace  
Lioness is herbivorous in their truce but irascibly carnivorous  
Buffaloes only crash if catapulted by anger  
But romantically crazy in the emotional bliss  
Man is fountain of peaceful jealousy  
Man is cradle of venerative bigotry  
Man is a well of murderous love  
Humanity engendered is matchless ocean  
Of cantankerous infatuation crushing for doable  
And non-doables, deservation of pity,  
All these natural ornamentations  
That echo vicious virtues of man  
Are protégés of perfected anger.

alexander opicho

# Animal Anger Again

The most misused natural resource is animal emotion, man  
Animal jealousy, animal love, animal happiness, animal libido, man  
Animal compassion, animal grief, animal ogle, animal sex, man  
Animal ego, animal fear or stampede, but animal anger utmost  
It is a resource of value and virtue if used in prudence, man  
Least vicious off all lest ghoulish natural disposition  
Whose exemplification follows below in juxtaposition;  
Out of anger a human animal kills  
Revenge in full feat of anger  
Causing accidents and damages  
In employment of anger to uphold ego  
A snake will not bite until ignited to anger  
But in its calm state it's an agent of ecological peace  
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Man is a well of murderous love  
Humanity engendered is matchless ocean  
Of cantankerous infatuation crushing for doable  
And non-doables, deservation of pity,  
All these natural ornamentations  
That echo vicious virtues of man  
Are protégés of perfected anger, i say

alexander opicho

# Antipathy For Islam

My name is Rajabu Al Islam, an African Muslim  
Born in Africa, Black Muslim not Arabic,  
I am now in the solemn city of Mombasa,  
Standing on the pinnacle of Tahir Sheikh Towers,  
Looking at the land of Likoni and Motonkwe  
Beyond the deep blue arm of Indian Ocean,  
Behold the Muslim terrorists, lynch fierce terror  
On the innocent human beings, in ramshackled church,  
They are shooting women and young children,  
The pastor at the dais, wielding the Bible,  
Also succumbs to a bullet in his Kafir capacity,  
The church choir master has also dropped dead  
And the rest of all humanity in the church  
Have no where to take cover from terrorist,  
As Moslem terrorist ejaculate bullets on them,  
Poor humanity wail in the agony of death  
From the injurious bullets, of AK 47,  
Auma Otieno drops dead her son Osinya falling away,  
Osinya is not dead, but a slug stuck in his skull,  
In glorification of Al shabab the Islamic terror wing,  
Baby osinya is young boy of six months,  
Without selfish piety of Middle East in chest,  
When you shoot him, is it n't it super terrorism!  
To shoot a child of six months in the head  
In pursuit of your religious ecstasy?

Who said that Islam is the way of Godliness?  
He was a beautiful cheat full of brawnish frivolities,  
Islam is total darkness, as its overt organs are;  
Al gaeda, Al shabab and Boko Haram.  
I hate Islam for its dirty reasonless ignorance  
I hate it with my full passion and my entirety,  
Indeed I am prepared to die in stern defense  
Of my antipathy for Islam; a piety so uncouth  
When I recall, the Twin towers of America,  
West Gate of Kenya, American embassy in Kenya,  
And the stubborn Boko Haram, that condemned human life  
Foolishly in the north of Nigeria a foul divinity.

Alexander Opicho

# August I Hate You

August the month,  
I hate you with passion,  
You are the most sad month,  
You often impeach manly happiness,  
With abnormal efficacy of fate's power,  
Your vice and evil ploys borrows a lot,  
From the throne of thy name's selfish cradle,  
Dumb-founding Fetish of the Roman self,  
Though you gave me chance to visit the earth,  
But in crude culture circumcissionally agonized  
I hate you august for the demise of great lives,  
You have swallowed to remove a living realm,  
In the un-couth ways of cruelty on horn of fate,  
You ate Ceaser, Cleopatra and Catholic Paul john II,  
I now caution and warn you to stop your evil ways,  
For the two fortnights you will be around wi' us  
Don't scuttle man's peace whatsoever possible,

alexander opicho

# Away From Home

He declared himself a refugee, and ran away from his country  
Running away from hunger and poverty, to the overseas,  
He roams foreign countries from one place to another,  
Chewing foreign fortunes of historical efforts,  
Of blood and sweat shed by the fore(wo) men of those countries,  
He is prostrate and defenseless to foreign languages,  
Begging for sympathy to be made a citizen in Europe,  
His rapacious appetite wedding his tongue,  
Swallowing saliva on sight of European fortune,  
Feating into mad appetite for sweat of others proceeds.

He burned the bridges on the way back to his home  
Lest he be told the piffing of going back to his emaciated mother,  
He changed his names to become a foreign native  
Out of laziness not to fight for political and social change,  
An imperative need of his motherland and fatherland,  
Blind cowardice made him to over measure homespun folly  
In the patriotic spirit of verve-less readiness  
To die for political goodness of his motherland,  
A (de) patriotic syndrome to only which  
Hugo Garcia Manriquez sang a limerick  
The best of all poems in his time of solitude;  
(The fear of representation, of going back  
to representation, that is,

to animosity)

alexander opicho

# Ballad Of A Peasant

Alexander k Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Naja naja naaja  
Nanyola ekhisi eyo  
Esia bulo bwaayo  
Na babana baayo  
Yaloma eli sielekho  
Nasia nasia naasia  
Yaloma eli khooje  
Naja naja naaja  
Nanyola makhutu mumumeji  
Kabakilisia vinananda  
Vinanada kolokolo  
Kolokolo ya bakhoma  
Bakhoma babukusu sa balia enkokho  
Enkokho masiliokokho  
Samba lukina lwo omwami  
Kabangalia wiwi!

alexander opicho

# Ballad Of A Peasant Adultress

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Natvaa! nativaa!  
Nativa omukhana weengo  
Engo bali ndi mwilia  
Mwilia bali ndi engo  
Khane mbolelaa mukhombe  
Ewefwe engo!

alexander opicho



# Ballad Of Vladimir Putin

He told his sister to feed the dogs,  
His twin sister; Sophia Bogvoskya,  
As he was to take out the herds  
Of horses, sheep, donkeys and cows,  
Out to the plains and hill land for grazing,  
She never took a damn, she locked herself,  
Up in the ante chamber of the main house,  
She took the mirror and began looking  
At her beauty, Russian model beauty  
She began picking her nails,  
As the dogs were starving in the sheds  
They whined but no succor came forth,  
A fiat that coincided with arrival of ogres,  
The great Western Ogres, the tongues wagging,  
They had a plethora of eyes and mouths,  
Noses and ears, limbs both hind and fore,  
They ate all the young sheep,  
They took away Putin's young brothers  
Crimea and Ukrainian, both were taken away,  
By the ferocious NATO ogres they were taken  
In a whelp and desperate kicking for freedom,  
Dogs stood aloof as ogres thrashed Sophia  
Into thin lacerations of red flesh,  
They ate as they roared with laughter,  
Then they went away with their loot,  
Vladimir came back home, found nothing  
No sister, no brothers no sheplings,  
Only two white sepulchers glared at him,  
The graves of his mother and father;  
The former cooks of Lenin Vladimir,  
He mourned and mourned grievously,  
Then he sang a dirge of his forefathers  
From the herculean land of Bosnia,  
And also Moscow, he dirged;  
We were born in the wee of the night,  
When the bear is whelping,  
And we were suckled by the Tigre  
When our mothers were taken slaves,  
For no man or creature

Will ever make us victims  
Nor subjects of fear,  
He recovered from the moment  
Till some moment of loss and bereave,  
Then he chose to go after the ogres  
But with a strategum of no match,  
He began arming himself first  
Before he could set on,  
His mobile armory full of deadly weapons;  
A bunch of wasps, wild bees, black ants,  
A thousand slings, spears and sickles,  
Machetes, poisonous saps, and toxics,  
Wild dogs, five hundred snakes and scorpions,  
Bows and arrows as well as cudgels,  
Clubs, stones and chains,  
He also learned how to use the hands  
In the most lethal manner,  
Then he went for combat,  
To rescue all that was taken,  
Taken from him by the ogres....

alexander opicho

# Ballads Of Joseph The Father Of Jesus

## BALLADS OF JOSEPH THE FATHER OF JESUS

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

My name is Joseph  
Am a Jewish bachelor  
Or call me a male spinster  
Am a poor penniless carpenter  
Am pushing forth and back my plane  
And waving my old claw hammer  
Hitting the nail on the head  
And chopping of its ears by my adze  
In the entirety of Israel and Hebrew world  
My beautiful Hebrew fiancée is Mary  
No she is already my wife, Mary wife of my youth  
She is pregnant minus my nuptiality  
Minus my conjugal enfranchisement  
And the man who fertilized her  
Was witnessed and flunkeyed by Gabriel  
The airy voice in the amorphous whirlwind  
Without form and shape but erotically crazy  
How sad; I am a victim of the spiritual powers that be  
My jealousy of humanity will be condemned blasphemous  
Kindly come and feel with me, please feel for me  
How do you see? For someone else  
To have sex and sex with your newlywed wife  
Or your beautiful wench  
Or your lovable concubineous fiancée  
Until he makes her pregnant with male foetus  
Then he commands you to marry her  
Because you are only a humble wood work  
He commands you to accept fornication  
As immaculate sex that yield holy pregnancy  
Holy conception but nothing bad or foul,  
What if that male foetus comes out a son  
Who resembles foreigners from beyond the mountain?

But not me, his head having shape of a hook  
I am annoyed with this heaven chauvinist religion  
This horrible anti-human relationship  
From which I will be degraded and come out ignobled  
And the one who impregnated my wife  
Will be exulted and ennobled to the throne of glory  
His son and himself they will be made an exalted religion  
But I will die desperate as a carpentering lout  
A worthless Jewish oat, reeking a foul stench  
O Death! Come take me away from this humiliated life  
I don't want to see this Jewish Mary with her bulging belly  
Her beauty and sexuality has made me a village pumpkin  
She is in no way a virgin

alexander opicho

# Barrack Obama Is Reading Moby Dick

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
American president is reading Moby dick  
Ja-kogello is reading Moby dick  
Ja-siaya is reading Moby dick  
Ja-merica is reading Moby dick  
Jadello is reading Moby dick  
Ja-buonji is reading Moby dick  
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman  
And what are you reading?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because untimely death took his father  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because untimely death took his mother  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because untimely death to his brother  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because untimely death took the grannies  
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman  
And what are you reading?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Baba Michelle is reading Moby dick  
Baba Sasha is reading Moby dick  
Baba Malia is reading Moby dick  
Baba nya-dhin is reading Moby dick  
Sarah's sire is reading Moby dick  
Ja-sharia is reading Moby dick  
The nigger is reading Moby dick  
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman  
And what are you reading?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because here ekes audacity of hope  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because here ekes dreams of fathers  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because here ekes yes we can  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick

Because here ekes American dream  
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman  
And what are you readings?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because American president is like whale hunting  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because Obama is a money making animal  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because hunting Osama is whale riding  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because hunting Gaddaffi is whale riding  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because coming to Kenya is whale riding  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because Guantanamo prison is a bay of whales  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because Snowden is a Russian whale  
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman  
And what are you reading, Moby dick?

alexander opicho

# Bathing In The River

At a creek of the Congo River  
Bathing myself in full swing,  
Fully naked; soap foam all over my body  
Covering my face with sight hinder  
My eyes not clearly seeing where soap piece is,  
Moving my hand to the soap without my look  
As a huge snake, the black mamba reconnoitres too,  
To dine on the same scarce soap  
Before I take the soap, the snake swallows,  
Then smoothly the snake disappears into the whirlpool  
Without my knowledge as I keep on touching  
Different parts of the river stones.

alexander opicho

# Bauernschaft

BAUERNSCHAFT

by

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Bauernschaft is armut  
armut von intellect  
armut von benhemmen  
ist eine mammut teufel  
ist schon verhangnis  
Bauernschaft Bauernschaft  
vergnugen zu du Bauernschaft  
das ist moglich abmaruch Bauernschaft  
vernugen!

alexander opicho



# Be Warned From Spying On Your Wife

Look, you have now broken your back bone  
Because of climbing tall trees and high balconies  
To spy on your wife as she roves the village,  
You climbed a Tall baobab tree up to the apex  
To play sentry and spy on your wife  
When she went down the river to fetch some water  
For you to bathe and wash your jealousy body  
And when she met her brother-in -law;  
The man from another village across the river  
Who greeted her with her a prolonged hug  
Embracing your wife in his strong arms  
They way a giant can do to a beauty model,  
Feat of goofy jealous gripped you  
And you forgot that you were perching in high danger  
At the top of the baobab tree, you left yourself unsupported  
As all selfish men can in feats of irrationality  
Coming down like a sack of wet sand  
Falling in thud, breaking your poor backbone!  
Dude; be warned from spying on your wife.

alexander opicho

# Begging Syndrome

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

My people have seasoned the art of begging  
They don't want to beg when begging is necessary  
My leaders have compelled our people to beg  
Begging that what they have leeway to graft  
Begging is couth only when it's necessary  
But not because there is plethorae  
Of willing donors who are not even better  
Addiction to begging is a political syndrome,

Africa has to stop temerarious begging  
Otherwise the burden of debt will erode  
Your sons and daughters away  
In to the ocean of facelessness  
For the slave master owns controls  
Only labour of the slave  
But in contrast to the borrowing vice  
The debt master controls the soul  
Of the borrower.

alexander opicho

# Behold Angst Kills The African Rat

Once upon a time in the city of Omurate  
In the southern part of Ethiopia  
Omurate that is on Ethiopian boundary with Kenya  
There were two prosperous animal families  
Living side by side as good neighbours  
in glory and pomp of riches  
Each family was ostensibly rich  
And rambunctious in social styles  
They were the families of African rat family  
And the Jewish cat family; the city belonged to them  
They all enjoyed stocks of desert scorpions from Todanyang  
From the savanna desert of Northern Kenya,  
The two families also enjoyed to feed on desert locusts  
On which they regularly fed without food squabbles

Locust themselves they flew from Lowarang to Omurate  
From Lowarang a desert region in Kenya, to their city of Omurate  
Sometimes the Jewish cat family enjoyed an extra dish  
In form of puff adder flesh, especially the steak of the puff adder muscle  
Puff adder were cheaply available in plenty at the lakeshore,  
Lakeshores of Lake Turkana  
At point which river Ormo enters into Lake Turkana  
So the cat was happy and relaxed  
Even it rarely mewed,  
Neighbours never often heard its mewling sound  
The rat also enjoyed plenty of milk with no strain  
Easily gotten from the rustled cattles  
Cattle rustled by the Merilee; a warrior tribe in Omurate.

That day the cat had gulped milk since morning  
Even its stomach was bulging  
Like that of Kenyan state officer  
The rat had milk all over the house  
In the kitchen, milk all over  
In the sitting room, milk in abundance  
In the wash, room milk all through  
On the bed, milk and stuffs of milk  
The rat was bored with nothing to be enticed  
Sometimes plenty of milk can become a bother  
The rat mused to itself in foolish African empathy

That may be the cat is starving in pangs of hunger  
With nothing to drink, or may be it has no milk  
When the milk is rotting here in my house  
It is un-African for food to rot in your house  
When the neighbour's belly is not full,  
On these thoughts the rat washed its legs, and hands  
Finished up with its face,  
Put on its white short trouser and a green top  
It stuffed its tail inside its white short trouser,  
The rat poured milk into two pots,  
each pot was full to the brim  
It carried one in its left hand  
And balance another on its head  
In its right hand was an African walking stick  
For the elders known as Pakora  
The rat took off to the home of the cat  
In full feat of animal love and philanthropy  
Whistling its favourite poem;  
An Ode to a good neighbour,  
Walking carefully lest it spills brimful milk,  
It entered into the house of the cat without haste  
Neither knocking nor waiting to be told come in  
In that spectacular charisma of a good neighbour,  
When the cat saw the rat it giggled two short giggles  
And almost got choked by indecision  
For it had been long since this happened,  
Since the cat had dine on milk leave alone rat meat  
The rat said to the Jewish cat that my brother  
Have milk I have brought for you  
Have it and sip here it is; the real milk,  
In devilish calmness the cat told the rat;  
Put it for me on the table, thank you,  
But my friend Mr. rat don't go away; there is more  
More for you to help me in addition to milk,  
Continue my brother Mr. Cat, how can I help you?  
Don't call me your brother; bursted the cat,  
For it is long since I ate the rat meat  
And you know rat meat is our stable food  
In a frenetic feat of powerlessness the rat was confused  
In attempt to save itself  
it pleaded that my dear elder, I was  
Only having plenty of milk in my house

And to us African rats, it is a taboo  
To have a lot of food in your house  
When the neighbour's belly is not full  
So I only brought you the present of Milk  
Please have it and drink,  
Without taciturnity the Cat retorted in persistence;  
I know and I am thankful for your good manners  
But remember with us Jewish cats it is heinous sin  
Forget of a taboo, it is blasphemy against the living  
God for one of us to leave the rat free from our house  
For you rats are the only stable and kosher food God blessed for us  
The Jewish rat family all over the world  
So shut up your mandibles, I am to eat you first  
Then I will take milk later as a relish.

With its herculean paw the cat crushed the rat  
With mighty of the leopard culture  
Throwing away the white trouser  
And green top from the torso of the rat  
The cat ate the rat with voracity of the devil  
After which it punctuated its mid day appetite  
With slow and relaxed sipping of milk  
Slowly and slowly as it felt its internal greatness  
And hence the African proverbial that;  
Behold foolish angst kills the African rat!

alexander opicho

# Behold The Fall Of Anglo-American Power!

in my sleep, in the wee of yester-night  
The dreams and visions came to me,  
From the gods of my land, all the gods,  
gods in command of prophecy and vision,  
All came to me in a spiritual swarm  
They then addressed in dint and power of heaven,  
The chief god talked to me, by addressing my name,  
In fact my native name, that listen you Opicho son of Simbuku,  
Son of Khayongo, son of kimalen the son of kimudwa;  
behold America is falling into smithereens,  
It will fall and become insignificant like a tomb,  
God has refused its evil civilization and filthy,  
For it is openly perpetrating perverted sexuality,  
Among divine creation; the humanity,  
It wants man to marry man and a woman to marry a woman,  
It has shamelessly funded gayism, lesbianism and homosexuality,  
It has boldly gone against the law of God,  
Its civilization impeaches the family institution,  
For man marrying a man gives no children,  
And a woman marrying a woman gives no children,  
This is absolute anti Godliness, and anti-human,  
It has replicated Sodom and Gomorrah of the old days,  
That heavily burned with the evil flame in their flesh,  
Due to this perverted sexual civilization  
It will become a dead salty stone like Lot's wife,  
For God is going to give strength to the Islamic state,  
God will also empower China and Russia,  
God will empower Germany and India,  
He is going to remove poverty from Africa,  
And make Anglo-American power irrelevant  
Britain is receding back to insignificance  
Scottish feelings for separation will come back,  
In full stamped it will come along with Ireland  
To render filthy Britain powerless over mankind,  
The time has come for the world to be multi-polar,  
In culture, politics and faith; divine diversity,  
No single human power will reign the world,  
The catholic power is also gone, never to come  
This paves way for the supreme deity to come

And reign peacefully over mankind on the earth,  
Without rape and terror like that one of Gaza  
Committed by Anglo-American faked horn of Israeli.

alexander opicho

# Better The Gorillas Of Rwanda

Better the gorillas of Rwanda are given birth certificate  
Within a brief while of their visiting the earth,  
Their security is guaranteed by the state machinery  
Basking in the full confidence of three meals a day,  
Not wary of political repression based on suspicion,  
They have a national day in their honour  
Fully agitated for clean environment  
By the political incumbency,

alexander opicho



# Bishop Cornelius Korir Of Eldoret Is A Hypocrite

His kalenjin tribesmen planned for tribal wars to cleanse kikuyus and luhyas  
From their lands, planned out of tribal sadism,  
He was fully aware, as he understood the kalenjin coded language of war  
And preparation for war, war of the years 2007 and 2008,  
He did not give any holy bishopric damn to save his non indigenous folks  
The people to be killed and tribally cleansed were the members  
Of his catholic church in the dioceses of Eldoret,  
The ones to kill were his kalenjin tribesmen,  
But bishop korir could not counsel nor forewarn,  
He did not give out any peace focused advice  
That a catholic should not kill a catholic  
Because of politics or worldliness,  
Instead he gave respect to his tribal sentimentality  
He behaved as a kalenjin first then a catholic later,  
A spiritual paradox of the century,  
Only equated in the Biafra tribal sentimentality between igbos and yorubas  
Redolent of European Nazism or the American ku Klux Klan

But after all the non kalenjin Catholics from his dioceses  
Had been killed, burned up in the church, raped up  
Homoerotically perhaps in the madness of tribal scorn,  
That they now became refugees in their own country; Kenya  
And then solemnly condemned to the refugee camps,  
Is when Bishop korir Cornelius came out of his tribal kernel  
With vices of a kipskiss sadist, holy rosary in his hand,  
Singing an out dated poem of Hail Mary the virgin  
Mother of Jesus Christ to them, the IDPS,  
He then promoted a priest from his tribe,  
The one kimengich up the hegemonic altar to become  
The bishop of Lodwar from where they loot  
The illiterate turkana catholic peasants their relief foods,  
And even jobs, and clothes, only to give to those who are not needy,  
To the kalenjin who are not even catholic nor marginalized, some even Moslem,  
All these happens in the sweetness of tribal syndrome,  
A social disease which the holy sacrament of the catholic faith  
Have not and never will heal Bishop Cornelius korir.

alexander opicho

# Buch

Du sie wunderbarkumpel  
Ich habe im meine leben  
Du habe immer mich beschaffigen  
Ich mochte sprachen danken zu du  
Du sie fuhrer; much  
Heilig ist die hand welche du geschaffen  
Ich liebe sie mit meine kummerleute

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

# Bucklig Von Afrika

Vermutung und schätzen  
Wer ist er  
Er wonheim im Afrika  
Im eine grossesdat  
Im eine bungalow  
Mit seine frauen und jungen  
Mit seine jasager und jasagerin  
Mit seine jas-blutsverwandte  
Wer ist die buckling von Afrika?

Seine penis ist grosse zuzugaben  
Er hast penetrativer sexen  
Mit frauen leute im Afrika  
Dass wenn du kommen zur Afrika  
Im ost oder west Afrika  
Norden Afrika oder sudaAfrika  
Zentral Afrika oder seine rande  
Du werden nicht treffen mit Jungfrau  
Das von Bucklig von Afrika  
Schatzen, wer ist buckling von Afrika?

Baden und gute Ruhm leute ist seine  
Kuh leute und siege leute ist seine  
Waffen leute ist seine  
Fluss leute und berg leute ist seine  
Ozean leute und wuste leute ist seine  
Schatzen, wer is er  
Wer ist bucklig von Afrika?

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

# Call For Submissions To Mombasa Poetry Anthology 2016

Poets from all over the world are invited to submit their original poems to Mombasa poetry anthology. The anthology is organized by the Kenyan society of poets and literary scholars. It is out of literary and cultural recognition of the historical fact that Mombasa and its environs is home man, it is an indisputable home to all types of people in all their capacities and stations. It is historically evident that, at least a European, an African, Asian, Indian, American, Australian or Chinese have a home in Mombasa. This has been the case from as early as 7 AD. When the Oman Arabs landed at the east African coast in the moon-son wind driven dhows.

This anthology will be published Kenya, as a print version latest by December 2016, under the title, ANTHEM OF HOPE. The anthology will have a collection of 2000 poems, written in English, or written in any other language but accompanied with a translation to English, each poet is allowed to submit three poems, a poem must not exceed 500 words, all poems must be submitted as one document of MS word attachment, the font types to be used are times Romans, the size is 12. The poem can be in any style without having creativity of the poet being decimated by traditional literary canonicity, but as long as the poem will be addressing and not limited to the following themes in relation to Mombasa;

- 1) Mombasa city, other towns Around Mombasa like Kisumayu, Lamu, Kibino, Hola, Mpeketon, Bamburi, Malindi, Watamu, Gede, Matsangoni, kilifi, Vipingo, Takaungu, Mtwapa, Shimo la tewa, Bamburi, Likoni, ukunda, wa, msambweni, lunga Lunga, Vanga, Shimoni, Tanga, msofala, Dar salam and Zanzibar, as well as Mariakani and Voi, taita, taveta and Arusha,
- 2) Mombasa people, The miji-kenda, arabs, European, bajuni, Indians, and any other in relation to Mombasa
- 3) Mombasa features like the Indian ocean, likon ferry, fort jesus, beaches, vasco da Gama pillar, nyali bridge, Makupa cause way and any other feature,
- 4) Mombasa populations; Christians, muslim, LGBTI, drug addicts, the deaf, blind, scrotal elephantiasis victims, dwarfs, jinis and any other in realtion to Mombasa,
- 5) Mombasa fauna and flora, kilifi trees, mango trees, palm wine tree, crow birds, cats, flies, vultures, snakes, pythons Mombasa
- 6) Mombasa cultures, womenfolk, weddings, music, donkey-games, stick-games and any other in relation to Mombasa,
- 7) Mombasa city dynamics, hustles, bustles, Al-shabab, job seeking, youths and behaviour and any other theme,
- 8) Overall themes to be addressed under the Mombasa city context are; Indian

ocean and poetry, family, human rights, climate change, security, poverty, pollution, globalization, migration, corruption, cosmopolitanism, culture, language, war, refugees, natural resources and any other them pertinent to Mombasa

Vulgar, racist, prejudicial or any hate perpetrating poems will not be published, For the poets that will have their poems published there will be a ceremony of spoken word and poetry reading from the published poems in early December 2016 (exact date will be communicated) on the white sands beach at Sarova hotel.

The last day for submission of your poems is July 31st 2016, the notification about your poem being accepted and yet to be published is 31st august 2016. Submit your poems along with a bio note of not more than 500 words to the email [mombasapoetryanthology@](mailto:mombasapoetryanthology@), along with a serial number and a scanned copy of the slip for payment of the handling fees of Kenya shillings 500 or 5 US dollars for the three poems. The account to pay in is Standard Chartered Bank (Kenya) account number; 0100310788200 the swift code is; SCBLKENX and bank code is 02

Five winning poets will be prized in the following order; the first poet will win 5000 US dollars, second poet will win 4000 US dollars, the third will win 3000 US dollars, 2000 US dollars, and lastly 1000 US dollars.

Each published poet will get two copies of the anthology free of charge. Further questions for clarification about the Mombasa Poetry anthology can be emailed [mombasapoetryanthology@](mailto:mombasapoetryanthology@)

alexander opicho

# Cancer Is Swallowing Africa's Poor Folks

Here hails a huge, long and dragonish snake,  
With myriads of dangerous heads on its thorax,  
Roaming up and down in a nefarious duty  
All over the African streets and hamlets,  
Villages and terrains, the abodes of poor folks,  
Swallowing daughters and sons of this land,  
Swallowing a handful of them on each bite,  
They are in a forlorn despair like never before,  
Defenselessly succumbing to the dragon once in the grip,  
Young and old, prepubescent and all others are cancers' fodder,  
Africa is truly diminishing to the abysmal jaws of cancer,  
Forget of initial vices of HIV, Ebola and leprosy,  
Forget of the contemporary terrorism and ethnic warlordism,  
Cancer is ruthlessly swallowing poor folks of Africa  
Into its inferno of early deaths, rendering many parentless,  
A knot for the living to put aside pride and seek genuine help,  
For the myriad heads of dragonish cancer violently kill the prey,  
I have seen sons and daughters of poor Africa in cancerous agony,  
Often with a blocked food pipe when in the grip of throat cancer,  
Non-stop vaginal bleeding at mercilessness of cervical cancer,  
In the torture of brute pulling weight in grip of scrotal cancer,  
On the top of maximum pain in the grip of breast cancer  
Humorously desperate before menacing eyes of death,  
When misfortunately in the grip of heart cancer,  
Deathly starvation condemns many poor folks to grave,  
Always when in the unlucky tentacle of intestinal cancer,  
In this desperate land of Africa where basic hospital  
Stands a luxury, affordable by the rich in the political class,  
As the poor without choice die and die and die,  
O who will take me out of Africa, this nonchalant Africa?  
Before the dragon of cancer condemns me down to its  
Inferno of pains and miserably violent death!  
I fear death due to punctured lungs without solace,  
I fear death due to stunted blood cells without succor  
I fear death due to poisoned blood without palliative  
When the cancerous heads of; lung cancer, blood cancer,  
And Liver cancer will besiege this land of Africa to hold me a captive.

alexander opicho

# Caricatures Of Freedom

Freedom is not a proverbial rose bush guard of Russia  
Not a flag independence eked in duplication  
Of evil, malice, discrimination and corruptible rapacity  
Affirming sovereignty only if state crimes go  
Scot free minus neither censure nor civil rebuke  
Duplicity of racism, Nazism and immoral ethnicity  
A few riding on the backs of masses singing anti Kipling  
Sonnet of love the poor are a Blackman's burden.

Freedom is not tribal Darwinism, caricatures perhaps!  
Big tribes clinging on despotic power over  
The nations of the excluded minorities thinned  
Out in the wildish fervor of a song  
In a dirty tempo echoing political folly  
Tyranny of numbers! Tyranny of numbers  
Oblivious to democratic unfreedom  
If the majority is politically wrong  
Whose stanza could beautifully benefit  
Tyranny of huge tribes! Tyranny of huge tribes  
Demediocretizing bystanders to wham -pam -pams  
Of thoughts altruistic projection of quiz and quiz;  
What of the tyranny of intellect?  
What of the tyranny of reasons?  
What of the tyranny of truth?  
What of mis-tyranny of stolen election?  
What of tyranny of political maturity?  
What of tyranny of political sobriety?  
What of tyranny of timocracy?  
What of tyranny of crimes?  
What of tyranny of ethnicity?  
What of tyranny of fear?  
What of tyranny of justice in the Hollanders Hague?  
Perpetrators of cosmetic freedom  
And parochial democracy of the state poets  
Ennobling political snobs of time immemorial  
Boot and licking state falsehood  
With fierce hostility antagonizing  
The troubadours of the songs of freedom  
In detention legal terrorism and economic freezing



Giving birth to placenta of freedom which I  
I mine poemocracy I decry as; caricatures of freedom!

alexander opicho

# Carpenter's Ire

Once I was in England, and happened to encounter the carpenter's ire,  
He was struggling to get out of the lot of poverty, with all mighty,  
He woke up every day at dawn, pushing the plane throughout a day,  
He liked no stories when working, as Europe's economy is no joke,  
It needs toughness of mind, soul and muscles, hence his work ethos,  
His wife covered no space in his hearty, as she was only a cost center  
He like not eating all the time, foodiusness weakens the wallet anyhow,  
He liked not whistling as he pushed nails into the wood,  
He detested lest doing it makes him look like a Negro,  
His son often played around, when he was working  
One day the heaps of sawdust covered up his claw-hammer,  
He thought his boy had stolen it, to pawn for candies  
At the notorious Jewish shop in the neighborhood,  
But in contrast the lad said he knows not,  
Where the hammer was, he did not take it,  
Carpenter's ire went fluvial, amokish age,  
He sledge hammered his son to death,  
Only to discover the hammer  
Was underneath saw dust  
Where he wanted to hide  
The cadaver of his son.

alexander opicho

# Cattle Rustlers Are Virgin Rustlers

CATTLE RUSTLERS ARE VIRGIN RUSTLERS

By

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Let me tell you dear

What you don't know

Because of the lies

Which you always swallow

In time of truth to know

But falsehood you are given

For your duping, be aware soul brother

Cattle rustlers are only but only

Beautiful virgin rustlers.

The them fierce cattle rustlers

Armed to their dirtier teeth

With foul spirit and vicious will

With no heart for love nor humanity

On their shoulders hang deathly guns

Smuggled from Russia the land of weaponry

Down to Ethiopia land of beautiful Merilee virgins

In the northern frontier of Kenyan territory

Where hails the cattle rustlers

And indeed they are virgin rustlers.

Education they hate down to their farthing

Religion they hate with a dint of xenophobia

Farming they detest to menial labour label

Trees they plant not it is oblivion to gods

Environment and climate they are no near sages

Women folk they abuse with chauvinistic urge

But guns they love, Goats they love

Carmel they love, curviews they love

Weapons they buy, Bullets they buy

To rustle cattle as they rustle virgins

Listen to the voice of sorrow

Agony and despair, voice of melancholy

From one once a beautiful virgin

Born in the green town the city of Omurate  
In the south of Ethiopia on the banks of river Oromo  
The mouth of Lake Turkana the fountain of oil;  
Rustlers came to our manyatta  
In the early evening, armed with rifles  
Vestiges of Italy the imperializer of Ethiopia  
I smiled to them in my girlish folly  
O! Cattle rustlers are virgin Rustlers.

Others rushed for father's treasure herds of cattle  
A lad, black and stout his legs elbowed  
Rushed at me with a menacing stampede  
Brandish the gun his vice overt  
Terrified me into the rampaged herds  
All of us; virgin girls and valuable cattle  
A hundred Carmel and goats  
Fat Sheep and high shrill shouts  
Were in a maddening haze  
Thronged out and driven to Kenya  
Cattle rustled and virgins rustled  
No, cattle rustlers are virgins rustlers.

Morning yet of blunders to share  
Cattle shared in pits and pits  
I was shared out to my abductor  
The elbow legged lad my abductor  
In merriment it was done with gun shots in the air  
As we in our hearts we grieved brimful  
Ululations greeted ever act of brutality  
Cursed be their city Todanyang of Turkana  
In which I was forced into a manyatta marriage  
Raped and raped by my abductor  
Full of black thoughts that I was his wife  
Him a cattle rustler, only a virgin rustler.

Alexander K Opicho is a social researcher with Sanctuary Researchers Ltd in Eldoret, Kenya he is also a lecturer in Research Methods in governance and Leadership

Alexander Opicho

# Chelele

Death is a senseless thief,  
Robbing the poor and forlorn ones,  
Of whatever they do treasure most,  
It has robbed me the gems in the voice  
Of Chelele Diana Jemutai the dear song bird,  
Her lovely voice ever called me to her bossom,  
Of kipsigis Music softly done to bliss-up my heart,  
From the basin of despair, loneliness and pessimism,  
Then she calls me to come forth,  
With her charming words of love;  
Where you are baby tell me,  
Who are you? Where are you?  
Come now baby and tell me..  
Then my heart whirls up into a pool and head-wind  
Of love, self-esteem and hope for life under my sky,  
As I relish the sweet diversity in the kipsigis nation,  
From Taita Towet to Chelele the diva of Africa,

I will miss you Chelele but ye go well,  
For the living soul must taste death,  
That is where we shall all taste eternity,  
And glorify ourselves for what we did,  
As the killers and evil ones in hell,  
Will be in hot sessions of their agony,  
But in the eternity of life we shall love,  
What scares not but serves mankind,  
Murderous minds won't see this domain,  
For it killed you because of your beauty,  
It would have spared you for the sake of your voice,  
For it is not a must for a man to get what he loves,  
For love is sweet but faster it runs like an antelope

alexander opicho

# Chimpanzee Blood Inside African Veines

Discoboli of African poetry has now sparked above aphasia  
The aphasic silence today breaks eardrums with cacophony  
Of the world audience in the by standing duty of workshop tubes,  
Executing poetic experiment on the origin of homo poeticus  
To link the archaic baboonish proteins to the black chimpanzee  
Cradling African man, the sire of all and their poetry.

That when the Chimpanzee blood we poured  
Into the African veins of vena cava and aorta,  
Feeding the heart with viscosity of nutrition,  
And the Chimpanzee blood fell into deadly  
Tomperousness like Shakespearean impetuosity  
Once seen in Romeo and Juliet, giving timely Birth  
To untimely half the yellow Sun  
That juxtaposed planet of poetry  
Behind the star of tribe as a priority  
Condemning to stark oblivion all the fated,  
in full uniform of tribal dimunitions, or mimesis.

Ever predated on when tribes form nations.  
A time to try the chimpanzee blood in the veins  
Of white humanity, battling cynosure  
Historically evinced in Antony and his father,  
Or Tybalt and Mercurial of mercutio,  
Or Macbeth and counterparts  
Or Hamlet the Danish and the inheritors of his mother,  
As the white blood cells of the white blood,  
Militantly attack the white corpuscles  
Of the misfortunate chimpanzee,  
Converting the later into  
A chewer of misfortune.

alexander opicho

# Christmas In Funeral

He brought us up with dovish love  
He cautioned us to be serpent wise,  
He took us to schools each of us  
In a genuine dream to forestall future misery  
He fed us well from his meagre earnings,  
He discriminated not love among the siblings  
We grew up united in family bond,  
He made us all to walk tall and proud  
As sons and daughters of credible father,  
He taught me in particular to read Mahatma Gandhi,  
He inspired me with love for Napoleon Bonaparte,  
He named me Alexander as a nomenclatural ritual  
To procure spiritualities of charm and intellect,  
He did us good and indeed we must all agree  
As evinced in the love he gave to our mother,  
We saw no fearful stress of threatening estrangement  
As our mother always clang to us with superior enthusiasm.

He only began to feel pain on every swallow,  
Saliva, other liquids and solid stuffs he painfully swallowed  
He lost and lost weight on each day as we could do nothing,  
But his wisdom and sense of humane picked,  
Phenomenally usual precursor of impending death,  
He got emaciated and weakling, his feeding decimated,  
I desperately took him to hospital and surrendered him  
To a man wearing humongous glasses on his bearded face,  
The community of that place called him a doctor,  
He checked my father and came out with a stark tiding;  
Young man, your father has throat cancer!  
The barium swallows has indicated all these,  
There is eminent presence of tumors and carcinoma  
Known for their foul perpetration of oesophagus cancer,  
I received this dooms day news with mild trepidation,  
He was discharged back to his village home  
He died two days later in his hut, on his marital bed  
The wooden bed with wick-work of strappings and strings  
Crafted from stone hard animal hides and skins,  
And it was Christmas day of December 2000,  
At three in the afternoon, when my father died



Succumbing to death caused by throat cancer.

alexander opicho

# Close Amity Deep Adversity

CLOSE AMITY DEEP ADVERSITY: OXYMORONITY!

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Say you can Kipling your head when all about you  
Are snakes theirs is dove posing on you;  
say you can doubt your ego when all praise you,  
But make an ebb for their malice harmless:  
say you can rationalize and not be tired by deride,  
Or, befuddled about, don't wade in sham,  
Or being sadized don't give way in equal retort,  
And yet not look couth, nor yourself miss-solomonize;

say you projectize and make sadists fortunes fools;  
say you think and make ego zinjathropus sire,  
say you prosper and goof  
And feed both visitors on emotionless bite:  
say you calm remain to behold your white garment  
Mudslung by adverse friends,  
Or behold your life virtues vilified by those you fed,  
And stoop and mend' em up with tools ramshackle;

say you make all your usain bolts  
And eschew' n actuary on one wham pam pam,  
And negativize, and anew at your cradle,  
And not tide in your permeable friend:  
say you hoax your entirety  
To serve your goal not foe's wit,  
And not cow of your procognacious publicity  
Except the sober fiber overture: serpents!

say you fondle whores and keep your virtue,  
Or flunkey panjandrums and remain socialist  
say neither harmless foes nor toxic friends maim you,  
say humanity is umbra and you penumbra:  
say you know doves serpents and chameleons  
In tinctures and coy  
With what Shakespeare's friend wont oblivionize,

unto you is a kingdom safe from oxymorony!  
You will be the king others nincompoopish enemies.

There domain is black concupiscence  
their scent;  
Apparatchik for the oppressor's heart  
the dictator's crest  
orature, literature and all polirature  
Works like bullets to their stomach  
harpoon to the oat's tongue  
the male zinjathropus ever

Festooned bonhomie a blonde  
pursued by verge of demise  
my hand raise to my keep  
cobra strike em!  
them nincompoopish enemies.

Alexander K Opicho is a social researcher with Sanctuary Researchers ltd in Eldoret, Kenya he is also a lecturer in Research Methods in governance and Leadership

alexander opicho

# Collective Paranoia

They live as a clan in the stone fortress  
Barricading themselves from diversity in humanity,  
They accumulate all manner of weaponry for strong reasonlessness,  
They primitively accumulate arrows, Swords, simis or pangas,  
Machetes, clubs, truncheons and poisonous harpoons,  
In full tribal and ethnic neurosis of amok level hatred,  
Their behavioral fibres finely tuned towards killing massively  
All those of different clan, blood, names and tribal earlobe tattoos  
On their misfortunate happenstance of crossing the land  
Of collective paranoia; where all but strangely doubts a visitor,  
From inside their tribal cocoon they hate without knowledge  
They detest all those of alien confession, they hate and doubt,  
In stupid fear they believe that sons of foreign land are jeopardy,  
We must kill them ere they step on our ethnic comfort.

Your paranoia makes you blind to natural truth  
Barely open in the diversity of fauna and flora  
On both land and oceans, air and below the earth,  
For the bird extant are all but varied; eagles and kites,  
Wild beasts are only a myriad of differences,  
The trees in your mother's woodlot are not homogenous,  
Life in the seas and oceans is strange variation,  
The variation which makes life worth its worthiness,  
Rise above the folly in your collective paranoia  
Pedestalled on the neurotic fear of human diversity.

alexander opicho

# Colour Of Hope

COLOUR OF HOPE

Colour of hope is part of the rainbow

It has texture and motion

Sensitive to dynamics of property

Thought patterns and Gnosticisms of the mind

It is repulsive to cult of personality

Hence generative in the volcanic soils

Of pedagogy of hope

alexander opicho

# Commonwealth War Graveyards

They are silent and beautiful,  
gorgeous in in the white halo,  
cemented in a beautiful terrazzo,  
baring the names of fallen soldiers,  
the European soldiers that fell in Wars;  
second and first and the heinous silent wars,  
i hope this is why they have a proverb; white sepulchre,  
only baring the white dead, only chiefs but no dead Indian.

Common wealth graveyards are all over in Africa,  
in India, panama, Latin America and europe,  
the active fronts in which the allies fought Hitler,  
they are beautifully placed in silently posh areas,  
in langata when in Nairobi, in Mbaraki when in Mombasa,  
in Matisi when in Kenya, In Namusungui when in Lodwar,  
They bear horizontal silence with white names engraved  
on their beautiful face shouting the glory of European empires,  
which provoked the evil sense in the heart of the king's horseman  
in Kenya, in the city of Nairobi, to steal the graveyard lands,  
he made them his urban home with an uppish courtyard,  
for him the dead white neighbours are better than in-corruption.

I walk around the commonwealth graveyards,  
in the all quarters of erstwhile British empire,  
looking for the names of African soldiers,  
who died in thousands fighting for the queen  
the royal bloodied woman of England; Elizabeth,  
Looking for the sons of Ethiopia who stood with  
the second duce Benito son of Mussolini,  
fighting for Hitler, for Shintos in the European war,  
i have seen no name of any African,  
I have not seen Wandabwa wa masibo,  
who was conscripted into the first world war,  
Along with his father Biket wa Khayongo,  
Biket back after seven years in 1918,  
carrying Wandabwa's Belt,  
Wandabwa died in the field,  
Where was he buried, he is nowhere  
Not anywhere among the soldiers in cemeteries,

I have not seen Nasong'o wa Khayongo,  
who was conscripted in 1940,  
to fight against Hitler,  
he was conscripted on his nuptial evening,  
even before he had had the first sex,  
with his new wife, he went away crying,  
he never came back, his name is nowhere in the graves  
the commonwealth graves that bare names of the fallen,  
Fallen soldiers, but they all bare white names in the black world.

you come to Africa, Kenya, Nigeria, Malagasy, Egypt,  
whatever the geographies of Africa, and you keep keen,  
you hear someone is called Mr. Keya, or Madam Keya,  
or you come to Bungoma county of Kenya,  
you meet a man that is of the circumcision age group,  
Known as Bakikwameti Keya, Bakinyikewi Musolini,  
Keya is subverted sound for Kings african rivals; KAR  
the African sound for KAR is Keya,  
in reference to mass conscription of Africans  
into the KAR, to fight Hitler,  
A child born during that time is Keya,  
A man circumcised during the time  
is in the age group of Keya,  
A simple lesson in regard to our people,  
taken away to fight the colonial power  
and left to died and rot away in the bush  
with a simple courtesy for ceremonial burial,  
that come along with the death of soldiers,  
who passed away in the battle field.

alexander opicho

# Conqueror's Pleasure

Hello,  
Sheikh Omar  
You and thy vile team  
Have won the battles of terror wars,  
By lynch and siege, marauding, macabre  
Massacre, killing, pillaging, looting, vandalism,  
Shooting, mayheming, wounding, decimation,  
Chopping, bombing, poisoning, arsenal, blitzkrieg,  
Ambushing, trapping, netting, impaling, harpooning,  
Harrowing, hanging, snoozing, guilontine, euthanasia,  
Suffocating, starving, virus, x-ray, electrocuting, sinking,  
Capsizing, burying, confining, gas-chambering, beating, thwacking,  
Whacking, sjambok, hand-cuffing, cutting, piercing, voodoo, cursing,  
Annihilation, bludgeoning, enslaving, imprisoning, tear-gassing, probing...,  
By all means of terror you have won, you are the conqueror of the world,  
Subjugating son of man, fauna and flora on land and sea and in the realm  
Beyond the power of the human eye in its native stature, but where is your  
Genuine happiness? Pleasure? Glory? Triumph? Joy? Power? And even majesty?  
Are you not a common caitiff, cad, waif, saddo, lout, oat, dufer, jade, wag and  
dunce?  
Wallowing in oppressive loneliness, wretchedness, mire, scum, sludge, trash and  
garbage,  
For you killed all that would have seen you reigning, ruling, trending, and  
commanding,  
They would have praised and worshipped you in veneration by lauding you the  
king,  
The queen, the emperor, the master, the knight, the squire, the earl, the sultan,  
the chief,  
Archduke, the prince, the plenipotentiary, the panjandrum, the potentate, mayor,  
the governor,  
His highness, your holiness, your excellence, your majesty, your honour, your  
Mighty, the sheikh, Maalim, Muezzin, the Imam the statesman of Islam as you  
reign the dream,  
Certainly prevails my conscience that conquerors in wars and battle don't have  
pleasure,  
No happiness, nor bliss, nor dignity, nor zest, nor esteem, nor ego abodes their  
way,  
But fear, suspicion, doubt, spying, hatred, dissembling, cunningness, boredom  
And stress, and ennui, despair and hopelessness, wariness and snipping,



And arming and re-arming, weapon and super-mega-weapons,  
And fatigue, and dryness and ugliness and paleness,  
And crudeness, piousness, and paganism,  
And star-gazing, and palmistry  
And exorcism are your  
Sleeping partner,  
In your  
Bed.

## 7) Show me the Poetry City

Hello, Africa on the eastern space  
Bravely eyeballing the Sun to eyeball  
With the mighty Sun in its daily cradle,  
Hanging your fjord as foots in the waters,  
Of the lovely Indian Ocean in bluish halo,  
Show me the cities of your art and poetry,  
As Florence was to Rome and is to Europe,  
Where is your Athens replete with sepulchers,  
Of the literary ancestors as the past (s) heroines?

Mombasa looks strong for soft art, romantic poetry,  
Fort Jesus brandishing its guns against sea waves,  
Lest those in rampage marauds away the city,

But oblivious to the climate purge sinking the islet,  
Slowly, slowly and slowly into the waters,

Nairobi roars loudly with the love for money,  
Elites toss about the headless un-gentry,  
Into clefts of ethnicity and political fits,  
Virginity from which buds corrupt space,  
Where writers and poets wallow in the mire,  
Of poverty and want the sire of the diarchy;  
Ego masters and patrimonial bourgeoisies,  
Kampala is cunningly in fuss for Monarchy,  
Kings and princes repute there more than all,  
The throne of Kintu, sits on the raucous silence,  
Of song of lawino, Song of Ocol, and Malaya's chant,  
As artist is the ruled with his teeth out for whiteness' sake,  
In sweet witness of the backyard station of art and poetry,

Kigali's wee of the night is at mid of the day,  
No poet there chants nor writes on objective pages,  
All are buried beneath fear of freedom and liberty  
Lest culture space twinkly harbors on hate speech,  
In eerie of Kigali, Dar Salaam and Bujumbura,  
Blending into dam's outlet exiting through Nile,  
Into the Juba city where soldiers and sharp-shooters,  
Tower the city above all souls living and dead,  
Condemning my song for the afro-city of art,  
A dirge for menace of the open road.....

alexander opicho

# Crying Laughter Of Okot P' Bitek

Alexander K OPICHO  
(ELDORET, KENYA; aopicho@)

Okot the son of Acholi, hailers of Ladwong  
The Husband of Auma the daughter of Acholi  
The son of Gulu, fountain of African songs of freedom  
I know your laughter is true toast of poetry  
You only laugh because your teeth is white  
Neither mirth nor joy is the pedestal of your laughter,

Okot I know how your mother, taller than her husband  
was ever cooking by use of her legs, where the legs took her  
Is where she ate, leaving you with anger of hunger  
as you herded animals; Animals of the Acholi tribe  
That has long horns which cannot give any gain  
Okot you only laughed to show the whiteness of your teeth  
Okot, you herded the animals in faith that you will pay dowry  
That one time your kinsman will have you pay dowry with the animals  
The animals that scrofulously herded with a lugubrious look  
that you may use in paying flesh eating dowry  
For the Acholi girls which was a whooping one thousand shilling  
and its kind worth is one hundred cows, or two hundred Lang'o cows  
Okot how Nampy Pampy were you that  
The long necks of acholi girls  
The slender hips of the acholi girls  
The sharp pointed breasts  
On their narrow busts  
Made you accept  
And goof foolishly  
To pay such dear dowry?

They all made you desert your home when callow  
Mostly unseasoned in your brains  
Moving away from the beautiful  
Land of Gulu going far to the land of money  
In such of dowry for the Acholi girl  
As you emotionally failed to disconnect  
Yourself from the beautiful terrains of Gulu  
To which you sang a poem of birth-place attachment

That; Hills of our home land, when shall I see you again?  
Gulu, my home town, when shall I return to you?  
Friends when shall we dance together again?  
Mother, when shall I see you again?  
Sister, my future wealth  
When shall I again give you  
a brotherly piece of advice?  
Cecilia my beloved one when shall i  
See you and the beautiful kere gap in your  
Upper teeth row again?  
Or is only a dream  
That I am leaving Gulu land behind myself?  
Okot son of Bitek you remorsefully sang this song  
As you moved away on foot in regular hitchhike  
To Kampala the land of wonders  
Beyond your bush civilization  
You misfortunate son of Zinjathropus  
The civilization you were bound to drop before the Nile  
To leave behind the Nile before you could sing  
The beautiful songs of the Nile; that wonderful ode  
The ode that you sang in praise of Nile;  
Gently, gently, flow gently, River Nile  
Move on, travel gently Victoria waters  
Go and give life to the people of Egypt  
As the birds at atura flew high beautifully  
Diving into waters  
To emerge with fish dangling on their peaks  
And the birds sweetly sing that;  
For us we have no worries  
It is you travellers who are worried  
We are in full contentment here  
There are plenty of fish here  
We have no use for money  
Nile waters at atura are boundaries  
For glory and suffering  
For you the ones crossing it to Bugandaland  
Be aware there is a lot of suffering  
It is only the harsh world waiting for you there  
Poor Okot son of Bitek peace to you among our ancestors;  
For when you crossed the Nile into the land of banana  
In the kingdom of Toro, Buganda and Bunyore  
In their mighty city of Kampala at Namirembe

The poetic fountain in Makerere University  
The germ of African burgeoisie lumpenization.  
When the young feudal land of Buganda  
To crash a son of singh in the stampede of epilepsy  
To Sent you into a poetic feat and berserk to bananasly sing,  
Sing the nostalgic ballads of an estranged pumpkin  
The true Acholi village pumpkin of Gulu,  
Sing; sing your peasant ballads you Okot son of Bitek;  
Bugandaland is the land of happiness  
The land of great extremes  
Sorrow; land of much wealth and dire poverty  
Land of laughter and tears;  
Land of good health and diseases  
A land full of piety and stark evil;  
A land of full loyalists and beautiful rebels  
Full of witty ones and appalling nitwitted;  
The land of the rich and the squalorly beggars.

The hard hearted beggars  
And that they only laugh the crying Laughter  
The oxymoronic one of Okot the son Bitek  
That they not only laughed because of mirthful laughter  
But he did laugh to prove the whiteness of his teeth.

alexander opicho

# Cursed Is You Man Forging A Hoe For An African Woman

Were all these coils in life divinely meant for me? O! it can't be, these universities of Africa, from South in the Wits, to the East in Nairobi, North in Alexandria and West in Lagos, falling in tune with the agonies in academic torture unto black daughters; in the Diaspora within and without, challenges heap on their kin in a mind-boggle to humble minds and fibers of the hearts of African daughters, systems run in a mad rush, like the naked spermatogonia with no eyes for engendering humanity; thinning and excluding dear daughters of Africa, from comfort of the mainstream academic culture, leaving them with nothing, but despair in a song of the ode to the open road, on which those with money make the universities a den of social sham, turning callow daughters in to campus wives, putting high marks in math as a bait for sex, another open path to pitiable abortion, hopeless infections and punctured personalities of African womenfolk, period! As terms after terms at the University of Nairobi, Garrissa and so-forth are ever punctuated by clubs, teargas, spray of hot water and policeman's truncheons in the company of cowboy styled kicks going beyond gender blindness to aureate violence, to pinch off the teats of all daughters in mob fit, unarmed and happily chanting songs of gender inclusivity on the streets of Kampala. Why beat a woman? She is only armed with concern for tomorrow, and then you thwack her hard, as if she is a replaceable cradle of human nature, why shrewdly heap a woman in hopeless education? that macadamizes her future roads to station of slavery, honestly heap them in science lab, medical lab and workshops of metallurgy, their love for live is easily convertible into human sensitive technology, heap them in political science schools, let them learn Marx and Aristotle, Mamood Mamdan and Mbembe, Shivji and Rodney, Fanon and Freire, Cesaire and Sartre, Jesus and Muhammad, Soyinka and Mazrui, Achebe and Ngugi, Nasser and Nyerere, let them learn even Nkrumah's consciencism, for a heart of a woman is a fallback of peace, in the gendered education we bound the earth, to shores of peace, ideology without war and religion barren of terrorism. Let a woman learn parasitology, genomes and special virus education, give a black woman that powerful microscope from Russia's Moscow, let her glean all HIV micro-demons, for I smell earnestly in her ventures a conquer to the curse of impoverished widowhood, from the hearth and inglenooks of Africa fire yard. Cursed is you man then that buys or forges a hoe for a woman, cursed is you man that built a kitchen for an African woman, and a saddo you are that marries an Africa lass out of school as a second wife, or an arch-picaroon you reign you black man seeing dowry cows in the bosom of your daughter, a loutish oat and oaf you reek in your appetite you bourgeoisie tourist, walking the

beaches of Africa as a sex tourist; you all deserve Emmanuel's nemesis-to swim turbulent seas with a milling-stone around your neck, period! Wake up Africa! Wake up; it is your turn to have lunar daughters as the West basks in the lunar sons, pull your daughters out of the kitchen to the stellar science centers, and send them to the moon for rendezvous with stellar virginity, proceed of your choice will be a universal boon, for its only a woman that knows the value of virginity, parenthood, old age and care for mankind as human-wide-zwieback -d behold Peasant farms committing suicide in the hand of reality, when Africa gauntly dances, And unfolds her potential above the chains of catastrophes and tyrannies, in the blind values of a single story, she goes out to sing the song of true freedom to the lowly; women and children, eunuchs and castrati, gays and lesbians, dwarfs and albinos, hunchbacks and crippled, barren and fistulati, whores and drunkards, micro-and macro-cephalic, and widows, spiritually punctured, those in bombazine, seeing their biological moon fortnightly, divorced for epilepsy, mutilated in genitals for sentimentality to crude culture and the them banished for siring the black , in this diversity looms the holy hand of the holy creator. God save my soul.

alexander opicho

## Dawn So Soon

Weaverbirds are back to their divine duty  
Weaving noise in harbinger of soon dawn,  
As they knell death of my gone days  
Ushering in my new tortures of life,  
Salting up fresh the memory wound  
Of my yesterday on which I stand with no compass  
To give me the atlas point of my today.

alexander opicho



# Dearest Moonlight

Babie if your name is moonlight  
then you have a less fortunate name,  
as moonlight can nurse light madness  
chose other name the size of Jupiter,  
or Venus or Neptune or mercury of Annie,  
let me name you the sky of my heart  
and your eyes the stars  
performing a stellar glow  
in the penumbra of my life  
setting at comfort zone  
all the queens of my heart  
cherishing beauty of single use life  
from magico-ritual realism  
from the nativity of your name;  
Annie cruiz, cruiz annie, annie annie, cruic cruiz

alexander opicho

# De-Holocaustize The Six Million Jews

it has now gone an epic song  
like the fables of Homer and Ramayana,  
or else a national anthem like the poem of Tagore,  
in India and lesbian song of Brenda Fasie in south Africa,  
that six million Jews were killed in the world war II,  
that they were killed at Dachau, that it was holocaust,  
That the Jewish Holocaust protege of Hitler.

As if the war was between the Jews and the world,  
as if the Jews alone died in the war, but none else,  
as if the of Africans' death is not death, but ethics of war,  
as if more than six million Africans who died are not news,  
as if humongous compensation with state of Israeli to the Jews,  
means nothing until what we know not must happen.

African deaths in the second world war lacks statistics,  
given the sub-human conditions of the Africans by then,  
before thrones of colonial psychology of white civilization,  
they were more than six million black men and women,  
conscripted by white man's force in kings African Rivals,  
They fronted without training to shoot and take cover,  
they were placed as front guard, white soldiers the rear guard,  
then they became shield and human barricade to ward-off,  
volley of bullets lest the white soldiers get wounded.

Black men and women rarely came back alive,  
once taken into war that was death as a must  
those who survived the war in Panama or wherever,  
were never taken back home, they were left there,  
to walk on foot thousands of miles back home,  
without food, clothes, arms or map to guide,  
some were even shot by the their own fellow white soldiers  
on the grounds of the race, because the war was over,  
Black men as such died of hunger, thirst, exhaustion and Malaria,  
they were eaten by wild animals in the bush, their cadaver went to dogs,  
Millions of black men never got home for ceremonial burial  
and this was not Black holocaust, only the Jews had a holocaust.

Black men had no stake in the second world war whatsoever,

they had no interest, they were not in any colonial scramble  
they were not in any arms race nor imperialism of any sort,  
Jews had what they wanted; land or money whatever it was,  
but where can you get land and money without the cost?  
loss of lives or personal heritage can be the cost, Pyrrhic or Byronic,  
Jews are obviously truth bound to accept this virtues of history,  
to accept their lot as a swallowed misfortune  
from the universal holocaust but not Jewish holocaust.

The Japanese in Nagasaki and Hiroshima will say what,  
was not the atomic bombing of their land  
occassioning mass death of the Shintos  
and son of Japan the owners of the Sun  
immense enough to be a Japanese Holocaust?  
Nagasaki and Hiroshima is not an anthem in Japan,  
but blurred number of Jewish death in Dachau  
is a universal anthem as the Six Million Jewish Holocaust,  
what a selfish motivation to commit collective lies?

Jews who died were not six million,  
Germany by then was not such populated,  
Germany had less than ten million people,  
Kwani, were the Jews more than the native Germans?  
if then war is the game of numbers,  
couldn't the Jews defend themselves from less Aryans?  
Jews died, yes like any other race and community,  
like the French, Britons, Germans, Russians and Indians,  
Just like more than six million black Africans who died,  
But Africans have forgotten and forgiven their conscriptors  
they have never made the Black Holocaust their epical anthem,

Black men were compensated nothing for their wounds in war,  
Ask Richard Wright the Native son of America in the realm of ancestors,  
he has a story in the black boy, he will tell you, We black men,  
We swallowed the most bitter bill of global history,  
were toyed between the extremities of cruel historicities;  
from slavery to colonial terror to world war back to colonial terror,  
The Jews were given Israel as a compensation for their wounds,  
The UNO wanted to Give the country of Uganda to the Jews,  
As saucer compensation in addition to state of Israel,  
imagine brutality that Black man harvests,  
from his relation with the white world.

How many Arabs have the Israelis killed since 1948,  
the year when Jews had Palestine's Atlas get shrugged  
in the American efforts to pamper the Zionist Israelis,  
are they not more than six million Arabs, or they are less,  
Arabs are not Hitler who told the Jews to take a shower,  
A lethal shower of ammonium gas at Dachau chambers,  
Arabs are not Joseph Goebbels who ployed death of the Jews,  
But Jews have amassed all type of menacing weapons,  
they have killed men, women and children of Arab nation,  
in the past six decades, Jews have killed violently and brutally,  
more than six million Arabs, is this not an Arab Holocaust,  
or no a Palestine Holocaust or no the Gentiles' Holocaust?

the events of second world war were universal in dint  
they never befall a single race, community or faith,  
every community lost its people through death,  
But Africa had the worst experience of all the cases,  
absence of statics cannot make this sham claim,  
Jews must stop lies and make genuine claims,  
Jewish Holocaust is a misnomer for war event,  
we all suffered and agonized in equal measure  
why again formulate lies to justify avarice.

Alexander Opicho

# Disorientation

You came out nice with a focus on the orient  
You kept and managed turmoil in your sails,  
With your honest focus on the eastern star  
With a blink you respected the sail orientation,  
But when the cunningly bright stars came out  
Your faith was tilted; you sang your loyal songs  
To the stars of falsehood with stampede of a dance  
You merely flopped into disorientation in shaking of thy faith.

alexander opicho

# Divine Homosexuality

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, kenya; aopicho@)

At the hospital receptions  
In the maternity unit,  
Where children are manufactured  
Standing uneasy is a young and bearded man,  
Prosperity bound in the sparkle of the eye  
His wife in the labour pain inside the maternity wards,  
Himself anxious waiting for the newborn to be  
Jumping at any nurse coming and out,  
To ask for the latest tidings from the inner world  
From which came a nurse over jubilated,  
With the news about the new born  
Ready to spread on the anxiety ridden father at the door step,  
To which he broke the wonder most news;  
Man! Look, your wife has given birth to a bouncing bisexual baby!

alexander opicho

# Domonion Of Darkness

In the dominion of darkness  
Where Ptolemy lived partially in veneration  
There are apotheosifications and debasements;  
Prejudice is apotheosified, Love is debased  
Bigotry is upheld, Justice is ignobled  
Loafers are ennobled, Soilers are ignobled  
Hatred is fertilized, humane fibers are uprooted  
Racism put on, Diversity switched off  
Snobbery apotheosified to a virtue, Humility debased to a vice  
Sycophancy promoted to glory, Professionalism demoted to rudeness  
Generosity is chased out ruthlessly, avarice gets a chair ruthless  
Sympathy for truth is thinned, as sadism enjoys plumage  
Infamy takes over fame, morals pave way for immorality  
Democracy pays kudos to timocracy, despots watching with a smile  
As majority of numbers is shameless of tyranny of folly, shrinking minorities  
Reason goes to limbo, like phoenix irrationality emerges from oblivion  
Ethnicity takes over the nation, as class and ideology blur the hues  
Family values go sham; as political immorality gets pedestals.

Alexander Opicho

# Don'T Beg From Obama

Kenyans; don't beg from visitors,  
Nor show them your strain,  
But welcome them with a song,  
In matchless Pomp and gaiety,  
Let Obama Come home in warmth,  
Without a tincture of fear nor enui,  
to chance on plethora of beggars' bowls,

Dance to visitors your glory and joy,  
Show them your success and hope,  
Brag to visitors of M-pesa success,  
A technology so vogue to envy of all,  
a Kenyan boy invented it with bare hands,  
though safaricom refused to say his name,  
as the impish world jostle to usurp his right,

Brag of M-shwari, M-kesho and Pesa-pap,  
Joy of our people brewed from within,  
to give our people loans and cash comfort,  
ado of middle class, the sweat of kenya,  
Thika Highway the ornament of our time,  
And our democratic space a timely flower,  
Jealously protected by our youthful polity,

Don't beg Obama not to parley gays,  
It's demand of our time to moot pan-sex,  
Only empty euphoria can culls gay rights,  
L'him talk it for the glory of his Country,  
all cultures in the world stand assailable,  
who are we to chide natural revelations,  
yet a thousand animal species are gays;  
Lions, lizards, dwarf chimpazees and bonobos  
Form a glowing fire a top the ice of intra-sex,

Don't beg Obama to give us money and gold,  
He is not rich; but only husbands tax reservoirs,  
Of American people, and exchequer's reserve,  
Beg money from our Dangote he's superbly rich,  
Beg from our Kenyan billionaires at the coast,



And beg scholarships from Dr. Simon Kicharu,  
The true Mandarin of education for all Africans  
His tentacles monger knowledge in all lands,

Lads and guys Obama comes for a powwow,  
So manage your nerves often crushed by libido,  
And contain your mandibles not to beg Obama,  
For a betroth to youthful Sasha nor Malia,  
It is your lonely duty to woo the wenches,  
The Mursik she will brew is your personal boon,  
But Obama and Kenyans standoffish we stand,  
So don't beg, don't beg, don't beg from Obama,

alexander opicho

# Don't Blame The Leaders Of Africa

They loot, steal and reign, Festooned by the followers  
As ornaments of the clan, Followers that feel uneasy  
In any space of good rule, Glorifying the selves under  
Iron-clad hands of the blessed; Tyrannical Cult of dictatorship  
Thriving full plumage in soils of justified corruption on behalf  
Of the spectators on the edge of the lazy susan occupants  
The human meat eaters of the day as the eaten feel sweet pain,  
In the ravenous jaws of the clan incubus, and in the honest hands  
Of the foreign blood that perpetrate good governance, in duty to the clan,

Alexander Opicho

# Don'T Brutalize Prostitutes

Governors,  
Mayors,  
Policemen,  
Night keepers,  
Men folk and all of you  
On the crest of powers that be  
Don't brutalize prostitutes,  
Nor mishandle whores,  
Or terrorize harlots,

They were born natural  
Innocent and callow  
With plain white brains  
Not tainted with any miss-morals,  
Genuine in hearts  
And humane in the genesis,

Until they grew up  
Beyond father and mother  
Clan and relatives,  
Into the realm of money civilizations,  
Where man and woman,  
Must sell to survive,  
Sell the wares of trade,  
Commodities and tools of work,  
Where men sell labour of their arms  
To those crafty buyers,  
And women sell smiles,  
And the clitoris of their bosom,  
To serve vice of man  
In the glory of warped thought,

Prostitutes have no tribe,  
Neither class nor race,  
They have no permanent foe  
Nor permanent friend,  
They have no permanent memory,  
Their love is devoid of logic,  
They love most but fickle,

Where they make no money  
And love least but with nostalgia  
where they make money,  
So don't brutalize them,

Only love them,  
Pay them,  
Kiss them fondly  
And sing to them,  
Lyrical songs of love,  
Sent them to lull and slumber  
With your sensuous fondle  
Of their orgasmic fountains,  
Both male and female  
Whores of your rendezvous.

alexander opicho

## Don'T Chop Off My Clitoris (Song Of A Maasai Girl)

They have now thronged brimful, all the barazas  
In their elderly gear, in a move to cut off my thing,  
The Maasai chiefs and elders have their fangs now,  
More glowing in the crudeness of despotic culture,  
Their foul circumcisers' tools sharply menacing,  
All focused on my virgin clitoris, the only joy of my nature,  
They want to maliciously cut it off in their selfish solace  
Minus mine consent the right of a young girl,  
Chided by evils done in the name of culture,  
Kwani? a maasai and culture who creates the other?  
Can't we create culture that is so darlingly to rights of girl?  
Other than receding back to crookedness of un-gendered past  
Denying I your posterity the rights to self worthiness,  
Kindly I beg that you don't cut of my clitoris.

alexander opicho

# Don'T Love Me Am A Lesbian

You men  
Your eyes coddle and crouch  
For my breast and boobs  
Your mouth swallowing saliva  
Over my brown face  
Your menial thoughts take you  
To sweet phantasmagoria of you being on my top  
With your prick inside a woman body  
Your heart burst with lust in your dominion  
Masochistic Male sexual dominion  
A floundering dominion of darkness  
Plethora of imaginations on my hips  
You have goofed like a duffer  
Don't love me am a lesbian  
Myself the humanity in the wrong body  
Not knowing when I will come out  
Of this abysmal confinement  
As I daily yearn with anxiety  
To get nuptial chance for love  
Love chic and beautiful wenches  
As nature does for love  
Let me love the love of lesbians

Alexander Opicho

# Dorris Lessing Passes On

DORIS LESSING: A FEMINIST, POET, NOVELIST, WHITE-AFRICANIST AND NOBELITE UN-TIMELY PASSES ON

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

I mourn this white daughter of Africa  
With an old white dirge  
From the yellow land of Americas  
In the avaricious venture of whale hunting  
Well decried a gnome of death  
O death! O death! Why are you untimely?  
To which the white daughter of Africa  
Rationalized; it is a chance to live  
In the Mara and Dann all of us are to be killed  
Why should you waste your body waters on tears?

It was on Monday 18th of November 2013 that I had written a poem on African literature, which I entitled; literature without poetry is like love without vaginal sex. In this poem I appreciated Doris Lessing's fourteen poems in two lines that, Doris Lessing should not dare dream of the testicles of Tagore and Soyinka as she is no Match to the six hundred and sixty six concubines of David the psalteristic Jewish rex. Then the next day in the morning, which was Tuesday 19th November 2013 I also finished reading Lessing's spellbinding novel, Mara and Dann, thereon I walked off to my office. I chose to go for news. My favorite paper is the Germany paper Deutschwelle. I flipped in the hyperlink for global news and then to my favorite hyperlink; culture. Like looking at hell I came face to face with a doomsday of a title; The British Nobel Prize-winning author Doris Lessing died peacefully at home at the age of 94.

A whole day was ruined for ng good followed. I shared this page of Deutschwelle which carried information about Lessing's death on my twitter and face book platforms. Until now, the time of writing this article, there are very minimum responses on the both the social media platforms given the poor reading culture and low level of intellectual curiosity that currently reign the contemporary world.

Like all other white literary sons and daughters of Africa, Doris Lessing is a prolific writer, reluctant feminist icon, human rights activist, anti apartheid crusader, humanist and a white African intellectual. She is a seasoned storyteller, loyal and committed to the power of the written word with maximum passion for

reading and literature in all of its diversities of the African literary set up. She often has appreciated African prose, drama, orature, poetry and recently before her death cyborature as some of her works has been common on the electronic social media. Doris Lessing was not alone in the realm of this marginalized cultural and literary civilization, she got companionship from other fellow white Africanists in the likes of J M Coetzee, Nadime Gordimer, Peter Abrahams, Allan Paton, Alex La Guma, Marjorie Oludhe Macgoye, Jerry Rawlings, Sirleaf Johnson, Naquib Mafouz and Frederick De Klerk as well as very many others whose commitment to African intellectual and Political freedom was portrayed in their several and a times collective social unsentimentality, intellectual provocativeness and ideological uncompromising in quest for re-africanization of the continent through mental decolonization with a sole purpose of overcoming colonial legacy of self-doubt. All this was done through one literary virtue of formidable and respective literary oeuvres that wove together the threads of lived African experience and avaricious politics in world history with an unswerving commitment to the art of poetry, orature and protic storytelling. Humbly like all other African writers in the name of Ba, Coetze, Achebe, Soyinka and Ngugi, just but to mention; She was Born Doris May Tayler on October 22,1919, in Kermanshah, Persia now the revolutionary republic of Iran. Her birth coincided with two world cultural events; the success of Leninist revolution in Russia and the end of the First World War. These events were an open foreshadowing of Lessing's future cultural influence on the African English civilization. Lessing would later come to discover that her parents had been depraved by the First World War. Her father was on umpteen times nearly killed by shrapnel in 1917 and which of course left him with lost a leg. Dramatically, like the ones which Doris has crafted, Her mother who was a nurse met her father Mr. Lessing, during this time he was undergoing treatment at the hospital in London where he was recovering from the amputation of the leg. Then in 1925 the family moved to the British colony of Southern Rhodesia the current Zimbabwe to farm corn and maize. The farm on which Doris grew up as a daughter of any other African farmer. This is given in the historical evidence that always the family struggled to make a living. In her public speeches Doris remembers several times when she was not fighting or running away from the mother who was often brutal to her, out into the African cold temperatures. These are supposedly inhuman conditions that Doris despised in her spellbinding Novel the Grass is singing.

Muse on such moments would always not fail to give us a tincture of poetry;  
 Ash pit start is not ash pit end  
 Agony in the start is gusto in the end  
 Gods will give you a throne  
 Even in the mire of your scum  
 Hustles of life are mere fibers of glory.



In practical but not rudimentary literature there is a critical position that small education produces great writers. A list on which Lessing will be last of great writers with meager education starts with Nikolai Gogol, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Richard Wright, Alice Munro, Sembene Ousmane, Amos Tutuola, David Mailu, William Shakespeare, Winston Churchill, I mean the list is endless, but we can put the 2007 literature Nobel Prize winner Doris May Lessing as the last. Then how did she like these others on the list come to master the game of writing?

Passion, language and sometimes disciplined Autodidactism is the answer.

Lessing chose to be immersed in books sent over from a London book club after she had left school at the age of 15 is also when she had moved to Salisbury the present Harare to work as a telephone operator. These are the same childhood experiences Sembene Ousmane had when he worked as a young pipe smoking railway builder in Dakar, cultural foundations that inspired him with the spirit of God's Bits of Wood. Later on after some social upheavals, Doris was influenced by the influx of European immigrants in Salisbury most of them were Jewish intellectuals who had fled the Nazi regime in Germany. This gave Lessing an opportunity to experience political awakenings. She became a member of the communist Left Book Club. In this intellectual club socialization is when she met and married her second husband German refugee from Nazi terror at home Gottfried Lessing. This is the father of her favorite son and their only child, Peter Lessing who was born in 1947.

Life is a mishmash of gloom and glory

A blend of sorrow and sweetness

A twig of brambles and plums

A meat of a hare too delicious

But because of fast running

So hard to harvest.

Now, after African childhood Lessing arrived in England as a single mother with no formal qualifications. Just the way Wole Soyinka arrived in England with a weak bachelor's degree. However, both of them rose to become two of the most important figures in post-war Afro-English literature. Soyinka with the past deep in the colonial heritage of West Africa and Lessing with past deep in apartheid dominated Southern Africa. Lessing's literary debut about interracial relations in colonial Africa left the audiences bamboozled both in Europe and the USA.

Later on due to her Mixing with members of the left-wing literary intellectuals like; among them John Berger, John Osborne and Bertrand Russell as well as many others, Doris Lessing became an active member of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and an outspoken critic of apartheid in South Africa these made her to be banned from entering South Africa and Rhodesia on account of her political views. She combined these virtues with her stretches as a reluctant feminist to release her greatest work, *The Golden Notebook* in 1962. In this book, Doris Lessing explores themes of feminism, communism, motherhood, and

mental breakdown as an outcome of oppressive political culture.

Lessing's literary virtues are a lot, they can only be condensed in the words of the English novelist and critic Margaret Drabble; 'a writer who said the unsayable, thought the unthinkable, and fearlessly put it down there.'

Later on in her life Doris Lessing also won a social cum intellectual accolade only which was labeled the professional contrarian. This was after her achievement of disillusionment with utopian and prosaic communism. She then went ahead to discovered Sufi mysticism in the mid-1960s and wrote a series of five science-fiction novels known as the Canopus in Argos sequence. Then immediately amid Frustrations with the literary establishment of the day that was hostile to her rebellious nature, Lessing published two novels under the pseudonym Jane Somers: *The Diary of a Good Neighbor* (1983) and *If the Old could* (1984) . The intention was to expose terror of the publishers to a writer without fortune and fame. Then in 2007, when being awarded a literature Nobel Prize, the Swedish academy jury praised her as author and the epicist of the female experience, who with skepticism, fire and visionary power has subjected a divided civilization to scrutiny.

In her final book, *Alfred & Emily* (2008) , Lessing returned fully to her childhood in Southern Rhodesia. The first half is a novella about how life might have been for her parents if they had managed to escape the horrors of the First World War; then the second half is a biography of her parents.

Utterly repulsive to all forms of sentimentality

Proponent of non-linear thinking,

Never bowed to convention

Novelist, playwright, poet, biographer, librettist and essayist

Was first and foremost Africanist storyteller

One whose faith in the power of the written word

Never wavered nor perambulated.

Doris Lessing once said that she does not know why she writes. That writing is something just she has to do. If she does not write for any length of time she gets very irritable. If she had to stop she would probably start wandering the streets, telling herself stories out loud.

Any way this year alone, the world of literature has lost a lot of literary stakeholders through death. And misfortune is felt heavy in Africa. However, We the living ones, we are guided by faith that; in their death which took them this year 2013, Doris Lessing, Chinua Achebe, Kofi Owonor, and Seamus Heaney they will all remain formidable, multifaceted and provocative tellers of stories for world and diverse generations of readers to come.

Alexander Opicho

# Dr Willy Mutunga Is Late On Commenting About His 2013 Failire

Dr Willy Mutunga, the Chief Justice Emeritus, has now opened up to comment on the Election results of 2013, this is a period of about five years down the line. By then he was the chief justice and the judge in charge at the Supreme Court, it was this year in 2013 when Raila Odinga petitioned the court to annul the fraudulent declaration of Uhuru Kenyatta as the President. Dr Willy Mutunga and his team never made any credible judgment, nor did they display any professional commitment, they simply dismissed Raila's case even before the judgment was made, Dr Willy Mutunga then adopted leather-tongued style of legal gymnastics to cunningly cheat by promising the public that he would put the written judgment on the website, till now he has never done it, the version that was posted on the website was a caricature of fictitious college journalism of court reporting with necessity for adduction of submitted evidence. In fact it is blameless for one to premise that the supreme court of Kenya under Dr. Willy Mutunga displayed judicial mediocrity of the Century.

With the magical providence in telekinetic wisdom of the Bukusu adage that vindu Vichenjanka, the people of Kenya enjoyed a change in the judicial culture in 2017, under the new leadership of Justice David Maraga, the supreme court has gone mauverick to establish the evidence of electoral malpractices that rendered the presidential election results devoid of integrity and hence annulable, of which it was beautifully annulled by Chief Justice Maraga in quest for a clean presidential re-election. Laurels from all over the world was doffed off in majestic salute of Justice Maraga for intellectual bravery and professional independence, two virtues that have made Kenya as a political system to be an overnight universal bench-mark of building democracy on the basis of electoral politics given the traditional monstrosity of lack of separation of powers between the parliament, the executive and the judiciary in the post-colony.

After seeing the benefit of being neutral and independent in the judicial work, Dr. Mutunga is now being burned by guilty conscience and neurosis of jealous to contumely the current Supreme Court for being mauverick. He is blaming the losing side by irrationally philosophizing that there must be a loser in every political competition. Dr Mutunga, you are goofing, yes there must be a loser in every political competition but he or she must loose in a genuine manner, the Kenya's 2017 Presidential election results was a social cloaca of every sort, such type of bugled and boondoggled electoral exercise cannot not help to determine the loser nor the winner in a fair manner, the results Mutunga wants to use in conjecturing the winner of contest for presidency in Kenya are evidently computer generated to a very serious extent of shame that even the accused

have declined to allow the public from accessing the computer servers of the electoral systems in spite of an order from the Supreme Court, lest the can of worms may be uncovered. So Dr. Mutunga you are wrong in your comments. You are too late to bring to the public the dimensions of your professional incompetence you displayed in 2013; this can be only a sign of an old wind-bag somewhere in deep grip of hangovers from the opium of erstwhile snobbish Marxism deathly infected by economic, political, social and regional sycophancy of a megalomaniac station. Such a personality must accept to go down to the dust-bin of history as an intellectual failure.

alexander opicho

# Drop Your Suicide Idea My Love Is For You

As young as you are and beautiful as you do  
You want to kill yourself, why my dear love?  
Drop that suicide idea for it's not godly  
It is devilish in origin emanating from the baseness  
Of you unguarded consciounsseness  
Don't kill yourself today for tomorrow is yours  
Days to come are desperately the protégés  
Of the power in your beauty and vastness of your life  
It is only today that a snag has popped up in the tumbler of your life  
But like foamish bubble it is bound to go, go and leave you free  
It is in the wise orderliness of natural reality that you endure today  
Challenges, tribulations and trial-some conditions that you are seeing  
But my dear queen, accept them all breathe in deep and look yonder  
Behold the robust life in your bust in the blessed land  
That will nurse plummage of your glory and the helm of your purpose,  
Ignore them all that have condemned you to trauma  
All of the ignore them, be they whatsoever they are;  
Poverty  
Race  
Colour  
Gender  
Tribe  
Loss  
Mayhem  
Deformity  
Shame  
Rape  
Crime  
Love  
Disease  
Job  
Toxic friends  
Marriage  
Ignore them all, they are only lemonizig you  
Because they are not the chief purpose of your life  
If you kill yourself because of the me  
You would have duferishly goofed  
Because they are not what you were born for  
Your own turf is coming tomorrow

Kindly drop the tools of suicide from your hands  
And wait for them they will come tomorrow  
It is not far, only one night to come.

alexander opicho

# Dummheit Von Ratte

Eine tag das Katze war sehr hungrig  
Das katze hat ohne zu essen  
Noch wasser, die mehl und fleisch  
Fuhr katze war vollig hoffnungslos  
Aber aus nirgendwo; eine sehre Ratte  
Ratte war viesig, sexy und tollkuhnlich dick  
Fuhr Katze war beinahe erwurgen be unglaublich,  
Fuhr Katze war staunen; war staunnen wenn zu essen  
Essen das dummheit Ratte zu-erst  
Oder essen dummeheit Ratte vor milch  
Die milch welche Ratte hat auf ihr kopf  
Tragenen al seine geschenk fur Das Katze  
Waa! Fuhr katzen gessen die Ratte erst  
Vor essenen die Milch Welche Das Ratte war tragenen  
Est ist dummheit den todten das Ratte

Vergnugen

alexander opicho

# E Sick Lion, A Squirrel And Hyena

TH

The lion had just lost his dear wife,  
Madam lioness a couple of years ago,  
She was in the prime of her life,  
When she succumbed to deathly udder cancer,  
Mr. Lion grieved with all energy of the bereaved beast  
To make it worse, he was also terminally ill  
Of the vicious lung cancer, boring his windpipes,  
That when he respired sweet music came out,  
Like classical xylophones of eyeless Mehrun Yurin,

His sons were often away commanding respective territories  
Each son a territory in the order of traditional monarchy,  
No one was to cook for the sick lion, don't mention washing,  
Hence the sons hired the squirrel alias madam Caroline,  
She cooked as she did all other chores in the palace,  
She was good in concocting a matchless soup  
From white mushrooms and cured goat's meet,

As Caroline cooked she also sampled by tasting for her perfection  
This little by little tasting made her to increase in strength,  
Her skin became smooth, her buttocks swell  
Her tail became shorter and steady, but very clean,  
Her skin very oily and comely, exuding no foul smell,  
Her walking style purged to majestic fashion  
Even the type of songs she sang  
Were not usual peasant spirituals,  
Mr. Hyena wondered and wondered;  
Is the squirrel pregnant?

Only to discover she was not,  
But she has a new job;  
Of cooking for the sick king, the sick lion,  
Hyena also heard from the public domain  
That she often she cooks, goat meat and mushrooms,  
But the ram tail twice in a week; Tuesday and Sunday,  
Jealousy and bigotry, malice and prejudice ganged up at once  
Then wholesomely gripped the hyena simultaneously,



And swore to himself that come anything;  
Spells of sunshine or blizzards of snow,  
He must and must; root out the squirrel  
From the palace kitchen,

That bright morning he went to the palace,  
Singing a Christian song in praise of Lazarus,  
Who resurrected from the dead,  
He entered the palace still singing,  
He commanded every one there to stand up  
And of course put off the laurels,  
For he wants to pray for the sick,  
He made long and noisy circumlocutions of a prayer,  
With regular stamping of feet and shouting of amen!  
Commanding the devil of cancer to leave,  
The lungs of the king, the mighty lion.

He said final amen and all the lions sat down  
Two sons of the king, the young lions,  
Were all in somber moods, their father was sick,

From the kitchen, the squirrel surfaced,  
With goat meat on a metallic platter,  
He served the sick lion first,  
Then each of them present,  
On the first taste of food,  
Hyena lost control of nerves  
His tail jumped out of the white trouser  
That he was wearing that particular day,  
He ate voraciously with a crazy appetite,  
No such delicious food had ever crossed his way.

He cleared his food first as expected,  
Then he kept mum like a stooge,  
Only wagging his long tail  
His long tongue hanging out  
Flagging in avarice like leaves of banana,  
When all others stopped eating,  
Hyena began in form of a question,  
To which the lion's family listened  
Indeed with kingly caution;

Am asking you the king,  
Why is Madam Caroline the squirrel,  
Eating your food everyday,  
And you are dying of a treatable disease,  
To which she has the medicine,  
Why is she betraying you?  
To such a simple death?

All the lions plus the sick one  
Jumped to the squirrel with all horror,  
For the squirrel to bring the cure  
Or else be killed first before the lion dies,  
She pleaded for a minute to bring the drug,  
Hyena in full gear of happiness  
As his friend chews misfortune,

She blamed her small body size to be the barrier  
To bringing the medicine for king lion,  
But nonetheless medicine was available,  
Lions roared tell us! Where is the medicine?  
In a soft voice the squirrel said;  
The only cure for this disease of the king,  
Is a fresh liver of a male hyena!

The hyena was frozen with surprise,  
Like any other foolish bigot,  
He begged to leave as his time was over,  
No answer came to his request,  
Other than abysmal darkness  
Of violent death gulping his body,  
King lion drunk Hyena's blood  
In addition to the liver  
On the squirrel's instructions,  
The lion became well  
And began walking strong,  
Out of this joy  
King lion promoted the squirrel  
To be a minister of health  
In the kings palace.

alexander opicho

# Ears

We; I and them  
Swiftly knowing to do  
The cockroach and  
Stuck-here dance of the bush  
With our ears and windows of sight  
Tightly in tension about surfacing foe  
From the colubrine quarters to hoick  
Us off, to nothing like the earth beneath  
Our feet, callow hind-limbs the upper mast  
Of our poor souls the solely sole of the land  
We repair the broken eggs of chicks and staff;

Mending sick fortune into un-fated space of time, to  
Pampering babble-rabble free the seed of freedom  
In the womb of slavery thriving on hope and dreams  
A soath on the red wound in the face of eggs-broken  
The shells, the sweet center, the germ, the gist  
And the fluid broken in the un-armed jacqueries,  
A duty for us; me and them to give a mend

I fear to kibitz them that reign though feisty  
Like a punctured paparazzi in a profuse sweat  
Ever busy in the lazy duties of desire and mime,  
When the broken eggs have shells for acupuncture  
From ovary to ovule to zygote to embryo to agony,  
No one to chant them magical words of repair from  
Shards, shreds, smithereens, shambles and grains of nadir  
To the zenith of a weekly weakling phoenix in land of clay,  
For us; I and them to give reparation mend to sick egg-shells

We make God barren, angels devils and heaven hell of power  
With tyranny of nothing but as the McGuffins in the realm of times  
As we move, migrate, mate, micturate and il-lavation there-on,  
Painting geographies our eugenics, shrinking property-maniac's atlas  
Into fear without flight and tragedy, they stand yodeling at our thron  
But the conches as comrades to our pumpkin uprooting chants  
Out-swivel the hands that fold to hide morsels of bread  
From the hungering mouths, loins and dry anus  
Shying the duty to mend the broken eggs,

alexander opicho

# Ebola

Ebola! Ebola! Ebola!

you are only hunting in the exhausted fields,  
you predecessors have done evil marvel in this land  
Africa's sons and daughter were heavily taken away  
in slave raid, colonial rampage two world wars, cancer  
and HIV aids, Ebola you must be ashamed to come here,  
are you as foolish as lioness that must follow the path  
initially taken by her husband the lion?  
Ebola Africa is dead tired and lain forlorn  
by strange diseases not known by it  
but only named in the land of their cradle  
where HIV was born in the Irish Laboratory  
on trial and error to decimate Africa's populations  
in the racially biased arsenal you have also come  
you fanged teeth a bare menace to each of us  
you make us bleed from out body holes,  
blood oozing out like Nile water from lake Victoria  
Ebola! Ebola! sympathy is not a vice, but heavenly  
virtue, only protege of the Godly please be sympathetic  
to Africa the orphan of the classic times with no succour  
her wounds of Cancer are fresh and fresh as those obnoxious  
from the nasty Aids aka HIV, kindly empathize with Africa  
you have eaten Mali and Nigeria after Congo Kinshasa  
you are now in Kenya the neighbor of Sudan  
the last born of Africa already rendered forlorn  
by the AK 47 and AK 74, shot in the tribal tremors  
O! Ebola Ebola! my prayer to you is as brief  
as that; forgive me for my weird mourning  
of my brothers and sister in death mongering  
mandibles so ugly and Abysmal like  
Gehenna of Jesus Christ, Amen!

alexander opicho

# Echoing Taban Makitiyong Rekenet Lo Liyong

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

But I remain a believer in my ancestral religion  
Whose God is wele but not the Germany world, it is a religion,  
Like most of universal ancestral ones,  
With appalling moral threshold,  
When Elijah Masinde of dini ya Misambwa  
Despised those who condemned man as notoriously religious  
He meant human religious approach to life is absolute in nature  
However diverse religions compete for human ears  
Rich ones glorified in the luring away of modal ears  
But all are devoid of spiritual impetus  
Disappointing the progenitors of religious imperialism  
These short-cutters in matters of sanctimony  
Will not come to our heaven  
They will get me sharing a cup of tea  
With my sister- in-law; Mary, the mother of Jesus  
And I will shun them, I will not know them  
I will not invite them to a heavenly cup of tea  
They will be suffocated by cadaverous appetite,  
For we honor our religion with ancestral regard;  
The Faith of Our Ancestors  
But in ridicule they call us kaffirs, pagans, christo-pagans,  
Animists, atheists, gentiles, non-believers, mediumists,  
Rebellious rebels or whatsoever they call us;  
The anti-muhamedan-mis-christologists,  
Let them delude themselves,  
If they disparage us with sick contumely  
Abreast the dumbfounding development in sciences  
Plus so fortuitous humanistic awareness,  
Humanity in Religion has to adjust optimally  
Religious masters have to help  
Interpret the religious Books, bible, gita, quran  
All Written or verbalistically in the glory of epical orality  
In tandem with the best centered  
Life extant,  
Otherwise selfish religions becomes an old wine bag  
With its old and stale wine,

You will persuade Russian carousers to drink  
But to your chagrin, none will condone, your stale wine  
Do not seek to sell your faith  
Because every human community  
Has an ancestral faith  
Respect them all for that is gods in their accolade of  
Omonipresecece,  
Any man or woman without religion is dangerous  
  But do not advantagize yourselves  
At the expense of people of other faiths  
It is good you reciprocated  
Planet earth is our only sure and known abode  
If we lived well here, and there is another world  
For those who will be good, we hope the conclave of Gods  
Would all sit in judgment for their credit  
And reward those who helped humble humanity  
Of their religions as well as those of other religions  
As for all the Gods love humanists.

alexander opicho

# Elvera Tounie

Elvera Tounie

Elvera tounie tounier touniestic

Your face is the sky

Your eyes the stars

Your blink the hybrid eclipse

Your lips a bliss

Calling for holy kiss

Your neck a royal flag post

Your skin chocolate

The pride of humanity

Your breasts at noon

The sign of virginity

Your thighs uhm!

Your legs a curvature

Your hips young pumpkins

Your beauty is mighty

Your smile moonlight

Your words a solace

Ohoooooooooooo!

Elvera tounie

Be the queen of my heart

I, the knight of your soul

You, Elvera the pride of your father

I, Alexander the warrior god of my mother

I love you Elvera!

alexander opicho



# End Month Consumerism

It is the 30th day of the months in Kenya  
State and corporate capitalist have now paid their workers  
Wages or salaries or stipends or emoluments all being remunerations  
While the rural bourgeoisie and urban bourgeoisie have also paid ex-gratia  
To relatives come over-aged workers who have declined retiring  
For the fear of looming starvation if at all they go home, where they were born,  
Nonetheless; proceed they receive will do nothing whatsoever  
As it will be stifled by the monster of desperate consumerism;  
So fat and gullible in this tiger of land in the region called Kenya;  
The terror peddling rent, courtesy of ruthlessness of the landlord  
Bills of electric power in their full monopolistic gear  
Bills of water devoid of quality, indifferent dysentery monger  
Wages for maid who keep on usurping the food of my child; milk  
Bills for gas, all of it redolent of comprador bourgeoisie in fashion,  
Hotel and bar bill - a surreptitious one, as the bar girl only knows  
Airtime and renewal, TV channels and other screen capitalistic ploys  
Family trip to local resort in a feat of foolish consumerist venture,  
Money to the old mother at home and, sometimes depraved but patient father  
ARV's money to my HIV aids stricken sister at the village, my aunt also  
Tuition fees for my son at the kindergarten, who goes to schools but learns  
nothing  
fees balance which my wife has to pay at the tailor to ransom out her dress,  
M-Pesa and M-Swari loan repayment, this only for Kenyan 30th dayers  
They know the agony of dealing with Kenyan mega-capitalist safaricom ltd.  
This consumerism and damn consumerism,  
It is the menacing bane of the Kenyan poor  
It is the avaricious tube which siphons back  
The hard earned money from pockets of the poor  
Back to despotic account of the pitiless world pigshotry.

alexander opicho

# English Language As A Rocket Science

A teachers enters the class,  
On a certain Kenyan afternoon,  
'Good afternoon class, ' shouts the teacher,  
'Good afternoon Mr. English, ' respond the pupils,  
'How are you all? ' The teacher poses,  
'We are fine thank you Mr. English, ' pupils respond,  
'How do you do? ' Continues the teacher,  
'We have done nothing so far only waiting for you, '  
Pupils joyously howl back,  
'O! You are wrong; you don't answer like that, '  
Intervenes the petrified teacher,  
'How were we to answer you teacher? '  
Asks one pupil,  
'You were to answer how do you do, '  
Retorts the teacher,  
'No! No! No! Mr. English,  
it beats logic of our mother tongue, '  
Interjects a pupil,  
'You cannot answer a question  
by another question,  
since we had done nothing,  
se only tell you the truth,  
that we had done nothing,  
there was no need for us to ask you again,  
how you have done or you are doing, '  
Resist a pupil as all others laugh loudly,  
'But remember this is English language  
not your native mother tongue  
accept to follow grammatical rules, '  
The teacher countermands,  
'But where is the logic of that greeting? '  
Pupils inquire father,  
'Forget about it; let us go to your names, '  
Teacher challenges,  
'Let each of you shout his name, '  
Teacher demands,  
Pupils; Wepukhulu! Kufwafwa! Netondo!  
'O! No, my pupils shout your good names,  
you got from the Bible or from American movies,

Names like; Nick, Johny, Sussy, Tony and so on, '  
Teacher demands,  
'But sh if we lose our names,  
And also lose our language,  
Then what else are we left with? '  
Pupil demands,  
'You will be left with knowledge and civilization, '  
Responds the teacher,  
'Don't we have knowledge in our language? '  
don't we have civilization in our names? '  
'We don't, knowledge is only in English, '  
Responds the teacher,  
'Look at that tree out there,  
it is called Baobab tree in English,  
and that is knowledge, '  
Directs the teacher,  
'But Mr. English, it is Kumukhonke tree,  
in our language, it treats cerebral Malaria,  
Is this knowledge or not? '  
Questions the pupil,  
'that is not knowledge,  
it is primitive culture,  
that existed before Christ, '  
Balks the teacher,  
'Do you mean it teacher? '  
'I mean it my pupils, '  
'Teacher, You mean Englishmen  
are fountain of knowledge? '  
'Yes they are, remember Great Britain, '  
No teacher, I have a contradiction,  
English men were called barbarians,  
By 10th century, they were Huns,  
They were primitive and crude men,  
From North of France,  
Their primitivity made them to be chased away,  
By the cultured Frenchmen,  
They became banished Northmen,  
Hence Norsemen,  
Hence Nomarndy, then Normandy conquest  
And then the birth of England,  
Thus, England was born out of social misfits,  
Cultural rejects from France;

Hence their imperial character,  
But by that time of their barbarity,  
Greeks were already modern,  
Greeks had Homer and Aristotle and Plato,  
Socrates and Sophocles for centuries,  
The Chinese were already modern,  
With public exam system in Confucius,  
That is why Jesus and Paul spoke Greek,  
But not English,  
And even now English men are still primitive,  
They have a hang-over for colonialism,  
They have cultural respect for bombazine,  
Primogeniture and Niyoka; or communal sex,  
They have a queen in their politics,  
A very shameful culture in a digital era,  
They only perpetrate English language,  
Out of a ploy for cultural Darwinism,  
Over subaltern languages,  
So that they can sell their books and movies,  
They don't have respect for other languages,  
Their language is a blend of other languages,  
They do it on the funny pretext,  
Of self-congratulatory neologism,  
But if you, a non-native English speaker,  
Happen to form an English word,  
The way Okot P'Bitek formed Kwete,  
And Taban Lo Liyong formed Payeukaring,  
And Zirimu and Bukenya formed Oracy,  
And Binyavanga formed Alawakubaring,  
Then they will accuse you of ignorance,  
Only to be healed through a grammar school  
Found only in northern London,  
But English is not complex language,  
But French, Greek, Russian, Kiswahili are,  
And even German, Lubukusu and Yoruba,  
We would have had integral English  
Or differential English, if it were,  
Leo Tolstoy would have used it,  
The way he used French with passion  
In his Sevastopol and Felling of Wood,  
English language is not rocket science,  
It is not world class model culture,

It is a young language, European dialect,  
In a need of more than a billion new words,  
For it to perfect its communication use,  
Greeks taught us one virtue of education,  
Power to doubt the present,  
But English is desperate for one thing;  
Believe and obey, very stupid!  
But education wants man to extol the self  
In full swing of character and intelligence,  
I rest my case with one respect,  
We go out to search for history,  
And age of the para-english word;  
Bachelorette,

alexander opicho

# Essays On Literature

ESSAYS ON  
LEADERSHIP FRONTIERS OF AFRICAN LITERATURE

By  
Alexander k Opicho

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PROLOGOMENA

BARRACK OBAMA READS MOBY DICK

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick

American president is reading Moby dick

Ja-kogello is reading Moby dick

Ja-siaya is reading Moby dick

Ja-merica is reading Moby dick

Jadello is reading Moby dick

Ja-buonji is reading Moby dick  
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman  
And what are you reading?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because untimely death took his father  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because untimely death took his mother  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because untimely death to his brother  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because untimely death took the grannies  
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman  
And what are you reading?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Baba Michelle is reading Moby dick  
Baba Sasha is reading Moby dick  
Baba Malia is reading Moby dick  
Baba nya-dhin is reading Moby dick  
Sarah's sire is reading Moby dick  
Ja-sharia is reading Moby dick  
The nigger is reading Moby dick  
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman  
And what are you reading?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because here ekes audacity of hope  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because here ekes dreams of fathers  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because here ekes yes we can  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because here ekes American dream  
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman  
And what are you readings?

Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because American president is like whale hunting  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because Obama is a money making animal  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick



Because hunting Osama is whale riding  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because hunting Gaddafi is whale riding  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because coming to Kenya is whale riding  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because Guantanamo prison is a bay of whales  
Barrack Obama is reading Moby dick  
Because Snowden is a Russian whale  
Because launching drones is whale riding  
His lovely Oeuvre of Melville Herman  
And what are you reading, Moby dick?

## CHAPTER ONE

### TABAN MAKITIYONG RENEKET LO LIYONG AND PREFECTURE OF AFRICAN LITERATURE

I am writing this article from Kenya on this day of 23 September 2013 when the Al shabab, an Arabo-Islamic arm of the global terrorist group the Al gaeda have lynched siege on the shopping mall in Nairobi known as the West Gate where an average of forty people have been killed and a hundreds are held hostage. The media is full of horrendous and terrifying images. They have made me to hate this day. I hate terrorism, I hate American foreign policy on Arabs, I hate philosophy behind formation of the state of Israel and I equally hate religious fundamentalism. Also on this date, all the media and public talks in Kenya are full of intellectual and literary tearing of one Kenyan by another plus a retort in the equal measure as a result of the ripples in the African literature pool whose epicenter is the Professor Taban Lo is an epicenter because he had initially decried literary mediocrity among the African scholars and University professors,

Wherein under the same juncture he also quipped that Kenya's doyen of literature Ngugi wa Thiong'o never deserved a Nobel prize. Liyong's stand has provoked intellectual reasons and offalities to fly like fireworks in the East African literary atmosphere among which the most glittering is Chris Wanjala's contrasting position that; who made Liyong the prefect and ombudsman of African literature? This calls for answers. Both good answers and controversial responses. Digging deeper into the flesh of literature as often displayed by Lo Liyong.

Liyong is not a fresher in the realm of literary witticism. He is a seasoned ially when contributions of Liyong to east African literary journal during his student days in the fifties of the last century during which he declared east Africa a literary desert. In addition to his fantastic titles; Another Nigger Dead and The Un-even Rips of Frantz Fanon, Professor Taban Lo Liyong also humorously called Amos Tutuola the son of Zinjathropus, what a farcical literary joke? I also want to appreciate this Liyong's artfulness of language in this capacity and identify him in a literary sense as Taban Matiyong Lo Liyong the son of Eshu. He is an ideological and literature descended of the great West African Eshu. Eshu the god of trouble which was dramatized by Obutunde Ijimere in the imprisonment of Obadala and also recounted by Achebe in the classical essays; Morning Yet of Creation Day. I call him Eshu because of his intellectual and literary ability to trigger the East and West Africans into active altercation of literary, cultural and political exchanges every other time he visits these regions. Whether in Lagos, Accra or Nairobi.

Now, in relation to Ngugi and intellectual quality of Kenyan University literature professors was Liyong right or wrong? Does Liyong's stand-point on Ngugi's incompetence for Nobel recognition and mediocrity in literary scholarship among Kenyan Universities hold water. Are Liyong's accusations of East Africa in these perspectives factually watertight and devoid of a fallacy of self-aggrandizement to African literary prefecture as Professor Chris Wanjala laments. Active literary involvement by anyone would obviously uncover that; It is not Liyong Alone who has this intellectual bent towards East Africa, any literary common sense can easily ask a question that; Does Ngugi's literary work really deserve or merit for Nobel recognition or not? The answers are both yes and no. There are very many of those in Kenya who will readily cow from the debate to say yes. Like especially the community of alumni of the University of Nairobi who were Ngugi's students in the department of English in which Ngugi was a Faculty during the mid of the last century. Also the general Kenyan masses who have been conditioned by warped political culture which always and obviously confine the Kenyan poor into a cocoonery of chauvinistic thought that Ngugi should or must win because he is one of us or Obama must win because he is one of us or Kemboi must win because he is the son of the Kenyan soil. These must also be the emotional tid-bits upon which the Kenyan Media has been based to be catapulted into Publicity

feat that Ngugi will win the Nobel Prize without reporting to the same Kenyan populace the actual truths about other likely winners in the quarters from the overseas. I am in that Kenyan school thought comprising of those who genuinely argue that Ngugi's literary work does not benefit, nor merit, nor deserve recognition of Nobel Prize for literature. This position is eked on global status of the Nobel Prize in relation to Ngugi's Kikuyu literary and writing philosophy. It is a universal truth that any and all prizes are awarded on the basis of Particular efforts displayed with peculiarity. Nobel Prize for literature is similarly awarded in recognition of unique literary effort displayed by the winner. It is not an exception when it comes to the question of formidability in a particular effort. However, the most basic literary virtue to be displayed as an overture of the writer is conversion of theory into practice. This was called by Karl Marx, Hegel, Antonio Gramsci and Paulo Freire, especially in Freire's pedagogy of the oppressed as a function of literature and politics in their respective homogenous and comparative capacities has it that; There has been eminent level of praxis by previous way from Rabindranath Tagore to Wole Soyinka, From Dorris Lessing to Wangari Maathai to JM Coetzee, Gao Xingjian, Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Baraka. Ideological stand of praxis is the one that made Alfred Nobel himself to stick to his gun of intellectual values and deny Leo Tolstoy the prize in 1907 because there was no clear connection between rudimentary Tolstoy in the nihilism and Feasible Tolstoy in the possible manner of the times. In a similar stretch Ngugi wa Thiong'o's literary works and his ideological choices are full of ideological theory but devoid of ideological praxis. Evidence for justification in relation to this position is found back in the 70's and 80's of the last century, When Ngugi was an active communist theoretician of Kenya. His stature as a Kenyan communist ideologue could only get a parallel in the likes of Leon Trotsky and Gramsci. This ideological stature was displayed in Ngugi's adoration of the North Korean communism under the auspice of the Korean leader Kim Yun Sung. This is so bare when you read Ngugi's writings in politics, a communist pamphlet he published with the African red family. By that time this pamphlet was treated equally as Mao Tse Tung's collected works by the Kenya government which means that they were both illegal publications and if in any case you were found with them you would obviously serve nine months in prison. And of course when the late Brigadier Augustine Odongo was found with them he was jailed for nine months at Kamukoko maximum prison in Kisumu, Kenya. O.K, the story of Odongo is preserved for another day. But remember that, this was Ngugi only at his rudimentary stage. But when Ngugi got an opportunity to get an ideological asylum, he did not go to Russia, nor East Germany, nor Tanzania, nor China but instead he went to the USA, a country whose ideological civilization is in sharp contradiction with communism; a religion which Ngugi professes. In relation to this choice of Ngugi one can easily share with me these reflections; is one intellectually honest if he argues that he is a socialist revolutionary when his or

her employer is an American institution like the university of California in Irvine? Ngugi was not the only endangered communist ideologue of the time. There were also several others. Both in Kenya and without Kenya. They were the likes of; Raila Odinga, George Moset Anyona, Willy Mutunga and very many others from Kenya. But in Africa some to be mentioned were Walter Rodney, Yoweri Museveni, Isa Shivji, Jacob Tsuma, Robert Mugabe and others. The difference between Ngugi and all of these socialist contemporaries of him is that; Ngugi went to America and began accumulating private property just like any other capitalist. But these others remained in Africa both in freedom and detention to ensure that powers of political darkness which had bedeviled Africa during the last century must go. And indeed the powers somehow went. Raila has been in Kenya most of the times, Anyona died in Kenya while in the struggle for second liberation of Kenyan people from the devilish fangs of Moi's dark reign of terror and r Rodney worked in Tanzania at Dare salaam University where he wrote his land mark book; How Europe underdeveloped Africa. Later on he went back to his country of birth in Africa, Guyana where he was assassinated while in the revolutionary struggle for political good of the Guyanese people. Yoweri Museveni practically implemented socialism by fighting politics of sham and nonsense out of Uganda of which as per today Uganda is somehow admirable. Isa Shivji has ever remained in Dare salaam University, inspite of poverty. He is now the chair of Mwalimu Julius Nyerere school of Pan African studies. Jacob Tsuma and Robert Mugabe they are current presidents of South Africa and Zimbabwe respectively. The gist of this reference to African socialist revolutionaries as contemporaries to Ngugi wa Thiong'o is that a socialist revolutionary must and should not run away from the oppressor in to a zone of comfort. But instead must remain and relentlessly fight, just like in the words of Fidel Castro; fight and die in the battle field as long as it is a struggle against the enemy of the revolution. This view by Castro is pertinent as it's a Revolutionary praxis which actually is redolent of practice of an ideology that has to be held for ever above ideological scores badly on this. So if the Nobel academy looks at Ngugi in terms of defending human rights then it must be reminded that Ngugi have no marks on the same because he only ran away from the practical struggle. Anyway, Politics and ideology has its own fate. But let us now come back to literature. Ngugi and his books. As at this time of writing this essay Ngugi has published the following works; Weep not Child, The River Between, A Grain of Wheat, Black Hermit, Petals of Blood, Devils on the Cross, Matigari, Homecoming, Decolonizing the Mind, Writers in Politics, Ngugi Detained, Pen Points and Gun Points, Wizard of the Crow, Globalectics, Remembering Africa, Dreams in Times of War and I Will Marry When I Want as well as the Trial of Dedan Kimathi which he wrote along with Micere Githae of this list the only works with literary depth that call for intellectualized attention are; A Grain of wheat, Wizard of the crow and Globalectics. The Grain of wheat is simply a post colonial reflection of Kenyan

politics. Its themes, plot, lessons and entire synecdoche is also found in Wole Soyinka's *Season of Anomie* as well as Achebe's *Anthills of the Savannah*. My argument dovetails with those of Liyong's stand that rewarding Ngugi's *Grain of wheat* and forgetting Achebe's *Anthills of the Savannah* and *A man of the people* would be a literary ceremony devoid of literary justice. *Wizard of the Crow* is indeed a magnum opus. I am ready to call it Ngugi's oeuvre. It tackles the question of dictatorship and corruption as a cult in Africa. A cult which has been socialized to an extent of being justified by both the African oppressor and the African oppressed. This book was initially written in kikuyu and intended to be intact in commercial sense made Ngugi to immediately translate the book into English. Its kikuyu version was *Murogi wa* if this work is recognized by the Nobel committee then which version is it being recognized for. Is it kikuyu version or its English version? *The Globalectics* comes with lessons. After reading it I was mused into a reflection about writing. One reflection I experienced was intra-comparativity of literature and another one is evolution of a writer. Intra-comparativity comes in when Ngugi is placed alongside Fanon while evolution comes in when the readers become aware that Fanon wrote *Black skins and white masks* on the first trial, but it has taken Ngugi five decades to write almost like Frantz Fanon. Throughout his career Ngugi had never written any book in a philosophical style the way Paulo Freire wrote *The Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, Fanon *Black Skin and White Masks*, Nkrumah *The Consciencism*, Wole Soyinka's *A Good Name is Better than Tyranny of Taste* and Aimé Césaire's *The Discourse*. He has only been narrating in *The Globalectics*; Ngugi has tried to stretch himself beyond the realm of story telling into the precincts of philosophy. In this stretch Ngugi has done with a lot of is so on the basis of the analogy which brings out the facts that Ngugi's *Globalectics* is structured and laid out after the framework of Freire's *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* has four chapters; the pedagogy, monologics, dialogics and anti dialogics, similarly Ngugi's *Globalectics* also has four chapters that actually hint Freire's philosophy of communication. *Globalectics* is actually a concept brought forward from Hegel, Marx and Goethe about the dialectic the same way the opening chapter in this book on poor theories is barely Ngugi's linguistic gymnastics on Marx's philosophy of poverty and poverty of philosophy as well as the German ideas echoed in the *Globalectics* are the Shakespearean mirror of Dimitry Pospelovsky in *The Tempest*, *King Lear*, *King Henry* and *Othello* which goes in the tune of the tempo that professionalism is a conspiracy to the laity; Mostly when the theatre between Caliban and Prospero is taken to be an allegory of European master and African bondservant, when an African bond servant is timorously battling subaltern languages only to use the words of Gavatri Chakravorty does it mean? It means that Ngugi's *Globalectics* is devoid of originality. It is simply re-branding of ideas and philosophies that are readily available in other books.

Writing in vernacular languages is now a contemporary hallmark of Ngugi's

literary crusades. It is an intellectual cum surrealistic movement he began sometimes in the mid of the last century at the University of Nairobi. It was Ngugi and his other two academic accomplices; Taban Lo Liyong and Henry Anyumba that jointly and severally called for abolition of the English department from the University of Nairobi in preferred substitution with the department of y this was a noble efforts gave an opportunity to African academic and political systems to arrive at a pedestal on which foundation of African literature in English can be pursued as an academic and professional commitment at graduate and postgraduate level. It was on this revolutionary grounds in the academic spheres that the then literary desert of East Africa blossomed into cultural vineyard which experienced blossoming of intellectual flowers like; Marjorie Oludhe Macgoye, Francis Imbuga, John Ruganda, Okot P'Bitek, Margaret Ogolla, Benjamin Wekesa, Meja Mwangi and Rabbecca Njau just but only to mention a er this revolution was accompanied by either a utopian or a prosaic literary revolution launched by Ngugi which he thought was a missile against linguistic imperialism and cultural ng in part of this literary revolution Ngugi said good bye to writing in English and then courted writing in language of his ethnic turnaround had Ngugi writing Gaithan Mutharabani whose English and of course commercial name is the Devil on the dless of its good intentions the idea of writing in Kiguyu is purely an act of intellectual goofing. If at all there was need to write in vernacular then the East African minimum is have its writings of literature, orature, drama and poetry known as fasihi ya riwaya, fasihi simulizi, sarakazi na ushahiri is also the point that was initially shared by Mwalimu Julius Nyerere who expressed completeness of Kiswahili as a language by tranlating shakespeare's Julius ceaser, Merchant of venice, Merry Wives of windsor and also sophocles' Odipus rex in to the Kiswahili who have been in the current East Africa of Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Rwanda, Burundi, Sudan, Somali, Malagasy, Congo in the diaspora of East Africa and Zanzibar can be able to appreciate the globalectic effects of Kiswahili on African cultural and intellectual civilization. This is why readers, students, the media and scholars in East Africa and other Africas at large are ready to appreciate the current literary activities of Dr. Walibora Waliaula, whose works in Kiswahili like Kidagaa Kimemuozea, Siku Njema and very many others have made the Kiswahili literary civilisation a households idea at global level. The argument is that if the veranacular or writings of literature in non European language by an African from East Africa are to be considered for Nobel reward then posthumous recognition of Nyerere will be a non pyrric also recognition of Walibora especially on the account of him having formulated a Kiswahili political word eneo bunge, meaning an electoral area will be also a genuine idea by any prize committee. A factual abstraction is that Dr. Walibora's Kiwahili writing is a service to the humankind in the geographies of East rationale of the matter is that, Kenya alone has more than forty ethnic languages, Uganda has more than forty, and this other countries of the region

the u Language is only one of the thousands of languages in the region. It is spoken by less than four million why should a writer of Ngugi's eminence chose to have such a provencal , writing in Kiguyu is not any effort against linguistic imperialism. Instead it is local cultural has been away from Kenya for four cannot practical understand the current economic and social structures in idea is that, now Kiguyu language is not the language of the oppressed but it is the language of the postcolonial times the Kiguyus have enjoyed Kenyan politics by having their clansman being the president for the preceding four political conditions derived from tyranny of numbers and brutality of crime have given the kiguyus an economic advantage over other communities in is why the 2007 violence was about all tribes of Kenya fighting the , by basing on such backdrops it can be averred that it is Kiswahili which is the language which carries social, economic and political sentiments and values of the people in Kenya. It is not Kigugyu. In fact Kiguyu as a language has joined English in the ranks of oppressing the Kenyan poor. But anyway, there is one virtue that Ngugi has done which no other writer in the living history of literature in the whole world has never act is a social virtue of intellectual rs rarely plan for what will happen after their death in terms of continuity of their writing is a fact which effects literary and artistic civilisation from the days of Aristotle up to now. Shakespeare and Pushkin, Melville and Kunene left no intellectual successor to their artistic Ngugi has carefully and consciously mentored his son; Mukoma wa author of Nairobi is the son of Ngugi wa a's literary and writing skills are very to the esy of visionary parenting.

However I want to accept that I am not a member of the Nobel committee, neither will I be one in the foreseeable future. I don't have any right at all to censure who is to win or not to win a Nobel Prize in literature. But because the Nobel Prize is the world affair I therefore have to enjoy my rights of global citizenship by making comments about what pertains to the Swedish academy. It has to remain as a fact that winning a Nobel Prize need not be the primary source of motivation for an African writer nor a motivation any African public an literature instead must be motivated by an African dream. But the natural conditions are that this may only be my outlook of African literature and The Nobel Prize, where the actual psychological disposition of an individual African writer at the present time is different motivation. Which can likely be a cognitive process towards a valence in the totem of the Nobel Prize? Under this spirit therefore, I have to be permitted to share with the entire world that some women are and have been strong. At most I borrow these feelings from the human and literary spirit of Marriama Ba the Senegalese author of So long a letter and the scarlet song. She defied all odds of being a woman in Africa, being a woman in Muslim nation, being a woman in poverty and of all the sorriest conditions to be a woman with cancer, to carry her head above all and write superbly with a sterling touch as displayed in the complete sweetness of

literature in her works; So long a letter and The scarlet Song. Similar virtues are displayed by a Nigerian actress. She is middle aged. I have forgotten her name as you know Nigerian names and Russian names are not easily remembered by a foreigner. I have also forgotten the scripts she acted. But she acts in the African movies corporation (AMC). Some of the plots she acted are; She was rejected by a boy friend and she became mad on the street, she was beaten by her step-mother and had her eyes punctured so that she could be snatched a boy friend by her cousin, She hired parents to stand in for her wedding because she was ashamed of poverty of her really parents, and also she picked money but she returned it back to the chief who had lost it which again became a long spell of troubled love. I mean she is so reminds me the words of Jesus Christ; If the Nobel committee has the ears let it hear and if the has the eyes let it see. Amen. But after week of long complains by the academic and literary communities in kenya, complains about Liyongo's derogation of these communities literary mediocrity. Liyong chose to be an elder and came back with a literary olive forest full of paradox and oxymoron by retorting in an apologetic tone that; "I have had differences of opinion with Okot p'Bitek and Ngugi wa Thiong'o but they have been on literary stand points. On one or two occasions, I have not seen eye to eye on personal matters with Ngugi. That time has passed. But it never diminished my judgment of Ngugi's leading stature in East African writing, especially of fiction. Ngugi's River Between and Grain of Wheat are our best works of fiction. They are classics. Why our budding writers do not use them as models to be emulated, I do not know. When I campaign for the creation of "classics" and the publishers reject them in favour of easy-reading school textbooks, the journalists and academics say, "Taban, with so many books published, why do you still say there is literary barrenness in East Africa?" And my answer is, more ugali is still ugali, more busaa is still busaa. If A Grain of Wheat, produced in the mid 1960s, as well as Okot's Wer pa Lawino and its translation into English as Song of Lawino, equally published in the mid 1960s, are still our classic novel and poetry, surely you will agree with me that in the production of classics the literary barrenness still prevails? And I owe nobody an apology for maintaining that stand. I never said "Jua Kali artisans deserve the Nobel prize more than Ngugi." I did not say "Ngugi doesn't deserve Nobel". As a matter of fact, I skirted that question over a period of three hours. I never passed judgment on Ngugi's merit or demerits regarding the Nobel Prize. In reference to Nobel Literature Prize, I said that Chinua Achebe had deserved it. I understand that Per Wastberg, The Swedish Commission of Nobel Literature Prize, had a disagreement with Achebe and swore that so long as he lived Achebe would never get it. And he lived up to his word. The other writer who had deserved it was Leopold Sedar Senghor. I do not know whether he, too, had an altercation with Wastberg. But his rejoinder to Leopold's promoters was that Leopold's best writing were written far behind. Yet



when the British promoters campaigned for VS Naipual, he got it even when his best books were written as far back as Leopold Sedar Senghor's. So, the Nobel Literature Prize is a Swedish or European or Western prize which they award to whoever satisfies conditions only known to or by them."

Liyong in the above arguments which he is of course making as a septuagenarian of literature purely repeat to hold the stand on Nobel Prize for literature as the one he held on the Dance Between Black and White three decades of his portraiture of literature in the publications as; Another Nigger Dead, Un-even Ribs of Frantz Fanon, Thirteen Steps Against our Enemies, Eating Chiefs, The Last word and Another Last Word all echoed this an literature need not to seek glorification from Europe.

There are also very many other revelations about African literature in relation to the Nobel Prize. Some are observable in the eventualities which subsequently happened after the death of Chinua Achebe. Immediately after the death of Chinua Achebe, there was sudden outbreak and barrage of ideas, discussion, speculations and projections about the reasons why Achebe did not win a Nobel Prize for literature, If he had had been selected for this year's Nobel candidacy or whether he can still win the same prize posthumously. Amid this emotional and intellectual hullabaloo punctuating the death of a noble person like Achebe, the literary journalist with the Nigerian newspaper, Sahara reporters promptly engaged Professor Wole Soyinka on the issue of Achebe and the Nobel Prize. With his experience as a writer, an ex-detainee, a scholar and a gifted verbal fundamentalist in proper equipage with a seasoned mind of being panelist on the Nobel committee, Wole Soyinka boldly highlighted some reasons why the African writers that have published with the Heinemann's African writers series, Achebe being one of them and editor in chief of the series, would and will not win the Nobel recognition for literature. The reasons that professor Soyinka gave had were wild and diverse full of cross-cutting effects. Some were technical, others were logical, and most of them irrational, illogical and intellectually translucent provoking further inquest.

The technical reasons that Professor Soyinka gave were that; the Heinemann section of African writers series mostly lacked artistic competence that could possibly attract attention of Nobel committee. Also naming of the Publications as 'African writers' was a step towards self-marginalization that made works of this series so African hence they lacked global recognition through such a global or European attention like the Nobel Prize.

Soyinka goes ahead to contest this disadvantaged position of the African writers series by defending the publication of his book, the interpreters in the same Heinemann section of the African writers series by reclusing himself that they were the champions for political detainees who took the manuscript to the Heinemann publishers, when he himself was in prison during the reign of democratic break-down in Nigeria under dictatorship of Nigerian Chiefs of

political of doom of that had he not been in this predicament the manuscript for The interpreters would have been sent to a different publisher.

Irrationality of Professor Soyinka's argument lags in a mire of inability to see the invincible hand of ideology and political consciousness of the African writers series and other African writers by different publishers. Because a slight literary crouch of the mid of the last century would quickly show that very many African writers published their works with Penguin and Longman publishers as well as very many other publishers but, they still never attracted Nobel recognition. First premise in explanation of this experience can be deduced from, just to use Ngugi's words, the prevailing globalectics of the last were a lot of cultural and political dynamics of postcoloniality, neo-coloniality and ideological Nobel institutions as a social institution also had the values and norms that supported a certain form of civilization. Unfortunately African writers as published by William Heinemann were openly pan-Africanist in spirit and socialist in ideology. Their literary allegories majorly hinted socialist political and literary civilization.

Brief highlighting quickly makes this clear, The key writers of this series included Ousmane with his God's bits of wood, Achebe with his Heart of Darkness, a with her so long a letter, Ngugi with his writers in politics, Odinga with his not yet Uhuru, Nwaba with her efuru, Guma with his in the fog of the seasons end, P'tek with his song of lawino, Cabral with his revolution and struggle, Senghor with his nocturnes, and Mbella Sone Dipoko with his black and white in love. Any body who had an opportunity to read the above sampled writers will agree that they beautifully represent the rest of the population of African writers of Heinemann publishers in matters of themes, plot, influence, inspiration, philosophy, language usage and even ideological reflections. But it would be a historical error in regard to African literature for one to point out that the spirit of art and literature to express post colonial political and intellectual consciousness were only inherent among the African Heinemann publishers, very many other writers with a historicity of postcoloniality equally wrote with a literary tempo of Ezekiel likes of V. S Naipaul in Mr Biswas house, Harriet Becheter Stowe in uncle toms cabin, Richard Wright in his savage holiday, Paul Frere in his Pedagogy of the Oppressed and Pedagogy of the liberation where he regularly argued that liberation of a society by use theory and ideology at all the times requires three p's; pavla, povla e povo meaning; people, theory and gun powder. After international criminal court at the Hague in Holland expedited the killing of Saddam Hussein, the then UK, premier Tony Blair made a justificatory public address to the university students of Islamic and Arabic descend in the UK, in his speech he argued that the war between Islam and Western powers is not a clash about civilizations but a clash for civilization. I also want to borrow this style of language usage and semantically argue that eminent African writers have only missed to earn a Nobel Prize not as dual results of intellectual and artistic incompetence but as interactive consequences of clash of consciences where one

is the self-consciousness of post-coloniality and another as self-awareness of cultural master-hood. Sincerely it has all been about clash of civilizations. Now after such contextualisation, one will be justified to develop a vista of questions of this genre; what is the future of an African writer? , what must be the motivation of an African artist? , what are right intellectual benchmarks for an African novelist? And is obsolescence of postcoloniality thought bringing an African novel in the African writers series of Heinemann publishers gradually to death? ...

Clean and sober soul-searching by an African writer will easily bring him or her to quick answers in relation to the above palpable praxis is that the future of African writers is not a Nobel dream. An African writers must indentify others sources of self-actualization as an artist and an intellectual, but not always Nobel recognition. History of European drama has two beautiful lessons in relation to the above observation. The lessons are derived from examples of Alexander Pushkin and William Shakespeare. Both Shakespeare and Pushkin never had a Nobel dream. They were only playwrighting and stage-acting to serve and entertain their communities as an opportunity to express the beauty of their English and Russian culture rily, the lesson is that, these two playwrights are living legends of drama and art minus Nobel achievement in their lifes. In depth analysis of all the writers who won Nobel recognition between 1945 and today will lead to decipherations that factors of ideology and ideological bias played a big role in their success. Starting with Wole Soyinka, His firm stand against the communist backed Biafra feature a lot as a variable in his Nobel nomination. The Chinese Xiangping Gao and Dalai Lama are pro-western and anti-sinophile activists in their 's work that made him to qualify for Nobel nomination was Soul Mountain.

After this book was nominated for Nobel candidacy, I personally made the efforts to read it along side African written novels like Ousmane's God's bits of wood as well as watching Ousmane's cinema; CEDDO AND XALA, Ngugi's wizard of the Crow, Achebe's Anthill of the Savannah and Fanon's Black skin and White masks. I also involved myself in active debate with sociologists, political scientists, literature teachers and general from the University of Nairobi, Daresalaam and Makerere University as well as the general readers and book lovers. Indeed we did not deduce any intellcutual, artistic and creative superiority that made Gao's Soul Mountain better than above sampled African writers. But those with a political science bent among us cited issues of ideology in international relation to be key drivers that made Gao's soul mountain spin a Nobel literary reward. Therefore under the light of such dynamics, intellectual benchmarking for an African writer should enjoy all the cultural and artistic opportunities transcending the Nobel ly enough there are lessons again from European classical experience, where the famous Alexander Solzhenitsyn, a Russian, was recognized for the Nobel literary award and Charlie Chaplin an American, was inversely recognized

for the Glasnost award, Russian prize of art and culture. The respective governments of the above artists cum writers denied these writers the right to receive the prizes. Each government had to raise an ideological red flag about the prize offer.

Hitherto, the Nobel accolade or nemesis should and cannot kill an African novel. It is only the African mind that can kill it. The mind of the African writer as well as African reader. Especially the African mind in its un-decolonized capacity. Mental decolonization in relation to art and literature should not only be limited to language as discussed by Ngugi Wa Thiong'o in his *Globalectics and Decolonizing the Mind*. But a decolonized mind should be wary of bourgeoisie and, to use Lenin's labeling techniques 'comprador Bourgeoisie offers.' Nobel Prize is a bourgeoisie's offer that comes with cultural contemplations. The contemplations can be only understood if my dear readers can ask yourselves this questions; what is literary tempo of any writer after receipt of a Nobel Prize? Are the African Nobelites like J M Coetz, Dorris Lessing, Nadine Gordimer, Naguip Mafoutz still displaying literary fireworks like the one they displayed before their Nobel experience? Or what is literary spirit of a writer before and after the encounter with Nobel reward? Or how will Nonviolet Bulawayo and Chimamanda Ngozi Adiche behave after they will be announced co-winners of Nobel Prize? Will Chimamanda go a head to write *Africanah*, *Africadabra* or *Nigerianah* or the Nobel consciousness will hinder her from such ventures? It is befitting to accept Prefecture of Liyong'o on his observations about mediocrous standards of teaching literature in East African fiction for this prefecture is based on Philip Ochieng's article (*The EastAfrican* Nov 24-30,2012) on the ancestry of William hinted the possibilities of Arabian descent of William Shakespeare, the same way Alexander Pushkin is hinted of Ethiopian descend. Arabian descend of sahekespear would give him his real identity as Sheikh Zubair. On a retort, I in my capacity as a lecturer, in both public and private universities in Kenya, I had to put Mr Ochieng's argument on useful test for intellectual awareness among University students in Kenya but to my horror, all the students I talked to from private universities were not aware of the article, meaning they have not read it. They however asked if it was going to be pertinently examined and if they were expected again to pay extra school fees in case they requested for notes on Sheikh Zubair. In a funny contrast, students I talked to from two public universities in Kenya had however read the article but as a Facebook and Twitter trending topic. Most of these are third year students from the school of political science, history, arts, law, health science, business. None were from the faculties of education. However, one of the students also wanted to know if Shakespeare is an American actress like Oprah Winfrey. This boils down to a question of intellectualism and academic freedom as a prime objective of higher learning. This is a virtue that has been neglected. Private universities in Kenya and other East African countries are focused on examination

and certification. Where the factual truth is that this should not be the guiding spirit towards teaching of literature. This has only helped to inspire learners to look forward to the graduation ceremony regardless of whether one was educated or not. To confirm how bad the situation is, I asked the students who their favourite author is. Those in public universities mostly named authors of set books they used in high school, especially those examined in the final exam. Those in private universities named N. A. Salemi because of common courses like statistics, business mathematics and communications skills. A number of students named Kenyan author Ngugi wa Thiong'o for his book *The River Between* which they think is a love drama.

Whoever that will deny Liyongo's position on the role of publishers in development of literature in Kenya will be a pretender. Liyongo pointed out that the publishers in East Africa will publish you after you shower them with a bribe of beer. I want to liken the East African Publisher to the one and dual personality of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hide. I will also borrow Ali Mazrui analytical approach to explain this point. In 1996 or thereabout, the then Sunday Nation, a week-end edition of the Daily Nation in Kenya carried an allegorical serialization by Professor Ali A Mazrui of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hide, a human civilization satire by Robert Louis Stevenson. The serialization was so interesting that it also captured an opportunity to be aired as BBC television Feature. The hidden meaning of the serialization was about duality of character of Professor Wole Soyinka who therefore befitted the dual accolades of both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hide. Jekyll representing Wole Soyinka's commitment to extreme democratic ideals that upheld human value in a tumultuous ocean of Nigerian reign of terror and tyranny under intermittent dictatorships of the likes of; San Abacha and Awolowo. While Hide representing Soyinka's extreme hatred of Mazrui and Islam evident in an intellectual clash during that year between Mazrui and Soyinka which had Soyinka calling Mazrui an Arab and not a Kenyan, who only used to go to Nigeria to fuel Islamic fundamentalism but not peaceful nationhood, because he himself (Mazrui) does not have any single drop of African blood flowing in his Semitic veins. As a young man in early twenties I curiously watched and read this serialization before I had read Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hide as Novel. But sometimes later I got an Opportunity to read the book at Mombasa National library. The literary lessons I deciphered from the book were that Dr Jekyll an extreme humanist and Mr. Hide a horrendous sadist were not two different persons, but instead it was one person; benevolent Dr. Jekyll who sometimes on regular basis transfigures himself into a sadistic and devilish Mr. Hide.

Robert Louis's literary presentation of Duality of human nature and character in Jekyll and Hide goes beyond mere literary cryptography to explain strange weaknesses of humanity redolent in man's behavior as he or she involves the self in the macro-political and sociological civilizations. The best example is beautifully obtained in the current Kenyan publishing which makes its very being on the

political civilization inherent in its current political culture. In commitment to public services in their capacities as manufacturers and custodians of knowledge are only but rudimentary centerpieces enjoying matchless merit at current times a simple pragmatic outlook would not fail to pinpoint umpteen examples and logic that confirm current Kenyan publishing industry not being beyond the spectra of the allegorical Hyde and Jekyll in which there is an ambivalence of inadvertent goodness as a primal and intentional evil as a duality. These conditions are especially bare when the Kenyan publishers of Newspapers, Books, Newsletters, Tabloid, Journal and Sunday editions of the dailies are given a censure in regard to their moral duty of knowledge dispensation but particularly in relation to the Kenyan young and poor writers.

Just like the primal Dr. Jekyll, Kenyan publisher's entices all values of good relations with the political class and aristocratic crust of the society. However these original good values are instantly deterred. The bug of ethnicization and corruption as well as economic discrimination instantly grips a Kenyan publisher every time a young and moneyless writer appears with a manuscript. This discrimination will possibly distort Kenya's literary evolution down to useless ideals of ethnic bloc formations in the body of national to any lover of literature and art such situations make me to fondly remember Chinua Achebe's warning in *The Arrow of God* that; the large tribes should not swallow smaller ones.

Let me go into a contradiction with the literary status quo in Kenya which looks at Shakespeare as a dead civilisation by appreciating Liyong's position that he is an ardent student of Shakespeare and Greek literary columnist Peter Oduor with declared in the weekend editions of Kenya's Newspaper *The Daily Nation*; the *Saturday Nation* that Shakespeare is dead and irrelevant to young people it is logical to concur with the prefecture of Taban Lo Liyong by pointing out that, the writer was wrong both in literary sense and political sense, artistic and theatrical. The writer should appreciate that in the literary circles the most living writer in all languages of modern civilization is the bard; William Shakespeare, so virulent because of the literary prowess readily observable in his tragedies, sonnets and comedies. An effort to put Shakespeare on a literary rustication by this writer is simply a failure to see and appreciate what nature and history gave to mankind. Let me start by borrowing my argument from Liyong's *Pearls of wisdom* by averring that passage of time serves good books as it does to good wine. The more time passes the more good wine goes sharp, thus in an analogy good books become more relevant as time passes. Hence their honored name literary classics. History of literature has it that Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; the two Greek classics are the oldest literary works but their lessons have kept on improving in value to a state where any young person coming out of secondary school without having read them is equivalence to illiteracy. Their respective relevance to juvenile reader was so persistent to an extent of having a strong influence, in that, six centuries later Alexander the Great held them closely to his

memory and heart as his constant companion in his bedroom. Mr. Oduor the author of the piece which dismissed Shakespeare has a biblical name as Peter. I believe he is a Christian who sometimes read and believe in the Bible was written about 15 centuries earlier than complete works of Shakespeare. If time is a basis of appreciating or dismissing a work of literature then let Peter write another article to declare the Bible dead and irrelevant to the youth. The bible is as documentary and fictitious just as book of job and Song of Songs are fictional creations of Moses and King Solomon respectively, whereas the plays of King Henry and Antony and Cleopatra in Shakespeare are documentary accounts of European history. In 1964, just before his assassination President John F Kennedy Made the most popular speech with full of cadence, in which he quoted Dante Alighieri's the Inferno. Kennedy posited that; 'the hottest place in hell is preserved for those who see a problem and remain aloof without intervening to solve.' Dante wrote the cantons in 3 AD, but relevance of his work is superb that it worked as an intellectual justification for Kennedy's military intervention in the Vietnam. This was after 15 should know that time brews good literature as it brews good wine.

Karl Marx read King Lear Shakespeare's political satire at the age of sixteen ly, biographers of Karl Marx usually point to Marx's early encounter with Shakespeare as among the sources of his intellectual influence. Comparatively any other youth or general reader can still benefit intellectually from such classical readership.

A writer's works can only be declared irrelevant on the basis of themes but only through natural death into oblivion because the readers have no benefit either aesthetic or intellectual benefit to gain from the artefact. But in contrast to this; Shakespeare's themes are full of lessons to the modern reader whether young or bly Shakespeare explored the theme of dangers of alcohol consumption in Julius ceaser, marital dishonesty in merry wives of Windsor, generation gap as well as ethnicity in Romeo and Juliet, impunity in measure for measure, avarice in Merchant of venice, Sadism in Macbeth, competition in a sonnet the turtle and the phoenix, jealousy and betrayal in Rape of Lucrece, benefits of hard work in Othello, benefits of mental alertness among the youth in Hamlet the prince of Denmark, folly of un genuine love affair in Antony and Cleopatra and power of mastering languages in the Tempest. And more other lessons that can serve a young reader positively. Indeed, Shakespeare is thematically fashionable. Shakespeare is not actually infallible in the literary sense. There are cultural weaknesses of his time which he displayed across his different works. Like he openly expressed negative racism against Africans in Othello, in which Othello the moor or a northern African was forced to take a humiliated position. Also in Merchant of Venice Shakespeare expressed overt anti-Semitism by presenting the Jews as the people who can shred away insolvent debtors flesh in repayment of the loan. But this is common to all great writers; a historical glimpse would

show that Alexander Pushkin the great Russian Poet wasted a lot of pages praising women's and Kipling wrote poems that praised colonialism. George Orwell alias Eric Blair in his book 1984, was very over sensational on Soyinka is not accessible to an average reader due to his hard English replete with jargons like abracadabra. Ngugi wa Thiong'o is an ardent communist ideologue living in America with a deep rooted sense of property, While Achebe abysmally failed in his , man is to error and writers are men where Shakespeare was a man. Peter Oduor forgot to mention a common a criticism which most critics use against Shakespeare and sometimes also against Kwame Nkrumah; that is shakes the writer of all the plays and poems under his name? The answer would have been yes but actors have been editing his works to make them feasible on the stage therefore there is chance that original meaning have been lost in some plays. And is also true that Nkrumah wrote the most complex book by an African; The Consociationalism. I now personally have one copy of complete works of Shakespeare in my sanctum. I used to have two copies. One at home and a mobile one, but I loaned one copy to Michael Kijana Wamalwa in 1994. Am sorry he passed on in 2003 before he had returned the book. Shakespeare is a good read and I want Peter Oduor to read and watch his plays.

In the manner of winding up this essay I am puzzled with humor and ecstasy by failing to know why Taban Lo Liyong chose to amuse the world of readers both in East and West Africa by choosing to call Amos Tutuola the son of Zinjathropus. Perhaps due to the thrill in the word Drinkard, a complication of drunkard, as found in the title of Tutuola's novel The Palm Wine Drinkard. However in a similar frame of mind, I am also bound to accede to this farce of Liyongo about Tutuola by mentioning that this year 2013, I have attended three international cultural conferences, one in Kenya and others in other countries in Africa. All the conferences have been unique to me because of the regular eventualities of the Afro-English word drinkard as coined by Amos Tutuola as a title of his novel Palm wine Drinkard with which it was mentioned and then spontaneously made to be a subject of the day every time it is mentioned. Also, more than five top African scholars of politics, Literature and language have within the range of past seven months discussed Tutuola in relation to his word wa Thiongo in his recent BBC hard talk entitled; English is not African language reconized Tutuola's charm in the efforts towards Africanisation of English as its evident in Tutuola's word drinkard. Initially still Ngugi had on umpteen occasions referred to and inferred from Tutuola in his annual lecture delivered at the Rene Wellek library. The lecture which became published as his currently last and philosophical book entitled the Globalectics. Similarly Phillip Ochieng, a Kenyan literary and English language columnist with the publications of the National media group, in his usual duties of being an African guardian of English language openly expressed gusto for the acoustic thrill he usually derives from the sounds; Drinkard as coined by Tutuola and Beautiful as coined by Ayi Kweyi Armah as a word in the



title of his book Beautiful ones are not yet born. In a similar tempo, Taban Matiyong Lo liyong has on several occasions admired Tutuola's literary sense especially the sensibility that Tutuola to midwife a thought process that gave the world the word g has displayed this appreciation in his two books; the last word and another last word. Concurrent to This was also Wole Soyinka's cherishing in relation to Tutuola's knack for art of language and language of art through a premonition that the Drinkard in the mean time will remain un-impeachable artistic success which only invites similar efforts from the Yoruba vernacular on such a backdrop the must ensue a pertinent literary angst to such persistent barrage of acclaims to Tutuola's drinkard. The anxiety is; what is the inherent magic in the word Drinkard in the title of Tutuola's novel the palm wine drinkard and his dead palm-wine tapster in the deads' town.

The entire angst is eked in the cultural hopscotch about universalisation of English language which has been there and will be there for some times. It is not only Africa that has been affected by European languages, English in particular. It is every society. Even the French people with their high degree of cultural chauvinism use the word e-mail when referring to a computer based electronic mail. These are the same cultural fabrics that catapulted Professor Wole Soyinka to coin the phrase; Intellectual kamikaze. in 1978 and later on used it in 1987 in article with Kenyan Daily Nation and 1997 in an article in a Sunday phrase which was equated to intellectual suicide bombing as committed by Christopher Okigbo in the Biafra war, was received by the world society with a lot of positive intellectual brouhaha, the same way Tutuola's Drinkard has currently received. These barrages of admirations are only a Florence to Ngugi's timely BBC talk that English is not African Language. In which Ngugi posited that writers and artists from Africa who write in English are only making English as a language more colonial and imperialistic in its overtures of cultural and linguistic Darwinism. However, in this very talk Ngugi did not specify which English is not African English; Is it British English, American English, Caribbean English, Nigerian English, Kenyan English or the funny Australian English against which Marjorie Oludhe Macgoye in her prose and critical writings has classically derided that once upon a time, an Australian preacher came to Nairobi in 1980 and said that; to dayi is the dayi of st translator Kiswahili translator; shouted after him that Kufa ni kifo cha mtakatifu stephano. Which means to die is the death of st. Stephen, But it was supposed to be; to day is the day of st. Stephen! ....So Ngugi has to specify the brand of English to be avoided as not Ngugi has not authoritatively told the world what is to be used as an African re and Mazrui settled on Kiswahili. But Ngugi is still experimenting with Kiguyu at a rudimentary stage when in practice he derives his livelihood from teaching high profile English at university of California, Irvine. He stands out at this University as a distinguished professor of English. He also teaches a course known as special English.

Let me use Ngugi's hallmark word; Globalectics in this juncture by pointing out that truth of the matter in the cultural Globalectics is that Africa and African Writers cannot move away from English. But instead an African writer can do a lot in English and a lot for English in the global game of world literature and world trick is that African English speakers have to get cultural rights as users of the language so that they can also move ahead and enjoy the freedom of cultural development as the one displayed by Tutuola in formulation of the Drinkard, Soyika with his word Overrecheasness, Ngugi with his word globalectics, Zirim with his word orature and Opicho with the word type of approach was equally given a leeway by Lo Liyong in his funny book Amos Tutuola the son Zinjathropus. In which he echoed that; you go, let Okara, Okgibo, Mailu, Nwapa, Imbuga, and all sons of Africa go against the grammar and Africanize English.

One young person from Kenya I talked to me about Ngugi's stand on English not being an African language told me that; how many things are not African that Ngugi has? Irvine is not an African University, Dollars are not an African currency, Virgin group is an African airline, Vodafone are not African computers, BBC, is not an African station and very many other things that Ngugi is using daily. Then why is Ngugi refusing English language?

#### References

Amos Tutuola; Palm wine Drinkard

Dimitry Pospelvsky; the Soviet Union and the Church

Taban Lo Liyong; Amos Tutuola the son Zinjathropus

## CHAPTER TWO

### THE CURRENT EAST AFRICA IS NOT A LITERARY DESERT

Evans Mwangi published in the literary discourse pages of the recent Sunday Nation at Nairobi an argument that East Africa is still a literary desert, as it had been described in the mid of the last century by the then youthful Taban Makitiyong Reneket Lo Liyong some decades ago at Iowa writers workshop that Kenya is the land of Jogoo and east Africa a literary desert. Mwangi, was

intellectually reacting to a festival of the literary prize faire that had taken place in Nairobi the same week, during which all awards were scooped by non east African truth is that East Africa is now a fountain of literary talents, orature, art and theater masters beyond any complain. The faire that awarded non east Africans writers with literary prizes did not have all the machinery to establish the degree of literature venture, both at manuscript or at inchoate level, as well as those at post publication level. The only truth in the argument may be that east African publishers are over focused on publishing and recycling literary celebrities at the cost of young and upcoming creative writers.

Currently, it is a reality that any avid scholar can enjoyfull read East African literary Works from January to December without facing any intellectual shortage, unless otherwise. This gets a befitting support in recently published work by David G. Mailu, the broken drum. A novel so long and very spellbinding just like Tolstoy's War and peace, Umberto Eco's Scriptorium, Maugham's Of Human Bondage and Fydor's Brother's u has displayed intellectual maturity, artistic efficiency, ideological relevance and entertainment knack. In the Broken drum it is evident that any reader with African consciousness, whether white African self-awareness or black African self-awareness will agree to Mailu that actually our African drums are broken. It is timely for Africans of both categories to jointly share in a communal soul-search as per why, works like Mailu's Broken drum did not earn the prize in the recent Nairobi book prize way we can't make a judgement.

Mwangi must have defined to his audience what actually East Africa is in terms of literature of prose, theatre, drama and poetry. Under normal judgement; our artistic East Africa is both black and white. Composing both White African writers and black African i must as well appreciate the fact that east African boundaries of literature includes the Okoth Obama, president Obama's brother published his work in China, this is an East Africaner publication, only not to forget president Obama's; Audacity of hope and Dreams from my father. They are both writing to communicate a specific micro- African heritage. By a similar stretch, the Kiswahili publications like Kidagaa Kimemuozea of Ken Walibora Waliulla by an American University publisher are also an East Africaner publication. When Dr Ruganda published his latest; Telling the truth laughingly; as PhD thesis on Professor Imbuga's political satires and the shreds of tenderness some years ago while in Canada, this was also two more African classics from an east 's memoirs; The dreams in war, Globalectics, and In the name of the father that reveal the luminary's revisit of his child-hood intellectual formations and experience at the University of Nairobi, may have been plotted in America or anywhere else they remain literary crop-ups from east Africa; Oludhe Macgoye's works are not European but instead, they are the peak of Luo-white cultural blend that confirms literary presence of white East Africans.

This stand gets support from historical experiences of literature in the name of V

S Naipaul, Karen Blixen, Robert Ruark, Carol Elikson and very many others. The facts of the experience is that all of the above re-known writers used to live in Africa and did substantial part of their writing while in Africa but their works are not classified as African literature but instead as Asian or European literature wherever necessary. Naipaul wrote the *Miguel Street* and *House for s* while in Uganda but his works are classified as Trinidadian literature or Caribbean literature neither Ugandan nor African. Same case to Blixen, Ruark and Elikson. They all lived in Nairobi, Kenya and wrote while in Kenya. Theirs works; *Out of Africa*, *Mau Mau* and *Britain's Gulag* were respectively written in Kenya. The plots and themes in these books are Kenyan both in texture and orientation. But they are finally classified as neither European literature.

Moreover, east Africa has never been a literary desert. Similarly, no any society in the history of the world has ever been a literary desert. Like in those days when Taban Lo Liyong was a student at Iowa writers' workshop the word literature used to mean both written and unwritten literature which was respectively known as literature and oral literature. Where written literature is missing then the void is filled up by oral literature was re-identified at Makerere university as orature and taken as a protégé of intellectual crusade to the world by Ngugi, Micere Mugo, Spivak Gavartri and many others. No time in history of the world did Africa ever missed orature. The Igbo folktales, Egyptian fairytales, Zulu Military songs, Bukusu circumcision songs, Akamba love songs, The kipsigis wall paintings which can be called wallorature, the Ghanaian sculpture, The Akamba handicraft, the Turkana decoration, The Somali oral poetry and incantations, the Kikuyu proverbs, Baganda love songs, Bagishu khadodi dance and the Swahili sayings have been their ten centuries before the advent of prose and written civilization in east Africa. They denoted nothing other than communal entertainment and cultural heritage of the people. If this was not literature then we need to re-define literature. But the main idea is existence of literature is possible without existence of books.

The facts are that the current east African literary situation is that of very many readers but a few writers. And those few writers who are there cannot easily access proactive publishers. Persistent lack of writer friendly publishers in one way or another has worked towards suffocation of written literature in east Africa. Perhaps an abstract logic to toy with is that if publishers are part of the body of the given literature then east Africa is a desert of literature publishers. In his book *Another last word* Taban Lo Liyong gave a sham solution to the problem of publishers letting the writers down by suggesting that you bribe them overnight with rivers of whisky and vodka then in the morning you will find yourself in the print. What a shame! Such an approach will not put east Africa on the same literary footing with Brazil. Because the current statistics is that Brazil has more than seven thousand established writers, writers with a stature as that

one of ebrahim Hussein and J M Coetzee. But in contrast east Africa as a whole has less than one hundred established writers. Let publishers like; Evans Mwangi, Ezekiel Mwazemba, Henry Chakava, and Jeneralli Maulimwengu change their focus from the old septuagenarian and octogenarian writers towards promoting young writers then the dull buds of cactus in this Tabanian desert will pullulate into an immense foliage and canopy in the fauna of cultural and literary vineyard. Show young African writers a right intellectual cum cultural bench mark.

References;

Taban Makitiyong Reneket Lo Liyong; Another last word

## CHAPTER THREE

### AFRICAN WRITERS HAVE CULTURAL RIGHTS TO FORMULATE AND CREATE ENGLISH WORDS

William Shakespeare appreciated in the literary community of knowers as an English bard remains an intellectual and a literary enigma until today, even if he died three centuries ago. He crafted more than a hundred tragedies and comedies for the English royal theatre of the Victorian times. He had a prowess for literary creativity that went beyond theatre and drama, to enjoy an equivalent domain in sonnets and other genre of , unigue lesson about Shakespeare is that he was a mature writer and artist in the environment of young and immature linguistic civilization.

The Elizabethan English of Shakespeare's time did not have each and every word to express and communicate Shakespeare's imaginative and creative ideas. In

this artistic quackmire Shakespeare chose to formulate his own words to achieve a language capable to express his ideas. Among the words Shakespeare created are; leapfrog in Julius ceaser, mercurial in Romeo and Juliet, clown in measure for measure, tapster in merry wives of Windsor, falstaffity in king Lear, bestow in both the tempest and much ado about nothing. The list of words created by Shakespeare cannot be of these Shakespeare's words are now adopted and used as standard middle English vocabularies.

This prowess is not lacking among African are some African literary personalities that enjoy a similar human potential of an artist with shakespearean literary knack. However, contradictions stand on the way of African artists towards Shakespearean big picture. At most, there is lack of cultural freedom, rights and powers to execute literary creativity, especially creativity that has an effect of adjusting current English grammar and diction. Africans; whether, laymen, writers, artists, theater masters and poets have only to use English language in communicating their creativity for their universal recognition. More distressing is that a good African writer must command good knowledge of English words and grammatical rules as recognized in the United Kingdom or North America.

Currently, a Ugandan Musical artiste, Betty Nafuna, in Mbale has formulated the word Brosters, meaning brothers and sisters. The word is flexibly used in a singing parlance. The only short fall is that the word broster may remain in the domain of Ugandan slang English forever and ever but not amen.

The late Chinua Achebe in his Anthills of the Savanna and Things fall apart, formulated the words; Mad-medico and Ogbanje respectively. Mad -medico means a corrupt civil servant or corruptible public leader, while Ogbanje is a child who is born then dies several times before it is finally born as a human being which can survive to old age. The need for communication in such situations of Achebe beats the current Maturity of English language as a popular sound media for communicating African ideas in art and , to absolve; a writer has to use a flexible word, which has to be appreciated by English speakers as a blessing, given that there was no previous English word for the purpose. However, this is not readily possible because the originator of the word is not an English man but an African. This type of cultural discrimination is a very wrong intellectual disposition.

Among the legacies of colonialism, adoption of English language as a universal sub-culture stands high above all other legacies. English as a language therefore is no longer a cultural protégé or reserve for the British, but instead a universal culture to be supported by the speakers in the common wealth. This gives any African, Asian or Arab in the commonwealth all cultural rights to form English words, as a quest for creativity and innovation in smoothening universal Anglophonic culture.

Empirically, there is a case in point as exposed by the east African standard on Thursday 4th 2011. In which was a feature story on Women entrepreneurs in

Kenya. This media questioned and cautioned the future state of Kenyan men-folk in the corporate world given the threatening state of upsurge of women entrepreneurs. However, to a keen reader and any person interested in English language as a sub cultural factor of African linguistic civilization, one has to be thrilled by the writer's effort to have the engendered English language in this juncture through an observable formulation of the word Mamapreneurs in reference to women entrepreneurs.

Firstly, the English word entrepreneur is a combination of three French verbs; *entre* pro *noir* having an English equivalence in the verbs; to move towards darkness or to move in to unknown, or to reconnoitre. It has a logical connotation of taking a risk which is an exact description of a venture into a new business. The French verbs therefore had to be corrupted into an English term entrepreneur. This word entrepreneur does not have gender *er*, due to masculine nature of capitalist world, where men are at most the ones venturing to establish new business, the word entrepreneur therefore is conventionally related to a male risk taker in business.

Whereas the word Mama is a Kiswahili noun for mother or female who has once given birth whether married or not. Thus, the implied linguistic and cultural consciousness of the east African standard writer to use the word mama and preneur to formulate a single word Mamapreneurs is that women entrepreneurs have to be described differently, given special perception as well as corporate leadership expectation.

Cultural sensitivity to gender is an attribute of both Kiswahili and French language. This is why both of these languages have strict rules of grammar that at times require long time to be mastered. This cultural sensitivity also influences psychology of language formation and hence the complete culture of a given people. Similarly if the same method of reasoning is taken to Middle English; Clarity can be achieved by describing female entrepreneurs as femipreneurs, effemipreneurs, geneopreneurs, she-preneurs, sispreneurs or girlpreneurs just but to try a few.

Similar efforts have been shown by different persons and artists in different points of time in the history of English language. Most interesting, is John Ruskin the father of Ruskinian moralism and the author of *Unto This Last*. By logic Ruskin deduced that the word wealth is deduced from the words; well being, or economic well well beingness, which when corrected to grammatical standard becomes 'wealth' but not economic 'wellness'. On a reverse logic of word and opposites or word and antonyms; Ruskin thought of ill being. Like economic ill being, social ill being or say political ill being. On this, Ruskin finds the ill beingness not fit for the purpose but instead, he extended the logic of forming the word wealth from well being to form the word *illeth* as a descriptive verb for ill state of economy, the opposite of wealth. Other good efforts have been shown by a Ugandan scholar at Makerere University; Who uses the word *orature* to

mean entertainment heritage of any given people or community existing verbally but not necessarily written down. Dr Rourke an American political scientist uses the word Intermestic to mean both international and domestic. Example is an intermerstic policy, which is a policy affecting both international and domestic affairs of the policy maker. Similarly, Dr Namwamba of Kenyatta University encourages usage of the word proppportunity but not problem, given a mystery that all problems come along with opportunities.

However, the question is that to which extend are English words formed outside Britain can be accepted as standard words of the English language in Oxford English dictionary? Is it possible for such words to have a cultural extend as that of those words formulated in European countries and North America? Will the word 'Mamapreneurs' soon join the mainstream English linguistic subculture?

References;

John Ruskin; Unto This last

Namwamba Destiny; critical thinking and logic

Rourke D; International Politics

## CHAPTER FOUR

### LIKE PUSHKIN, AFRICAN WRITERS MUST CREATE THEIR OWN PROFFESION OF LITERATURE

Regardless of high requirements for intellectual input and refined talents writing literary works, Acting in theatrics as well as poetry performance or sculpturing are the least paying career one can entice in Africa. Collectively the domain of literature as a career is not a certain source of income to the practitioners in Africa. What It means is that, it is not easy to be assured of the livelihood, support of family and even the self by basically eking on literary talent; whether novel writing, drama nor poetry wrighting and acting. Empiric reality is that, in the present Africa no one has ever lived as a writer without complementing his or her incomes through different efforts.

Economic history of literature reveals that this is not a strange situation. It only confirms that successful literary economies have been in the same economic and market quack mire a handful of decades ago. Borrowing examples from European writers of the last two centuries; it is noticeable that poverty and squalorly pennilessness were the life conditions of devoted and committed writers. Ayn Rand, the European American queen of objectivity, who authored philosophical classics of the fountain head and the atlas shrugged, was forced to move out of Leninist Russia in to USA in pursuit of good economic environment for a writer.



Within the broad perspectives of American dream which was also the dream of Ayn Rand made it possible for her to be established as the world's best writer of protic novel and objectivistic cum moralist philosophy.

Supposedly, the best benchmark for a young African intellectual entrepreneur in the line of art and literature is the extreme poor Russian saint of literature; Alexander sergeyvich Pushkin. Whose life is a pure paradox of literature as both a social and intellectual value; that, inspite of putting Russia on the world map of literature, he was ever threatened by death due to lack of food or money for basic , exemplary enough, Pushkin began bargaining with publishers in Petersburg for payments before publication and where publishers never paid he opted to self-publication through reading and performing of his poetry to the public but at a fee. These two moves made Pushkin a first Russian writer to make a coin from literature and artistic was indeed the genesis of Pushkin's opportunity to enjoy some good state of income. Thus, in the subsequent experiences, Pushkin was enabled by these commercial maneuvres to comfortably write his best two works; Eugene Onegene and Boris Godunov. Indeed, it is factually right to condone that Pushkin is the father of commercial Russian literature as well as the father of literary strategy of self- publication. The current observation as a guide out of this African literary economic despair is the German example. In Germany, Professional self-publishing is no longer an oxymoron. The situation In German is that; Self-publishing has become much more than a way to see your name in print. Some German authors are selling so many books themselves than the publishing houses are doing.

One of these Germany authors is Ina Körner, who like any other writer started off by wanting to go through a traditional route. She shared out on the Deutsch Welle German international paper that; in early 2009, she had an idea for a story, wrote it, and sent the manuscript to a number of different publishing houses. The result was sobering in that she didn't receive any response at all. Then the rejections started coming in. But recently in sharp to contradiction to her past experience Ina Körner won a self-publishing award at the Leipzig Book Fair. Ina Körner's story is an intellectual swagger. Indeed one with happy endings. It is an empiric life testimony that success for self-publishers is possible anywhere in the world. A beautiful lesson from this experience is that after her success as a self-published writer, more and more publishing houses have approached r shared out on her face book page that; first, the foreign publishers came, asking for the French, English or Korean rights to the books. However the lesson to learn is that self publishing often depends on the genre of the work being published. Self-publishing is particularly fit for fantasy, mystery and light fiction. However a slight digression to this stand is that one of the most informative and most read American documentaries is a self published book by Andrew Hitchcock. The book is none other than the famous Synagogue of Satan.

Another pertinent literary move in relation to the same is a position that; whether with or without a traditional publisher, writers, authors poets, sculptors, playwrights and painters or person in the world of literature, orature and art in the contemporary days in Africa or anywhere, have to play a big role in marketing their works via Face book, Twitter, Goggle + or on their respective blogs or diverse homepages. The rationale for all these is that most publishing houses don't have the financial capacity to invest equally in all of their authors. Thus For these reason or another the authors have to boost their own presence in the form of advertising and literary publicity campaign above cited Germany writer Ina Körner is a case in point who has had abundant positive experiences with these social media approaches. She often communicates with her readers on her social media platform and shows an interest in their constructive comments. She also solicits for their help in finding names for her active literary and intellectual protagonists. She also invites particularly her faithful readers to review unfinished manuscripts or test copies. Körner literary quality focus is that she doesn't want to give up this virtue of author-reader contact to all levels whether as a self-published writer or not.

In contrast to the above, Writing in the USA has been and it stills a lucrative venture with minimum challenges, as long as the author commands the required level of writing and intellectual competence. A recent example in support of this observation when Mario Puzzo, was living as a poor person in Newyork's Hell's kitchen. He had no economic options other to chose one move which he believed could pull him out of poverty. It was to write. This is when he wrote mafia related popular fictions like The God Father. This book heavily sold on a debutante and actually released Mario Puzzo from a sharp fangle of poverty and want. But in a sharp contrast this cannot be possible in any African country like Kenya, Nigeria, and Ghana, Tanzania, Angola or any other.

The present-day literary economic status quo in Africa is that, one cannot and will never in a single day imagine pulling herself from moral, environmental or economic depravities of urban or rural poverty in Africa by choosing to write. All pocket- happy African writers are simply products of the wa Thiong'o was a poor young man who was simply depending on teaching literature in English as main source of his income, when he had already published the best -selling; The River between, Grain of Wheat, Petals of blood, Weep not child and I will marry when I want. This misfortunate state of economic insensitivity to literary and artistic efforts by the African societies are among the intellectual as well as economic forces that made Ngugi to succumb to the ideological whims of utopian er, after moving to the USA, writing has made Ngugi to earn, even to an extend of earning from his Murogi wa Kagogo, a long novel written in his mother tongue; a kikuyu. This of course has made Ngugi to dilate from his ideological past. As

per now, Ngugi is ideologically toying between goodness of capitalism and defects of communism. This is barely discernible in his recent work which he has written as Memoirs known as dreams in time of war.

There are no contextual and economic reasons whatsoever that can make writing to be a non cash generating venture in Africa. Just as one time Mahatma Gandhi argued that; writing like any other labour must achieve to be a bread labour to all, whose benefit is to nourish both the soul and the flesh of the is very true for African literary and artistic conditions. It is very true especially all of us have interest in literature we can be cognizant of the fact that, large book stores in the cities like Nairobi, Kampala and Lagos or Accra and Johannesburg experience high levels of stock turnover whose cash inflows from sales of novels in day are usually a whooping!

Government policies among the African states are still replete with cases of laxity when it comes to commercialization of art and literature. There are no good laws and administrative structures that can help in giving to an artistic and literary entrepreneur a leeway to effective creativity, authorship and performance. Also African bankers need to design their products to an extend of accommodating financial challenges of an art and literary worker. This will also spirit up potential writers and intellectual property policy makers to team up and work towards glorification of literature and art in Africa. Otherwise why should an African shoe-shiner earn more than an African writer?

References; Writtings of Mahatma Gandhi

## CHAPTER FIVE

### THERE IS POWER IN THE NAME 'ALEXANDER'

Spiritual scholars of Christian Science have a concept that there is power in the name. They at most identify the name Jesus and the name of God, Jehovah to be the most powerful names in the spiritual realm. But in the world of literature and intellectual movement, art, science, politics and creativity, the name Alexander is mysteriously powerful. Averagely, bearers of the name Alexander achieve some unique level of literary or intellectual glory, discover something novel or make some breakaway political victories.

Among the ancient and present-day Russians, most bearers of the name Alexander were imbued with some uniqueness of intellect, leadership or literary mighty. Beginning with the recent times of Russia, the first mysterious Alexander is the 1700 political reformist and effective leader, Tsar Alexander and his beautiful wife, tsarina Alexandrina. The couple transformed Russian society from pathetic peasantry to a middle class society. It is Tsar Alexander's leadership that laid a foundation for Russian socialist revolution. Different scholars of Russian history remember the reign of Tsar Alexander with a strong bliss. This is what made the Lenin family to name their son Alexander an elder brother to Vladimir Ilyanovsk Ilyich Lenin. This was done as parental projection through careful choice of a mentor for their young son. Alexander Lenin was named after this formidable ruler; Tsar Alexander. Alexander Lenin was a might scholar. An Intellectual and political reformist. He was a source of inspiration to his young brother Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, who became the Russian president after his brother Alexander, had died through political assassination. However, researches into distinctive prowess of these two brothers reveal that Alexander Lenin was more gifted intellectually than Vladimir Lenin.

Alexander Pushkin, another Russian personality with intellectual, cultural, theatrical and literary consequences. He was a contemporary of Alexander pope. He is the main intellectual influence behind Nikolai Vasileyvich Gogol and very many other Russian writers. He is to Russians what Shakespeare is to English speakers or Victor Hugo is to French speakers, Friedrich Schiller and Frantz Kafka is to Germany readers or Miguel de Cervantes to the Spaniards. Among English readers, Shakespeare's drama of King Lear is a beacon of English political theatre, while Hugo's *Les Misérables* is an apex of French social and

political literature, but Pushkin's Boris Godunov, a theatrical political satire, technically towers above the peers. For your point of information my dear reader; there has been a commonplace false convention among English literature scholars that, William Shakespeare in conjunction with Robert Greene wrote and published highest number of books, more than anyone else. The factual truth is otherwise. No, they only published 90 works, but Pushkin published 700 works.

Equally glorious is Alexander Vasilevich Sholenstsyn, the, the, the author of I will be on phone by five, Cancer Ward, Gulag Archipelago' and the First Cycle. He is a contemporary of Leo Tolstoy, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Alfred Nobel and Maxim Gorky. Literary and artistic excellence of Alexander Sholenstsyn, the, the anti-communist Russian novelist was and is still displayed through his mirroring of a corrupt Russian communist politics, made him a debate case among the then committee members for Nobel prize and American literature prize, but when the Kremlin learned of this they, detained Alexander Sholenstsyn at Siberia for 18 years this is where he wrote his Gulag Archipelago. Which he wrote as sequel five years later to the previous novel the Cancer Ward whose main theme is despair among cancer patients in the Russian hospitals. This was simply a satirical way of expressing agony of despair among the then political prisoners at Siberia concentration camps. In its reaction to this communist front to capitalist literature through the glasnost machinery, the Washington government ordered Chalice Chaplin an American pro-communist writer to be out of America within 45 minutes.

Alexander's; Payne, Pato, Petrovsky, and Pires are intellectual torchbearers of the world and Russian literary civilization. Not to forget, Alexander Popov, a poet and Russian master brewer, whose liquor brand 'Popov' is the worldwide king of bar shelves?

In 1945 the Russians had very brutish two types of guns, designed to shoot at long range with very little chances of missing the target. These guns are; AK 47 and the Molotov gun. They were designed to defeat the German Nazi and later on to be used in international guerrilla movement. The first gun AK 47 was designed by Alexander Klashnikov and the second by Alexander Molotov. These are the two Alexander's that made milestones in history of world military technology. The name Alexander was one of the titles or the epithet used to be given to the Greek goddess Hera and as such is taken to mean the one who comes to save warriors. In Homer's epical work; the Iliad, the most dominant character Paris who often saved the other warriors was also known also as Alexander. This name's linkage to popularity was spread throughout the Greek world by the military maneuvers and conquests shown by Wikipedia as those of; King Alexander III. Alexander III is commonly known as Alexander the Great. Evidently; the biblical book of Daniel had a prophecy. It was about fall of empires down to advent of Jesus as a final ruler. The prophecy venerated Roman Empire

above all else. As well the, prophecy magnified military brilliance, intellect and leadership skills of the Greek, Alexander the great, the conqueror of Roman Empire. Alexander the great was highly inspired by the secret talks he often held with his mother. All bible readers and historians have reasons to believe that Alexander of Greece was powerful, intellectually might, strong in judgment and a political mystery and enigma that remain classic to date.

In his book Glimpses of History, Jawaharlal Nehru discusses the Guru Nanak as an Indian religious sect, Business Empire, clan, caste, and an intellectual movement of admirable standard that shares a parallel only with the Aga Khans. Their founder is known, as Skander name skander is an Indian version for Alexander. Thus, Alexander Nanak is the founder of Guru Nanak business empire and sub Indian spiritual community. Alexander Nanak was an intellectual, recited Ramayana and Mahabharata off head; he was both a secular and religious scholar as well as a corporate strategist.

The American market and industrial civilisations has very many wonderful Alexander's in its history. The earliest known Alexander in American is Hamilton, the poet, writer, politician and political reformist. Hamilton strongly worked for establishment of American constitution. Contemporaries of Hamilton are; Alexander Graham Bell and Alexander is the American scientist who discovered a modern electrical bell, while Fleming, A Nobel Prize Laureate discovered that fungus on stale bread can make penicillin to be used in curing malaria. Other American Alexander's are; Wan, Ludwig, MacQueen, Calder and Ovechkin. Italian front to mysterious greatness in the name Alexander spectacularly emanates from science of electricity which has a measuring unit for electrical volume known as voltage. The name of this unit is a word coined from the Italian name Volta. He was an Italian scientist by the name Alessandro Volta. Alessandro is an Italian version for Alexander. Therefore it is Alexander Volta an Italian scientist who discovered volume of electrical energy as it moves along the cable. Thus in Italian culture the name Alexander is also a mystery.

Readers of European genre and classics agree that it is still enjoyable to read the Three Musketeers and the Poor Christ of Montecristo for three or even more times. They are inspiring, with a depth of intellectual character, and classic in lessons to all generations. These two classics were written by Alexander Dumas, a French literary lived the same time as Hugo and Hugo was writing the Hunchback of Notre Dame Dumas was writing the Three Musketeers. These two books were the source of inspiration for Dostoyevsky to write Brothers Karamazov. Another notable European- cum -American Alexander is Alexander Pope, whose adage 'short knowledge is dangerous,' has remained a classic and ever quoted across a time span of two centuries. Alexander Pope penned this line in the mid of 1800 in his poem better drink from the Pyrene spring.

In the last century colleges, Universities and high schools in Kenya and

throughout Africa, taught Alexander la Guma and Alexander Haley as set- book writers for political science, literature and drama courses. Alexander la Guma is a South African, ant-apartheid crusader and a writer of strange literary ability. His commonly read books are A walk in the Night, Time of the Butcher Bird and In the Fog of the Season's End. While Alexander Haley is an African in the American Diaspora. An intellectual heavy- weight, a politician, civil a rights activist and a writer of no precedent, whose book The Roots is a literary blockbuster to white American artists. Both la Guma and Haley are African Alexander's only that white bigotry in their respective countries of America and South Africa made them to be called Alex's.

The Kenyan only firm for actuaries is Alexander Forbes consultants. Alexander Forbes was an English-American mathematician. The lesson about Forbes is that mystery within the name Alexander makes it to be the brand of corporate actuarial practice in Africa and the entire world.

Something hypothetical and funny about this name Alexander is that its dictionary definition is; homemade brandy in Russia, just the way the east African names; Wamalwa, Wanjoi and Kimaiyo are used among the Bukusu, Agikuyu and Kalenjin communities of Kenya respectively. More hypothetical is the lesson that the short form of Alexander is Alex; it is not as spiritually consequential in any manner as its full version Alexander. The name Alex is just plain without any powers and spiritual connotation on the personality and character of the bearer. The name Alexander works intellectual miracles when used in full even in its variants and diminutives as pronounced in other languages that are neither English nor Greece. Presumably the - ander section of the name (Alex) ander is the one with life consequences on the history of the bearer. Also, it is not clear whether they are persons called Alexander who are born bright and gifted or it is the name Alexander that conjures power of intellect and creativity on them.

In comparative historical scenarios this name Alexander has been the name of many rulers, including kings of Macedon, kings of Scotland, emperors of Russia and popes, the list is infinite. Indeed, it is bare that when you poke into facts from antiques of politics, religion and human diversity, there is rich evidence that there is substantial positive spirituality between human success and social nomenclature in the name of Alexander. Some cases in archaic point are available in a listological exposition of early rulers on Wikipedia. Some names on Wikipedia in relation to the phenomenon of Alexanderity are: General Alexander; more often known as Paris of Troy as recounted by Homer in his Iliad. Then ensues a plethora; Alexander of Corinth who was the 10th king of Corinth, Alexander I of Macedon, Alexander II of Macedon, Alexander III of Macedonia alias Alexander the Great. There is still in the list in relation to Macedonia, Alexander IV and Alexander V. More facts of the antiques have Alexander of Pherae who was the despotic ruler of Pherae between 369 and 358 before the

Common Era. The land of Epirus had Alexander I the king of Epirus about 342 before the Common Era and Alexander II the king of Epirus 272 before the Common Era. A series of other Alexander's in the antiques is composed of; Alexander the viceroy of Antigonus Gonatas and also the ruler of a rump state based on Corinth in 250 before the common era, then Alexander Balas, ruler of the Seleucid kingdom of Syria between 150 and 146 before the common era. Next in the list is Alexander Zabinas the ruler of part of the Seleucid kingdom of Syria based in Antioch between 128 and 123 before the common era, then Alexander Jannaeus king of Judea, 103 to 76 before the common era and last but not least Alexander of Judaea son of Aristobulus II the king of Judaea. The list of Alexander's in relation to the antiquated Roman empire are; Alexander Severus, Julius Alexander who lived during the second century as the Emesene nobleman, Then next is Domitius Alexander the Roman usurper who declared himself emperor in 308. Next comes Alexander the emperor of Byzantine. Political antiques of Scotland have Alexander I, Alexander II and Alexander III of Scotland. The list cannot be exhausted but it is only a testimony that there are a lot of Alexander's in the antiques of the world.

Religious leadership also enjoys vastness of Alexander's. This is so among the Christians and non Christians, Catholics and Protestants and even among the charismatic and non-charismatic. These historical experiences start with Alexander Kipsang Muge the Kenyan Anglican Bishop who died in a mysterious accident during the Kenyan political dark days of Moi. But when it comes to the antiques catholic pontifical history, there is still a plethora of them as evinced on Wikipedia; Pope Alexander I, Alexander of Apamea also the bishop of Apamea, Pope Alexander II, Pope Alexander III, Pope Alexander IV, Pope Alexander V, Pope Alexander VI, Pope Alexander VII, Pope Alexander VIII, Alexander of Constantinople the bishop of Constantinople, St. Alexander of Alexandria also the Coptic Pope and Patriarch of Alexandria between then Pope Alexander II of Alexandria the Coptic Pope and lastly Alexander of Lincoln the bishop of Lincoln and finally Alexander of Jerusalem.

However, the fact of logic is inherent in the premise that there is power in the interesting experience I have had is that; when Eugene Nelson Mandela Ochieng was kidnapped in Nairobi sometimes ago, a friend told me that there is power in the name. The name Mandela on a Nairobi born Luo boy attracts strong fortune and history making eventualities towards the boy, though fate of the world interferes, the boy Eugene Mandela Ochieng is bound to be great, not because he was kidnapped but because he has an assuring name Nelson Mandela. With extension both in Africa and without, May God the almighty add all young Alexander's to the traditional list of other great and formidable Alexander's that came before. Amen.

References;



## CHAPTER SIX

### KENYAN COURTS AND PARLIAMENT ARE BETRAYERS OF HUMANE GOVERNANCE (An echo of Marxian parliamentary cretinism)

I have chosen not to use the word democracy but instead I have used words; 'humane governance' not out of not knowing but under the full knowledge that political conditions in Kenya indeed pose a challenge to application of the word democracy in description of administrative institutions. Democracy is rendered hypothetical where democratic election machinery produces non-democratic in Kenya a large tribe forms a government against small tribes, a large religious organization forms government against small religious groups or the moneyed class muzzles all the democratically genuine efforts of the poor only to form government against the very poor. So in Kenya, at most governments are formed out of tribal consciousness and cultural-religious consciousness of the most populous against the similar consciousness of the minority. Now, using the word democracy in such situation is indisputably too early. However, through trial and error the words; humane governance can at least benefit the situation. Coming back to the point; institutions of parliament nowadays known as the lower house of Kenya and the courts otherwise known as the judiciary have of late evolved into forces that again provide materials that pin down the very contemplated human governance. The a, b, c, and d of recent events and current political unfolding are testimonies to these vices, the vices that are now eating the Kenyan society to a mild despair like a goat-ling in the loops of the boa constrictor.

It is memorable that the teachers who were participating in a lawful unionized strike were denied their monthly salaries. In addition the court fined all the

teachers a penalty of Kenya shillings ten thousand each or they serve a sentence of six months in prison. This decision was publicly glorified by the attorney general of the state, Professor Githu extorting experience is evidently bearable, when the attorney general further contested on behalf of the state against the striking teachers that it amounts to court contempt if teachers will not abandon the strike and dance to the punitive tune of the court. This position was taken by attorney general in full contradiction of the law; both the constitutional law which gives all Kenyans the right of participating in the lawful strikes and demonstrations as well as the Statutes of general application that made the basis of decision in the matter of Ford motors versus associations of workers of Ford motors union in 1943 in London. The attorney general was biased when he failed to recognize a democratic virtue that if the court in its duty fails to uphold the constitution then any person or organization has full constitutional rights to remain defiant to that court order that was executed in conflict with the constitution.

The joint efforts of the attorney general and the Kenya teachers service commission to perpetrate this type of extortive terror on powerless teachers will not fail to make any person who saw the media clips of the teachers during the last week not to fail in adopting Karl Marx's words that they are a crowd of scrofulous, overworked, tired and consumptive starvelings, as the most optimal description of Kenyan teaching fraternity.

Readers of German ideology, one of the classical works of Karl Marx are aware of the condition that a person who does not have food, house, drink and clothes to an adequate measure he or she cannot defend democratic rights that pertain to , using logic of action and purpose in above episode of Kenya's labour versus political razzmatazz, one would not fail to decipher that the attorney general wants to play a sadistic role of subjecting teachers to terror of illusive want so that they cannot stand a capacity to enforce their constitutional right of freedom to unionize their labour and entitlement to a good pay.

In a current economic continuum of interplay between sectors and institution, teachers and education sectors add more value to Kenyan macro-economic bowl than the parliament. In fact the parliament is merely a cost driver, it is expensive to the taxpaying society in return for nothing parliament of Kenya was required to make quality legislations that could give ground work for devolution of governance but instead the parliament in its lower house is the major stumbling block to devolution of governance and implementation as well as dispensation of the constitution. Observation of recent events has it that the parliament is more engaged in selfish legislation, it inspires sense of tribe and is nonchalant to democratic and economic imperatives of a run- of- the- mill er, in a sharp counterpoise, teachers and education sector are the true soilers, it's the sweat of their brow that will catapult Kenya towards the desired goal of millennium development. Indeed economic torment of teachers is a high level of inhumanity

in governance at all possible levels.

A clear example in which the Kenyan courts stand out as antitheses to democracy is in the recent eventuality of the Kenyan Supreme Court foiling the procedural fabric of the case which disputed presidential elections of 2012, where the chief justice made a decision against the plaintiffs without giving reasons neither of facts nor law. Such and many other administrative flaps will not fail to give to a Kenyan *les enfant terrible* who will solve next disputed elections in the streets but not in the court room. The same brave courts went ahead to criminalize a drama work of Bunyore Girls secondary school simply because the shackles of doom, the drama which these girls were to perform. Simply because the play gives would give a clear picture of how avarice of capitalism plus deep sense of primitive accumulation of wealth will make the oil resources recently discovered in Kenya to put the society in to troubles instead of peace. How I wish the courts and the political class in Kenya had some literary benchmarking on the Catholic Church, which keeps all the books that pique the church in the church library. All anti catholic literature books like; *The Bank of God*, *In God's name*, *Christ the man*, *the word*, *the apparition*, *Da vince code*, and *O Jerusalem* are found in catholic libraries all over the world. Technically it means that censure of literature is only done by public taste, literary critique or literary experts but not by the court which even cannot differentiate *synechedoche* from *serenedipity*. This was mere failure to respect nationwide democracy.

References;

Karl Marx; German ideology

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### AFRO-CHRISTIAN RESPONSE TO RADICAL LITERATURE IS GOOD AND SWAGGERISH

The world has ever had in every epoch the literatures that question and criticizes in all of these situations response by the African Christian community to these

cases of radical literature has been always gentle, nonviolent and admirable. No generation has ever passed in the world without a literary instance where a book is published with contents full of scathing contradictions to Christian faith. But all these have been received with very admirable response.

To start with a very a recent observation; Pope Rantzinger's intellectual history is nothing else other than open passion for Marxism as a basis of liberation nger's presentations, publication and arguments for world Christian movement is based on the ideological blend of a controversy comes in is that Karl Marx openly dismissed Christianity as an opium of the mind fit only to sent peasant women to lull and sleep, Marx argued that Christianity has nothing to do with working middle class. How Pope Ratzinger harmonized Biblical Christianity and the radical Das kapitel remains an intellectual mystery putting many on the spiritual willow-o-the-wisp.

In 2007, Dan Brown, an American, a Christian and also a citizen of a substantially Christian nation, published a book that perpetrated very scathing ridicule against authenticity of Christ's ministry and the Christian church. Dan Brown evinces presence of homosexuality in the history of Christianity, exposes the marriage of Jesus to Mary Magdalene which he coded as the Holy Grail and also doubts death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ. But interestingly neither African nor any other Christian leader displayed tempests in behavior in response other than allowing Brown's book; Da Vinci code, to be subjected to both intellectual and theatrical appreciation as the best option for censoring and getting censored. The nonchalance apparent in the Christian intellectual response to Da Vinci Code has finally let the book to a decadence which time gives often in neutrality of its judgment.

Decade earlier, Barbara Thiering, had published three works that openly dismisses validity and factuality of Christian faith. Barbara's books are; Jesus the man, Life of Jesus after cruxification, and Jesus of the East. All these three works share a disposition of themes and content; they all point to assertion that, Jesus married Mary Magdalene, Jesus did not die on the cross, Jesus was not of the virgin birth, Jesus fought with his brother Jude over inadequate food at home when their mother had been sentenced to three years of being a woman of the devil after death of her husband Joseph which was the observation of the bombazine by the Jewish society of those days. Barbara Thiering further observed that; after Mary Magdalene, Jesus died at age of sixty years in Rome and also the idea of immaculate Conception is mere a Jewish lie and an intricately way of converting shame to communal glory. All these claims are sensationally sacrilegious to Christian faith. One interesting observation is that Dr. Barbra Thiering lives in Australia as a retired lecturer of divinity and Vaticanology; he is an established writer, highly respected as an intellectual with a leap of logic. In spite of the fact that Australia is dominantly a Christian

continent, Dr Thiering's life has never been in any danger. She is happy and looking forward to publish another book on the same type of themes, which she has entitled; Christ of apocalypse.

A decade earlier before Dr. Thiering, an American Vaticanologist called David Yallop had published; *In God's name* and *The Bank of God*. These two works jointly dismissed the catholic church at the holy see in Vatican as nothing else other than a gang of drug dealers, Mafia supporters and Money p, argued in *In God's name* that; mysterious death of Pope John I born Albino Luciano, was purely an outcome of evil wheel-dealing as a brain child of the then Vatican secretary of the state; Jean Vilot in conjunction with accomplices; the two evil Vatican bishops; Paul Masingusi and Michelle p's books were popular reads of 1980's and they never put Yallop's life in any danger of the Christian rage. This was so both in African Christendom whose Christian faith is eighty percent catholic and other Christendoms without Africa. The only reaction was usual intellectualized version of literary appreciation and critique in the media and academic fora.

A decade earlier before Barbara Thiering, Irving Wallace had written two fictions but with full of allegory capable to make them blockbusting religious satires; *The miracle* and another one was *the Word*. *The miracle* dramatized apparition of the Virgin Mary at the cave called the grotto in the outskirts of Paris. Wallace ended the book with a plot and theme on shameful catholic faithfuls not actually meeting their expectations. But the word deeply delved into humanity of Jesus Christ. It exposed that Jesus Christ had a pronounced limb in his left leg and hence he was disabled. The collective rationale of these observations is that the way Christian community has responded to the experiences of literary attack on their faith is so calm that it has supported growth of literature, art and theatre in Africa and the entire world. This is so good in the sense that it is not normal for religion to hamper human imaginations.

Above all in 2006, Andrew Hitchcock Carrington dismissed the allegations that the Algaeda bombed the twin towers. He discussed in the self-published book *The Synagogue of Satan*. That they are the sly Jews who bombed the twin towers in order to decoy the Americans into the war with the Arabs. This wondrous 60,000 word book was translated by independent publishers into several and diverse different languages and subsequently never missed to feature on bestseller lists worldwide in Africa and without. Now, five years later, Hitchcock's groundbreaking analytical historical study of deceptive Jewry has been expanded throughout and updated to the end of has helped to form a chronological encyclopedia of this criminal burgeoisie network which spans over 140,000 words and has a 30 page index to aid navigation. Included within the splendid wealth of additional information are the complete Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion together with excerpts from each of the eighty articles that make up the willy Henry Ford's four volume set *The International Jew* which

are presented for the first time in a beautiful chronological order. This book is not recommended for the sheer faint-hearted. It is not an ordinary book. And no one who reads it will dare remain the same again.

Lastly, one of the most controversial and acclaimed novels ever written is the *Satanic Verses*. It is Salman Rushdie's oeuvre and best-known and most galvanizing book. It is set in a modern world filled with both mayhem like Boko Haram and Alshabab. The story begins with a bang: the terrorist bombing of a London-bound jet in midflight. Two desperate Indian actors like the one witnessed in the siege at the Nairobi Mall of West Gate of opposing sensibilities fall to earth. They got concurrently transformed into living symbols of what is angelic and evil. This is just the initial act in a magnificent and turbulent odyssey that seamlessly merges the actual with the imagined spirituality. This book has a book whose actual importance is eclipsed only by its quality. *The Satanic Verses* as a key word leaves the world bamboozled; why are Moslems emotional?

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### YUNUS'S SOCIAL BANKING IS A GOOD BENCHMARK FOR THIRD WORLD ENTREPRENEURS

Reading Muhammad Yunus's *Bank of the poor* is inspiringly shed by Public affairs of new York in a realm of seven years ago, the *Banker of the poor* is an informative autobiography, philosophical thesis, ethical cornerstone and an economics dissertation that befit extensive adoption and application as a model of corporate leadership in the third world economies. In this work, Yunus carries the reader through different scenarios of man's fight against poverty. As an experienced economist and social banker Yunus finely points out how the world

economies; both developed and un-developed can adopt social banking as operationalised through micro lending, as a worth-wile social, economic as well as moral weapon for fighting world poverty.

As an autobiographical work, Yunus discusses his childhood experience in a lucid and a picturesque style of any versed writer of prose. Just as it is characteristic with all great people that make significant policies, Yunus is a product of child hood poverty, inner-city upbringing and material 's twist of fate got sharper when his mother who was his close friend went mentally berserk for thirty years down to her death. In spite of poverty related challenges that plighted his early years, Yunus points out that avid readership of school text books and freelance reading of European classics, are key pillars of his mental alertness and scholastic focus. This is evident when Yunus later reveals that his earning of a Fulbright scholarship to Vanderbilt University was pure result of duty but not solicited favour.

In quest to present personal philosophy and personal moral disposition, Yunus argues that credit is a natural human right that each and every human creature must be entitled to. It is on this basis that Yunus establishes micro-lending as both a social and development practice that gives the poor of the earth an opportunity to see light of self reliance. In a similar stance, Yunus further, narrates that the poor people in all economic civilisations, are not able to retain capital, which is usually earned as part of their meager wages, in this situation therefore capital formation through profit accumulation is more attracted towards owners of invested capital. On this foundation Yunus encourages the industrial capitalist who have idle capital in their custody, to make it available to the poor through micro-lending.

The book gets to the climax by Yunus showing how some-times selfish political leadership can suffocate brilliant entrepreneurial ideas. This often happens when political leaders to contravene in corporate governance only to make economically insensitive policies. This is open condemnation of regular cases of third world government officials arrogating to themselves powers to board membership of corporations that are policy sensitive, even if some government officials don't have information, knack, commitment and experience to run a profit oriented enterprise in an economic environment of lean capital resources. Under this context, Yunus brings in a very controversial argument that, even also hiring of highly qualified personnel into corporate leadership is not a guarantee that these superb qualifications will translate into optimum corporate policies. As a solution Yunus becomes suggestive that manpower management must appreciate the idea of internal sourcing and executive development. In order to survive negative government infringement on corporate leadership, Yunus brings forward a picture that political and sovereign risks to corporation structure can be mitigated through political and parliamentary lobbying in addition to very good social net working. On the of unfair government interference in corporate

leadership, Yunus conclusively remarks that most of third world poverty cases is ascribable to in- consistent government policies.

Lack of synergy between the universities and the community practice of small scale agri-business enterprise is a bane of third world academics. Yunus brings out this point by showing that universities in the poor world are insensitive to poverty. They only make research that ends up as a paper publication on the shelves of university libraries. Yunus challenges universities to solve the problem of rural and urban poverty directly without necessarily bringing in confusing models of mathematics and development economics.

In conclusion, Yunus points out that; it is a serious shame for the current human society to tolerate poverty, when it has enough machinery to remove it from the face of the , points out that if the world leaders can borrow the Grameen bank idea of corporate leadership that focuses on poverty alleviation, human dignity, fundamental human right of accessibility to loanable funds or credit, and social obligations that human comfort is a center-piece of modern corporate objectives other than selfish profit making, then poverty can be sent to a backyard of the world museums when by the time the world celebrates the next jubilee.

References;

Muhamed Yunus; The Bank of the Poor

## CHAPTER NINE

### HEROISM IS NOT GREATNESS BUT HUMILITY IN SERVICE TO HUMANITY

Culture of hero worship is now up and down in all the states of east Africa, Africa in general and even in Asia. This is openly evident in public ceremonies in honor of the perceived heroes and sheroes or heroines that often characterize statutory and customary public holidays of the east African states. In Kenya, the new constitution has a provision stipulating for the October 20th to be a public holiday, locally described as Mashujaa day. It is a similar cultural and constitutional civilization of very many other states around the region. However, this cultural and political achievement is dominated by very many shortcomings,



weaknesses and commonplace piccadilloes that every man and woman having facts of local history can easily point out.

East African perception of a hero is strongly influenced by history of strongmen and women, who have in one way or another enjoyed extreme leadership position. It is this version of hero worship that has again and then conditioned leaders in the east African region to have a political and governance mindset that leadership has to be equated to , the contrast is the technical truth that true leadership is really heroism achieved through humility and service to mankind but not personal valor and glory that rest on solid personal ambition and achievement mostly coming as a connotation of great-manship.

Two American professors; Daft and Rourke have made very exemplary observations about the nature of meaningful and true heroism when it comes to leadership, governance, ethics and service to mankind. Daft (2000) observed that leadership is not greatness, but true leadership is like the act of that one American soldier who was in Iraq, after noticing that there is boiling oil tank about to explode and kill fellow troop members, he jumped in to it to forestall the explosion. He died but fellow troop members were saved out of this self immolating action. Professor Rourke, equates heroic leadership and governance to the spirit of the words that are found in the national anthem of the Balkan state words are that; 'we were born in the wee of the night when the bear whelps we shall never leave our country to any vice.' In a similar proactive tempo; President John Fitzgerald Kennedy equated true heroic leadership to effective followership by posing a question that ask yourself what you have ever done for your country before you ask your country what it has ever done for you? ..All this virtues tune into one another, even just like the famous Luther king Jnr version of leadership and heroism expressed through the parable of a street sweeper, all point to one good lesson that hero worship in any society should be worship of service to humanity but not as Ali A. Mazrui puts it, 'apotheosification of strongman at the expense of degradation of social capital and institutions.' In contrast to the above tempo of humility and service to mankind, practice of leadership and hero worship in east Africa is simply commemorations of true heroes who sacrificed themselves for the sake of the community are merely forgotten. Like in Kenya, true selfless heroes in the likes of Arap Manyei, Koitalel Arap Samoie, Elijah Masinde, and Joash Walumoli, Dedan Kimathi wa Miciuri, Chelegat Mutai and Alexander Kipsang Muge are never easily mentioned during the public ceremonies of the heroes' day. But instead people who made unfair fortunes from politics and public office are highly garlanded during these holidays to an extended of naming some high streets and avenues after them. It is under this context of self aggrandizement that words of Shakespeare; 'my lord, time as a judge has a wallet on its back in which it puts items of the past whence they doeth go no man can explain, ' have a matchless meaning.

Other civilizations in history also failed to appreciate the true value of hero and

leadership worship only to end up into a blind dint of personality cult. Personality cults were first experienced in relation to totalitarian regimes that sought to radically alter or transform society according to radical ideas. Often, a single leader became associated with this revolutionary transformation, and came to be treated as a benevolent guide for the nation without whom the transformation to a better future couldn't occur. This has been generally the justification for personality cults that arose in totalitarian societies of the 20th century, such as those of Hitler. Not all dictatorships foster personality cults, not all personality cults are dictatorships, some are nominally democratic and some leaders may actively seek to minimize their own public adulation. For example, during the Cambodian Khmer Rouge regime, images of dictator Pol Pot were rarely seen in public, and his identity was under dispute abroad until after his fall from power. The same applied to numerous Eastern European Communist regimes following World War II. Similarly, in North Korea and Thailand, there exist very successful cults of personality. In North Korea, there is actual semi-worship of both the father, Kim Il-sung and his ancestors, some estimates going as far as suggesting that citizens of North Korea believe that Kim Il-Sung, proclaimed Eternal President four years after his death created the world, and that his son, current Dear Leader; Kim Jong-Il, can control the weather. In Thailand, strict laws keep people from expressing negative opinions of the royal family. Facebookers and twitteratti who do such things have been charged with long jail terms. Some writers like; Alexander Zinovyev have argued that Leonid Brezhnev's rule was also characterized by a cult of personality, though unlike Lenin and Stalin, Brezhnev did not initiate large-scale persecutions in the country. One of the aspects of Leonid Brezhnev's cult of personality was Brezhnev's obsession with titles, rewards and decorations, leading to his inflated decoration with medals, orders and so on. This was often ridiculed by the ordinary people and led to the creation of many jokes. Journalist Bradley Martin documented the personality cults of North Korea's father-son leadership, 'Great Leader' Kim Il-sung and Dear Leader Kim Jong-Il. While visiting North Korea in 1979 he noted that nearly all music, art, and sculpture that he observed glorified Great Leader Kim Il-sung, whose personality cult was then being extended to his son, Dear Leader Kim Jong-Il. Kim Il-sung rejected the notion that he had created a cult around himself and accused those who suggested so of factionalism. Evidence of the cult of Kim Il-Sung continues into the 21st century despite his death in 1994 with the erection of Yeong Saeng or eternal life monuments throughout the country, each dedicated to the departed Great Leader, at which citizens are expected to pay annual tribute on his official birthday or the anniversary of his death. Similarly, Saparmurat Niyazov, who was ruler of Turkmenistan from 1985 to 2006, is another oft-cited cultivator of a cult of personality. Niyazov simultaneously cut funding to and partially disassembled the education system in the name of reform, while injecting ideological indoctrination into it by requiring all schools to

take his own book, the Ruhnama, as its primary text, and like Kim Il-sung, there is even a creation myth surrounding him. During Niyazov rule there was no freedom of the press nor was there freedom of speech. This further meant that opposition to Niyazov was strictly forbidden and major opposition figures have been imprisoned, institutionalized, deported, or have fled the country, and their family members are routinely harassed by the authorities. Additionally, a silhouette of Niyazov was used as a logo on television broadcasts and statues and pictures of him were erected everywhere.

Rationale and urgency of hero worship as a national practice is that it has a direct effect on the quality of public sector governance, corporate governance and level of ethics in the multiple sector leadership. It thus, has to serve true goals of future history but not to be manipulated to an extent of becoming an entertainment package for the powers that be. It must be based on identification of true heroes, Like Wangare Mathai who in spite of enjoying high financial success, her passion for green environment guided her conscience to caution that she be cremated in a cheapest coffin made from fresh water hyacinth but not solid timber lest she may commit a sin of cutting a tree whether in life or in death.

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## CHAPTER TEN

### KENYAN STUDENTS; YOUR MOBILE INTERNET CULTURE IS ANTI- ACADEMICS

Dear Kenyan University and college students, our fellow African lady as young or old as you are, has won series of prizes for her excellence in academic productivity, literary creativity and intellectual originality. Her name is Nonviolent Bulawayo; she was born and brought up in Zimbabwe, the land of reign of terror. Her age is mid twenties; her story is on the page of book editorial of The East African of July 19th to 25th 2011 and also in the Boston review. The secret of her success is academic integrity, intellectual originality, superb creativity, talent management and genuine struggle for academic publicity. On all perspectives her publisher the Boston review journal had no choice but to nominate her for prize award.

But remember, apart from exceptional cases academic integrity in relation to originality and creativity among Kenyan University student community has totally disappeared. As you all know, this must be an outcome of several contextual causes but with a reminder that your mobile phone culture in relation to your obligation to exam and research ethics is in one way or another somehow distasteful. Why and how?

The first reason is that Kenyan Universities just as in the words of Taban Lo Liong'o; are on the brink of literary desert, had it not been the blessings of very old oases like Ngugi, P'tek, Ruganda and Micere Mugo. Secondly am sure that during every exam time you have ever used internet on your cell phones to cheat exams if not you have once or twice facilitated a friend to cheat exams via your mobile internet. You have also gone overboard in terms of your listening skills, in that you don't read during your free time but instead you browse your mobile internets when lectures are on. By so doing you only distort your listening psychology. Your physical orientation is also at risk due to your culture that you receive a phoney call in every ten or twenty minutes, Thus during lecture hours you must once or twice go out of lecture hall only to interrupt the lecturer or delink yourself from core information of the lecture. Why are you becoming slaves of very simple technology?

Some of you are now at a master's red to submit a research report. Which is good, but your problem is that you will develop the literature through pure copy and pasting of the down loaded files of Wikipedia. Who told you that Wikipedia is a scholarly website? Let you be cautioned that your age and education has one purpose to this country of Kenya and continent of Africa. It is to do and achieve what your fore fathers has never done. This cannot be achieved by plagiarizing half baked write-ups you from non academic web sites.

Ask old people at your homes, they will tell you that sex is holy, used only for divine purposes of making children. Therefore sex education should only be obtained through sanctified sources; parents, ethically positioned teachers and church leaders. But not the way you usually do: Browsing pornographic sites with endless appetite. You have to be sorry because you are only disorienting your behavior when it comes to sexual disposition and parental responsibility. Future is not far.

The culture which has overtaken your willpower in relation to mobile phone use has made you prone to intellectual robbery. You fail to be creative and original now; it will still be reflected in your future career life. You may not make any research and scientific success. This will make you again economic, cultural and technological slaves of the academically disciplined. Please change your mobile internet culture. Thank you.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### WHAT IS THE MAGIC IN THE WORD 'DRINKARD' OF AMOS TUTUOLA

This year alone I have attended three international cultural conferences, one in Kenya and others in other countries in the conferences have been unigue to me because of the regular eventualitis of the Afro-English word drinkard as coined

by Tmos Tutuola as a title of his novel Palm wine Drinkard with which it was mentioned and then spontaneously made to be a subject of the , more than five top african scholars of politics and lanugage have within the range of past seven months discussed Tutuola in relation to his word in this year when giving a BBC hard talk entitled; English is not African language refered to Tutuola's charm in the efforts towards Africanisation of English as evident in this word drinkard. Initially Ngugi had on umpteen occasions refered to and infered from Tutuola in his annual lecture delivered at the Rene Wellek library. The lecture which became published his currently last and philosophical book entitled the arly Phillip Ochieng, a Kenyan literary and english language columnnist with the publicationS of the National media group, in his usual duties of being an African guardian of English languaged openly expressed gusto for the acoustic thrill he derives from the sounds; Drinkard as coined by Tutuola and Beautiful as coined by Ayi Kweyi Armah as a word in the title of his book Beautiful ones are not yet born. In a similar tempo, Taban Matiyong Lo liyong has on several occasion admired Tutuola's lietrary sense especially the sensibility that Tutuola to midwife a thought process that gave the world the word g has displayed this appreciation in his two books; The last word and Another last rent to This was also Wole Soyinka's cherish in relation to Tutuola's knack for art of language and language by premoniting that the drinkard in the mean time will remine un-impeacheable artistic success which only invites similar efforts from the Yoruba vernacular on such a backdrop the must ensue a pertinent literary angst to such persitent barrage of acclaims to Tutuola's drinkard. The anxiety is; what is the inherent magic in the word Drinkard in the title of Tutuola's novel The palm wine drinkard and his dead palm-wine tapster in the deads' town.

The entire ansgst is eked in the cultural hopscotch about universalisation of english language which has been there and will be there for some times. It is not only Africa that has been affected by European languages, English in particular. It is every the French people with their high degree of cultural chauvinism use the word e-mail when refering to a computer based electronic are the same cultural fabrics that catapulted Proffessor Wole Soyinka to coin the phrase; Intellectual kamikaze. in 1978 and later on it used in 1987 in article with Kenya Daily Nation and 1997 in an article in a Sunday phrase which which was equated to intellectual suicide bombing as committed by Christopher Okgibo in the Biafra war, was received by the world society with a lot of positive intellectual brouhaha, the same way Tutuola's Drinkard is currently received. These barrage of admirations are only a florence to Ngugi's timely BBC talk that English is not african Language. In which Ngugi posited that writers and artists from Africa who write in English are only making English as a language more colonial and imperialistic in its overtures of cultural and linguistic er, in this very talk Ngugi did not specify which English is not African English; Is it British English, American English, Caribbean English, Nigerian English, Kenyan English or

the funny Australian English against which which Marjorie Oludhe Macgoye in her prose and critical writings has classically derided that once upon a time, an Australian preacher came to Nairobi in 1980 and said that; to dayi is the dayi of st translator into Kiswahili; shouted after him that Kufa ni kifo cha mtakatifu it was supposed to be; to day is the day of st Stephen! ....So Ngugi has to specify the brand of English to be avoided as not Ngugi has not authoritatively told the world what is to be used as an African re and Mazrui settled on Ngugi is still experimenting with Kiguyu at a rudimentary stage when in practice he derives his livelihood from teaching high profile English at university of California, I stands out at this University as a distinguished professor of also teaches a course known as special English.

Let me use Ngugi'S hallmark word; Globalectics in this juncture by pointing out that truth of the matter in the cultural globalectics is that Africa and African Writers cannot move away from instead an African writer can do a lot in English and a lot for English in the global game of world literature and world trick is that African English speakers have to get cultural rights as users of the language to also move ahead and enjoy the freedom of cultural development as the one displayed by Tutuola in formulation of the Drinkard, Soyika with word Overrecheasness, Ngugi with word globalectics, Zirim with word orature and and Opicho with the word type of approach was equally given a leeway by Lo Liyong in his funny book Amos Tutuola the son zinjathropus. In which he echoed that; you go, let Okara, Okgibo, Mailu, Nwapa, Imbuga, and all sons of Africa go against the grammar and Africanize English.

One young person from kenya I talked to about Ngugi's stand on English not being an African language told me that; how many things are not african that Ngugi has? Irvine is not African University, Dollars are not an African currency, Virgin group in an African airline, Vodafone are not African computers, BBC, is not an African station and very many other things that Ngugi is using daily. Then why is Ngugi refusing English language?

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Amos Tutuola; Palm wine drinkard

Taban Lo Liyong; Amos Tutuola the son Zinjathropus

## CHAPTER TWELVE

SOCIETIES IN AFRICA HAVE TO MENTOR BUT NOT CONDEMN THE LIKES OF JULIUS MALEMA

The monthly pan African magazine known as New Africa in the recent past carried an incisive feature story about an atrocious youthful South African political activist Julius Malema who is implicated in the magazine as a youth who does not have respect for elders in the political caucus of South Africa. In South African politics this young man has now generated a special breed of politics erroneously and derogatively labelled as the Malema effect. Under correct political analysis viewed from the angle of true political journalism; Malema's role in South African politics is to be described as 'youth effect', 'class effect' or 'paradoxical democracy effect', but not just a detestable political misbehavior to be reduced to an intended personality disparagement.

Julius Malema is not a first one of his own kind in politics of Africa. Africa is replete with several of such African diaspora in the Americas had a case of Martin Luther King, West Africa in the Nation of Nigeria had Ken Saro Wiwa and Christopher Okigbo. In the same West African geographies there was a blessing of the strong voice of revolutionary governance in the land of Burkina Faso in the name of the late president Thomas Sankara who used to be admired as Che Guevara of Africa also enjoyed the political wit of Thomas Sankara the very South Africa is founded on the strong fabrics of revolutionary political movements like the Black Consciousness of Steve Biko. In spite of such positive political energy that African youths exude the elderly echelon in the African political class rarely appreciate this virtue instead they work out to ensure that they decimate the very youth from the future of their politics.

Historically the large African society is known to be perfect in the art of distrusting the youth, misusing human resource in the youth as well as scuttling the youthful leadership potential through what Dr. Mukhisa Kitui describes as straight jacket wisdom in the name of condemning the young to a persistent promise of having to wait so that they may become the leaders of tomorrow. On this backdrop it is expected that the elderly politicians of South Africa have obviously misperceived the strength in Malema which could positively be mentored into a fortune of governance and ethics, only yet to abuse it into a constrained categorical corner.

Some Political analysts in Kenya and Uganda, equate Malema to Mboya, the late Wamalwa and Martin Luther King severally argue that African governments have been destroying political talents like the one displayed in the political personality of Julius Malema through crude Machiavellian weapons like detention and assassination. Wenani Kilong, a political scientist at Moi University argues that the problem of African political and corporate leaderships is the commonplace under-representation of the majorities like the youth, women and the poor when it comes to government decision making. He further posits that political efforts like those of Julius Malema trying to bring youthful charm, energy and charisma into diverse governance machineries are timely outcomes of informed and balanced democratic civilizations which, if had been encountered in mature democracies

like the USA it would be obvious that could be nurtured into a good political institution. This implies that under proper management and coaching, mentoring, counselling and role modeling Malema can easily propel him into either a presidential or Nobel Prize material.

The American community contrasts with Africa on this social appreciation of young Americans appreciated and still appreciate political talent of Barack Obama, this appreciated talent is the psychological basis that nurtured environment which catapulted Obama into the office of American had been very many contradictions anyway but they have been healthy criticisms that target to improve governance quality level of the Obama government but not necessarily selfish in Africa, the strong syndrome has indeed battled a cult of young who are the not yet economically strong have no leeway in the cult of African even to make it worse these political strongmen go to an extent of mauling and lynching the very democratic youths as portrayed in the political drama between chief Nanga and Odili in Chinua Achebe's *A Man of the Earth* across Africa the cases of legally terrorizing a young female lawyer Miss. Kethi Kilonzo by the political powers that be in Kenya, Museveni's reign of terror in Uganda, Mugabe's despotism in Zimbabwe, Abdoulaye Wade's insensitive politics in Senegal and the non-surrendering gerontocracy in the politics of Equatorial Guinea are only beautiful testimonies of nothing else other than thinning out of the African youth from the corridors of political leadership in to the peripheries where the youth are left to wallow in the mire as the wretched of the earth just borrow the language of Frantz Fanon.

What this means is that, African youths rarely participate in meaningful constitutional politics. Apart from being used by powerful political despots in guerrilla action or even sometimes in shameful stone throwing or railway plucking vandalistic, if our homespun political civilization brings us to an eventuality of African youth with right political spirit, muscle and ambition, it is our turn then to mentor and nurture but not to decimate not for anything else but only because we are nursing a psychological depravity described in politics of institutional formation as fear of change due to eminence of the unknown.

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Steve Biko; *Black Consciousness*

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## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### AMERICA WILL NOT WIN THE WAR ON GLOBAL TERRORISM

The Al Shabab on 22 day of September 2013 attacked Kenya again. It has attacked and lynched siege on the Nairobi's biggest mall known as the West



Gate. This is one of the severest after other similar attack in people who are averagely assumed to be killed are one shabab is a regional east African arm of Arabo-islamic global terrorist group known as the something notable about all the terrorist groups in the world, inclusive of Alshabab, is that they all have an Arabic, communist and Islamic bias with overt expression of anti-American movements.

The Lynching of the Mall in Nairobi has affected all the Kenyan communities. Asian and African, Europeans and Americans. However the survivors of the West Gate mall attack has narrated out that the attackers were discriminately asking for ones religion before they shoot. Thus Muslims were not shot but non Muslims were shot and then held hostage. The military sources on the site shared out that the terrorists were foreigners but they perfectly worked through their plan through co-operation of locals and citizens of a victim countries; Kenya and America.

Immediately after this terror attack in Nairobi, a group of social researchers in Kenya carried out an electronic survey on the social media to find out why the Alshabab has easily recruited the followers and why an African youth can easily accept recruitment in to the membership of terror groups like Boko haram, Al shabab, and Al responses gathered from diverse digital socialites skews into one modal direction which shows that America alone with its ostentatious international relations will not win the war on global terrorism.

The motivation for easy recruitment into membership of the terror groups was established by the social media survey as diverse factors but most august among them are; extreme conditions of poverty among the youths in contrast to the rich and wealthy elderly echelons of the most African societies. Also, sharp contrast in the economic conditions between America and Africa where American societies wallow in extreme riches whereas the African societies contemporaneously are stark deep in idyllic poverty perpetually wallowing in the mire of need and economic challenges. Some respondents cited the crooked way through which the state of Israel was formed as well as the atrocious nature of American foreign policy towards the Arab world through which there was perpetration of killing of Muamar Al Gadaffi and regular Military bombardment of Arab countries like Syria and Afghanistan.

Also the current American presidency and the preceding one of George Bush provoke distasteful responses on the social media. Especially in relation to the Prison maintained at quatanamo bay which basically was established as a basic torture facility used by the American government to torture terrorist suscepects from North Africa, Arab emirates and Europe. But the prison at Quatanamo bay is composed of a large number of North African as detainees. A respondent on the social media quoted Pravda, the Russian Newspaper in English version which had a revelation about the Quatanamo prison. The Pravda projected number of North Africans in the Quatamo prison to be currently standing at one hundred and

thirty seven. The Newsweek also concurs with this position by narrating in its July 2013 edition that, there are very many prisoners of North African descent in Guantanamo prison who began a hunger strike some time ago but they are forcefully fed through a tube.

The Facebooking, tweeting and charting thematically show one modal position that American discriminatory foreign policy towards Israel and Persia, American extreme capitalism amid critical world poverty, poverty in Africa especially among the youth, presence of weapons of mass destruction in Israel to which America is oblivious or nonchalant, Russian technological casuistry and Chinese economic dominance combine into a blend of extensive anti-American feelings that make the world youths not reliable when it comes to the moral duty of desisting from joining the terrorist groups. American hard politics and hard diplomacy will make America not to win war on global terrorism.

#### CHAPTER FOURTEEN

#### AFRICA CAN OVERCOME A MENACE OF RAPE IN EVERY 30 MINUTES

On 20th July 2013 the BBC mid day news aired an item that at least a woman is raped in India in every third minute. The information was arrived at after investigation by unidentified gender watch body in collaboration with the investigative journalism organ of British Broadcasting Corporation. India was only used as a representative case study for the rest of the poor world which encompasses Africa, African American societies like Chicago, South America, underdeveloped Europe and Asia. The revelation was that rape is committed by man against woman, but rarely by women against woman nor woman against man. Biswas, a local BBC correspondent in India contended that the statistics in relation to rape will show higher results come next year especially in the city of New Delhi, Calcutta, and Bombay. This was his local projection based on the trend of the preceding eventualities of rape cases. But more empirical is the eventuality of political brutality that was reported by the Pambazuka News in relation to the recently concluded elections in Zimbabwe that; Rape as a political weapon is part and parcel of embedded socio-cultural attitudes towards women, characterized by roora or bride wealth, an inherently patriarchal practice where women are framed as property or conduits of male wealth. This is when a man pays cash or livestock to the woman's family to enable him to get her hand in marriage. By so doing the woman will be expected to submit to the man. This leaves women especially vulnerable in countries where violent political tensions and poverty doubly marginalize citizens. Rape has been used widely as political weapon. It's the reason why most women shy away from participating in politics. They chose not to be active because once they are inside they will be subjected to all kinds of sexual abuse in order to get support

to go high up the ranks of politics in Zimbabwe. Either way participating actively or not women remain at the risk because they are used as weapons in a power game between competing parties and forced sex is usually the favorite pawn used. This is also evident in Kenya where the Daily nation reported the Kenyan deputy president William Ruto who is a teetotaler was uncovered being massaged by women senators inside a certain airplane. In spite of the threatening statistics the truth is that rape is beastly behavior, crudest form of human brutality and a serious affront to social progress which must be countermanded where there is human will backed up by social and political commitment. Using local cases like: Kenya, Congo, Uganda, Rwanda, Sudan and Nigeria. Rape is usually a social outcome of powerlessness of the rape victim due to political failure, crude religion, cultural repugnance, economic dependence, and un-gendered civilization in a particular society like the one that has eked persistent rape culture in Congo, primitive military action and irresponsible parental or guardian consciousness. But Karl Marx in his selected works ascribed rape and slave mistreatment to crude seated culture of male chauvinism pedastalled on primitive sexual capitalism going beyond normal human boundaries crystallizing into consciousness of bestiality. An attempt to look at anti-human cult of rape from this perspective will actually show that in Congo Rape is committed by the armed force personnel or the United Nations peace keeping officers as an act of omission or commission. In Kenya rape is committed usually by parents, guardians or police officers when on night patrol. For the case of police officers, an informed account has it that they usually arrest vagrant commercial sex workers during the night and if the sex worker fails to produce a bribe to the police officer then she will be raped in rounds by each police officer in the group as others will keep guard brandishing their long , enough the victim will not come out to complain because she is shy due to a social fact as a sex worker she is already an outcast and the police officers in commissioning of rape have done nothing wrong because if anything they could have arrested, take her to the cells at the station and have her harshly charged. Indeed young sex-workers in Eldoret town of Kenya who range from college and university students to all other assortments have often accepted that this is what happens to most sex workers in if a proper data gathering exercise is executed a whooping encounter can be established that in Africa 30 people are raped in one minute! Hostels in Universities and Colleges as Hospitals wards are not an exception they are also dens of regular rape cases that go un-covered because of psychological and social reasons. But an inquest into this social depravity has pointed out that sexual behavior became rampart when the governments of east African states withheld food and other catering services to students. This goes

hand in hand with government decline to give cash boom and allowances to university students. Recently, there was a case of a male nurse raping an inpatient in Nairobi. But the case has already gone to oblivion and buried to eternal rest. Ergo, this was not even a match to the gender agony seriously disheartening as experience by Kenyan womenfolk where more than one thousand women and young girls were raped in Eldoret and other parts of Uasin Gishu County by the Kalenjin Militias during the 2008 post election violence in Kenya. Surprisingly, one will not miss some truths from words of Raila Odinga that; sycophancy is dangerous to democracy, when he or she learns that, no rape case committed during the violence has been brought to any court in Kenya but instead the leaders of the same militia have now been elected to form the current government in Kenya. It is sad. Rape is a very serious problem in societies that practice pastoralism, Animal raiding and rustling, female circumcision and child slave trade. These economic typologies are still alive in Pokot and Turkana counties of Kenya, Karamajong District of Uganda and areas within the regions of southern Ethiopia. Living in these areas will teach you a lesson dear reader that women and girl child are the most marginalized in the marginalized areas. The marginalized men extremely marginalize their womenfolk with a dint of ruthlessness. In these areas rape is socialized and made to be part of the culture, because every time cattle is raided women and young girls are also abducted away. But no one openly complains about abduction of women for forced marriage which is now an institutional practice of raping. Like in Southern Ethiopia, reliable statistical sources show that the country is infamous for the practice of marriage by abduction. It is common for a man working in co-ordination with accomplices and friends to viciously kidnap a defenseless girl or even a married woman taking her away from her family, sometimes using brutish forces like a horse to ease the escape. The abductor will then go clandestine and hide his intended bride only to rape her primitively until she becomes pregnant. To carry a baby in her womb that she never contemplated nor consented to. Subsequently, the kidnapper will justify his inhumanity by negotiating bride price with the village elders to legitimize the marriage. Girls as young as eleven years old are often reported to have been kidnapped for the purpose of such distasteful marriages. Whoever taught humanity that rape as a civil casualty is a military strategy was wrong. He only misled human society and at most he was a genius in gender based stupidity. Reasons are that success of this evil are equally working against man as the ays men are often raped homosexually whenever there is any military breakdown but this is not noticed as it suffers from a lacuna of social values. This level of inhumanity is also hinted but particularly in Zimbabwe where Tachel, remarked during the interview with the Boston Review that; Mugabe blasted me as a &quot;gay gangster&quot; and I wear that badge with pride. I would be very interested to hear what a psychiatrist has to say about Mugabe's

obsession with homosexuality. Given all of Zimbabwe's problems, given the dire state of the economy, the suffering of its people, why is he so obsessed with homosexuality? It's not natural. It's not normal for any man to be so obsessed with other men. What is it in his own mentality or his own sexuality that drives him to this obsession? Tachel went ahead to link this behavior of political masculinity to research by Professor Henry Adams at the University of Georgia, which found that 80 percent of strongly homophobic heterosexual men have deep insecurities about their own heterosexuality and in many cases are repressed self-loathing homosexuals. Rudimentary fallacies in relation to rape are redolent in the works of Thornhill and Palmer, in which they have written that Rape is viewed as a natural, biological phenomenon that is a product of the human

evolutionary heritage. Thornhill and Palmer are bourgeoisie writers who look at a phenomenon in terms of bourgeoisies' convenience. It has to be clear that rape does not indicate evolution but instead it is an apex of social depravement in terms of manners and degradation in terms of humanity. This is why they got a counter in the position of Wilson (2003) who argued that evolutionary psychologists like Thornhill and Palmer use the naturalistic fallacy inappropriately to forestall legitimate discussion about the ethical implications of their theory. In addition to conventional arguments for prevention of rape which have included; explaining to males that they may have predispositions to misread the female invitation of sex, viewing rape as an abnormal desire for domination, or that women dress affect the risk of rape and greater societal freedom of dating without supervision an act of rape has to be looked at as learned behavior of a rapist which is only motivated by the victim not being armed and not being accessible to an effective legal machinery. The perfect prevention of rape is simple; stoning the rapist to death.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### COMPARATIVE ROLES OF AFRICAN-BRAZILIAN LITERATURE IN THE POLITICS OF

## RACIAL AND GENDER DEMOCRACY

Brazilian art, orature and written literature is communicated in the Portuguese language by the assortment of races living in Brazil or by the Brazilians. This cultural embodiments were experienced even before Brazil's independence from Portuguese colonial rule in 1822. However, with the inception of the 20th century Brazilian literature and art movement gradually changed to a different and more Brazilian literary stature. This domestication of Spanish language as agent of Brazilian literature and art is evident in the dint of enticement and use of the Spanish language by the Brazilian natives like the Meozitiso. This cultural change made one of the eminent Brazilian Poets Eduard Kac to make jocular joke by describing this transition from enslaved literature to the Brazilian homespun art and literature as; verbivocovisualscripturality.

Just like African literature which is dominantly communicated through European languages, especially English, French and Spanish with a sharp bent to expose anti-colonial and post-colonial feelings, Brazilian literary civilization is also not devoid of radical theory and active struggle against tyranny of the powers that be. Trenchant declaration by the Brazilian educationist, Paulo Freire in his Pedagogy of the Oppressed that both racial and class struggles require three pillars; *pavla, povlo e povo*, whose English equivalent is; people, the word and gun powder, is a true testimony to this historical position of interplay between literature and politics in Brazilian racial and gender democracy.

In his book *Racism in a Racial Democracy*, France Winddance Twine poses an objective question that; why do Brazilians, particularly Afro-Brazilians, still have faith in Brazil's skewed racial democracy in the face of terrifying racism in all perspectives of Brazilian public and private life did not answer you read this book you will come to the end without getting reasons as per why most of the Brazilian populace are not aroused to an intensive agitation against pockets of racial misgovernance in it is not alone, He shares the world with a plethora of African anti-racism is Just echoing Dorris Lessing in her *The Grass is singing*, Alex La Guma in his *A Walk in the Night* and Alex Haley in his blockbusting novel cum cinema *The* is only using a literary candle to illuminate on the obstacles that the Brazilian protagonist for racial and class democracy have to realize as a basis for justifiable attempt to generate relevant grassroots support for a movement that can deliver race blind civilization among the people of Brazil. These are the same groundings on which Lessing based to question morality behind murdering of natives by white landlord in south Africa; And also on which Haley based to doubt psychological health of the tuobobs or white slave drivers in relation to their dehumanizingly horrible treatment of Africans during the era of slavery.

Brazilian literature also stands as a comrade in arms with Africa to join in the contradiction against conventional attacks on the African literature that it is devoid of modern themes other than indeed is only misunderstanding of a fact.

Either due to racial bias or avarice for cultural subjugation. The fact is that any current civilization of any society is influenced by the political conditions in the history of the society. All post-colonial societies and ex-slave civilizations express their feelings through their; orature, literature, drama, sculpture and poetry. The time which these feelings will take is never free of communal or racial abuse is usually ingrained into the heritage of the victims. Similar cases are also bare in the Bulgarian literature. It has not differed much from the literatures of other postcolonial nations like Brazil and African countries. After nearly five centuries of oppressive and insular Ottoman rule which lasted until 1878, Bulgaria also started to struggle to create a new cultural framework for an identical cultural civilization. Most of its literature from that period unsurprisingly addressed political agendas and practical democratic concerns of the people of Bulgaria rather than aesthetic and cosmetic themes. There is melancholia in their poetry of folk songs. Ivan Vazov, patriarchal doyen of Bulgarian literature, modelled his work after that of Victor Marie Hugo and Georgi Gospodinov. Ivan Vazov reveals in his *Under the Yoke* (1894), an engaging account of heroic April 1876 uprising against the oppressive Ottomans as an inspiration by the philosophical and revolutionary French literature. Thus in this juncture, logic will permit an observation that, Current politics produces future art or literature or literary imaginations or choice of literary mentorship.

Currently the undergraduate Brazilian literature students in the Universities of Coimbra and Sao Paulo are required to read and analyze *Women Righting*: This is a famous novel in Brazil. It is a fiction written by Afro Brazilian Woman. The book presents intriguing and incisive stories, tales and episodes about contemporary racial torture in both social and economic sense that any Black Brazilian woman often encounter both in public and private lives. There is a sentence in this book that will obviously affect a significant strike to the mind of any conscious reader of Afro Brazilian literature. The sentence goes like this; 'The central focus in Afro-Brazilian literature, as in the literature of the African Diaspora in general, is liberation. The inspiration is African but the struggle is global.' Personally as a lover of books, I was intellectually thrilled after reading this sentence. Of course I began to reflect on the African Diaspora and Africa in situ in relation to their pertinent literature. My mind settled on two African writers Mariama Ba of Senegal and Harriet Beecher Stowe of America. I remembered Ba's theme of need for rallying of African women to struggle against excesses of African male chauvinism as well as Muslim derogation of women and general condemnation of a woman to backyard of poverty by the prevailing un-engendered societies as conveyed in her two books; *So Long a Letter* and *The Scarlet Song*. This concept of racial freedom is also given a thorough treat by Stowe in her *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and even in the rest of her writings. Truly, both African and Brazilian societies have to embrace this concept of liberation of women. It is still vogue for both Africa and Brazil to channel their

literary and artistic energy in to the works that focused on the issues affecting the entitlement of African and Brazilian women to true democratic rights in all the Diaspora of the Caribbean world, Africa itself, the United States, Europe and China.

Esmeralda Ribiero portrays the quest for freedom and self-worthiness of an Afro Brazilian woman satirically in her novel *In Search of the Black Butterfly*. In this novel an informative area to read is where; One of the main characters, Leila, is on the phone with her friend and talks about her French boyfriend, 'I suspected he was with me because he believed that black women are good in bed.' But even also an empirical version has an accepted reality that there is a common stereotype about African American girls in this regard as well.

Esmeralda Ribeiro shares this consciousness with several top African writers. This is the same literary consciousness that have made Ngugi wa Thingo in his latest essays entitled in the name of the mother to appreciate literary portrayal of racial and class struggle by Sembene Ousmane in *God's Bits of Wood* as pedagogy of hope. Esmeralda is aware and conscious of negro and the native in the Brazillian world whose existence is not always and justly acknowledged. She indeed writes as a black Brazilian woman whose intellectual and moral duty is the concern for others like herself. This literary virtue is further expressed in three of her works; the *Malungos e Milongas*, *A Vingança de Dona Léia* and *Guarde Segredo*.

It is actually an imperative idea to put a writer like Esmeralda Ribeiro within the general framework of other Brazilian women writers. This helps in moonlighting for one to appreciate or ridicule her literary niche, beat as well as the style and intellectual value of her literary contribution towards Brazilian gender cum racial democracy. The current Brazillian society has several groups of women writers of all classes and races. But interesting enough, they are also in a similar tandem embracing an intellectual and democratic duty of an obligation to protect a woman, an African and then humanity. This has to be obvious than nothing else. The black and also Brazilian women folk women will only find redemption and escape from oppressive forces by using their own initiative and reality to combat this misapprehension and turn it in to their boon and must turn against racial and gender bigotry. It is on this political backdrop of struggle for racial and gender democracy, the virtues which were lost in the African encounter with the European stampede for colonial and racial conquest, that motivated talent, consciousness and duty to humanity inherent in the Brazilian anonymity never dared goofing to leave us without a tincture of poetry;

He lived on the African shore  
in a regal and ordered tribe  
whose king was the symbol  
of a laborious and friendly land  
One day, this calmness was lost



When the Portuguese invaded  
their country  
Capturing men  
To enslave them in Brazil...  
It was an amazing idea  
to hide gold powder in his hair  
And his fellows did the same  
Every night, coming back from the mines  
they went to the church and washed the gold  
from their hair into the sink  
and then stored it somewhere else  
until they'd saved enough  
to purchase their freedom  
each one at once, they were freed  
and then the king  
worked under the sun of freedom  
he bought some land  
Having discovered gold, he then became rich.

Like in any other literature that adores democracy and beauty of language. Brazilian literature equally extols mastery and beauty of Brazilian Spanish as a linguistic channel of its civilization. This is in tune with global position of a dance between aesthetics in the language and growth of literature. A notable observation in this juncture is that any beauty that comes out of mastery of language is the heart of literature. This is the nature of beauty that came out of Trinidadian literature in the name of Naipaul, In Burkinabe guitarism in the name of Thomas Isidore Sankara and in the Russian literature in the name of Vladimirovichy Mayakovsky. Mayakovsky is the father of Romantic cum radical titles like A Slap in the Face of public titles came out because of the author, Vladimirovichy Mayakovsky having had a command over mastery of the Russian Language. Same to Soyinka's command of English language in the poetical beauty of the language in his last work; A Good Name is better than Tyranny of I is also blessed with such a literary and poetic beauty in the name of Eduard literary beautification of Spanish and language is based on the artistic marriage between literature, science and natural environment. His works encompasses many and diverse genres not only to surprise the readers Kac is often and always a pioneer and a protagonist in emerging diverse fields. Kac experiments with poetry the way a scientist does with this front Kac has the following on his name; holography applied to the arts, the creation of works to be transmitted by fax, photocopied art, satellites, video, literary genomes, digital art, microchips approached as human prostheses, virtual reality, networks, robotics, experimental photography, webot, teletransportation, fractals, biotechnology,

Morse code, and DNA. Kac has also gone a head to appreciate a fact that poetry based on natural environment is not deficient in anything as a medium of theory being applied as a weapon in the struggle for racial and gender democracy. On this notch Kac coined many names for his literary and poetic work, such as: bioart and biopoetics, biorobotics and biotelematics, holopoem or holopoetry, telepathy and plantimal, telepresence and teleborg, transgenic art and weblography, telerobotics to I don't know what, may be one time in the future he will also coin the word infinotecture.

This is actually the poetic freedom which is also displayed by Ngugi in forming the word Globalectics and Cyborature and also displayed by Spivak in coining the words subaltern languages. The above writers Kac, Ngugi and Spivak are borrowing from the beauty in nature to project their literary is borrowing from physics of the natural is borrowing from the shape of the earth to form the word Globalectics and from physics of networked computers to form the word Gavatri Spivak borrows from natural settings of altitudes to decipher the position of African, Brazilian and Asian languages as sub-altern languages in their relation to the European does this to condemn linguistic, racial and economic the same. He justifies beauty in the natural environment by mocking those who contradict nature through commission of vices like racism and gender k is simply decrying human vice, human malice and avarice that make one to think of subjecting a neighbor's culture as an enslaved culture. It is actually this brand of poetic freedom and intellectual consciousness that has of course made Professor Wole Soyinka, to decry human discrimination as a basis of spiritual corruption in the Homage to the Nairobi slain Ghanaian scholar Professor Kofi Owinoor by pointing out that;

Not since Apartheid has our humanity been so intensely and persistently challenged and stressed on this continent. History repeats, or more accurately re-asserts itself, as a murdering minority pronounce themselves a superior class of beings to all others, assume powers to decide the mode of existence of others, of association, decide who shall live and who shall die, who shall shake hands with whom even as daily colleagues, who shall dictate and who shall submit. The cloak of Religion is a tattered alibi, the real issue - as always - being Power and Submission, with the instrumentality of Terror. Let us objectively assess the true nature of the dominion that they seek to establish in place of the present 'dens of sin and damnation, of impurity and decadence' in which the rest of us supposedly live. We do not need to seek far, the models are close by - they will be found in contested Somalia. In now liberated Mali. Fitfully in Mauritania. In those turbid years of enchained Algeria, and her yet unconsolidated business of secularism. Theirs is the dominion of exclusion. Of irrationality and restraints on daily existence. A loathing of creativity and plurality. It is the dominion of Apartheid by gender. Of the demonization of difference. It is the dominion of Fear. Let us

determine that, on this continent, we shall not accept that, after victory over race as card of citizen validation, Religion is entered and established as substitute on the passport, not only for citizen recognition, but even to entitlement to residence on earth.

A discussion of Brazilian literature and the historical struggle against racial tyranny would not be complete without mentioning Zumbi of quilombo and the black consciousness, a movement which challenged the Portuguese imperialism in Brazil as early as 1600. Zumbi dos Palmares a military leader and an artist who designed the native Brazilian dance of capoeira also founded the maroon or quilombo society of freed African slaves during the 17th century in northeastern Brazil. He was ruthlessly beheaded by the Portuguese on 20 November 1695. In similar manner his intellectual descendant in the movement of black consciousness Steve Biko was tortured to death by the pro-apartheid police five centuries leader in south Africa. Both Zumbi and Biko were strong impeachment to expansion of slavery as an epicenter of racist psychology. Palmares, the fortified halls which Zumbi established were racially blind homes to all. Not only the rebellious or escaped enslaved Africans, but also to the mulattos, miserable Caboclos, prejudiced Indians and poor and lower class Whites, especially the Portuguese soldiers that were trying to escape forced military service. This revolutionary spirit of Zumbi dos Palmares is a gender and racial democratic model that guided the writings of Pepetela in his work Mayombe and his active military activities in the South African response to imperialism in his country of Angola. Really there is inevitable truth that African literature has done all that just as its counterpart in Brazil when it comes to the universal struggle in pursuit of racial and gender democracy.

References;

Gavatri C. Spivak; Death of a discipline

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

## NEO-COLONIALISM IS NOT THE MAIN VICE TO THE GAMBIAN POLITICS

Recently in the month of octobre 2013 a West African state the Gambia withdrew from the British Commonwealth is the 54-member grouping including Britain and most of its former colonies. The reason which the president of Gambia adduced the collective rationale for withdraw from the grouping is that this anglophile interstate organization is a vestige of colonialism and hence neo-colonial in its political dent Yahya Jammeh, excuted this decision without consultation with his nationals. In the justification for this move president Jammeh argued that; the government has withdrawn its membership of the British Commonwealth and decided that the Gambia will never be a member of any neo-colonial institution and will never be a party to any institution that represents an extension of colonialism.

This is also a common argument used by most African states every time the western world criticizes Africa on matters of governance and human an states often cite neocolonialism, imperialism or lack of respect for African sovereignty in every eventuality of getting a diplomatic censure from the Western in kenya and Uganda both presidents Uhuru Kenya and Yoweri Museveni accuse the international criminal court (ICC) of being neocolonial and imperialistic or being antagonistic to the African is usually false and contradictory to the political and democratic facts on the like in the Gambia, neo-colonialism is not the main vice to the African politics. Current failings in African politics has a lot to do with the homespun African political culture rather than Africa's international relations with its former colonial masters.

For example; The Gambia joined the commonwealth in 1965. It was a very promising and comely composition of a country surrounded by Senegal and Gambia has been popular destination for European of them have been the of course is an attribution to the Gambia's tropical climate and white atlantic beaches. But when President Yahya Jammeh came to power in a 1994 through coup d'etat, the political climate in this coutry automatically changed to nationwide felings of sombre and solidified fear of the poltical unknowns among thr people of Gambia. All these emanated as political adaptations of president Jammeh who accused Britain of backing Gambia's political categorical politics of jittery by president Jammeh got at its helm during some months preceeding 2011 elections. Human rights conditions twindled at this time as seen in the then series of politically perpatrared lawless executions of opposition leaders. Firstly President Jammeh's government performs poorly on matters of human like his counterparts in the current Uganda, Kenya, Zimbabwe and Equitorial Guinea. Gambia has often been reported by the Amnesty international as a ruthless perpatrator of persecutions against political opponents, homosexuals, lessbians, transgenders, unlawful detentions, press crackdowns, and discrimination against minority groups. Amnesty International has often been reporting on human rights abuses in the Gambia for many local media in west

Africa has also severally uncovered very many eventualities of illegal arrests and detention without trial, extra-judicial killings and politically compulsive disappearances of journalists and human rights crusaders. A recent eventuality of degradation in human rights happened in December last year where an eminent Muslim sheikh who is also a patron of human rights and crusader for democratic governance mysteriously disappeared for five revelation has it that this cleric was severely tortured and finally released following intense pressure from the civil societies. Such types of cases are very many in the Gambia. Some times ago two journalists from Nigeria; Ayodele Ameen and Tania Bernath were taken into police custody. They were only documenting a story on human rights conditions in Gambia. They had entered the country legally and had informed Gambian authorities of their official purpose for coming to Gambia. On a further inquest the Amnesty spokeswoman Eliane Drakopoulos said that two Amnesty delegates were being detained in Banjul along with these journalists.

Along side this horrors other encounters in the anti- human rights perpatrations by the government were exposed by the managing editor of the opposition newspaper Foroyaa His name was Sam Sarr. Sarr once complained against the government of the Gambia that his reporter Yaya Dampha had been arrested while covering the story on a journalist Deyda Hydara who was gunned down. Hydara was a fiery outspoken opponent of repressive media laws of Jammeh that same year the offices of the Independent newspaper were ransacked, rased and burned down and the home of the correspondent for the British Broadcasting Corporation was ruthlessly set on fire.

More recently, a U.N. official in Gambia was unreasonably declared a persona non grata and ordered to leave the country after she boldly went in to a contradiction to criticize president Jammeh's sham claim of having cured HIV/AIDS by use of herbs and voodoo. Jammeh had melodramatically declared that he had discovered a herbal cure for AIDS after which he began treating patients inside the presidential palace, using the same informal herbs.

These revelations show that it is not neo-colonialism that is a problem facing politics of Gambia. Instead it is political avarice and selfishness from the political corridors of the incumbent that does not only violate the rights of the Gambians but the rights of foreigners as well as long as the foreigner has delved into the Napoleonic syndrome of President Jammeh.

It is this internationalization of human rights violation by the Gambia that made Socio-Economic Rights and Accountability Project (SERAP) in the last year to send an appeal to Nigerian President Goodluck Jonathan urging him to use his influence within the ECOWAS to restrain the Gambian authorities from executing two Nigerians and about 30 Gambians on death row in the Gambia. Arguments of SERAP in reaction to this was that the threat of execution by the Gambian President was equivalent to a multiple violations of the rights of the death row right to life and fair trial as guaranteed under the African Charter on Human

and Peoples' Rights, and resolutions on moratorium on executions adopted by both the African Commission on Human and Peoples' Rights and the Third Committee of the UN General resolution is that other African governments and institutions have to join hands with SERAP to guide Gambia on the democratisations wise President Jammeh will keep of misusing the sovereignty of the state of Gambia in pursuit of soothing his tumultuous political emotionalisms.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### RELATIVE MEDIA OBJECTIVITY IS ACHIEVEABLE IN AFRICA AGAINST POWER CULTURE AND TYRANNIES OF TASTE

It was John F Kennedy who re-sounded a politically daunting echo of the British statesman, Edmund Burke that; the media is the fourth estate. This was somewhere in the mid of the last century or thereabouts. And indeed the media is and can still be the fourth estate. The fourth estate if only Media professionalism and objectivity is upheld. In its fully objective capacity the media will in diverse entirety mirror, shape, educate and inform the society. This objectivity is an unusual phenomenon of the media's self-instrumentalisation that always and often puts a be served society on the garland pedestal of democratic out comes which Ali A. Mazrui in his appreciation of Nigerian

Globalectics described as; By the same token we can distinguish between democracy as means and democracy as goals. The most fundamental of the goals of democracy are probably four in number. Firstly, to make the rulers accountable and answerable for their actions and policies. Secondly to make the citizens effective participants in choosing those rulers and in regulating their actions. Thirdly, to make the society as open and the economy as transparent as possible; and fourthly to make the social order fundamentally just and equitable to the greatest number possible. Accountable rulers, actively participating citizens, open society and social justice — those are the four fundamental ends of democracy.

A projected end product in simplifying this argument will of course boil down to a fact that in Africa as in any other post modern society the media is among the first conditionalities of democracy. However, it can only be a democratic conditionality if only the objectivity of the media is the primary conditions of either the media as an agent of democracy or as an apparatchik of the powers that be in their machination to benefit the few in the usual jostles of majoritarian tyranny.

The praxis of all these is evident whenever a look is shot at contemporary media landscape in different African countries. Let us start with point to start with is the case of a Kenyan journalist facing the charges of crime against humanity in The Hague at Holland. The facts are that in a couple of months preceding the general elections in Kenya there was division among the media on the basis of ethnically charged political groupings. The vernacular FM radio stations and Newspapers perpetrated negative ethnic sentimentality which crystallized and exploded into one of Africa's worst political violence ever experienced in the modern times apart from the Biafra in Nigeria and Rwandan genocide. Among the players was the Kass FM as a vernacular radio station in Kenya in which the ICC defendant Joshua arap Sang was working as a programme presenter. The programme which fuelled feelings of hatred among the Kalenjins, a peasant community against the Kikuyu the business community. What we mean is that in this capacity the Kenyan vernacular media failed to build Kenyan nationhood. It instead boosted a tribe as weapon of politics but not ideology as an input for national transformation. The problem of vernacular media as a piston in the engine of political violence during power change had also been encountered in other geographies of African politics. In Nigeria the Igbo media inkslinged the federalists during the Biafra and also in Sudan the Arabic media derogated the southern Nilotes during the struggle in the pre-separation days.

However the question of vernacular publishing does not only reign politics and economics of African media. It is also positive agenda among the literature and art publishers. This was recently shown as in the coverage by the UK Guardian that; At an African Studies Association conference in Oxford a panel of publishers gathered to discuss the (in) visibility of African cultures. Walter Bgoya from

Mkuki na Nyota Publishers in Tanzania and Solani Ngobeni from the Africa Institute in Pretoria both expressed their concern that African-language publishing is facing difficult times. Its market share remains in the educational sector, where there is extreme competition from multinationals publishing discounted texts in English. There appears to be limited space for the publication of innovative fiction in African languages, but pioneering firms do persist: Ngugi published *Murogi wa Kagogo* (*Wizard of the Crow*) with Henry Chakava's *East African Educational Publishers*. This tune also echoes the economic state of vernacular and non English print media in east Africa. Most notable are; Bukede in Uganda, Rameng piny in Kenya, Muguithania in Kenya and the economically miserable Taifa Leo in rship and volume of circulation of these vernacular papers is poor. The entrepreneurs behind them rarely go beyond a breakeven point. The reading communities in east Africa have an affiliation for English language. This dint of cultural self marginalization has totally tortured the economic well being of the above cited papers. But one thing has to come out clearly in explaining language and consumption of media services or language as channel and media of art and communication in Africa. The thing is personal taste. It is a taste as a pertinent reality or a taste as Wole Soyinka would put; a snob affectation. Thus the internal consumers of African media need to be aware that a good name of our African media is better than tyranny of snobbish taste. If this social psychology can be given chance to cowl, then the African media will achieve objectivity against all the odds emanating from currents of selfish politics that only seek to serve the personal tyranny of the egomaniac tastes. A Diaspora outlook to the question of the language and African media readily generates a twist in cultural fate to bring in our perspective the puzzle of color line and African art, to which W s in the Souls of the Black Folks enchanted that; I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not. Across the color line I move arm in arm with Balzac and Dumas, where smiling men and welcoming women glide in gilded halls. From out the caves of evening that swing between the strong-limbed earth and the tracery of the stars, I summon Aristotle and Aurelius and what soul I will, and they come all graciously with no scorn nor condescension. So, wed with Truth, I dwell above the Veil. Is this the life you grudge us, O knightly America? Is this the life you long to change into the dull red hideousness of Georgia? Are you so afraid lest peering from this high Pishgah, between Philistine and Amalekite, we sight the Promised Land?

In the recent past the Kenyan media also displayed ownership as vice to media objectivity. The neutral and Mauverick Royal media services have been always focused on the democratization course of the Kenyan society. The energies of this media group towards the course of democracy are evident in the two cases of its unrelenting campaign for constitutional change and its power broking for the transformative politics in Kenya as perpetrated by coalition for restoration of in an ugly game of power, the counter move by the incumbent government was



the shrewd formation of capital backed K24 radio and Television stations which took away all the employees of the Royal media move aimed at achieving the economic muzzling of Royal Media services. This type of razzmatazz which engulfs the media in the political mire is however not new. It was captured by Lenin in his oeuvre; what is to be done. Lenin noted that this political appendage as a condition of the media in its publication, circulation and readership campaign for newspapers was there as early as the beginning of nineteen hundred in Russia when the Rabocheye dyello and Iskra often clashed in news and philosophy only to show the beneficiaries of their clash that they are indeed true protégés to the twin forces of power and politics.

The recent observations by Olusegun Obasanjo in an international governance conference at Mombasa that the African media is the 'enemy within' share a precedence in cases like the ones highlighted for countries in Africa, Spanish America, Asia and the Arab world there is need for institutional civilization that can catapult the media beyond the state of being an internal nde (2009) in his book the media in Kenya points out that; professionalism, active entrepreneurship, legislations and persistent mass agitations for media freedom are social inputs that can deliver to the current African society a type of the media that can serve Africa, as it at the same time express itself as a really fourth estate. Thus, the society makes the media as the media shapes the society. There is open system phenomenon between the media and modern society. African society is not an ther is the world. This is why the Newsweek of America in its July 2013 edition carried a concise feature on African conditions in Liberia showing what become social, economic and psychological conditions of child soldier when it grows up. And this is the rationale for Opicho's complaining in the Pamabazuka news that it is only through nondiscriminatory publishing when the society is optimally mirrored. Opicho further noted that; 'The side effects of practicing discriminatory publishing have but only led Kenya to a crystallized pedestal of negative results useful in only extending the pale of the society, both economically and socially. Kenyan young book writers have resorted to publishing in Germany. This is sad when faced with a bare fact that Kenyans are sending their manuscripts to publishers in Germany, But once the books are published, Kenyan readers in turn are conditionally bound to import these very books at a very expensive price because of tax, transport and haulage fees and also a reality due to an economic condition that a Kenyan shilling is very week against European dollar.'

Global thinking and local acting in this juncture will promptly bring us down to a conjecture of disillusionment that entrepreneurial and economic challenges to the media are not only in challenges are not of an African homespun. They are encountered all over the world. The world-class experience is that the challenges rage from marketing, technological to ownership. For example in the recent past; the World Association of Newspapers had convention whose main theme was;

Newspapers Focus on Print and Advertising Revenues in difficult Times. The World Association of Newspapers called for regulators to intervene against a proposed Google-Yahoo Web based advertising partnership. The association called this alliance a threat to newspaper industry revenues worldwide. The further overtone of the convention was that there must be business process overhaul by the newspaper publishers to entice both soft and hard print productions. Thus for the newspapers to survive it is behooved that they become a hybrid, part-print and part-internet, or perhaps eventually, as has happened with several newspapers, including the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, the Christian Science Monitor and the Ann Arbor News, internet only. However in the meantime, the transition from the printed page to whatever comes next and mostly the e-paper will likely be fraught with challenges, both for the newspaper industry and for its consumers. This is why Bill Keller of The New York Times in January 2009 wrote that for the foreseeable future news paper business will continue to be a mix of print and journalism, with the growth in the sector offsetting the decline of print. The paper element in newspaper may go away as several players in the industry have observed, but the news will remain. 'Paper is dying, ' said Nick Bilton, a technologist for The Times, 'but it's just a device. Now it is vogue globally, for newspaper trend managers to realize that replacing the paper with pixels is a better experience. Michael Hirschorn wrote in The Atlantic that the Web allows newspaper journalism practitioners to concentrate on developing expertise in a narrower set of issues and interests, while helping journalists from other places and publications find new audiences. The 'newspaper' of the future, say Hirschorn and others, will resemble The Huffington Post more than anything tossed at today's stoops and driveways. On the basis of positive benchmarking philosophy, it is therefore obvious that The African Newspaper or the newspapers in Africa entice this experimentation happening in the world's newspaper markets. This is because world of newspapers is becoming more digital therefore it is only through careful courtship of the digitalization by the media entrepreneurs in Africa that this specter of technology will not haunt but instead help the African newspapers business as much as it does the Internet. The newspaper entrepreneurs must make the digital technology to work for African media.

Is digitalization the only enemy of the newspaper in and without Africa? It is so-so, meaning both yes and no. The no answer derives its fibers from the fact that some political powers have also been enemies of the newspaper in Africa. There have been regular eventualities of state terror against independent and Mauverick newspapers. More recent case in point was seen in President Museveni's closure of the Monitor for some weeks because of its un-biased publications of feature stories on President Museveni's succession through his Son, Muhozi. Very many other cases are there on record. For example; in Kenya the Prime Minister Raila Odinga agitated for dismissal of Mutahi Ngunyi from the

editorial writers of the Sunday Nation, Because Ngunyi wrote articles that devoured into the weakness of the office of Kenyan premiership. So we are the enemy within to our media as the media maintains its position of the fourth class in Africa.

References;

Vladimir Lenin; What is to be done

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Opicho A; publishers in Kenya succumb to tribalism

Peter Wanyade; The media in Kenya

W E. Dubois; Souls of Black Folks

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### READING CULTURE IS GOOD FOR BOTH THE POOR AND THE RICH

The western world has a passion and regard for book reading has been ingrained and socialised in to the European and American social cultural overture of all this is redolent in the United Nations organization calendar which has the World Book Day which is usually on the April 23. On this day the UNESCO focuses on perpetrating worldwide access to all kinds of books especially the books whose reading is informal and also for reasons of date April 23, was artfully elected by the western societies because it also marks the death of two great European literary figures; Miguel de Cervantes the author of Don Quixote and William Shakespeare. In an often fested honor of their joint and several contribution to world literary civilization. This cultural arm of the United Nations organ do express their respect for reading and pertinent reading culture by similarly celebrating this day as the World Book and Copyright recognition Day. In this similar regard, Koichiro Matsuura, Director General for the World Book and Copyright Day has on several occasions argued that books represent political,

emotional, cultural, artistic, historical and linguistic as well as sub-linguistic diversity which is merely implied access to both formal and informal learning, intellectual freedom and global peace.

Since its establishment in 1995, the World Book Day has now attracted nearly 80 countries to participate in its programs designed to promote books, journals, novels, novella and general reading. It is generally this spirit that purport to internationalize reading culture that has made UNESCO also get involved into the information processing activities like translation and publication programs in the developing countries of Africa and Asia.

This western spirit that inspires the reading culture and formation of reading institutions need to be benchmarked by societies in the developing world, especially African countries to encourage young and even old people to read not just for commercial gain alone but for leisure and cultural development. Such like efforts will be in tune with the struggle to overcome negative effects of electronic entertainment on the reading culture among the youth in the developing countries..

In African countries like Kenya, the drop in the reading culture among the youth is basically ascribed to the electronic social media like Tweeter and Facebook has made young people in Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania and other East African countries to lack interest in it. In the youth of young people in high schools, colleges and universities pass their free time watching conveyor pulb creations like moving pictures and colorful multimedia displays. Recently in preparation of this article I interviewed a couple of Teachers, librarians and educational institutes administrators about the reading habit among the youths in Kenya, it was discouragingly revealed that fewer and fewer children are reading these days. Although the literacy rate is not declining, the number of books read and the number of children who read for pleasure is dwindling. Books are seemingly incapable of competing for young people's attention.

Research studies conducted in America, Germany, Switzerland, Britain and very many other countries have frequently let the buck to stop at the table of studies show that there is always a positive correlation between that children exposed to reading by parents who themselves regularly pick up a book to read and inculcation of ardent reading culture to these same children as they grow up. Readers give birth to readers and thus absolute readers are likely to give birth to absolute readers.

However economic and budgetary constraints in African countries, Asia and Latin America hinder the young person from an opportunity to have a reading mother or a bookworm. Pressures in these societies often prevent parents from reading on a regular basis. This reality again brings the African or any society to sad truth that knowledge gap will arise due to current generation growing up without reading and passing their intellectual heritage on to the next generation. Books are not only agents of culture and can also be a source of livelihood in the

society. In the last few years some African countries like Nigeria, Kenya, and South Africa have seen a rise in book profits, general increase in literary output and diversification of the publishing and book trade. But at a global level, the studies conducted in Germany by the Bertelsmann Stiftung show that the number of adult informal book readers has increased over the last decade and thus making books profitable products. On another front when a writer wins a prize his or her livelihood also changes. Teju Cole wins the International Literature Prize 2013 for his novel *Open City*. His livelihood actually changes from just being a Nigerian in the diaspora to an afropolitan.

It is actually inevitable that there is no greatness without primary logic behind this premise is that good reading precedes all manner of the historical analyses outrightly show that all great men Jesus to Muhammad, Jawaharlal Nehru to Thomas Jefferson, Luther King to Lenin pertinent truth exudes no other historiography other than reading to greatness. A recent example is evident in the personal culture of the once Russian President Dmitry Medvedev. Dmitry was and still is an intellectual who enjoys reading. One time the News agencies reported that the Russian president Dmitry Medvedev has purchased a novel by Stieg Larsson *The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo*. Further revelation is that the authors which Dmitry enjoys reading are Chekhov, Bunin Dostoyevsky and Vladimirsky and devours non Russian writers also with the same fervor. Modern writers like Pelevin and Murakami are among what the former Russian president reads. Vladimir Putin also enjoys reading reading culture enjoys a good stature. His good reads are usually mostly on history and politics. Putin likes Sergei Witte and the Russian philosopher Ivan Ilyin has on umpteen times quoted the Ivan Ilyin in his public speeches. It is worth mentioning that Putin's reading culture and passion for books transcends the rudimentaries into a praxis as observed in where he personally staved the budget for the construction of statues and tombstones on the graves of Ivan Ilyin and Ivan two Russian writers died when they are out of Russia but they were later on exhumed to be reburied officially in Russia. Also Persian poet Omar Khayyam is among the writers that president Putin has fondness for in literature. Barack Obama the current president and one of the most intelligent American presidents during the last and current century, is voraciously fond of literature. Obama reads everything that his hand comes across. As a young man Obama liked a fairytale by Maurice Sendak *Where The Wild Things Are*, and Tom Mboya's *Freedom and After*. Recently Obama and his daughter Malia have read the book by Yann Martel titled *Life of Pi*. This book is a story about a boy and a monster. Obama said in one of his interviews that it was a wonderful book that thrilled his book has whole chapters on Hinduism, Christianity and Islam. There is also a lot of philosophy discussed in the hints the cradle of Obama's intellectual greatness.

References;

Yann Martel; *Life of Pi*

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### VIOLENT DEATH IS THE BANE OF AFRICAN WRITERS AND ARTISTS

Homage to the late poet; Kofi Owonor

In one Sunday Nation article, Professor Ali A Mazrui analyzed the inter-politicality of The Jaramogi Odinga family and The Kennedy family by arriving at a difference that the Odinga's have curse of long life but the Kennedy's have a curse of early death through violent and untimely mode of i made these analogies in reference to violent death of John F. Kennedy and the subsequent Chappaquiddick bridge arly, the salient difference between a European and American or a Japanese and African writer or African artist is that most of African writers die early in the mid of their lives through violent death but in contrast American and some European writers die peacefully and comfortably in their old age. Early and violent death is the dominant bane, fate and misfortune that now and then besmirch an African writer. This position is in recognition of a fact that my child-hood American popular literature writers in the name of Mario Puzo author of the God Father and Robert Ludlum an author of several anti soviet spy series like; Borne dentity, Borne Ultimatum and Icarus Agenda plus very many others like The Matlock Paper had just to die recently in their late eighties. The most surprising of all is Phillip Roth whom I read at the age of twelve years while in my primary four. Now I am forty years and this year 2013 Phillip Roth is still alive and active to the American literary civilization that he has been touted by the Ladbroke as a probable candidate for Nobel Prize in literature. But sadly enough on 22 September 2013 in Nairobi the black angel of early death has carried ahead its foul duty by claiming the life of Africa's most honorable literary scholar Professor Kofi Owonor during the helter-skelter of Alshabab terrorist lynch of the upscale West Gate Mall in Nairobi.

Actually this essay is meant to be a deep felt homage to the late Kofi Owonor, Killed by Islamic terrorists in Nairobi. However, the essay also goes ahead to decry the violent and early deaths of several other African writers. The deaths which have almost turned Africa into a literary dwarf if not a continent of artistic bovarism. Kofi Owonor, who peacefully and honorably came to attend Story Moja Literary festival to be held in Nairobi, was violently shot by the Islamic

fundamentalist terror group known as Al shabab. Whose gunmen lynched the Mall in which was Kofi Owonor and his son. The terrorist were sending out the Muslim catchword on which if one fails to respond then he was known not to be a non- Muslim on to which he is shot or held hostage for ull enough, Kofi Owonor was not was an elder, an Africanist, a scholar, a poet, a realist, a rationalist, a Christian, a religious non-fundamentalist and a literary liberalist. He could not respond with any tincture of religious irrationalism to the question of the terrorist. He was shot dead and his son injured. Too sad. This is actually the time when Christian positivism goes beyond rigidity of other religious affectations in its classic assertiveness that the devil kills the flesh but not the soul. And indeed it is true the devilish terrorist killed Owonor's flesh but not his literary soul. They are such and similar situations that made Amilcar Cabral to observe in his *Unity and Struggle*, in a section on Homage to Kwameh Nkrumah to rationalize that the sky is too enormous to be covered by the palm of a sadist nor to be vilified by the spitting of the filthy ones; Truly, like Nkrumah, Kofi Owonor was the sky of African intellect never to be covered by the brute of the cannon from the parrel of a Muslim terrorist.

Kofi Owonor is not alone neither are we alone. You, my dear reader and I we are not in any historical nor literary solititude. In Africa God has blessed us with the opportunity of the dead relatives in the name of the living dead. We are not the first and the last to grief. Owonor is not the first and the last to dance with fate. Even Ali A. Mazrui in his literary expositions of 1974 otherwise published as the trial of Christopher Okigbo. A novella in which Mazrui cursed ideology as an open window into the moving vehicle that let in a very bad political accident to Nigeria in the name of Biafra war which claimed life of Christopher Okigbo at the Nzukka battle front. This was one other sad moment at which Africa lost its young literary talent through violent death.

Reading of African literary biographies in all perspectives will not miss to make you attest to this testimony. Both in situ and in able African American writers like Malcolm X, and Dr Luther King all died through violent death. Even if in the recent past, the Daughter of Malcolm X revealed to Sahara Reporters, Nigerian Daily, that Louis Farrakhan was behind the assassination of her father, wisdom of the time commands us to know that it was evil politics of that time that made Malcolm X to die the way international politics of today in relation to crookedness which was entertained during the formation of the state of Israel that have made the son of Africa professor Kofi Owonor to die.

An in-depth analysis into the life and times of African writers and artists will show that the number of African cultural masters who die violently is more than the number of those who died normally in their old age. Some bit of listology will show help to adduce the pertinent facts; Patrice Lumumba, Steve Biko, Lucky Dube, Walter Rodney, Tom Mboya, J M Kariuki, Che que Vara, Ken Saro Wiwa, Anjella Chibalonza, and Jacob Luseno all but died through violent death.

Lumumba died in a plane crash along with Darg Hammarskjöld only after penning some socialism guidelines. After writing I write what I want, a manifesto for black consciousness Steve Biko was arrested and tortured in the police cells during those days of apartheid in south died violently while undergoing torture in police cells. Lucky Dube was fatefully shot by a confused thug. Walter Rodney who was persuaded by his student who is now the professor Isa Shivji at Dare salaam University not to go back to his country of Guyana, desisted this voice and went back only to be assassinated in the mid of the rabbles that domineered Guyanese politics those days of 1970's. This happened when Rodney had written only two major books. How Europe Underdeveloped Africa, being one of them. Tom Mboya was shot by a hired gunman in down-town Nairobi, some one kilometer away from the West Gate Mall, at which Kofi Owonor has been shot. Mboya could have written a lot. Even more than Rudyard Kipling and Quisling. But fate or bad luck had him violently die after he had only written two books; Challenges to Nationhood as well as Freedom and After. Both of them are classically nice reads until today. He had also submitted sessional paper no.10 to the Kenya government which was a classical thesis on Africanization of scientific socialism.

J M Kariuki, Che and Saro Wiwa are all known for how they violently died. Powers that be and terrorists that be, expedited violent death against these writers. Thus, brothers and sisters in the literary community of Africa and the world as we mourn Kofi Owonor we must also let Africa to unite in spiritual effort to rebuke away the evil spirit that often perpetrate terror of violent death which especially claim away lives of African writers.

#### References

Ali A. Mazrui; Trial of Christopher Okigbo

Amilcar Cabral; Unity and Struggle

## CHAPTER TWENTY



## AFRICAN WRITERS AND ARTISTS MUST ASPIRE BEYOND A NOBEL PRIZE

Immediately after the death of Chinua Achebe, there was sudden outbreak and barrage of ideas, discussion, speculations and projections about the reasons why Achebe did not win a Nobel Prize for literature, If he had had been selected for this year's Nobel candidacy or whether he can still win the same prize posthumously. Amid this emotional and intellectual hullabaloo punctuating the death of a noble person like Achebe, the literary journalist with the Nigerian newspaper, Sahara reporters promptly engaged Professor Wole Soyinka on the issue of Achebe and the Nobel Prize.

With his experience as a writer, an ex-detainee, a scholar and a gifted verbal fundamentalist in proper equipage with a seasoned mind of being panelist on the Nobel committee, Wole Soyinka boldly highlighted some reasons why the African writers that have published with the Heinemann's African writers series, Achebe being one of them and editor in chief of the series, would and will not win the Nobel recognition for literature. The reasons that professor Soyinka gave had were wild and diverse full of cross-cutting effects. Some were technical, others were logical, and most of them irrational, illogical and intellectually translucent provoking further inquest.

The technical reasons that Professor Soyinka gave were that; the Heinemann section of African writers series mostly lacked artistic competence that could possibly attract attention of Nobel committee. Also naming of the Publications as 'African writers' was a step towards self-marginalization that made works of this series so African hence they lacked global recognition through such a global or European attention like the Nobel Prize.

Soyinka goes a head to contest this disadvantaged position of the African writers series by defending the publication of his book, the interpreters in the same Heinemann section of the African writers series by reclusing himself that they were the champions for political detainees who took the manuscript to the Heinemann publishers, when he himself was in prison during the reign of democratic break-down in Nigeria under dictatorship of Chief had he not been in this predicament the manuscript for The interpreters would have been sent to a different publisher.

Irrationality of Proffessor Soyinka's argument lags in a mire of inability to see the invincible hand of ideology and political consciousness of the African writers series and other African writers by different publishers. Because a slight literary crouch of the mid of the last century would quickly show that very many African writers published their works with Penguin and Longman publishers as well as very many other publishers but, they still never attracted Nobel recognition. First premise in explanation of this experience can be deduced from, just to use Ngugi's words, the prevailing globalectics of the last were a lot of cultural and political dynamics of postcoloniality, neo-coloniality and ideological Nobel

institutions as a social institution also had the values and norms that supported a certain form of civilization. Unfortunately African writers as published by William Heinemann were openly pan-Africanist in spirit and socialist in ideology. Their literary allegories majorly hinted socialist political and literary civilization. Brief highlighting quickly makes this clear, The key writers of this series included Ousmane with his *God's bits of wood*, Achebe with his *Heart of Darkness*, a with her so long a letter, Ngugi with his *writers in politics*, Odinga with his *not yet Uhuru*, Nwaba with her *efuru*, Guma with his *in the fog of the seasons end*, P'tek with his *song of lawino*, Cabral with his *revolution and struggle*, Senghor with his *nocturnes*, and Mbella Sone Dipoko with his *black and white in love*. Any body who had an opportunity to read the above sampled writers will agree that they beautifully represent the rest of the population of African writers of Heinemann publishers in matters of themes, plot, influence, inspiration, philosophy, language usage and even ideological reflections. But it would be a historical error in regard to African literature for one to point out that the spirit of art and literature to express post colonial political and intellectual consciousness were only inherent among the African Heinemann publishers, very many other writers with a historicity of postcoloniality equally wrote with a literary tempo of Ezekiel likes of V. S Naipaul in *Mr Biswas house*, Harriet Becheter Stowe in *uncle toms cabin*, Richard Wright in his *savage holiday*, Paul Frere in his *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* and *Pedagogy of the liberation* where he regularly argued that liberation of a society by use theory and ideology at all the times requires three p's; pavla, povla e povo meaning; people, theory and gun powder. After international criminal court at the Hague in Holland expedited the killing of Saddam Hussein, the then UK, premier Tony Blair made a justificatory public address to the university students of Islamic and Arabic descend in the UK, in his speech he argued that the war between Islam and Western powers is not a clash about civilizations but a clash for civilization. I also want to borrow this style of language usage and semantically argue that eminent African writers have only missed to earn a Nobel Prize not as dual results of intellectual and artistic incompetence but as interactive consequences of clash of consciences where one is the self-consciousness of post-coloniality and another as self-awareness of cultural master-hood. Sincerely it has all been about clash of civilizations. Now after such contextualisation, one will be justified to develop a vista of questions of this genre; what is the future of an African writer? , what must be the motivation of an African artist? , what are right intellectual benchmarks for an African novelist? And is obsolescence of postcoloniality thought bringing an African novel in the African writers series of Heinemann publishers gradually to death? ...

Clean and sober soul-suching by an African writer will easily bring him or her to quick answers in relation to the above palpable praxis is that the future of African writers is not a Nobel dream. An African writers must indentify others

sources of self-actualization as an artist and an intellectual, but not always Nobel recognition. History of European drama has two beautiful lessons in relation to the above observation. The lessons are derived from examples of Alexander Pushkin and William Shakespeare. Both Shakespeare and Pushkin never had a Nobel dream. They were only playwrighting and stage-acting to serve and entertain their communities as an opportunity to express the beauty of their English and Russian culture rily, the lesson is that, these two playwrights are living legends of drama and art minus Nobel achievement in their lives. In depth analysis of all the writers who won Nobel recognition between 1945 and today will lead to decipherations that factors of ideology and ideological bias played a big role in their success. Starting with Wole Soyinka, His firm stand against the communist backed Biafra feature a lot as a variable in his Nobel nomination. The Chinese Xiangping Gao and Talai Lama are pro-western and anti-sinophile activists in their 's work that made him to qualify for Nobel nomination was Soul Mountain.

After this book was nominated for Nobel candidacy, I personally made the efforts to read it along side African written novels like Ousmane's God's bits of wood as well as watching Ousmane's cinema; CEDDO AND XALA, Ngugi's wizard of the Crow, Achebe's Anthill of the Savannah and Fanon's Black skin and White masks. I also involved myself in active debate with sociologists, political scientists, literature teachers and general from the University of Nairobi, Dar salam and Makerere university as well as the general readers and book lovers. Indeed we did not deduce any intellcutual, artistic and creative superiority that made Gao's Soul Mountain better than above sampled African writers. But those with a political science bent among us cited issues of ideology in international relation to be key drivers that made GAO's soul mountain spin a Nobel literary reward. Therefore under the light of such dynamics, intellectual benchmarking for an African writer should enjoy all the cultural and artistic opportunities transcending the Nobel ly enough there are lessons again from European classical experience, where the famous Alexander Solzhenitsyn, a Russian, was recognized for the Nobel literary award and Charlie Chaplin an American, was inversely recognized for the Glasnost award, Russian prize of art and culture. The respective governments of the above artists cum writers denied these writers the right to receive the prizes. Each government had to raise an ideological red flag about the prize offer.

Hitherto, the Nobel accolade or nemesis should and cannot kill an African novel. It is only the African mind that can kill it. The mind of the African writer as well as African reader. Especially the African mind in its un-decolonized capacity. Mental decolonization in relation to art and literature should not only be limited to language as discussed by Ngugi Wa Thiong'o in his *Globalectics and Decolonizing the Mind*. But a decolonized mind should be wary of bourgeoisie and, to use Lenin's labeling techniques 'comprador Bourgeoisie offers.' Nobel

Prize is a bourgeoisie's offer that comes with cultural contemplations. The contemplations can be only understood if my dear readers can ask you this questions; what is literary tempo of any writer after receipt of a Nobel Prize? Or what is literary spirit of a writer before encounter with Nobel reward? Or how will Nonviolet Bulawayo and Chimamanda Ngozi Adiche behave after they will be announced co-winners of Nobel Prize? Will Chimamanda go a head to write Africanah, Africadabra or Nigerianah or the Nobel consciousness will hinder her from such ventures?

## CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

### WHAT ARE CULTURAL RIGHTS OF AFRICAN ENGLISH SPEAKERS?

Inception of the republic of southern Sudan as a new sovereign state has a lot of lessons. Firstly it is an addition to the United Nations organizations, and secondly an extension of the Anglophonic African atlas. The Southern Sudan republic came out through tortuous pain, but received with pomp especially by the people of southern Sudan and most warningly by the world English speaking societies.

Southern Sudan, now has a national anthem written in English, its statehood identity bears an English sound "southern", its state inception speeches are fairly made in English (with a few in Korean and Arabic) but above all the official speeches are read in British English. This is a cultural connotation that Southern Sudan is a new African state which also is a sub-domain of English cultural civilization.

On cultural front, births of the 54th African state of southern Sudan justify a premise that French as an international cultural civilization has suffered an injury, and also the same case applies to Arabo-islamic religious civilisation. French linguistic subculture suffers a blow in the sense that English linguistic culture, its competitor in the realm of cultural imperialism has scored a new full

state bigger than France. The state is and will be doing everything in English language as its sub-cultural terracotta that will guide so basic civilizations like naming of the children. While, an Arabo-Islamic religious civilization has simply suffered a morphic decimation, as in the words of European-American writer; Ayn Rand, in form of an ominous fate of having its atlas shrugged.

The cultural future of Southern Sudan is neither Dinka nor Nilotic in any manner, is going to be purely English. Southern Sudan is going to run its educational programmes from baby class to university in English, it will have a catholic faith conducted in English, it will meanwhile use Shakespeare as drama set books at O level, A level, diploma colleges and in university schools of art and literature. Only after a generation or so to have its first batch of Sudanese English writers. Who will write literature of anti-Khartoum struggle but in British or perhaps in American English?

The eventuality of the republic of southern Sudan has extended the African strength of African-English culture and English linguistic civilization, both at language and commercial level. Africa is now the second largest English speaking geographical block, after the United States of America, and then followed by Australia, then Canada, India and finally the United Kingdom. This means that with proper management of the economy, Africa will be second to America in supply of actors, dramatists, scholars, novelists, poets, musicians and journalists who write and perform in English, as other Anglophonic regions trail behind. This is so obvious when the current African English speaking population of more than 900 million people is taken as a basis of the projection. However, the question is that what are English cultural rights of an African? Given the position that speaking of a language alone is not true civilization, instead it is pure cultural enslavement that only ennoble the owner of the culture as at the same time ignoble the foreign speaker.

The point of concern is the following questions to be answered; can an African formulate an English word; can an African formulate an English vocabulary? Can the English culture be extended to justify and accommodate a special brand of English language known as African English the way we have American English and Canadian English? Answers can be obtained only if western English civilizations mature to a level of true and unselfish intercultural relations.

The study of English language shows that most of the words used in English are not native and indigenous. They are cultural borrowings from French, Latin and Greek. The word: entrepreneur is a combination of three French verbs *etre pro* words; *strategum* and *academy* are both of Greek origin, Firstly used by Homer and Plato *spear* formulated more than one hundred English of them are; *leap* *frog*, *oxymoron*, *mercurial* and *afity* and *wench* are also ascribed to him. Rudyard Kipling a pro-colonial English writer introduced very many words; *coolies* and *white man's burden* are his main English cultural hallmark while George Orwell the English anti-communist writer formulated *double-speak* and *big-brother*

among very many others. American political writer e introduced the word intermestic in 2003, meaning both international and domestic. The word has already received a very strong English cultural stature that its usage does not stir any grammatical furore.

In relation to the above observation, it is therefore notable that English language is not yet complete, it does not have enough words to describe, label and explain each and every situation that befall its users. At most, very many African situations don't have English words that can be used in their description. It was under this cultural, linguistic and psychological quagmire that Chinua Achebe used the words; Ogbanje in things fall apart when describing a unique troublesome child, Osu, in no longer at ease when describing a girl whose natural position is that she was not born to be married and mad-medico in Anti-hills of the savannah when describing unique corruptible behavior. Alex Haley used the word tuaobob, in the roots when describing unique American hostility towards a Negro slave, a situation beyond the capture of ordinary English linguistic civilization. However, a severe cultural and intellectual contradiction is that none of the above words have ever been adopted to be used as neutral English words inspite of the situation that there are no indigenous English words for the same. Reasons for their neglect are that they are of African origin but not of European or North American origin.

There are still other situations that reflect a lacuna in the English linguistic culture that can easily be described by African words. But the sad challenge is that authorities in western English language are neither ready nor willing to adopt a word of African origin for the purpose. It is therefore the duty of persons and stakeholders to English civilizations to appreciate each and every sub-culture that makes up the broad English linguistic civilization so that English as a culture can be carried above degradations that relate to cultural slavery.

Recently in the realm of past two years two African artists made very significant contributions to cultural extension of English linguistic sub-culture. These African are; professor Wole Soyinka of Nigeria who was born and brought up in Yoruba nation of Nigeria and another one is a Ugandan peasant musician in a town of Mbale by the name Betty g his lecture on African social science and research at CODESERIA conference in Senegal, Soyinka, alerterd his audience on the goodness of the name being more sweet than tyranny of taste, in this presentations Soyinka formulated and introduced the word;

'overrecheaosness'.Soyinka pointed out that this word was the most pertinent to be used in communicating the concept he was describing but it was not yet in the English dictionaries. Up to now no English dictionary publisher has heed the advice of professor Soyinka to put the word, 'overrecheausness' in the a beacon of cultural laziness!

Betty Nafuna is a betty- peasant, illiterate not schooled in any manner of modern art brought up in rural villages of east Uganda, speaking Gishu language as her

mother tongue, the language of Masaba Nation, but surprisingly she sings in English. And even her Musical band is known as Mbale word brosters being artistic blend of the words brothers and sisters. She is able to sing in English despite of her lack of formal education because of cultural factors that in Uganda English is not a basic measure of literacy. All Ugandans; old and young, illiterate and literate, graduates and non-graduate speak British English with equal fluency. They adopted the language as their lingua franca since inception of their independence under the auspice of President, Dr. Sir Milton Apollo Obote. It is under such context of cultururation that Betty Nafuna formed the word; Brosters. This is technically described as cultural ion; when is this word brosters going to be adopted in England?

## CHAPTER TWO

### WHY IMPRISONMENT OF WRITERS CONTRIBUTED MOST TO AFRICAN LITERATURE

The recent research findings by the local media in east Africa concurred with an idealistic logic behind African and even world wide experience in the history of art and literary creativity that, a writer in prison, isolation, ostracism conditioned solitude or exile has a good state of muse. She commands admirable artistic originality beauty of literary thought and mighty of intellectual productivity. The groundings of the research that triggered this essay was also triggered by literary discourse that beautifully captured a discussion by ora Waialua's review of prison poetry, with a focus on Saudi ya dhiki by Abdullah Abdallatif. Abdallatif was detained in 1975 at Kamiti maximum prison in Nairobi for writing a Kiswahili poem entitled Kenya twentapi. This poem was not more than four stanzas but it earned him five years of detention. It was during this detention that the young Abdallatif wrote Saudi ya Kiswahili poetry is now a case book for postgraduate studies in politics, literature, philosophy and liberal arts in most of the universities in Africa and the message is that; there is excellence in the level of art created by authors in prison. The excellence which calls for the turn to have a special breed of literature known as prisinorature. This shall mean any work of literature authored by an author while in prison. But exiled writers and those conditioned into segregation can also have their works to go by this literary nomenclature as well. Subject to moot.

World History of literature and creative art, drama as well as music falls in tune

with ula's observation that there is good bedfellowship between the prison and a good novel, drama, effigy or poems. The prime gist is that life of a writer in prison shapes author's creative ability then and permanently after. Beyond Abdallatif, a survey of some eminent writers that have experience of imprisonment, detention and exile once in their lives can remove hypothetical outlook towards co-associations between a prison and creativity. Firstly, history of written literature in Kenya offers beautiful lessons for all. Ngugi wa Thiong'o was detained in 1978 after writing his second play and sixth book; *Nghehika Ndenda* a Gikoyo version for *I will marry when I want*. Reasons for Ngugi's detention remain a political turf up to date. But some overtures point to communism others point to panicky state of Kenyatta's government those days. However, above board analyses have to uncover a mere fact of blatant failures of self-rule. Before this experience Ngugi had been averagely writing and seriously teaching literature in English at university of Nairobi. But while in detention, Ngugi wrote, *Devils on the cross*, a socialist critique of Kenya's cult of dictatorship. A very keen reader can easily discover that, *The Wizard of the Crow* is a sequel to the *Devils on the cross*. In a word, works of Ngugi after the detention command more intellectual depth than the works pre-detention days. Most notable is *Writers in politics*, written as essays on North Korean Socialism. Its publication threatened Ngugi with a second tiom made Ngugi a world class writer. However he loosed his focus by choosing to write in his vernacular kikuyu so that the political police from other ethnic communities especially of Kalenjin government under president Moi could not detect the politically invasive nature of his work. Ngugi's writing in Kikuyu is simply an effort to harness security measures but not a struggle against cultural imperialism. These security connotations are the key driving factors behind Soyinka's extra complex and esoteric English.

The literature Nobel laureate, Wole Soyinka and Professor Ali A Mazrui are equally products of unfair detention. Soyinka was detained in the seventies by Nigerian military dictators; While Mazrui was detained by Idi Amin, the Ugandan dictator. Reasons for detention of both are that they maintained intellectual open mindedness. Soyinka had written the *Interpreters*, *Kongi harvest* and *The Lion and the Jewel* before his detention. But while in detention, he stole a warder's pen and toilet paper to write *The Man Died* a play which enjoys artistic might above Achebe's *Troubles with Nigeria*. After release from detention, he wrote *The Season of Anomaly*, a literary analysis of Africa's cult of political dictatorship. The same theme observed by Ngugi. These plays and books written by Soyinka while in detention as well as the novels written after detention captured attention of the Nobel committee. Soyinka won the Nobel Prize on a clear basis of literature work after detention as well as his firm stand against dictatorship and abuse of human rights by series of Nigerian power maniacs. Mazrui had written the *Trial of Christopher Okigbo*, an anti communist satire whose main message is the risk



that Africans take by carelessly experimenting with foreign ideologies like communism. Especially when Okigbo intellectually goofed by hiding a secessionist call of Biafra backed by the careless Marxist and utopian socialist spirit. After the detention, Mazrui has done a literary magnum opus. Mazrui is great intellectually. His Islamic way of looking at issues plus his experience of political terror in Uganda during the two political epochs of Milton Obote and Idi Amin whetted his sense of writing as exposed in his post detention days writings in *The African Conditions*. A student of African literature would easily sense a void in the fiber of African prisinorature if analyses of this type misses to highlight literary preponderant of African literature like Chinua Achebe, Dorris Lessings, Elechi Amadi, Koigi wa Wamwere, Dennis Brutus and Pepetela the Angolan author of possibly it can be a critical fallacy of prisinorature if Nkrumah and his Consciencism as well Paul Freire with his *Pedagogy of the oppressed* is not given a literary treat on such pages. To my taste this analysis African history of literature gets more painting from the expositions of Elechi Amadi in his *Sunset in the Biafra*. Captain Amadi got the inspirations and charm to thrill his audience in the *Isibiru* and the *Great ponds* after some experience of regular detentions During the Biafra s Lessing shares some accolades with Oludhe are an anti thesis to a pan African thesis that pan Africanism is black and focused on African blacks as Senghor and Césaire called it ladies Lessing and Macgoye are white Africans. Their writing has taught me one lesson; There are also white ng is a victim of South African apartheid influenced state terror.

European literary history has similar epochs in its past and current times. Jeffery Archer has at long last written his climactic work after completing a sentence he began five years ago. Archer was imprisoned for false use of alibi to win economic gain unfairly. Before the imprisonment, Archer's books; *shall we tell the president?*, *Cane and Abel*, *First among the Equals*, *No penny more no penny less* and the *Cart of fruits* were average popular entertainers. But the work after prison, *Judas Evidence* has earned Archer an accolade of author of a genre than popular fiction writer.

Victor Marie Hugo, Alexander sholnestsyn, and Fidor Dostoyevsky, the three giants of European drama, prose and poetry are also products of prison agony just as their predecessor Cervantes, the Spanish jailbird and author of *Don Quixote*. Hugo was exiled for fifteen years to a lonely island of cassantra; this is where he wrote the *Hunch- back of Notre dame*. His main character Quasimodo is a self-picturisation while the whole book is a literary condemnation of the then French society for hatred of ugly truth. Hugo was released from his island of exile as a result of the current government being thrown out of power by Napoleon Bonaparte. After the exile, Hugo wrote *Les Miserable*. I request young readers to read Hugo's works. Of which am certain they will agree with the world that all of Hugo's books are intellectually spellbinding and classic across all times.

Fedor Dostoyevsky and Alexander Solzhenitsyn were all condemned to Siberia. Dostoyevsky was sentenced a death sentence, while Solzhenitsyn was jailed for eighteen years. The reason for their respective punishment is that they were writing novels about their current Russian society. They mirrored Russian politics, family and business life through their work. Solzhenitsyn was released by Tsar Alexander after going through mock hanging. But Alexander Solzhenitsyn was lucky to escape from Siberia before his term was over. Life of both Russian writers after their Siberia experience was very different. Solzhenitsyn won series of prizes, while Dostoyevsky was made a state embalmer on roubles, the Russian currency.

Other fertile grounds for literature and art are the economic and social challenges that young writers and all African artists initially face. Dominant among others are the challenges of; poverty, alienation by publishers, failure to attend university education, culture and language barrier as well as a society of toxic personalities. However, to a gifted young writer all of these calcify to a literary and artistic stimulant not a snag.

This is the dirt of false censure that made Okello Oculi who represent a plethora of similar intellectual fallacies, to write in the literary discourse pages of the recent Saturday Nation that Kenyan youths have two literary Kilimanjaro to climb for them to write from the top; Oculi adduced high or University education and wide reading but not self-learned. He ended his article on a mistaken premise by strongly averring that good writers that can be likened to literary stature of Ngugi Wa Thiong'o and Ogot p'Bitek have to be highly educated and widely read. It can be said in this juncture was more heuristic and intellectually sublimated to boldly attribute literary greatness to high academic achievement in bare contradiction of historical facts of literature, orature, poetry, drama and cyborature not only to forget wallorature and streetorature.

Oculi need to be aware that most great writers as Ezekiel Mwazemba put it; must be classical in their work. This means that whatever they write remains intellectually and aesthetically fashionable. Commanding palatability to all ages and be capable to bestride geographies and societies. Going by these attributes of literary greatness no other breed of writers will command high degree of literary mightiness than the early Greek writers that wrote the Iliad, Homer, Odyssey, Oedipus rex and the state or the Discourse. Similar accolades easily go to the Indian writer who wrote the epic of Ramayana and Mahabharata and Moses the Hebrew scribe cum fictionalist who crafted the book of Job in the Bible. Research in literature methods of these early classical writers reveals that Greek writers are not products of university education but instead Greek authors were inspired by Muse the god of literature whereas Moses was inspired by Jehovah the fountain of wisdom. An inquiry into classical literature shows that both Greek and Indian early writers were all the products of self education and wide reading but with very minimum formal schooling.

In the more recent times, European society enjoyed a blessing of very many

great writers who actually shaped universal civilization of literature, art and music. Disraeli, Cervantes, Shakespeare and Winston Churchill are the top cream that can be used as examples in this case; Disraeli used to joke that every time he wanted to read he instead wrote a new novel. While Cervantes, the Portuguese classical writer and author of the famous *Anguine* and *Don Quixote*, was a constant jailbird due to heavy burden of debt. Cervantes learned how to read and write while in prison. But a controversy of fact is that those who have read *Don Quixote* know how great Cervantes is. On a similar footing, Greatness of Shakespeare in world literature is unfathomable. Some scholars say Shakespeare was a literary machine others say he was a theatrical institution. An intellectual profile of Shakespeare has it that William Shakespeare is the seventh son of poor farmer John Shakespeare. William went up to class three, he never went to a secondary school, he ran away to town because he had stolen a deer of the rich farmer in the neighbourhood. It was while he was in the hideout away from the police in London that he tried his hand in playwrighting and stage acting. Those who have studied European English know that there are two types of English language in London; Churchillian English and the Queen's English. Churchillian English is attributed to the writings and public speaking styles of Sir Winston Churchill. Reading of Churchill's oeuvre *The Gathering Storm* is a clear testimony to this. However in contrast to Okello Oculi's stand that higher education perhaps certified by University education or degree certificate is a basic for great cultural and intellectual contribution, Winston Churchill was a class three dropout with very bad grades in all the subjects apart from French in which he scored a merit. Churchill was self made. Through self-education which had him just like Shakespeare devour extensively the Greek and Roman classics.

History of American literatures also presents facts that give a counterpoise to Oculi's position. Indeed a sharp and penchant attest to artistic reality that the poor, the half-literate, the Negroes and even the self educated can write with matchless excellence. This reality comes out in the names of Richard Wright, Malcolm X and Alex Haley. Richard Wright is the Author of *The Native Son* and *The Black Boy*. However most readers know Wright for *The Native Son* because of the thrilling story of Bigger Thomas and his psychology of the black skin. Greatness of Wright's authorship is that he changed how white America looked at the blacks and also it is noted that he is the sole source of influence to Frantz Fanon's psychoanalytical thinking. Both *The Black Skin and White Masks*, *The Wretched of the Earth*, and *Facts of Blackness* are simply Fanon's extension of psychological analysis of the Bigger Thomases versus the white masters. All students of political science know the impact of Richard Wright's novels on American political thought and even as its impetus on world politics. Alex Haley's *The Roots* is an epic account of Negro struggle against the institution of slavery. It is both a film and a novel. Haley came a decade later after Wright but he was a contemporary of Malcolm X is the one who wrote an epilogue to

Malcolm X'S blockbusting autobiography. Common intellectual feature of these three black American writers is that they were all self educated and never had formal education. They all learned how to read and write in prison. On such a backdrop of American literature from the illiterates, Okello Oculli's arguments that those without university education cannot write to the top only reminds the elderly readers those days of world racial darkness during which the white people used to ask with contempt if any African can write like Johannes Kafka? - - a doubt to which Ali Mazrui retorted that Neither a white man can write the Quran. Africa, both east and west, south, central and north has a mosaic of spectacular talents in orature, poetry, drama and prose; despite the negative fact that most of them suffer from misfortune of small formal education. Two cases will help to expose this African artistic virtue. One from Kenya and another from Senegal. I guess Okello Oculli has read God's bits of wood but he has not read the Broken drum. Apart from Killing the Mangy dog and Money Order With White Genesis, Sembene Ouasmane Wrote God's Bits of Wood. The literary weight of this book is only equated to Ngugi's petal of blood and Mazizi Kunene's Shaka the Zulu. Whereas David Maillu who has been denied recognition by local institutions, was recently honored by an Australian university for crafting an intellectually pregnant novel The Broken Drum. In literary circles, there is agreement that if at all there is any difference between Ngugi's Wizard of the Crow and Maillu's Broken Drum then it is a subtle one. The only significant difference is between authors; Ngugi is a professor of literature but Maillu is not a graduate. As a remedy to Oculli and others in his school of thought; I recommend that he or they read last book of Ngugi wa Thiong'o. The book is Globalectics; theory and politics of knowing. Oculli should focus on the chapter on abolition of English department. Actually borrowed from his previous work in decolonizing the mind. And also on national culture, a chapter borrowed from Frantz Fanon's Wretched of the comes out beautifully that; the challenge to an African writer is language. A condition that an African writer should conform to cannons of European languages when writing is a vice which Ngugi has described as canonicity. Beyond this an African and Kenyan youth both in freedom and in detention or graduate or not can still write. Superbly write. The only Kilimanjaro they are to climb is mastery of their respective mother tongues and indigenous languages by having a motivation beyond money and economic is current and a live to a stage in civilization and cultural development of African society that African languages are mature enough to be vessels of prose, drama and poetry.

## References

Ngugi wa Thiong'o; Globalectics, politics of Knowing

## CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

### DORIS LESSING: A FEMINIST, POET, NOVELIST, WHITE-AFRICANIST AND NOBELITE UN-TIMELY PASSES ON

I mourn this white daughter of Africa  
With an old white dirge

From the yellow land of Americas

In the avaricious venture of whale hunting

Well decried a gnome of death

O death! O death! Why are you untimely?

To which the white daughter of Africa

Rationalized; it is a chance to live

In the Mara and Dann all of us are to be killed

Why should you waste your body waters on tears?

It was on Monday 18th of November 2013 that I had written a poem on African literature, which I entitled; literature without poetry is like love without vaginal sex. In this poem appreciated Doris Lessing's fourteen poems in two lines that, Doris Lessing should not dare dream of the testicles of Tagore and Soyinka as she is no Match to the six hundred and sixty six concubines of David the psalteristic Jewish rex. Then the next day in the morning, which was Tuesday 19th November 2013 I also finished reading Lessing's spellbinding novel, Mara and Dann, thereon I walked off to my office. I chose to go for news. My favorite paper is the Germany paper Deutschwelle. I flipped in the hyperlink for global news and then to my favorite hyperlink; culture. Like looking at hell I came face to face with a doomsday of a title; The British Nobel Prize-winning author Doris Lessing died peacefully at home at the age of 94. A whole day was ruined for ng good followed. I shared this page of Deutschwelle which carried information about Lessing's death on my twitter and face book platforms. Until now, the time

of writing this article, there are very minimum responses on the both the social media platforms given the poor reading culture and low level of intellectual curiosity that currently reign the contemporary world. Like all other white literary sons and daughters of Africa, Doris Lessing is a prolific writer, reluctant feminist icon, human rights activist, anti apartheid crusader, humanist and a white African intellectual. She is a seasoned storyteller, loyal and committed to the power of the written word with maximum passion for reading and literature in all of its diversities of the African literary set up. She often has appreciated African prose, drama, orature, poetry and recently before her death cyborature as some of her works has been common on the electronic social media. Doris Lessing was not alone in the realm of this marginalized cultural and literary civilization, she got companionship from other fellow white Africanists in the likes of J M Coetzee, Nadine Gordimer, Peter Abrahams, Allan Paton, Alex La Guma, Marjorie Oludhe Macgoye, Jerry Rawlings, Sirleaf Johnson, Naquib Mafouz and Frederick De Klerk as well as very many others whose commitment to African intellectual and Political freedom was portrayed in their several and a times collective social unsentimentality, intellectual provocativeness and ideological uncompromising in quest for re-africanization of the continent through mental decolonization with a sole purpose of overcoming colonial legacy of self-doubt. All this was done through one literary virtue of formidable and respective literary oeuvres that wove together the threads of lived African experience and avaricious politics in world history with an unswerving commitment to the art of poetry, orature and protic storytelling. Humbly like all other African writers in the name of Ba, Coetze, Achebe, Soyinka and Ngugi, just but to mention; She was Born Doris May Tayler on October 22,1919, in Kermanshah, Persia now the revolutionary republic of Iran. Her birth coincided with two world cultural events; the success of Leninist revolution in Russia and the end of the First World War. These events were an open foreshadowing of Lessing's future cultural influence on the African English civilization. Lessing would later come to discover that her parents had been depraved by the First World War. Her father was on umpteen times nearly killed by shrapnel in 1917 and which of course left him with lost a leg. Dramatically, like the ones which Doris has crafted, Her mother who was a nurse met her father Mr. Lessing, during this time he was undergoing treatment at the hospital in London where he was recovering from the amputation of the leg. Then in 1925 the family moved to the British colony of Southern Rhodesia the current Zimbabwe to farm corn and maize. The farm on which Doris grew up as a daughter of any other African farmer. This is given in the historical evidence that always the family struggled to make a living. In her public speeches Doris remembers several times when she was not fighting or running away from the mother who was often brutal to her, out into the African cold temperatures. These are supposedly inhuman conditions that Doris despised in her spellbinding Novel the Grass is singing. Muse on such moments would always not fail to give

us a tincture of poetry;  
Ash pit start is not ash pit end  
Agony in the start is gusto in the end  
Gods will give you a throne  
Even in the mire of your scum  
Hustles of life are mere fibers of glory.

In practical but not rudimentary literature there is a critical position that small education produces great writers. A list on which Lessing will be last of great writers with meager education starts with Nikolai Gogol, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Richard Wright, Alice Munro, Sembene Ousmane, Amos Tutuola, David Mailu, William Shakespeare, Winston Churchill, I mean the list is endless, put we can put the 2007 literature Nobel Prize winner Doris May Lessing as the last. Then how did she like these others on the list come to master the game of writing? Passion, language and sometimes disciplined Autodidactism is the answer. Lessing chose to be immersed in books sent over from a London book club after she had left school at the age of 15 is also when she had moved to Salisbury the present Harare to work as a telephone operator. These are the same childhood experiences Sembene Ousmane had when he worked as a young pipe smoking railway builder in Dakar, cultural foundations that inspired him with the spirit of God's Bits of Wood. Later on after some social upheavals, Doris was influenced by the influx of European immigrants in Salisbury most of them were Jewish intellectuals who had fled the Nazi regime in Germany. This gave Lessing an opportunity to experience political awakenings. She became a member of the communist Left Book Club. In this intellectual club socialization is when she met and married her second husband German refugee from Nazi terror at home Gottfried Lessing. This is the father of her favorite son and their only child, Peter Lessing who was born in 1947.

Life is a mishmash of gloom and glory  
A blend of sorrow and sweetness  
A twig of brambles and plums  
A meat of a hare too delicious  
But because of fast running  
So hard to harvest.

Now, after African childhood Lessing arrived in England as a single mother with no formal qualifications. Just the way Wole Soyinka arrived in England with a weak bachelor's degree. However, both of them rose to become two of the most important figures in post-war Afro-English literature. Soyinka with the past deep in the colonial heritage of West Africa and Lessing with past deep in apartheid dominated Southern Africa. Lessing's literary debut about interracial relations in colonial Africa left the audiences bamboozled both in Europe and the USA. Later on due to her Mixing with members of the left-wing literary intellectuals like; among them John Berger, John Osborne and Bertrand Russell as well as many

others, Doris Lessing became an active member of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and an outspoken critic of apartheid in South Africa these made her to be banned from entering South Africa and Rhodesia on account of her political views. She combined these virtues with her stretches as a reluctant feminist to release her greatest work, *The Golden Notebook* in 1962. In this book, Doris Lessing explores themes of feminism, communism, motherhood, and mental breakdown as an outcome of oppressive political culture.

Lessing's literary virtues are a lot, they can only be condensed in the words of the English novelist and critic Margaret Drabble; 'a writer who said the unsayable, thought the unthinkable, and fearlessly put it down there.' Later on in her life Doris Lessing also won a social cum intellectual accolade only which was labeled the professional contrarian. This was after her achievement of disillusionment with utopian and prosaic communism. She then went ahead to discovered Sufi mysticism in the mid-1960s and wrote a series of five science-fiction novels known as the *Canopus in Argos* sequence. Then immediately amid Frustrations with the literary establishment of the day that was hostile to her rebellious nature, Lessing published two novels under the pseudonym Jane Somers: *The Diary of a Good Neighbor* (1983) and *If the Old could* (1984) . The intention was to expose terror of the publishers to a writer without fortune and fame. Then in 2007, when being awarded a literature Nobel Prize, the Swedish academy jury praised her as author and the epicist of the female experience, who with skepticism, fire and visionary power has subjected a divided civilization to scrutiny. In her final book, *Alfred & Emily* (2008) , Lessing returned fully to her childhood in Southern Rhodesia. The first half is a novella about how life might have been for her parents if they had managed to escape the horrors of the First World War; then the second half is a biography of her parents.

Utterly repulsive to all forms of sentimentality

Proponent of non-linear thinking,

Never bowed to convention

Novelist, playwright, poet, biographer, librettist and essayist

Was first and foremost Africanist storyteller

One whose faith in the power of the written word

Never wavered nor perambulated.

Doris Lessing once said that she does not know why she writes. That writing is something just she has to do. If she does not write for any length of time she gets very irritable. If she had to stop she would probably start wandering the streets, telling herself stories out loud.

Any way this year alone, the world of literature has lost a lot of literary stakeholders through death. And misfortune is felt heavy in Africa. However, We the living ones, we are guided by faith that; in their death which took them this year 2013, Doris Lessing, Chinua Achebe, Kofi Owonor, and Seamus Heaney they will all remain formidable, multifaceted and provocative tellers of stories for



world and diverse generations of readers to come.

## CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

Amilcar Cabral: Beacon of revolutionary literature and social democracy

The prominent difference between political leadership of present Africa and Africa of the yester-century is the gradient in intellect. Political leaders of Africa during the anti-colonial epoch mostly referred to as liberation fathers were full of ideas and vibrant of intellect. They also had a strong appreciation for intellectualism as well as power of the mind from whatever the source. In contrast with present day African political leadership, which is devoid of political thought and if there is one it must be in turn disadvantaged by a position that it is devoid of quality, suffers from one commonplace stark vice that it is an open contradiction to intellectualism.

This outlook is based on both rudimentary and political experiences in Africa both in the Diaspora and in situ. Both in the francophone, Anglophone, spanophone and even in the un-colonized Africa of Ethiopia and Liberia. The movement of anti-colonial African political interest was in the hands of heavyweights like Kwameh Nkrumah of Ghana, Namdi Azikiwe of Nigeria, Leopold Sedar Senghor of Senegal, Patrice Emery Lumumba of Congo, Eduardo Mondlano of Angola, Julius Nyerere of Tanzania and Amilcar Lopes da Costa Cabral of Cape Verde. The un-colonized Ethiopia had and has always had a series of intellectually curious leaders ranging from brilliant Marxists like Mengistu Haille Mariam to swashbuckling realists like Meles Zenawi. Liberia was not an exception apart from regular military and non military but armed insurgences. However, there were also cases of intellectual misfortune where Political leaders were not intellectuals like Kenya where Jomo Kenyatta was a kikuyu traditionalist but he becomes the president because of the ballot process favoring the large is why again Jomo

Kenyatta made cult of the tribe to be a political weapon. This condition of hostile ethnicity has persisted as a legacy of Jomo Kenyatta in Kenya until today. The unlucky part of such cases like those of Kenya is that half literate presidents and political leaders were in full control of state power, but the top world appreciated intellectuals Like Tom Mboya and Ngugi wa Thiong'o were in ever politically threatened civil positions. One more phenomenal experience is to be encountered in the relationship between culture and intellect. Especially when an overt reality is observed that English speaking colonies produced political leaders who were not intellectuals contrasted with Portuguese and French speaking African colonies. Inquest into this political and cultural dilemma takes us straight to Cape Verde, the former Portuguese colony which produced Amilcar Cabral. Personally I am not luck because I did not see and understand what Amilcar Cabral was. As I was born one year later after his violent death. I was born in August 1974 but Amilcar Cabral had been shot to death by Inocentia; a fellow revolutionary in January 1973. He was killed in his own Country as an outcome of twin forces of the cult of betrayal and colonialism. It is betrayal because Seko Ture is confirmed to have participated in the connivance which led to assassination of Amilcar Cabral because he was for split of Guinea from Cape Verde but Amilcar Cabral was for combination of Cape Verde and Guinea as one sovereign Africa state when liberated from the colonial shackle of Portugal. This tragedy was again extended on the African soil which happened in the manner that the American imperialists used colonel Afrifa to execute a violent coup d'etat Against Kwameh Nkrumah of Ghana in 1974. This was really tragic epoch for African revolutionary movement and social democracy. But twenty five years later in 1998, after I had had cleared my high school education and desperately looking for a job and a job that you would never get in the city of Mombasa is when I came across a literary force known as Amilcar discovery of Amilcar Cabral was of big concern to me because I was already two and a half decades old, I had cleared my secondary school education with a principal pass in history having a focus on African history but I never knew what Amilcar Cabral was. Really Kenyan education system during Moi's rule was very evil. We had only been taught about Daniel Toroitich arap Moi and to sing a slogan of his ruling political party which we always sang; Jogoo! Jogoo! Jogoo! Every time but there was no actual evidence of education that could intellectualize an African young boy or girl in quest for intellectual liberation of Africa. Moi owes apology to the generations of his reign. This is how it began; I was chased away from the construction site that time of Monday eight in the morning because of some tribalism issues. So, that day and eventually that week, I did not have any work to do. I went to the public national library at Mombasa. Next to the famous Portuguese military fortress known as fort Jesus. I walked straight to a section for history and politics. A lot of attractive titles were at the shelves. Likes of Jewarlul Nehru, Karl Marx,

Mahatima Gandhi, and very many others. In the midst of these titles I saw a paper back, published by Heinemann's African writer's series, its title was Unity and Struggle the author was Amilcar Cabral. His photograph on the backside of the book showed a very handsome man in revolutionary attires. I didn't waste anymore time but I straight got myself a chair on the vestibule of the library then I buried my self into this bible of socialist revolution. I enjoyed humour, intellectual content, language flow and liveliness of the story a whole of that day. What really gripped my emotions and still grips my emotion whenever I read Cabral's Unit and Struggle is the section on tribalism and another one is Homage to Kwameh Nkrumah. The one on tribalism I discovered later is redolent of National consciousness as discoursed by Frantz Omar Fanon in his Wretched of the Earth. But the section I utmost enjoy, even I have joyfully read it by this time of 23rd November 2013 when am writing this essay is the section of homage to Kwameh Nkrumah. Whenever I read the lines that; 'Kwameh Nkrumah was the sky no filthy saliva of any malicious mouth can vilify him, he could not be covered by the human balm, and that he has only died because of cancer of betrayal, ' I always come to personal disillusionment that Amilcar Cabral was not only a Cape Verdean Socialist Revolutionary but indeed the son of Africa.

Usually good books end with a section on the you get recommendation for other books that you can read. Now I was perusing in the bibliographical section of Unity and Struggle. My eyes again came across another work by Amilcar Cabral the title was weapon of theory. Some scholars refer to it as a tri-continental speech made in Havana Cuba, The chicken bones Journal severally refer to this work in diverse tributes to Amilcar Cabral but me I will refer to it as Cabral's work which he formulated both verbally and scripturally when all of his muse and African gods of wisdom plus oratorical angels were fully on duty. I utmost uphold this book for the super revolutionary argument that; 'revolutionary practicum comes before revolutionary theory, masses are fighting not to gain ideas but to gain material success and the armed struggle is a so basic necessity for the success of the revolution.' Actually in this super-revolutionary mental stretch Amilcar Cabral overturned the traditional classical stand of Paulo Freire from *povo, povlo, e povo* to *povo, povlo e povlo*. And earnestly Amilcar Cabral adjusted to this stand with the heart that was warmed by an unshakeable certainty which gives some of us with an intellectually left bent an appalling courage in the difficult but glorious struggle against the vestiges of both post-colonial imperialism and domestic comprador bourgeoisie agents of African imperialism.

As Amilcar himself could; let also follow the true revolutionary consciousness by going back to him as the source. And indeed he entitled his book as going Back to the Source. We the present living generation of the southern hemisphere we are to be bound by the spirit of Amilcar Cabral by not telling no lies nor claiming

no easy victories by affirming that Amilcar to us was a very strong intellectual force, A literary and a no nonsense revolutionary. Those of us who did not have an opportunity to meet him in person we only get such evidence by reading him most. By reading his Unity and struggle, African revolution, Weapon of theory, Going Back to the Source, and tell no lies nor claim cheap victories.

References:

Paul Freire; Pedagogy of the oppressed

Kwameh Nkrumah; Consciencism

Frantz Omar Fanon; Wretched of the Earth

## CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

How the State of Israel is brutally dealing with African refugees

Israel as a state is not good when it comes to dealing with Africans. Especially those Africans who cross into its borders as refugees. The state of Israel is totally brutal to what it calls illegal African immigrants. It exposes African refugees to all manner of terror before their final death. The fact is that the most unlucky mistake an African man or woman can commit is to be found in Israel as a refugee. In this essay, the writer has collected excerpts of published accounts from neutral newspapers around the world. The newspapers have given different accounts and experiences of how Israel has been and still is deeply engaged in the heartless culture of brutalizing African refugees. Some of the Newspapers used as the sources of these pieces of information are Deutschwelle of Germany, Pravda of Russia, The Conversation of America and the Mercatornet of Australia among others. The accounts given by the victims to these sources are presented as excerpts below:

First excerpt

Israel is introducing 'open' detention centers to house the growing influx of African refugees who cross the Sinai border region. However the 'open' character of those centers has been called into question. The land is barren and unwelcoming. Looking down from Israel at the Nitzana border crossing into the Sinai, in Egypt, the earth is so dry it glows orange - it's unforgiving territory. This is the first sight for many of the 55,000 Africans who have escaped their homes to find freedom when they enter Israel illegally - 90 percent of them originally come from Eritrea and Sudan. An ominous steel fence - project 'sand timer' -

was finished in January this year when cameras, radar and motion detectors were added to its arsenal, marking a firm line in the sand. According to government figures for the first half of this year, 34 Africans tried to cross the border into Israel and were detained, compared with 9,570 last year before the fence was started. Of the 34, five tunneled under the new fence and were caught, the rest appealed to the Israel Defense Forces (IDF) to be allowed to enter.

Eritrean refugee Dawit Demoz, 31, arrived through the same border before the fence was built at the end of 2009. Demoz had tried several ways to get out of Eritrea: he went to refugee camps in Ethiopia and Sudan and then tried to get to Europe from Libya. Eventually he paid smugglers \$2,500 (1,800 euros) to get him to the Sinai border. In total, it took him 11 months to get to Israel.

He was smuggled to the border in an open-back truck with three Sudanese men and one Nigerian man hiding behind a heavy load. Once he reached the border he crossed into Israel on foot and was detained by the IDF in a military camp for two days. 'Two hours after we crossed another group were seen trying to cross the border and they were shot by the Egyptians and two or three of them died, Demoz told DW.' Egyptian soldiers have a shoot-to-kill policy if they see anyone enter the area illegally. Demoz says he is one of the lucky ones to make it from Eritrea. He spent three months in Saharonim detention facility, initially in tents before being moved inside the building. He said the detainees ate twice a day, but many were on a hunger strike. Demoz said he was interrogated about why he came to Israel and told he had to say he came to work.

'I personally told them I came because I couldn't live in Eritrea, because it was very difficult with big human rights violations; so I escaped with the goal of finding freedom. I was told I needed to change my mind and I was made to wait outside for nine hours. When they called me back I said I hadn't changed my mind, do whatever you want and they released me, but it's written on my documents that I came to work.'

Demoz said he narrowly escaped torture in Eritrea and spoke about a man he had heard of who had been killed and whose family had been blackmailed. A man that was in Sinai for three months before us when we came, within three months he did not have any options, no chance to pay \$25,000 - he had no phone number for anyone who could help him - he was killed. They had his family's telephone number so they phoned his family while beating a different refugee and they heard that he was being beaten and screaming - they were told to sell their whole home and all their possessions to come up with \$30,000 and two weeks they told them he had already died. After three months in Saharonim, Demoz was taken to Beer Shiva and given a bus ticket to Tel Aviv.

Sara Robinson, a refugee campaigner from Amnesty International has seen bus loads of people arriving at Levinsky Park, in Tel Aviv. Refugees refer to Levinsky Park as 'the hotel' where they eat and sleep amid the playground

equipment. The bus would often be half-full of people coming from detention, the bus driver would either take them to the central bus station or he knew to drop them off in Levinsky Park. She said refugees called Levinsky Park, 'the hotel.' 'People would get off the bus holding a plastic bag which would have that extra shirt and a yellow piece of paper and they looked to the right and they looked to the left and they asked 'where's the UN? ', 'Where do I go? ' 'What do I do? ' Then they saw the sleeping bags and articles of clothing hidden under playground equipment in Levinsky Park and realized this was what was welcoming them. South Tel Aviv, where Levinsky Park sits, is a historically poor area. Tensions in the area have been compounded with the arrival of up to 20,000 homeless refugees.

Many of the refugees and migrants turn to crime because they are not legally allowed to work by the Israeli government and have no access to health care or welfare benefits. Tel Aviv police chief Yohanan Danino has called for migrants to be allowed to work to discourage petty crime caused by economic hardship. However, his appeal has so far fallen on deaf ears.

Former Interior Minister Eli Yishai has lashed out at refugees and migrants in the media saying, 'why should we provide them with jobs? ... Jobs would settle them here, they will make babies, and that offer will only result in hundreds of thousands more coming over here.' He said all migrants should be jailed until they are deported.

In September, Israel's Supreme Court overturned a law allowing the government to detain migrants and asylum seekers for up to three years without trial. The court ruled migrants, refugees and asylum seekers detained in the Ktziot and Saharonim prison and detention center should be released within 90 days and those that cross the border illegally can only be detained for one year in the future. The government has responded by passing an amended law to reduce the period of detention to one year and proposed the indefinite detention in 'open' detention centers without judicial review. That law is due to be passed on December 4.

Back near the Nitzana border, Sadot, an empty detention facility next to Saharonim, is ready to absorb the 1,700 refugees detained in Saharonim and due to be released in accordance with the court's 90-day deadline on December 15. When DW visited Sadot, the camp was surrounded by large wire fences, topped with barbed wire - it's status as an 'open' facility is questionable. Police stopped DW and asked that no photographs be taken from the public road outside the facility, despite journalists having the right to do so. The police officer who stopped DW said there was no way the facility would be open for the detainees to roam, in an area mainly populated by Jewish settlers. He said the 'open' aspect within the facility was a large road on the inside of the fence, but they couldn't leave the fenced area.

Second excerpt

An Eritrean refugee who calls himself Mulugeta is speaking out for the first time since he arrived in Tel Aviv after surviving a torture camp in Sinai - one of hundreds of refugees who managed to pay his way out. Mulugeta is a quiet man. His voice is low and his eyes are sad, but he is pleasant as he forces a smile under his thin mustache. He works from dawn until dusk as a janitor. He lives in a men's shelter in Petach Tikva, just a short distance from Tel Aviv, and he prays for the safety of his daughters. It had taken nearly two weeks for Mulugeta to come forward but now he is ready. He is one of hundreds of refugees who managed to get out of a Bedouin torture camp in Sinai. The African Refugee Development Center (ARDC) in Tel Aviv reports that tens of thousands of refugees have come to Israel from Eritrea and Sudan. Those coming from torture camps in Sinai are more difficult to calculate. Arriving outside the compound where Mulugeta lives, Wuldu, a translator, leads us to a nearby bench where we can sit and talk. Mulugeta is from Eritrea. In 1987, at the age of 15, he entered the army and would go on to fight for freedom and for his country. Eritrea gained independence from Ethiopia in 1991. He is 40-years old now, and last year, in July, when his daughters turned 15 and 17, he decided he wanted to take them out of the country. He hoped for a better life and education for his girls; he had hoped to take them to Europe.

Mulugeta's wife, Lemlem, stayed behind to care for their six other children. Within days, they reached a North Sudanese camp. Hours later, after their arrival, he stated, soldiers came into the camp and traffickers followed. He was beaten, his legs were sliced and cut, and he, his two daughters and a group of other refugees were taken to Sinai. For 15 days, they crossed the desert, with little to no food or water. When they arrived at the camp, Mulugeta was forced to the ground, his face in the dirt while iron chains were roughly locked around his ankles and wrists. He was beaten over and over again. He told me he watched another man next to him die from all the beatings and mal-nourishment. Many refugees from Eritrea or Sudan have similar stories to tell about their terrible experiences

Captives were often left lying in the dirt for days or weeks, he said. The traffickers used stones, chains, or branches from a tree to beat victims on their legs, back and even his head, Mulugeta explained. The pain was excruciating, but after a while, he admitted, he didn't even feel it, his body was numb and it all became a blur. He often went in and out of consciousness. Then I asked him, as tenderly as possible: 'Were you ever raped?' Wuldu struggled translating the question. Mulugeta stared at the city lights for what seemed to be hours, though it was only a couple of minutes. Finally Wuldu turns to me exasperated. 'How can he talk about these things? What can he say? His concern is not for him. He worries for his daughters.' Mulugeta pulls out a tissue and begins to dab his eyes. His upper body bent over, he stumbles when he tries to speak. Wuldu continued waving his hands in the air. 'What could he do? He doesn't remember much

about the beatings.' Mulugeta said if wanted to see his daughters, the traffickers would bring the girls to him and rape them in front of him. There was nothing he could do. They cried for him, but he was forced to watch as they screamed and were violated, stripped and beaten.

The traffickers demanded \$30,000 for each of them. The translator explained that many people in Mulugeta's community in Eritrea raised the funds and gave them to his wife. When she sent money, the traffickers told him: 'If we let one of the girls go, we don't know if she will make it out, she might get taken by someone else, so you go - and send us the money.

Your daughters will be safe here.' Mulugeta arrived in Tel Aviv in November last year - forced to abandon his daughters. He was released after three months along with four others and brought to Israel where they were left out on the street. He says he is comfortable at the shelter. There are many men there who have gone through similar experiences. Wuldu expresses his admiration for Mulugeta. He often seeks his advice, his comfort and they pray. Mulugeta is grateful to the Israelis for giving him somewhere to say. 'I want to give thanks,' he said. He has many sleepless nights. While his physical scars have healed and he has health care and food, he often remains reserved because his mind is always on his daughters and seeing them again. He has not heard from the traffickers since he left, though he believes his daughters are still alive.

Mulugeta believes if he can pay the money, maybe, the traffickers will set his daughters free. But both he and Wuldu acknowledged money often means nothing and people have often been punished after paying their debts. Many times, the traffickers demand more. Mulugeta is in touch with his wife and they are doing everything they can, he said.

But Eritreans, Sudanese and Ethiopians are still flooding through Israel. With few other places to go, Israel is a country where they are often stuck. And the government doesn't have enough laws or systems in place to care for the victims or help create a jobs for them. For many refugees from Eritrea and Sudan Levinsky Park in Tel Aviv is their only shelter Many of them live near Tel Aviv's Central Bus Station at Levinsky Park. One man said he didn't understand why journalists came because it never really helped their situation. Another told me he is glad to talk to photographers and if they are kind, he doesn't mind helping them. Still another man complained he only ever had a room when he is able to find work, but most nights, he sleeps in the park. To him, Israel is a rich place where people could help, but no one ever does, he says, they don't even stop to talk to him. ARDC Director Yohannes Bayu said they rely heavily on donations from the UNHCR. Those who manage to avoid being detained when they enter the country are usually picked up by non-profit organizations like the ARDC or the Hotline for Migrant Workers. The government has few shelters and it's up to the community to help men like Mulugeta find jobs and resources to survive. According to the a Human Rights Watch report in March of this year, '80 percent



of Eritrean asylum seekers are granted some form of protection' and only since February has Israel begun to register claims. The ARDC itself can only hold around 50 people at any given time. Bayu says most progress to help give Africans refugee status is made through a long, tedious court process and usually only when there is a sympathetic judge. He believes Israel can do better. For now, Mulugeta said he wants to help the world by opening up and sharing his story. He wants to be a voice and maybe others will find freedom and not suffer. It is not easy, but Mulugeta explained, he tries to stay busy, lives on the hope he has for his daughters, and perhaps one day they'll be free.

Third excerpt

An initiative in Tel Aviv has been caring for refugees from Sudan and Eritrea for one year now. Its commitment is in stark contrast to the government's refugee policy, which is pressuring immigrants to leave the country. Yigal Shtayim recalls very well the moment he decided to stop looking away. 'It all started when somebody died in Levinsky Park, ' he said. 'We didn't know exactly who he was, we just knew he was African and thought he was a refugee. In the end, we discovered he was a homeless guy from Ethiopia. It was a cold winter and although the man was ill, he was sleeping outside. The artist Shtayim, the grandson of German Holocaust survivors from Berlin, was appalled - and ashamed - that no one was taking care of this man. 'Somebody dies, because no one takes care of him, ' he said. 'How can that happen in a prosperous country like Israel? ' Out of this shame and even more out of his anger towards the ignorance of some politicians and the prejudices of many fellow Israelis, Shtayim depicted the refugee situation on the Internet and asked others for help. Soon, the initiative 'Levinsky Soup' was founded. Initially, it simply provided food for refugees. In the meantime, activists also help supply clothing and support in dealing with authorities. They also want to help build up childcare. Shtayim's initiative has caught on.

'In a short period of time, we reached a great number of helpful people over the Internet, ' he said. Some helpers are there regularly, some for longer periods, some come just once - each volunteer does what he or she can. Every evening, Shtayim and his fellow campaigners provide refugees with a warm meal: a bowl of soup. 'The food is donated by two restaurants, ' he said. There are already some 50 men in line in front of the booth before the plates, cutlery and beverages are set out. At the beginning, we sometimes had over 800 refugees a day standing in line, now it's dropped to about only a small number of refugees, who are mostly from Eritrea and Sudan, are fed here. According to Israel's immigration office, there are some 60,000 refugees in the country. Most of them already entered the country a decade ago and have meanwhile established themselves despite their predominantly illegal status. In the last three years, the number of incoming arrivals has increased to some 2,000 people per month. The government under Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu resolved to take

action due to public sentiment for one, which has turned increasingly against the immigrants. But pragmatic reasons also play a role: there is simply not so much space in Israel. Netanyahu told a cabinet meeting last May that the 'phenomenon of illegal infiltrators' from Africa was extremely serious and threatening the security and identity of the Jewish state. If we don't stop their entry, the problem that currently stands at 60,000 could grow to 600,000, and that threatens our existence as a Jewish and democratic state, Netanyahu said.

Since the legislation, passed in January 2012, took effect, the number of immigrants has sunk rapidly. According to government figures, while 2,295 people crossed the border illegally in January 2012, only 36 got across in December. There are several reasons for this development. Last year, there were growing numbers of protests in Tel Aviv against illegal immigrants following a rape allegedly committed by a refugee from Eritrea. In May 2012, the tensions turned violent, with demonstrators smashing African shops and property, chanting 'Blacks out!'

Parliamentarian Miri Regev from the right-wing Likud Party last year called Sudanese refugees 'a cancer in our body' - though she later said her words had been misconstrued. But the claims that Israel was being flooded by refugees from Eritrea and Sudan came from all sides. There were calls to put an end to it and these sentiments did deter a number of potential refugees. Levinsky Soup celebrates its one-year anniversary One major move on the part of the government was constructing a new fence along the border to Egypt. Many refugees from Sudan had crossed into Israel across this border.

In addition, authorities have begun systematically pressuring 'infiltrators,' as they have been officially called, to leave the country. Last summer, the so-called Prevention of Infiltration Law took effect, which punishes asylum seekers for irregularly crossing into Israel. New arrivals and their children can be imprisoned for three years or more while officials determine whether they meet the criteria for refugee status - and this even through Israel is a signatory party to the UN Refugee Convention. It stipulates that no signatory state may expel or return a refugee 'in any manner whatsoever to the frontiers of territories where his life or freedom would be threatened on account of his race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group or political opinion.' In February, advocacy groups made it known that Israel had quietly repatriated hundreds of South Sudanese immigrants in recent months via third-party states, claiming the departures had been voluntary. Israel claimed that South Sudan's independence made it safe for the refugees to return, but advocacy groups report that back home, they have to fear for their lives.

To add to the problems, the authorities have moved refugees out of detention centers into the Tel Aviv neighborhood Hatikva, where Shtayim's Levinsky Soup is active. Once they've arrived, the immigrants are left to their own devices. They receive no accommodation, no food, no medical aid or money - and are not

allowed to work. Applications for asylum are useless. The authorities usually do not even accept them for processing. This is why Shtayim and his fellow campaigners see the need for their initiative. 'We're just Israeli citizens that care and we don't do this for any sort of personal advantage.' Donations are not possible, as the initiative does not have a bank account. 'It's better to buy a few kilos of rice, ' he said. 'Invest 50 Shekel (10 euros) and you can feed quite a number of people. That is wealth.'

Fourth excerpt

Until this week, Israeli media didn't know about Prisoner X, who reportedly committed suicide at a high-security prison in 2010. Now, the media is asking if he was involved in the killing of Hamas' Mahmoud Al-Mabhouh. An espionage mystery has engulfed Israel, not a cinema thriller but a very real tale. The whole country is talking about Prisoner X, who was held in Ajalon Prison, near Ramla in central Israel, reportedly from February 2010 until his death in December that year. The prison is reportedly one of the most secure prisons in the country - it was originally built to house the killer of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin. But on December 15, 2010, 'Prisoner X' was found dead in his cell. He is said to have committed suicide. The public, however, was not informed until this Tuesday (12.02.2013) , and only when the Australian Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) broke the story. ABC found that 34-year-old Ben Zygier, who changed his name several times and held both Australian and Israeli passports, was an agent of Israel's secret service, Mossad. Some Israeli politicians were furious. A prisoner, who is being hidden, kills himself and no one knows about it. How is that compatible with the rule of law? ' Zehava Galon, the head of an opposition liberal party, Meretz, asked while addressing the Knesset - Israel's national assembly. Benjamin Netanyahu wanted to stop the press from reporting on Prisoner X. The Israeli government managed to cover up the case for two years. And even once media organizations on the other side of the planet - along with social media networks - had begun discussing the prisoner's death, nothing appeared in the Israeli press. Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu had called the country's top editors and asked them to cooperate by withholding publication of information about the case, Israeli left-leaning newspaper Haaretz subsequently reported. 'We stirred up a weird situation here. The case was being reported abroad, everyone knew about it and yet reporting about it was still banned in Israel, ' the former head of Mossad, Danny Yatom, told daily paper Ma'ariv. Within a day of the revelation, this strangeness was recognized and the Israeli press were allowed to report on the story, Yatom added. On Wednesday (13.02.2013) , Israel confirmed the existence and death of the mysterious prisoner for the first time. He was an Israeli citizen who also had a foreign passport. He had a fake name for security reasons. No further details were provided by the government. It was clear from the ABC report that Zygier emigrated from Australia to Israel at the age of 24. He served in the Israeli military and later married an Israeli

citizen, with whom he had two children. There's no official information on when Ben Zygier was arrested or when he worked for Mossad - the precise nature of his work is shrouded in similar secrecy. Israeli media is speculating that he may have been involved in the killing of Mahmoud Al-Mabhouh, a senior member of Hamas, in the United Arab Emirates on January 19, 2010. Zygier is believed to have been imprisoned in February 2010, shortly after the Dubai killing. The media has also posited that he could have cooperated with the authorities in Dubai - making him a double agent. The police in Dubai filmed a group of men, who are suspected to be Mossad agents, making their way to Al-Mabhouh's hotel room. A little later, the Hamas leader was found dead inside. The Dubai police later released the real or fake passports with which the suspected Israeli agents entered the country - among them were German, Australian and UK passports. Zygier also had an Australian passport. Does that mean that Mossad primarily recruits people with dual nationality? That is a pretty established secret service practice, Avi Primo, the former Ambassador of Israel to Germany, told DW. It is clear that Zygier was arrested only a week after the events in Dubai and taken to Ajalon, a high-security prison.

Meanwhile, Dubai police head Dahi Khalfan denies that Zygier cooperated with his country's authorities. He doesn't say anything about whether Zygier was involved in the Al-Mabhouh case. 'No one knows what the truth is. It's all speculation,' Avi Primor said. The real reasons for the imprisonment of Ben Zygier in February 2010, the circumstances of the supposed suicide, and the motivation behind withholding his identity all remain unclear. Well-known lawyer Avigdor Feldman met Zygier shortly before his death. They were negotiating an agreement with prosecutors, Feldman told Israel army broadcaster Galei Tzahal. Just a day after Feldman spoke with Zygier, however, the prisoner was found dead. In December 2010, Zygier's body was flown to Melbourne and buried in the Jewish cemetery there, according to ABC.

Fifth excerpt

Organ trafficking is still a protected crime. Economic crises are creating a pool of desperate people who are willing to sell their kidneys for cash. Organ trafficking and illicit transplant surgeries have infiltrated global medical practice. But despite the evidence of widespread criminal networks and several limited prosecutions in countries including India, Kosovo, Turkey, Israel, South Africa and the US, it is still not treated with the seriousness it demands. Since the first report into the matter in 1990, there has been an alarming number of post-operative deaths of "transplant tour" recipients from botched surgeries, mismatched organs and high rates of fatal infections, including HIV and Hepatitis C contracted from sellers' organs. Living kidney sellers suffer from post-operative infections, weakness, depression, and some die from suicide, wasting, and kidney failure. Organs watch documented five deaths among 38 kidney sellers recruited from small villages in Moldova. Distressing stories lurk in the murky background of

today's business of commercialised organ transplantation, conducted in a competitive global field that involves some 50 nations. The World Health Organisation estimates 10,000 black market operations happen each year. The trade involves a network of human traffickers including mobile surgeons, brokers, patients, and sellers who meet for clandestine surgeries involving cut-throat deals that are enforced with violence, if needed. Many of the "kidney hunters" are former sellers, recruited by crime bosses into the tight web of transplant trafficking schemes. Sellers include poor nationals, new immigrants, global guest workers, or political and economic refugees recruited from abroad to serve the needs of transplant tourists in countries that tolerate or actively facilitate the illegal transplant trade. Until recently this all went unnoticed. There is considerable resistance among transplant professionals who see trafficking as relatively rare and which only takes place in third world countries. They were loathe to recognise the involvement of transplant trafficking schemes in the US as well as in South African hospitals - not to mention transplant tourism packages. Bioethicists argue endlessly about the "ethics" of what is actually a crime and a medical human rights abuse. In 2008, the climate of denial began to change when The Transplantation Society) and the International Society of Nephrology) , held a major summit which acknowledged organ trafficking as a reality. Moral pressure was then put on countries actively involved in organised and disorganised international schemes to recruit paid, living donors. Despite this, criminal networks of brokers and transplant trafficking schemes are still robust, exceedingly mobile, resilient, and generally one step ahead of the game.

Meanwhile, one economic or political crisis after another has also supplied the market with countless refugees that fall like ripe fruit into the hands of organ traffickers. The desperate, displaced and dispossessed can be found and recruited to sell a spare kidney in almost any nation. Human trafficking for organs is still generally seen as a victimless crime that benefits some very sick people at the expense of other, more invisible - or at least dispensable - people. And some prosecutors and judges treat it as such. In 2009, New Jersey federal agents arrested kidney trafficker Levy Izhak Rosenbaum as part of a larger police sting of corrupt politicians. Rosenbaum, a self-styled "matchmaker"; as he described himself in taped conversations, was caught trying to arrange the private sale of a kidney from a donor in Israel to an undercover FBI agent for \$160,000 (£100,000) .

The hospitals where the Rosenbaum operations were arranged were prestigious and despite it being illegal to trade organs in the US since 1984, many don't ask enough questions. Indeed, Rosenbaum claimed he was easily able to concoct cover stories. It's a lucrative business. Federal prosecutors couldn't believe that the trafficked organ sellers had been deceived or coerced into selling. Two years later Rosenbaum pleaded guilty to just three incidents of brokering kidneys for

payment despite admitting to having been in the business for over a decade. At his trial, Rosenbaum had a powerful show of support from transplant patients who arrived to praise the trafficker, and beg for his mercy. Only one victim of kidney selling testified - a young black Israeli, Elahn Quick - who was recruited by traffickers to travel to a hospital in Minnesota to sell his kidney to a 70-year-old man. Quick testified that he agreed to the donation because he had been unemployed, alienated from his community, and hoped a meritorious act would improve his social standing. However, just before he was anaesthetised he asked his "minder" if he could get out of the deal. The operation went ahead. The judge, perhaps moved by Rosenbaum's supporters, concluded that deep down he was a good man, and that Quick had not been defrauded; he was paid what he was promised. "Everyone", she said, "got something out of this deal". Illegal, clandestine kidney transplants depend on criminal networks of human traffickers preying on the bodies of both the desperately sick and poor. Prosecutions of traffickers and their associates — brokers, kidney hunters, and enforcers — is inefficient. Brokers are the most visible players but easily replaceable. Arresting and prosecuting a few of them, as has been the case, won't deter others from taking their place. While culpable, kidney sellers and transplant tour recipients are also victims of recruitment, deception and varying degrees of coercion. They can provide information, but should be treated as victims unless, as happens in some cases, they go on to also become part of the trade. Legislation and prosecution must instead focus on transplant professionals — the surgeons, hospitals, and insurance companies - that claim immunity by saying either that they can't police the trade, or that they are not responsible for monitoring what goes on behind the scenes, or that they've been deceived.

Transplant professionals were implicated in the Netcare scandal in South Africa after the company entered into a plea bargain and accepted a \$1.1m fine. The charges were related to 109 kidney transplants carried out between 2001-3. There were false declarations that donors were related and five operations in which the donors were minors, all against the company's own internal policy. One kidney specialist, Jeffrey Kallmeyer, accepted payments direct to his bank but later struck a plea bargain to avoid extradition from Canada. Organs Watch has many copies of letters that show how organised traffickers can be, how they keep schemes quiet and how they coach kidney sellers and transfer illicit payments. Professional medical sanctions against transplant surgeons who work with criminal organs trafficking networks are non-existent but could be very effective. They should lose their license to practice medicine and be prohibited from participating in transplant conferences. Regulation cannot come solely from within the transplant profession. Different laws and different jurisdictions make prosecutions of crimes that span international boundaries very difficult. The UN Global Initiative to Combat Human Trafficking must pay more specific attention

to organ trafficking, while other initiatives, such as those in the European Union, are to be applauded if we are to beat this illegal trade once and for all.

## TWENTY SIX

Historical glimpses of language dilemma in Afro-Arabic literature

Those artists and writers who happen to write, craft or wright any work of literature or art in a language other than their own vernacular are often censored on their genuine aims. An often question to be asked in such situations is, what motivates the decisions of such artists? The answer to this question is as long as the rich literary histories of this experience. They start with exemplifying Joseph Conrad who did not write in his vernacular of Polish nativity - the Polish. He settled in England and embraced English as his language of work and art. His famous racist book *The Heart of Darkness* was written in English. Milan Kundera chose French rather than His mother tongue, the Czech. Elias Canetti, whose native language is the exuberant Ladino later, opted for scholastic German. Canetti made these choices when he lived in England and partially in Switzerland. But for others, the decision to give up their mother tongue was not a choice at all but a cultural subjection which accompanied a colonial stampede.

This condition of self choice was only a European literary experience. But for the case of the colonized worlds like the Americas and others, it was inescapable that the language of art has to be an outcome of colonial education. For example, the abundance of literature in French and English that came out of West and North Africa in the wake of Anglo-Saxon as well as Anglo-Francophone century of colonial hegemony in Africa are bare testimony: Frantz Fanon, Naquib Mafouz, Tayeb Saleh, Muammar Gaddafi, Aime Cesaire, Assia Djebbar, Tahar Ben Jelloun, Camara Laye, and Léopold Sedar Senghor, to name just but a handful of them. Excuse me! Don't ask me what Muammar Gaddafi wrote. He wrote a lot in Arabic. But one of his works in English is *Escape to Hell*; in fact a prophetic write-up. Go and read it.

Something flabbergasting about these literary and artistic shifting linguistic allegiances is that the Globalectics of it all tend to give favour to the language that is culturally dominating others on the international scene. Thus, despite the great diversity of reasons and justification for writing in a foreign language, the writer's choice is always redolent of political and economic statement. Logically it

is a particular form of capitulation. This was precisely what prompted the Kenyan novelist Ngugi wa Thiong'o to abandon English and return to Kikuyu, his native tongue. Ngugi also argued in his essays *Decolonizing the Mind* that other African and Asian writers should follow suit and go back to vernacular writing, vernacular acting and even vernacular journalism.

Question; does creative expression in foreign or European languages always equal the rejection of personal culture and the embrace of an alien one?

Some of the answers to this question are inherent in the following brief literary exposition of an Arabic speaker in the Jewish world. The story is found in the work of the young novelist Sayed Kashua. The novel is entitled *The Native Speaker*. In this book Kashua raises question of language and self identity and the question of language and intellectual dilemma. Kashua is an Arab citizen of Israeli origin and a native speaker of Palestinian Arabic language. Kashua writes in Hebrew other than his vernacular Arabic. However, he is not the first to make such a wonderful intellectual leap. Anton Shammas, a Jew, also published in the *Arabesque* in 1986. But Kashua enjoys a unique position because his novels are more charged with social and political revelations than Shammas's. Kashua's literary angling shows that with the advent of the second intifada, the civil situation of Israel's Arab citizens has become more precarious and volatile than in the past.

The issue of which language owns the cultural value of novel or work of art is important to the understanding of the literary works of such writers like Kashua, Mafouz and others who have a different vernacular language but write in a foreign language. A protracted logic of this socratean inquest is that just as readers have a particular language as their own language may also claim some writers as their own. African readers for African writers and so forth. Even so a more commercial perspective of this premise is that in the whole world the Library shelves everywhere are organized by language, and so when one speaks of Arabic literature, the assumption is that it is a literature written in Arabic, about Arab characters. This means that a French writer who writes in Arabic only swells the volumes of Arabic literature not French literature. This is of course the larger theme of Kashua's work which has a concern that language in literature and identity in culture are intimately related.

However, a controversy comes in when we share the position of Chinua Achebe in his essay *An African Image; Racism in The Conrad's Heart of Darkens* that; the *Christian Science Monitor*, a paper more enlightened than most, once carried an interesting article written by its Education Editor on the serious psychological and learning problems faced by little children who speak one language at home and then go to school where something else is spoken. It was a wide-ranging article taking in Spanish-speaking children in America, the children of migrant Italian workers in Germany, the quadrilingual phenomenon in Malaysia, and so on. And all this while, the article speaks unequivocally about language. But then out of



the blue sky comes this: That Africans speak and write in European languages because there is no language in Africa. Perhaps what Africa has is primitive dialects.

Language in literature is an intellectual puzzle not only to Africans but its glimpses of dilemma are prevalent in the class struggle. This is barely seen even in the life and cultural times of Frantz Kafka. Kafka is another world class writer who was once been caught in the imbroglio of linguistic and national crossfire. Indeed, as a Jewish inhabitant of Prague, Kafka often experienced horrendous levels of anti-Semitism from fellow citizens of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This made Kafka one time to compromise himself into a sentimentality of self-abnegation by publicly declaring that he was not a Jew but instead a civilized German. On several occasions Kafka portrayed a literary lesson that sex with a Germany lady is more superior to having sex with a fellow Jewish lady. Although Kafka was a native speaker of Czech he always wrote in German, the language which to him was a connotation of the elite status or haute couture. A fellow European writer Max Brod, one time commented that life of Kafka was tormented by one agony throughout; this was Kafka's desperate desire to have sex with a German girl. Kafka is not alone. These are the same intellectual sentimentalities displayed by Leopold Sedar Senghor; Wole Soyinka and Dr. Mukhisa Kituyi. They echo the worlds of Kafka that European languages and values are to be treated with respect by non Europeans who in this case are Jews, Arabs, and Africans. Kafka often portrayed the despair of cultural clash. Setting non European protagonist onto a course that is against an anonymous and authoritarian system of world culture. A very funny Exemplification is that, the Kafka hero fights for survival in spite of being convinced of failure. In *Let it Be Morning*, when the narrator realizes that he has stocked enough food and victuals to last him for a week and even a fortnight, he observes; the thought that I've saved my family, so to speak, gives me a sense of victory. I quickly curb the feeling.

Kafka is the narrator in this juncture. The root cause of Kafka's resentment is his alienation. In a similar tempo, the comparative facts prevail that in negotiating for his place within Israel, Kashua in his Native speaker portrayed that he must often make a choice between silence and speech. This is why in an interview with *Ha'aretz* in 2004, Kashua said that to write in Arabic the way I speak it in a Palestinian-Israeli dialect is not possible. Only literary Arabic is used for writing and I don't know it well enough. The Arabic books that I read are in Hebrew translation.

This condition of Kashua is not new it is familiar to other writers from the Middle East and North regions have had their vernacular languages considered proper languages but instead are mistakenly referred to as dialects. But anyway, writing in the foreign language is not as simple as writing in a native language for Africans, Jews, Indians and Arabs. A foreign language has to be learned in schools and mastering it is a skill that requires some practice. Even if foreign

languages has given the world; Taha Hussein, Adonis, Naquib Mahfouz, Hanan Al-Shaykh, Ghassan Kanafani, Mazizi Kunene and many other brilliant writers, the reality is that it comes with a veneration of some form. In some sense has deprived Arab, African and Asian countries off a heritage of national literatures in vernacular languages. Writers like Driss Chraïbi in Morocco, Rachid Mimouni in Algeria, Amin Maalouf in Lebanon, Ahdaf Soueif in Egypt, and Sayed Kashua in Israel are people who could conceivably have written their novels in their native vernaculars but instead they have turned to French, English, and Hebrew as a mode of expression. Phenomenon that Ngugi wa Thiong'o describes as linguistic Darwinism.

A scholarly investigation into origin of all these will take us back to Achebe's *An African Image; Racism in The Conrad's Heart of Darkens* in which Achebe content that; Conrad did not originate the image of Africa which we find in his book. It was and is the dominant image of Africa in the Western imagination and Conrad merely brought the peculiar gifts of his own mind to bear on it. For reasons which can certainly use close psychological inquiry the West seems to suffer deep anxieties about the precariousness of its civilization and to have a need for constant reassurance by comparison with Africa. If Europe, advancing in civilization, could cast a backward glance periodically at Africa trapped in primordial barbarity it could say with faith and feeling: There go I but for the grace of God. Africa is to Europe as the picture is to Dorian Gray - a carrier onto whom the master unloads his physical and moral deformities so that he may go forward, erect and immaculate. Consequently Africa is something to be avoided just as the picture has to be hidden away to safeguard the man's jeopardous integrity. Keep away from Africa, or else! Mr. Kurtz of *Heart of Darkness* should have heeded that warning and the prowling horror in his heart would have kept its place, chained to its lair. But he foolishly exposed himself to the wild irresistible allure of the jungle and lo! The darkness found him out.

More lessons will come out if we link Achebe's beat in this essay to a further empirical observation that, given the region sizes, geopolitical importance, cultural and historical wealth of North Africa and the Arab world. The western world still have a distorted and misaligned picture mostly perpetrated by their conventional mind sets in the West are that the Arab world and Africa are not only the places where nothing ever happens, where life is not lived, where writers are not born, where language is in short supply, or where impressions are not formed. But as Samuel Shimon explains, authors in North Africa and the Arab world must also tally with preconceived ideas in order to be of any interest to Western publishers. The western publishers want afro-Arabic writers to explore the subjects that reflect matters like African, Islam or Arab women talking about domestic violence. These facts are not far in content and depth from Achebe's again in his *An African Image; Racism in The Conrad's Heart of Darkens* in which Achebe points out that; Conrad is book the *Heart of Darkness* projects the image

of Africa as the other world, as the antithesis of Europe and therefore a spectacular antagonist of civilization, a place where man's vaunted intelligence and refinement are finally mocked by triumphant bestiality. The book opens on the River Thames, tranquil, resting, peacefully 'at the decline of day after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks.' But the actual story will take place on the River Congo, the very antithesis of the Thames. The River Congo is quite decidedly not a River Emeritus. It has rendered no service and enjoys no old-age pension. We are told that 'Going up that river was like traveling back to the earliest beginnings of the world.

Perhaps to surmise and justify the conditions of North African and Arabic literature being communicated in the European languages we have again to revisit Franz Kafka and His friend secret disciple Vladimir Nabokov. Kafka was a German-language writer of novels and short stories. He was regarded by critics as one of the most influential European authors of the last century. Kafka strongly influenced genres such as existentialism and Surrealism. Most of his works, such as *Die Verwandlung* whose English version is *The Metamorphosis*, *Der Process* or *The Trial*, and *Das Schloss* *The Castle*, are all filled with the themes and archetypes of racial and cultural alienation. Physical and psychological brutality like Dostoyevsky's parent child conflict in the *Brothers Kamazov* blended to produce classical characterization on human binding vices like terrifying quests, labyrinths of evil bureaucracy, and mystical transformations that leave the poor ignobled and the rich ennobled. Kafka was born into a middle-class and German-speaking Jewish family in Prague. Prague was then part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Throughout Kafka's lifetime most of the population of Prague spoke Czech. However, this was tangible division between Czech and German speaking citizens. But both the language groups had an effect of strengthening the respective national identities. The Jewish community often found itself in between the two sentiments, naturally raising questions about a place to which one belongs. Kafka himself was fluent in both languages. Just the same way present day Africans and Arabs in the Euro-phone and an Afro-phone or Arabo-phone language. But uniquely Kafka considered German his mother tongue. Albert Camus and Jean-Paul Sartre are among the writers influenced by Kafka's works that were written in the foreign languages. This eminence of Kafka has made the term *Kafkaesque* to enter the English language usage as a description of surreal situations like those in Kafka's writings.

Another historical Benchmark under this dilemma is Vladimir Nabokov. He is a Russo- American writer, who substantially wrote in English but not in Russian. However his first writings were in Russian. But he came to his greatest literary distinction when he wrote in the English language. Due to this achievement

Nabokov's literary creativity and intellectual muscle he has been equated by European literary chauvinists to Conrad. But consciously, Nabokov viewed this as a dubious comparison, as Conrad composed in French and English. Scholarship on this has a version that; Nabokov disdained the comparison for aesthetic but not intellectual reasons, lamenting to the critic, Edmund Wilson, that "I am too old to change radically." This comment was viewed by John Updike as a jest of genius. Nabokov gained both fame and notoriety with his English written novels, *Lolita*, *Pale Fire*, *Invitation of a Small Creature* and the Vane sisters. But like Achebe Nabokov encountered with a lot of deficiencies inherent in the English language. He reacted to this linguistic void of the English language that; I have been forced to invent a simple little terminology of my own, explain its application to English verse forms, and indulge in certain rather copious details of classification before even tackling the limited object of these notes to my translation of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, an object that boils down to very little—in comparison to the forced preliminaries—namely, to a few things that the non-Russian student of Russian literature must know in regard to Russian prosody in general and to *Eugene Onegin* in particular.

#### References:

Chinua Achebe *An African Image; Racism in The Conrad's Heart of Darkens*

## CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

### THIS YEAR 2013; IS THE YEAR OF GREAT DEATHS

This year alone world society has lost more than ten great intellectual and political leaders. They have been lost to death in a deeply wounding manner. Human society has indeed been robbed. It is so sad. Three of the leaders have been Nobel laureates and the rest are leaders of intellectual, moral, political and spiritual stature in their respective capacities.

It began without any stampede in early part of the year some where March when Chinua Achebe, a Nigerian and Francis Davis Imbuga a Kenyan, both succumbed to early deaths caused by stroke. Rendering not only the citizens of world of literature, but also African society as well as global intellectual communities to the most desperate bereavement. Thereafter, within short while of the subsequent days, The Venezuelans president and Marxist intellectual, Hugo Chavez also succumbed to death caused by throat cancer. Even though the *Pravda*, the daily circulating paper of Russia contended that Chavez was poisoned; it is dismissible as only a Russian stand attributed to ideological hangover, because the *Pravda* also made similar allegations in relation to deaths of Yasser Arafat, Pablo Neruda and Frantz Omar Fanon, but it did not go a head

to establish the factuality of this very allegations.

What we know is that human life is in most cases contested for by the three spiritual forces of fortune, fate and death. As decried William Shakespeare in his *Romeo and Juliet*. This time round in the year 2013, the angel of death has dominantly reigned with its untimely consequences in form of fangled early death of our leaders. Herman Melville will remain classical in his concern in the *Moby Dick* about death that; O death! O death! Why are you untimely?

Sadder is when the Al shabab terrorists killed the Ghanaian born global literary citizen Kofi Owonor. Kofi Owonor the poet and author of *This world my brother* was among the people killed in Nairobi during the terrorist attack at the Westgate mall. Of course he had come to Kenya to celebrate in literary festival organised by a society of publishers in Nairobi. This is an eventuality of some month ago. In September 2013, the Irish born literary Nobel prize poet; Heaney Seamus died. He died prematurely when the world society most needed his service to literature and his literary service to human society.

A couple of some weeks ago again the world loosed two prominent artists, political leaders, human rights crusaders and intellectuals. These are none other than Doris May Lessing and Tabuley Rosseuru. Lessing was a white African living in London, literature Nobel laureate and a feminist as well as an anti apartheid crusader. She is known for her firm stand against communist utopia, championing for the courses against dehumanizing human behaviors like racisms, but mostly Lessing is known for her great literary works like; *the grass is singing*, *Golden Note book*, *Dann and Mara* as well as so many other works. Whereas Tabuley was an African Congolese, a musician, a businessman, once a husband to Africa's most beautiful songstress Bellia Belle. He was the composer and the vocalist of African Rumba music. His song *Bina Mudan* which we in Africa always pronounce as *Simbukinya* was actually an artistic and cultural bombshell. Tabuley has been a politician, who enjoyed a gubernatorial position of the city of Kinshasa for ten years (two terms) .

Most disastrous is the currently trial-some moment for the world community as they all commissarriate the death of Nelson Ila died early decemder 2013 at his home in the Johannesburg city of South Africa. The death of Mandela is an open sore to the society. It is a window for social, political, intellectual and family abyss in Africa. It is indeed a sad moment. But what can we do? For it has already happened. We can only swim in the consolation inherent the wisdom of the Babukusu people found in the western part of Kenya that; *Mis-brewed wine behooves volunteer carousers*. And truly, I have personally joined the world community to commit a poetical kamikaze in volunteering to drink this sour wine of god give us and our leaders in their diverse capacities long live. Amen.

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT

AFRICAN LITERATURE WITHOUT POETRY IS LIKE LOVE WITHOUT VAGINAL SEX

What is Mr. Literature?

Teacher! Our literature teacher is madam calypso

Student retort in callousness minus wily craft

Ok, what is literature? Now and again in Naipaul

A chauvinistic class teacher would ask

To her ambivalent students

Then a spray of answers;

Opposite of algebra

No, opposite of geometry

Uhm! Opposite of calculus

No, a school minus mathematical front

Or education without Asian and Arabic fibre

But to me literature without poetry

Is like love and love and love without vaginal sex.

A class teacher would continue to pose;

What is literature?

A ray of response kameth forth:

An afternoon lesson,

A lesson without mwakenya,

Kenyan students knoweth their sin

Sex hunting technology,

Time for male nap and female siesta,

In for sexually academic freedom and libidinous leeway,

Time for male sexual architecture and hips-beauty magnification,

Aesthetics of words, erotic letters and sexual scent of numbers

Time for boys and girls to couple into chick pairing and then whopsy!

But to me literature without poetry is like love without vaginal sex.

A sage would ask beyond mundane walls and foolish books

What is the balls-bearing skullduggery called madam literature?

By moving the vaginal center beyond boundary of virginal thighs

Concupiscent wet Girls and nuptially crepuscular dry boys

Whose wet vaginal mire and projectile testicular beckons

Are lovely wet and harpoon sharp in dual respect

Before female knowledge and male reason

Domain of claim both in black sex and white thought

But to me literature without poetry is like sugar without tea

Ahaaa! Noo! I have goofed like a black buffoon

Literature without poetry is like love without vaginal sex.

Apex of female life and sagacious wisdom

Will take you to the heroine vagina that begat heroine greatness

But after a plethora of he sex in the sheeness of black -cum- white;

He Big Money? No!

She Beautiful Women? No!

They University educations? No!

They Comely Looks? No!

He Snobbish Race? No!

Ok, what Then?

A male line of poetry is an entire land mark of female greatness

But to me literature without poetry is like love without vaginal sex.

What meaneth thou you mangy god?

Useless son and daughter of black Zinjathropus

What I meaneth is God's command; pliz put sex in love

One line of Okoli made P'Bitek permanent testicles

One line of falconer made Beats permanent Achebenizer

One line on knowledge made Alexander Pope a permanent Pyrene spring



One line of 'If' made Rudyard Kipling a permanent indo- black man's burden

One line on lit. Desertry made Taban Makitiyong Reneket L o Liyong a 'Liyong'

But to me literature without sex is like love and love without vaginal sex.

Boys and girls; you post-boys and you post-girls

Your male dicks and female boobs are too first in sense

They wholesome take to cosmetic music whose folly is folly of f\*ck

Go back to arduous poetry where your weird mothers and sage others came

Read Schiller, Pushkin, Shakespeare, Hugo, Cervantes, Soyinka and Tagore

But don't and don't have a dream of Doris Lessing to taste their testicles

She can't make six hundred sixty six concubines of David the psalteristic Jewish  
rex

But to me literature without poetry is like love without vaginal sex.

Drama is a she love messenger of literature

Orature the fairy tale-tellish grandmother of literature

Cyborature, wallorature and streetorature the he urban harmless literary thugs

But Prose and novel; sterile penis and virginal vagina of literary Globalectics

But to me, literature without poetry is like love without vaginal sex.

Chapter twenty nine

## WORRYING OVER BROKEN ENGLISH IN AFRICA, IS MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

This year has had plethora of public worries in Africa over broken English among the young people and school children. It first started in the mid of the last months in Nigeria, when the Nigerian government officials displayed public worry over the dying English and the strongly emerging slang known as pidgin English in Nigerian public offices and learning institutions. The same situation has also been encountered in Kenya, when in march 2014, Proffessor Jacob Kaimenyi, the minister of education otherwise known as cabinet secretary of education declared upsurge of broken English among high school students and university students a national disaster. However, the minister was making this announcement while speaking in broken English, with heavy mother tongue interference and insouciant execution of defective syntax redolent of a certain strong African linguistic sub-cultural disposition.

There is a more strong linguistic case of broken English in South Africa, which even crystallized into an accepted national language known as Afrikaans. But this South African case did not cause any brouhaha in the media nor attract international concern because the people who were breaking the English were Europeans of non British descend, but not Africans. Thus Afrikaans is not slang like the Kenyan sheng and the Nigerian pidgin or the Liberian krio, but instead is an acceptable European language spoken by Europeans in the diaspora. As of today, the there are books, bibles and software as well as dictionaries written in Afrikaans. This is a moot situation that Europeans have a cultural leeway to break a European language. May be this is a cultural reserve not available to African speakers of any European language. I can similarly enjoy some support from those of you who have ever gone to Germany, am sure you saw how Germans dealt with English as non serious language, treating it like a dialect. No German speaks grammatically correct English. And to my surprise they are not worried.

The point is that Africans must not and should never be worried of a dying

colonialism like in this case the conventional experience of unstoppable death of British English language in Africa. Let the United Kingdom itself struggle to keep its culture relevant in the global quarters. But not African governments to worry over standard of English language. This is not cultural duty of Africa. Correct concerns would have been about the best ways and means of giving African indigenous languages universal recognition in the sense of global cultural presence. African languages like Kiswahili, Zulu, Yoruba, Mandiko, Gikuyu, Luhya, Luganda, Dholuo, Chaka and very many others deserve political support locally as well as internationally because they are vehicles that carry African culture and civilization.

I personally as an African am very shy to speak to another fellow African in English or even to any person who is not British. I find it more dignifying to speak any local language even if it is broken or if the worst comes to the worst, then I can use slang, like blend of broken English and the local language. To me this is linguistic indicators of having a decolonized mind. It is also my hypothesis that the young people who are speaking broken English in African schools and institutions are merely cultural overtures of Africans extricating themselves from imperial ploys of linguistic Darwinism.

There is no any research finding which shows that Africans cannot develop unless they speak English of grammatical standards like those of the United Kingdom and North America. If anything; letting of English to thrive as a lingua franca in Africa, will only make the western world to derive economic benefits out of this but not Africa to benefit. Let Africans cherish their culture like the way the Japanese and the Chinese have done, then other things will follow.

## Chapter thirty

### WHY AFRICAN MEN HAVE GOOD DAUGHTERS THAN SONS

I have been reading the old copy of Saturday Nation, a week end edition of the daily nation in Kenya. It was published some weeks ago. It has some enticing feature stories that have made me to reflect on a certain family value in Africa. The three feature stories I have been reading are; Lupita Nyong'o stellar performance in the movie, 12 years a slave, in which she emerged a top

American actor, attracting in the same course the most coveted Oscar prize, I have also read in the same paper the shooting literature star of Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, an American based Nigerian writress, who had had her last book *Americana* win the American Booker Prize, and lastly, I have also ready a very captivating account of Wanjiku wa Ngugi's spellbinding debutante in her book, *The Fall of Saints*. Wanjiku account was written by Professor Evans Mwangi a Thiong'o literary scholar based in Newyork. Mwangi being a Ngugi wa Thiongi'o, scholar wrote this article because Wanjiku wa Ngugi is also a daughter to the world famous Kenyan novelist, Ngugi Njogu wa Thiongi'o.

In each of the three above cases, emanates a significant observation that the fathers to the respective ladies are great men in their respective capacity, and that the ladies mentioned are now obvious heirs to the family names, family intellectual domain and family selling point respectively.

Lupita is heir to professor Peter Anyang Nyong'o, Adichie is an heir to the African literary heritage of professor Chinua Achebe, and While Wanjiku is a promising successor to Professor Thiongi'o.

These are actually a crystallization of strange unfolding that time has now challenged old mindset among African societies. The mindset in which Africans have not been counting girls as family value has been there up to today. If an African man tells you that I don't have a family it means that he is expressing three connotations; he is not married, he is married but he does not have a children, or he is married but his wife have only been bearing him girls, because if anything; an African man is only responsible for siring sons, daughters are a mistake of the wife.

This typology of family civilization got to its peak in the mid of last year, when the Luo council of elders, hailing from Siaya County of Kenya, where Baraka Obama is rooted, expressed their open puzzle over Baraka Obama as per why he can't take his time to have sons. They are now organizing a delegation that will go to America to counsel President Obama over the matter that he needs to re-organize his posterity strategy other than thinking in terms of Sasha and Malia. What I mean is that Africans don't believe if at all family interests can be carried forward through a daughter. They don't believe if a girl can be an intellectual or command any wisdom that can go places. But realities from a historical experience that great African men don't sire great sons but instead they sire great daughters must make this society of male chauvinists to have a mental paradigm shift in relation to child valuation and recognition. To accept a social *déjàvu* that daughters have a big capacity to carry forward the family name than the previously mistaken notion that they are only sons who can do this.

Facts on the ground range from the case of Julius Nyerere, Kwameh Nkrumah, Malcolm X, Frantz Fanon, Richard Wright, Tom Mboya, Masinde Muliro, Nelson Mandela, Mutula Kilonzo, and Francis Imbuga just to mention a few African heroes. Justification of this list showing Africa's reversal of Prospero complex

abodes in the facts that; Susan Nyerere is currently the most outspoken in the Nyerere family. Similarly, Nkrumah's daughter is currently a politician in Ghanaian parliament and very promising politically. Betty Shabazz X was recently reported to have put Louis Farrakhan on the spot over the murder plot of her father the late Malcolm Ile Fanon Mendes is the director of human rights activist organization known as Frantz Fanon foundation. This is the organization which recently recognized Mumia Abu-Jamal with a prestigious prize. Mumia Abu-Jamal is an African-American writer and journalist, author of six human rights focussed books and hundreds of similar spirited columns and articles. He has spent the last three decades on racially biased Pennsylvania's death row. And now general population in America and in the world knows that Mumia Abu-Jamal was wrongfully convicted and sentenced for the murder of Philadelphia Police man, Daniel Faulkner. His demand for a neutral trial and unconditional freedom is enmassely supported by heads of state, Nobel laureates, human rights organizations, scholars, religious leaders, artists and bioethical scientists. All this is nothing other than universal singing of the tune in the poetic writings of Frantz Omar Fanon entitled Facts of blackness, through his daughter Mireille. And equally enough, those of you who have delved into posthumous family conditions of Richard Wright must have appreciated stellar performance of proffessor Julia Wright in respect to the genetic legacy of her father. Dr. Susan Mboya is currently living in South Africa and she is serving the society in the same tandem her late father Tom Mboya discharged anti-colonial service to the people of Kenya, Africa and world in de Muliro has Mrs. Namwalie Muliro and Mutula Kilonzo has Kethi Kilonzo. The point is that, just like all of other heroes in Africa, these two great politicians have their daughters; Namwalie and Kethi as the heirs to their political legacy.

This phenomenon is not unique to Africa. But it is a universal genetic condition. The study of genetics has a concept that inferior genes of the mother are passed through an X chromosomes in XY to the sons, while superior genes of the father are passed through an X chromosome of the XX to the daughters.

Just but to wind up my story I want also to counsel The Luo council of elders that president Obama, their son who lives in America does not have misplaced values in projecting his posterity through Sasia and Malia. Personally I am aware that as per now there is no any African boy at age of Sasha Obama that has ever read Yann Martel's Life of Mr. Pi. But in stark contrast the international media reported Sasha Obama to have vividly read this book until she commented to Baraka Obama that, 'daddy, this is a very good book'. And of course this is how an intellectual is made.

## Chapter thirty one

### WHY ARE EAST AFRICAN GRADUATES NOT MARRYING THEIR ACADEMIC EQUALS?

This essay is based on the observation research that had been carried out by a social research firm in Eldoret, Kenya, in the preceding six months, which has been concluded on 30th January 2014. I the writer of this essay was among the lead team that carried out this unobtrusively observed two thousand University graduates from east African states of Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania, Rwanda, Ethiopia, Sudan, and Burundi plus a few from some parts of target population of two thousand graduates was used under the guiding assumptions that it would help the study to arrive at water tight social problem of focus was that; why are male graduates in east Africa not marrying fellow graduates but instead go for marital partners who have substantially lower education qualification and even academic achievement.

The conditions of serendipity was also encountered and taken care of, when we also deviated from the natural social settings and charted with our digital social media friends who were approximately two thousand as were digital social friends from Facebook and twitter digital social platforms. We posted a thread in question form that; if you were marrying today, would you marry a girl you graduated with the same year? Eighty percent of the responses to this thread was no, only twenty percent was yes.

The actual situations in an empirical experience is that male graduates prefer marrying ladies who stopped schooling in high school, and male high school or diploma college graduates prefer marrying ladies who don't have clear high school male primary school leavers prefer marrying ladies with inferior social positions like those who come from poorer families or from different tribal

communities that are geographically, economically or culturally disadvantaged.

And in case where a male graduate dares to marry a fellow graduate, the dominantly observed social behaviour in this juncture is that; the boy will go for the girl in a different school or faculty that is perceived to be inferior within the university academic a student of medicine or law will go for a girl doing education or any University course perceived to be the observation produces insignificant cases of where a medicine student daring to marry a fellow medicine minor cases of where a medicine student dares to marry a fellow medic will only take place in a social fabric that the male student at fifth year level will go for a girl in first there is a social tilt.

When we asked for reasons in a non-obtrusive manner from our unsuspecting got both positive reasons and negative positive reasons our respondents gave are that in most cases girls who don't make it to the university happen to be more beautiful or their physique is more sexually appealing than those ladies who make it to the we projected this type of reasoning, we also found that ladies who are in schools like education, journalism or any other school perceived inferior in the cultures of the University are again more beautiful and more socially enticing than the girls doing University courses like law, medicine or of the respondents made a socially outlying remark by saying that girls at the polytechnic or certificate colleges are usually light in the skin, sexy in character and blessed with big or pronounced bossoms than ladies at the university. When we asked the negative reasons, our respondents argued that ladies from the university are not controllable, neither are they prepared to be controlled come even the marriage. Further argument for these behaviour by male graduates is that the University ladies are sexually exhausted, As they usually stay with a man in the hostel or in the cube during the four or the five years of their live at the University. Some even live with different men interchangeably, after which they divorce those many on the graduation er response is that University ladies have a proclivity towards social hangout behaviours like smoking, pinching or revving in the wine spree and loving the pocket but not the owner of the pocket.

This social phenomenon have imperative concerns that there is high level of genetic mismatch through marriages in east Africa or any other part of the world which east Africa can be socially generalizable to in such particular ate ladies are often forced to marry as second wives, or marry non graduate husbands or stay as a single mother but playing a mistress somewhere, a social behaviour described as mpango wa kando or chips funga in the the east African Kiswahili parlance. Such social encounters have a long term consequences of fettering the genetic potential of the family in terms of we conform to a warning by an eminent American psychologist that; ninety percent of academic brilliance is

contained in the genes but not influenced by environment we then obviously concur with the findings of this study that if a graduate marries a graduate there is a guarantee for academic performance among the offspring, but where a graduate marries a non graduate, academic performance among the offspring is either mediocre or findings of this study also fall in technical tune and intellectual tandem with the observations of Lee Kuan Yeow in his book; From the third world to the first world in which he pointed out that; failure by the male graduates from Universities in Singapore to marry the fellow female graduates was an impeachment to development as the ultimate consequence of these social behaviours is unnecessary inhibition of good genetics at a macroeconomic level. The conclusive position of this study is that University leaderships in Africa, with a particular focus on east Africa, must inspire new University culture that has a turnaround effect on this behavioural status reality is that male graduates behave like this out of a dominance syndrome not out of anything technically y, let our graduates change their marriage behaviour so that we can substantially protect our genetic advantages.

References;

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## CHAPTER THIRTY TWO

### VLADIMIR PUTIN IS A GLOBAL FACT, IT IS OBAMA WHO IS A WEAKNESS

Alexander K Opicho

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In response to the United States versus European Union deliberations on Ukrainian- Russian stalemate that were concluded on 25th may 2014 at Brussels, in which President Barrack Obama looked at the Putin's political behaviour in global set up of the postmodern era as a weakness, I beg to take my position within my capacity as global citizen, to go contrary to this stand of Barrack Obama by positing that President Vladimir Putin is a fact of global urgency, but instead it is Obama who suffers from universal class intellectual deficiency often observed as insensitive rhetoric but branded as unmatched



eloquence.

Firstly, let me give the sequential enumerations of facts which validate my position and hence this discourse. Barely the facts are; Ethnicity, Islam, terrorism, Guantanamo prison, Sino-African relations, Arab-springs, politics and human psychology and American political culture as state and an international citizen.

President Obama has always refused and rejected his ethnic connexion with Africa, he always refer to Africa as the land of ancestors. This is a stand that has most irritated Africans. Both in Africa and in the diaspora. Obama never learned a simple pre-industrial wisdom that every man needs ethnic identity for positive reasons. Because as per now Obama still stands as a Kenyan and as well as an American. This connotes a political fact that he is neither a complete Kenyan nor an absolute American in terms of political emotionalism. The empirical position of all these abode in the fact that there are a thousand and one Americans who feel politically belittled to be led by a first generation African American. Thus, a leadership fact has to be indentified in this juncture by inferring that, their voter consciousness as Americans is not fit to be crystallized as emotional resource to be enjoyed by Obama politics. In a sharp contrast Vladimir Putin has acquired substantial political strengths from positive recognition of Russian ethnicity. Putin recognizes Estonia, Crimea, Georgia, Serbia, Moldova and all small and poor lands around Russia in terms of ethnic connection to Russia. He calls these lands as the dear burial grounds in which Russian military heroes were buried. In a comparison, America has a lot of racial connection with Africa, but president Obama has earnestly worn blinkers on this. He only looks at Africa skeptically as a land of injured civilization in which terrorists abode. He has been wrong. African folk wisdom has a lesson that, you may not need your tribe in peace, only to need it in war.

Why did president Obama masquerade as a Muslim when he was vying for his first term? Moslems feel that he duped them only to turn around and kill their leaders. In Islam it is a heinous sin to pose as a Muslim when you are not one. President Obama mobilized the plotting which had to occasion the killings of Muammar Gaddafi and Osama Bin Laden. These two incidents fuelled high strength in anti-American feelings among the societies of the Arab world. Reasons are that both Gaddafi and Bin Laden deserved fair trial the same way Henry Kissinger was not tried when he perpetrated macabrous mass killing in Vietnamcong war. Muslim community least expected financial and ideological funding of the political hullabaloo known as the Arab Spring, through which heroic Moslem leaders were killed, to come from Obama government. But the contrary was surprisingly a fact. The meaning of this is that, in this tussle of show of mental mighty between Putin and Obama, All African and Arab states are behind Putin, China is behind Putin. Maybe it is Tanzanian and Ghanaian presidents who are in Obama camp, but not the Moslems in Tanzanians and

Intellectuals in Ghana. The perceived rationale for this positioning inter alia is that the Number of North African Moslems in Guantanamo prison is the highest of all the detained terrorist suspects.

China is all over Africa today; African schools are teaching Chinese languages with passion more than they do with English language. The University of Nairobi in Kenya, has established the most prestigious Kungu Fu tze institute. Students in this institute are more self-confident and hopeful than those in schools of English and literature. China has designed a special business city for Africans, known as the chocolate city. Africans are more dignified in this city than their counterparts in es in Chicago of today still taste a vestigial pepper of negative racism on daily basis. All these conditions have graduated into appalling status from George Bush high school to Barrack Obama state University. These at times confirm the Russian Joke that Barrack Obama is an avatar of George Bush without a Nobel Prize. A political condition not evident during the Reagan and Clinton administration. Obama did not benchmark the shrewd equation of Vladimir Putin; good politics is equal to putting people at center stage.

Psychology of politics has a theory that being eloquent is not a connotation of political effectiveness. It may be sheer rhetoric. This is not a necessary variable for effective policy formulation and implementation. History of politics also has a testimony in confirmation of the same. The French society goofed when it fell victim of Napoleon eloquence, same to the Germans when they became emotional captives of Adolf Hitler due to the razor sharp garrulousness of Adolf Hitler, which he adopted when selling Nazi values to German voters. In Africa Tanzania is the poorest country without hope of initiating any development this century. And all this is a preposterous protégé of utopian communalism planted through eloquent tools of prosaic socialism wielded by the articulate Julius Nyerere. The American society has also gone into annals of history to have collectively failed in its political choices as a national society by succumbing to rhetorical but policy insensitive conference management knack of the one Barrack Obama. These have happened in a capitalist conduit in which capitalism is killed by its success, just the same way which ignorance is never murdered but at most commits suicide.

## CHAPTER THIRTY THREE

### RUSSIA MUST SPARE UKRAINE SOME PEACE FOR THE SAKE OF TARAS SHEVCHENKO'S DREAM ABOUT UKRAINIAN LITERATURE AND STATEHOOD

Let me climb the intellectual bandwagon of Chamara Sumanapala of the Sunday Nation in Sirilanka, to recognize a world literary fact that Taras Shevchenko was the grandfather of literature that paid wholesome tribute to Ukrainian nationalism. In this juncture it has to be argued that it is ideological shrewdness that has taken Russia to Crimean province of Ukraine but nothing like justifiable law and constitutionalism. Let it also be my opportune time for paying tribute to Taras Shevchenko, as at the same time I pay my homage to Ukrainian literature which is also a cultural symbol of Ukrainian statehood. Just like most of the European gurus of literature and art of his time, Taras Shevchenko received little formal education. The same way Shakespeare and Pushkin as well as Alexander Sholenystisn happened to receive education that was clearly less than what is received by many children around the world today.

Like Lucanos the Greek writer who wrote the biblical gospel according to saint Luke, Taras Shevchenko was Born to parents who were serfs. Taras himself began his life being a slave. He was 24 years a serf. He spent only one fourth of his relatively short life of 47 years as a free man. The same way Miguel Cervantes and Victor Marie Hugo had substantial part of their lives in prison. Nevertheless, this largely self-educated former serf became the headmaster, the guru and fountain of Ukrainian cultural consciousness through his paradigmatic literature written basically in the indigenous Ukrainian language. He was a prototype in this capacity given that no any other writer had made neither intellectual nor even cultural stretch in this direction by that time.

And thus in current Ukraine of today, Taras Shevchenko is a national hero of literature and collective nationalism. But due to the prevailing political tension between Ukraine and Russia, his Bicentenary on March 9,2014 was marred by hoi polloi of dishonesty ideology and sludge of degenerative politics. For many us who derive pleasure from literature and diverse literary civilizations we join the community of Ukrainians to remember Taras Shevchenko the exemplary of patriotism, Taras Shevchenko the poet as well cultural symbol of complete state of Ukraine.

There is always some common historical experience among the childhood conditions of great writers. In the same childhood version as Wright, Fydor, Achebe, Nkrumah, Ousmane and many others, Shevchenko was born on March

9,1814 in Moryntsi, a small village in Central Ukraine. His parents were serfs and therefore Taras was a serf by birth. At the age of eight, he received some lessons from the local Precentor or person who facilitated worshippers at the Church and was introduced to Ukrainian literature, the same way Malcolm X and Richard Wright learned to read and write while in prison. His childhood was miserable as the family was poor. Hard work and acute poverty ate up the lives of the family, and Tara's mother died so soon when he was nine. His father remarried and the stepmother treated Taras very badly in a neurotic manner. Two years later, Taras's father also passed away. Just in the same economic dirt poverty ate up Karl Marx until the disease known as typhus killed her wife Jenny Westphalian Marx.

The 19th century Russian Empire was largely feudal, Saint Petersburg being the exception, just like the current Moscow. It was the door and the window to the West. Shevchenko's timely and lucky break in life came when his erratic landlord left for Saint Petersburg, taking his treasured serf with him. Since, Taras had shown some merit and knack as a painter, his landlord sent him to informally learn painting with a master. It was fashionable and cool for a landlord to have a court painter in those days of Europe. However, sorrow had to build the bridges in that through his teacher, Shevchenko met other famous artists. Impressed by the artistic and literary merit of the young and honest serf, they decided to raise money to buy his freedom out of serfdom. In 1838, Taras Shevchenko became a free man, a free Ukrainian and Free European.

As it goes the classical Marxist adage; freedom gives birth to creativity. It happened only two years later, Taras Shevchenko's collection of poetry, Kobzar, was published, giving him instant fame like the Achebean bush fire in the harmattan wind. A kobzar is a Ukrainian string instrument and a bard who plays it is also known as a Kobzar. Taras Shevchenko also enjoyed some literary epiphany by coming to be known as Kobzar after the publication of his collection. He was dutifully speaking of the plight of his people in his language, not only through music, but even poetry. However, there were unfair and censoring restrictions in publishing books in Ukrainian. But lucky enough, the book had to be published outside Russia.

Shevchenko continued to write and paint without verve. Showing considerable merit in both. In 1845, he wrote 'My Testament' which is perhaps his oeuvre and best known work. In his poem, he begs the reader to bury him in his native Ukraine after he dies. Not in Russia. His immense love for the land of his birth is epitomized in these verses. Later, he wrote another memorable and compelling piece, 'The Dream', which expresses his dream of a day when all the serfs are free. When Ukraine will be free from Russia. Sadly, Taras Shevchenko came to his demise just a week before this dream was realized in 1861.

Chamara Sumanapala wrote in the Sirilanka Sunday Nation of 16 march 2014

that, Taras lived a free man until 1847 when he was arrested for being a member of a secret organization, Brotherhood of St Cyril and Methodius. He was imprisoned in Saint Petersburg and later banished as a private with the Russian military to Orenburg garrison. He was not to be allowed to read and paint, but his overseers hardly enforced this edict. After Czar Nicholas II died in 1855, he received a pardon in 1857, but was initially not allowed to return to Saint Petersburg. He was however, allowed to return to his native Ukraine. He returned to Saint Petersburg and died there on March 10, 1861, a day after his 47th birthday. Originally buried there, his remains were brought to Ukraine and buried in Kaniv, in a place now known as Taras Hill. The site became a symbol of Ukrainian nationalism. In 1978, an engineer named Oleksa Hirnyk burned himself in protest to what he called the suppression of Ukrainian history, language and culture by the Soviet authorities.

## CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR

### LITERATURE CAN THRIVE WITHOUT PROFESSORS BUT PROFESSORS CANNOT THRIVE WITHOUT LITERATURE

In response to a sardonic essay written in the recent Saturday Nation by Professor Ekara Kabaji, wryly disregarding the position of Kwani in the global literary movement within and without Kenya, I beg to be permitted a leeway to observe that any literature, orature, music, drama, cyborature, prisonorature, wallorature, streetorature, sculptor or painting can effortlessly thrive and off course it has been thriving without professors of literature, but the reverse is not possible as a professor of literature cannot be when literature is not there. Facts in support of this position are bare and readily available in the history of world literature, why they may not be seen is perhaps the blurring effects from tor like protuberant irrelevance of professors of literature in a given literary civilization. A starting point is that literature exists as a people's subculture, it can be written or not written like the case of orature which survive as an educative and

aesthetic value stored in the collective memory of the given people. The people to be pillars of this collectivity of the memory are not differentiated by academic ranking for superlativity of any reason, but they are simply a people of that place, that community, that time, that heritage, that era and that collective experience. Writing it down is an option, but novels and other written matter is not a sine qua non for existence of literature in such situations. This is not a boleka of literature as Professor Ekara Kabaji would readily put, but it is a stretch towards realism that it is only people's condition that creates literature. Poverty, slavery, colonialism, sex, marriage, circumcision, migration, or any other conditions experienced as collective experience of the people is stored or even stowed away in the collective memory of the people as their literature. Literature does not come from idealistic imagination of an educated person. Historical experience of written literature informs us that the good novels, prose, drama and poetry were written before human society had people known as professors of literature. I want you my dear reader and You-Tube audience to reflect on the Cantos of Dante Alighieri in Italy, novels of Geoffrey Chaucer in England, Herman Melville and his Moby Dick in Americas, poetry of Omar khwarisim in Persia, Homeric epics of Odyssey in Greece and the Makonde sculptures of Africa and finally link your reflections to Romesh Tulsi who grafted the Indian epic poetry of Ramayana and Mahabharata. At least you must realize that in those days literature was good, full of charm, very aesthetic and superbly entertaining. This leads to a re-justification that, weapon of theory is not useful in literature. University taught theories of literature have helped not in the growth of literature as compared to the role played by folk culture. Keen observation will lead you dear reader, down to revelations that; professors of literature squarely depend on the thespic work of the people who are not substantially educated to make a living. Let me share with you the story about Dr. Tom Odhiambo who went to University of Witwasterand in South Africa for post graduate studies in literature only to do his Doctoral research on books of David G Maillu. Maillu is a Kenyan writer, he did not finish his second year of secondary school education but he has been successfully writing poetry and prose for the past three decades. His successful romantic work is After 4.30, probably sarcasm against Kenyan office capitalism, while his eclectic, philosophical and scholarly work is the Broken Drum. Maillu has many other works on his name. But the point is that Dr. Odhiambo now teaches at University of Nairobi in the capacity of senior lecturer in Literature. What makes him to put food on the table is the effort of un-educated person in the name of David Maillu. mbo himself has not written any book we can mention him for, apart from regular literary journalism he is often involved in on the platforms of the Literary discourse in the Kenyan Saturday Nation which are in turn regular Harangues and ripostes among literature teachers at the University of Nairobi, the likes of Dr Siundu, Proffessor wanjala Chris and Evans Mwangi just but to mention by not

being oblivious to professors; Indangasi and Shitanda.

No study has yet been done to establish the role of university professors on growth of African literature. One is overdue. Results may be positive role on negative role, myself I contemplate negative role. Especially when I reflect on how the African literati reacted on the publication of Amos Tutuola's book *The Palm Wine Drinkard*. The reactions were more disparaging than appreciative. Taban Lo Liyong reacted to this book by calling Amos Tutuola the son of Zinjathropus as well as taking a self styled intellectual responsibility in form of writing a more schooled version of this book; *Taking Wisdom up the Palm Tree*. Nigerians of Igbo (Tutuola being a Yoruba) nation cowed from being associated with the book as it had shamefully broken English, broken grammar etc. Wole Soyinka had a blemished stand, but it is only Achebe who came out forthrightly to appreciate the book in its efforts to Africanize English for the purpose of African literature. Courtesy of Igbo wisdom. But in a nutshell, what had happened is that Amos Tutuola had taken a plunge to contribute towards written literature in Africa.

One more contemplated result from the research about professors and African literature can be that apart from their role of criticism, professors write very boring books. A ready point of reference is deliberate and reasonless obscurantism taken Wole Soyinka in all of his books, Soyinka's books are difficult to understand, sombre, without humour and not capable to entertain an average reader. In fact Wole Soyinka has been writing for himself but not for the people. No common man can quote Soyinka the way Achebe's *Things Fall Apart* is quoted. Achebe wrote *Things Fall Apart* when he had not began his graduate studies. However, he did not escape the obvious mistake of professors to become obscure in the *Anthills of the Savanna*, the book he wrote when he had become a proffessor. This is on a sharp contrast to entertaining effectiveness, simplicity and thematic diversity of *Captain Elechi Amadi*, Amadi who studied chemistry but not literature. He does not have a second degree, but his books from the *Concubine*, *The great Ponds*, and *Sunset in the Biafra* and *Isibiru* are as spellbinding as their counterparts in Russia.

Kenyan scenario has Ngugi wa Thiong'o, he displayed eminence in his first two books; *Weep not Child* and *The River Between*. These ones he wrote when he was not yet educated, as he was still an undergraduate student at Makerere University. But later on Ngugi became a victim of prosaic socialism, an ideology that warped his literary imagination only to put him in a paradoxical situation as an African communist who works in America as an English teacher at Irvine University. His other outcrops are misuse of Mau Mau as a literary springboard and campaigning for use of Kikuyu dialect of the Gema languages to become literary *Lingua Franca* in Kenya. Such efforts of Ngugi are only a disservice to Kenyan literature in particular and African literature collectively. Ngugi having been a student of Caribbean literature has failed to borrow from global literary

behaviour of Vitan S. Naipaul. Ngugi's position also contrasts sharply with Meja Mwangi whose urban folksy literature swollen with diversity in themes has remained spellbinding entertainers.

The world's literary thirsty has never failed to get palatable quenching from the works of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Robert Louis Stevenson, Shakespeare, Alice Munro, Octavio Paz, Pablo Neruda, John Steinbeck, Garcia Marquez, Salman Rushdie, Lenrie Peters, Cyprian Ekwenzi, Nikolai Gogol, I mean the list is as long as the road from Kaduna to Cape town. Contribution of these writers to global literature has been and is still critical. Literature could not be without them. Surprisingly, most of them are not trained in literature; they don't have a diploma or a degree in literature, but some have won literature Nobel Prize and other prizes. Alfred Nobel himself the author of a classical novella, *The Nemesis*, does not have University education in literature. What else can we say apart from acceding to the truth that literature can blossom without professors, the *Vis-à-vis* an obvious and stark impossibility.

## CHAPTER THIRTY THREE

Literary value in Africa's benchmarking of Gabriel Garcia Marquez's magical realism

Given the apparent magical surrealism that the month of April is the month of fate and death of writers, artists, dramatists, philosophers and poets, a phenomenon which readily gets support from the cases of untimely and early



April deaths of Max Weber, Miguel de Cervantes, William Shakespeare, Francis Imbuga, and Chinua Achebe, then wisdom of the moment behooves me to adjure away the fateful month by allowing me to mourn Gabriel Jose de la Concordia García Márquez by expressing my feelings of grieve through the following dirge of elegy:

You lived alone in the solitude  
Of pure hundred years in Colombia  
Roaming in Amacondo with a Spanish tongue  
Carrying the bones of your grandmother in a sisal sag  
On your poverty written Colombian back,  
Gadabouting to make love in times of cholera,  
On none other than your bitter-sweet memories  
Of your melancholic whore the daughter of Castro,  
Your cowardice made you to fear your momentous life  
In this glorious and poetic time of April 2014,  
Only to succumb to untimely black death  
That similarly dimunitized your cultural ancestor;  
Miguel de Cervantes, a quixotic Spaniard,  
You were to write to the colonel for your life,  
Before eating the cockerel you had ear-marked  
For Olympic cockfight, the hope of the oppressed,  
Come back from death, you dear Marquez  
To tell me more stories fanaticism to surrealism,  
From Tarzanic Africa the fabulous land  
An avatar of evil gods that are impish propre  
Only Vitian Naipaul and Salman Rushdie are not enough,  
For both of them are so naïve to tell the African stories,  
I will miss you a lot the rest of my life, my dear Garbo,  
But I will ever carry your living soul, my dear Garcia,  
Soul of your literature and poetry in a Maasai kioondo  
On my broad African shoulders during my journey of art,  
When coming to America to look for your culture  
That gave you versatile tongue and quill of a pen,  
Both I will take as your memento and crystallize them  
Into my future thespic umbrella of orature and literature.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, an eminent Latin American and most widely acclaimed author, died untimely at his home in Mexico City on Thursday, 17th April 2014. The 1982 literature Nobel laureate, whose reputation drew comparisons to Mark Twain of adventures of Huckleberry Finny and Charles Dickens of hard Times, was 87 of age. Already a luminous legend in his well used lifetime, Latin

American writer, Gabriel Garcia Marquez was perceived as not only one of the most consequential writers of the 20th and 21st centuries, but also the sterling performing Spanish-language author since the world's experience of Miguel de Cervantes, the Spanish Jail bird and Author of Don Quixote who lived in the 17th century.

Like very many other writers from the politically and economically poor parts of the world, in the likes of J M Coetzee, Wole Soyinka, Nadine Gordimer, Doris May Lessing, Octavio Paz, Pablo Neruda, V S Naipaul, and Rabindranath Tagore, Marquez won the literature Nobel prize in addition to the previous countless awards for his magically fabulous novels, gripping short stories, farcical screenplays, incisive journalistic contributions and spellbinding essays. But due to postmodern global thespic civilization the Nobel Prize is recognized as most important of his prizes in the sense that, he received in 1982, as the first Colombian author to achieve such literary eminence. The eminence of his work in literature communicated in Spanish are towered by none other than the Bible, especially in its Homeric style which Moses used when writing the book of Genesis and the fictitious drama of Job.

Just like Ngugi, Achebe, Soyinka, and Ousmane Marquet is not the first born. He is the youngest of siblings. He was born on March 6, 1927 in the Colombian village of Aracataca, on the Caribbean coast. His literary bravado was displayed in his book, *Love in the Times of Cholera*.

In which he narrated how his parents met and got married. Marquez did not grow up with his father and mother, but instead he grew up with his grandparents. He often felt lonely as a child.

Environment of aunts and grandmother did not fill the psychological void of father and mother. This social phenomenon of inadequate parenthood is also seen catapulting Richard Wright, Charles Dickens, and Barack Obama to literary excellence. Obama recounted the same experience in his *Dreams from my father*.

Poverty determines convenience or hardship of marriage. This is mirrored by Garcia Marquez in his marriage to Mercedes Barcha. An early childhood playmate and neighbour in 1958. In appreciation of his marriage, Marquez later wrote in his memoirs that it is women who maintain the world, whereas we men tend to plunge it into disarray with all our historic brutality. This was a connotation of his grandmother in particular who played an important role during the times of childhood. The grandmother introduced him to the beauty of orature by telling him fabulous stories about ghosts and dead relatives haunting the

cellar and attic, a social experience which exactly produced Chinua Achebe, Okot P'Bitek, Mazizi Kunene, Margaret Ogola and very many other writers of the third world.

Little Gabo as his affectionate pseudonym for literature goes, was a voracious bookworm, who like his ideological master Karl Marx read King Lear of Shakespeare at the age of sixteen. He fondly devoured the works of Spanish authors, obviously Miguel de Cervantes, as well as other European heavyweights like; Edward Hemingway, Faulkner and Frantz Kafka.

Good writers usually drop out of school and at most writers who win the Nobel Prize. This formative virtue of writers is evinced in Alice Munro, Doris Lessing, Nadine Gordimer, John Steinbeck, William Shakespeare, Sembene Ousmane, Octavio Paz as well as Gabriel Garcia Marquez. After dropping out of law school, Garcia Marquez decided instead to embark on a call of his passion as a journalist. The career he perfectly did by regularly criticizing Colombian as well as ideological failures of the then foreign politics. In a nutshell he was a literary crusader against poverty. This is of course the obvious hall marker of leftist political orientation.

Garcia Marquez's sensational breakthrough occurred in 1967 with the break-away publication of his oeuvre; One Hundred Years of Solitude which the New York Times Book Review meritoriously elevated as 'the first piece of literature since the Book of Genesis that should be required reading for the entire human race. The position similarly taken by Salman Rushdie. Marquez often shared out that this novel carried him above emotional tantrums on its publication. He was keen on this as his manner of speech was always devoid of la di da. So humble and suave that his genius can only be appreciated not from the booming media outlets about his death, but by reading all of his works and especially his Literature Noble price acceptance speech delivered in 1982.

Alexander Opicho

## Ethnicity Vs. Liberation

They are poor all over, without food and knowledge,  
Heavily siphoned off life means, by one of their own,  
And they love him most, with readiness for religion  
Of his sire as they nerve up to kill democracy  
With arrows and bows that comes from  
Any honesty leader that his blood reads  
A different DNA.

alexander opicho

# Experimenting With Life In Poverty

Life of a man in poverty is pure experiment,  
It effortlessly starts in the morning on each day  
Swaddled in acuteness of despair and hope,  
Hoping to pass on food for breakfast and lunch  
Without test of agony in hunger pains; wistfulness  
As drive for opportunity of super is forcefully atomic,  
Projecting for bliss in posterity without education,  
As paranoia of a merchant awaits disillusionment,  
Pumping into regular snags from fortune creation,  
As economic powers that be fix final nails  
to the coffin, in which rests twist of fate,  
Hoping for global relations to succor the times  
As self reinforced poverty fetters all experiments,  
Happening to be in the pauper's laboratory,  
Converting everything all into poverty's turf.

alexander opicho

# Fear

The problem of fear is not fear itself  
As once sang the English bard,  
Its adversity unto humanity  
Is good news in a full dress,  
Grip of fear is a tarzanic state of man  
Blurring boundary between humanity and animality,  
Makes often false facts to appear real unto one  
In its obvious turf of folly nourishing domain,  
Fear kills a man umpteen before final death  
Conjuring its state of victim to impaired mind,  
Pushing one effortlessly towards erred choices  
Sucking intelligence totally out of the body,  
Leaving the man a pitiable cognitive imposto

alexander opicho

# Ferguson: Shoot The Poor Out Of America

Violent Death of shooting to death  
by the official police in America  
of one: Brown Mike, in Ferguson Missouri  
is not mere case of another nigger dead,  
it is impeachment on universal humanity  
in its classically misplaced dint of evil racism,  
as Ferguson jostles with all racist mighty  
to shoot the poor folks out of America,  
why poverty Irritates the Americans,  
is a classic question devoid ready retort,  
when its social policy is the virgin buttocks  
from which the poor of Americas are sired,  
don't kill the poor because they are poor,  
give them frame work to move up,  
as the poor will never go, whatsoever,  
no force of ill will can remove the poor  
from the elegant face of rich America,  
shooting and shooting wont clear the beggars,  
pan handlers or whatsoever the wretchedness  
from the wallowing mire of American democracy,  
Give the poor a chance to leave  
their time for succour will come perhaps  
not obviously from American governance  
but God of the poor has time for all of us.

Alexander Opicho

# Five Sisters In Search Of A Common Husband

## MY FAVOURITE TERRORIST

He is not Osama Bin Laden,  
With his dreams to smash  
The twin towers at the world  
Ignobling and poverty siring  
Center in the navel of New York,  
Nor Samantha the white widow  
Her apparition at the Nairobi  
West Gate Mall left Kenyans  
Sober of their traditional  
Corruptible tribal fancies,  
Not Adolf Hitler falsely accused  
Of baptizing the Jews in the gas  
Chambers, to clean the Reich,  
Nor Mussolini the head boy of Italy  
That visited Ethiopia in a full swing  
Of murderous Fasciola for empire setting,  
Nor Henry Kissinger that shaved the face  
Of the earth free from curse of Asians,  
Nor Muhammar Gaddafi with his Lockerbie  
bull shit as if he was a she man of  
The Arabia in the Maghreb of Africa,  
nor the scrofulous sheikhs at Mombasa that hover  
the city at coastal strip with pockets full of terror  
tools as if they never shot baby Osinya in the  
head and left active bullet stuck in his brain,  
after killing brutally its mother in the church,  
they are the German colonial terrorists that  
went to Namibia and killed one million Hereros  
and Namagua peasants not in war but for the sake of  
skulls to be used as specimens for medical research in  
Aryan Laboratories in Berlin and Frankfurt, he is  
Not an anonymous biochemist that created HIV virus  
In the anonymous laboratory in the anonymous country,  
In the anonymous continent, for the anonymous arsenal  
Targeting anonymous duffers having no brains to survive  
biological arsenal as education made them supercilious fools,  
They are not the three British colonial Museketeers



That came to western kenya, i mean William Grant,  
Gunter Wagner and Charlese Hobley with a new  
General purpose machine gun, then they crushed  
The bukusu community peasants into smithereens of flesh,  
Leaving behind torrents of human blood flowing  
Rivuket like into the lake of Queen Victoria as part of  
Bush clearing to establish Kenya as a colony,  
He is not Benjamin Netanyahu the prime panjandrum  
Cum burlesque potentate of the stolen lands of Arabs  
Who perfects land thievery by vising ruthless rape  
And mass destruction of the Arab nations in Gaza,  
They are not the Rwandese tribesmen of Hutu and Tutsi  
That stupidly killed one another in genocide  
To a whooping number of a million humanlings for no reason  
Nor unreason but because they are a confirmation,  
Of Hitlers testimony that religion, education  
And attempts to seize modernity make a black man  
More of an animal than a human being, heil Fuhrer!  
But ergo, instead my favorite terrorist is a European  
With no faith, nor ideology, nor ambition,  
His name is Mehmet Ali Agca of Turkey,  
He perfectly demystified catholic papacy to  
A human reality, he shot wojityla Karol,  
Three times in the holy stomach, tummy or abdomen,  
Just as Ronald Reagan got his share of politics  
But less than John F Kennedy who just committed suicide,  
And Tom Mboya of Kenya an half-backed Machiavellian  
Who kissed suicide in the broad day light between  
Cockcrow and chick roost on the streets of Nairobi,  
And Robert Ouko plus Stephen Adonkosi they tested their  
Uncircumcised penis in the anus of giant fox, Ghee,  
It had black ants, weevils, bed bugs, termites and maggots,  
Mehmet Ali Agca shot Pope John Paul II in the stomach,  
For no reason, for no foolishness, for no wisdom, for no  
Objective, for no bias, for no payment, for no return, for no  
Gain, for no loss, for no Islam, for no Hinduism, for no  
Ideology; capitalism nor sovietism utopian or prosaic,  
For no explanation, for no indecipherable, for no love,  
For no hatred, for no master, for no servant, for no squire,  
For no knight, for no picaroon, for no sage, for no empire  
For no colony, for no science, for no fantasy, for no Satanism,  
For no holiness, for no education nor dis-education, for no culture,

Nor cult, for no democracy nor timocracy, for no polyarchy nor autarchy,  
For no anarchy nor civility, for no monarchy nor duarchy, for no oligarchy  
Nor plurality, for no matriarchy nor patriarchy, for no grievances nor bliss,  
For no vendetta nor offense, for no drama nor glumsiness, for no future no past,  
Why he shot at the pontiff lurks as a lull for the nerves of europe  
As the pontiff never died nor even suffer a fetter on the occassion,  
Like an immortal among the angelic worth of worthies he got a station  
To reign as paragon of anti redist espionage, a Bolshevik buster  
Among snakes of Warsaw with vims to them to shed off  
Sloughs of red power; the suave communism,

### GRAMMAR OF POLYGAMY

Marry divorce marry divorce marry divorce  
Is another name of Western polyandry?  
For honesty of a man is fathomed  
But cheaply in the number of women  
Under his roof in wifely duties,  
Man is women and a woman is children,  
Children is future, future is tyranny of  
Numbers, tyranny of experts, a chance arrow in  
The archer of your womb, your waistline, your  
Social policy, your originality, your confidence,  
You're in-gullibility in ideology, your wariness  
Against only money but not women,  
For women will chase you when you chase cash,  
For when you chase women, cash will vamoose out  
Of your purse, wallet, pocket, horn, account, hole, box.  
Give women what gods gave you to give them,  
Never feed women on proceed of your sweat and labour,  
The size of your penis is not a bother but how to use it,  
Penetrate slowly, effectively, smoothly, relaxed, fearelssly,  
Procrasnatingly, juxtaposingly, permutatively, fondlingly,  
Caressingly, pamperingly, warmingly, deeply, caringly,  
Exploringly, anxiously, stylishly, acrobatically,  
Poetically, musically, alphabetically,  
Numerically and passionately  
For the sake of a woman, women,  
Wives,

## ANCESTORS ARE WATCHING

They are watching you the Western man,  
As you struggle and toiling in science,  
To get a life giving drug, permanent life,  
Not ready to join your foremen in the realm  
Of dead relatives, as if the world of the living  
Is a perfect state for man to live, but no?  
Eternity of man is the land of the dead,  
Fear not death you western man and woman,  
Life in death mocks luxuries of America,  
Your ancestors all giggle at you for  
Your folly in fear of death,  
Let me sing to you;  
I am ready to go,  
I will not wait  
Because of silver  
And gold,

## A BILLION IDLERS

A hymn to the lovers of fortune,  
Money, riches, power and material glory  
Don't you need slaves for your further fortune?  
Working your yards in creation of wealth and property,  
Look, a billion black persons are idling job seekers  
Roving here and there in Africa in no duty nor hope of it,  
Powers that be hired them not for their tribes are not kinly kith,  
Their will to work is vitiated by ethnic incongruity to a man in power  
Muscles of their eyes and hands will soon go back to nature without  
Adding value to world's welfare nor economic fortune to mankind,  
Hurry quickly, hurry in a stampede you wise man of the east.

Rush to Africa for sweet succulent in this idle labour  
Kindly run their dear money maker to save  
Poor sons of a black man from  
The political curse of  
Inevitable idling,  
Run,

#### LOVE SONG TO DEATH

Death, come pick me to your abode  
My love for you is burning in my flesh,  
Come and put me in your arms a crest your  
Sweet passion and caress me down my nakedness  
Into the grave, the ante chamber of your nuptial  
Night love o death tell me exact time of your  
Happenstance, for life without death is unto me  
Love and love without sex,

#### AFRICA IT IS YOUR TURN

I hate a son who refuses to walk  
Like a Danzig warmer of the tin drum,  
More so in a black skin like a toad in love  
Africa, your ugliness is more trenchant on your poverty,  
Stand up and walk in all directions beyond your whine,  
Others have danced on the global stage is now your turn,  
Blame neither colonialism nor your neighbours for the scars  
Always heal; slavery is a healed scar beyond your fanciful  
Victimhood, Africa the lazy newt, frog, slug, snail, alligator,  
In a digital world of modern civility, your poverty is reeking,  
It is your turn to walk tall and reign, to sing to the world  
A chant of the sleeping lion un-being the pregnant cat,

## TRUMPISM

He began as a sharp image of American commerce,  
As a merchant of California, newyork and Columbia  
Like a miracle, Donald Trump went to the top at the apex  
Of money and glory the dual virtues of American dream,  
Now he boils like a volcano with the mires of white conscience,  
To riotous salute by clagues and republicans of the white world,  
A treat to which man is feasted on the irrationality of politics,  
Seeing open hatred seducing votes and support across the states,  
And among continents as in Europe and Australia Trumpism is a hot cake,  
Perhaps the heart of a white man is warmly solaced on slavery of otherness,  
Social sadism that will never go even beyond Hitler, Mussolin and Trump,  
As poverty in India and HIV in Africa makes a Nordic-Aryan a queen in the heart,  
Breaking into a song and dancing for Trumpism the color of their passion,  
Blind to the truth that America is one because of forced diversity in humanity;  
The Negro blood of Alex Haley, The Irish blood of Kennedy, the Jewish blood  
Of Einstein, the Italian blood of Iaccoca, The homosexual blood of Whitman and  
Thoreau, the stupid blood in Islam of Malcolm X, the cowardice blood of Luther

King Jnr.

The Gay blood of Mike Jackson, miserable blood of Indians, the stranded blood of the Chinese,  
Brave blood of Rosa Parks, the Murderous blood of Henry Kissinger, the arch-picaroon  
Blood of the Bushes, the democratic blood of Clinton, the sorcerous blood of Reagan,  
The communist blood of Barrack Obama, the Chimpanzee blood in the veins of Michelle  
Obama, the beastly blood of Mike Tyson, The Turkana blood of Ben Carson, the Humorous  
Blood of Richard Wright, the imbecile blood of Snowden, the renegade blood of Vladimir Nabokov, the Moralist blood of Ayn Rand, the Gikuyu blood of Ngugi wa Thiong'o, the  
Ku Klux Klan blood of all white Americans, the pantherous blood of black Americans,  
The terrorist blood of Muslim Americans, the mendacious blood of the Jews in Satan's  
Synagogue, the exclusionist blood in the veins of republicans, the beggars blood of the  
Migrants, the adulterous blood of Monica Lewinsky, the hen-pegged blood of Bill Gates,  
The Racist blood of the virgin Branson, the literary blood of west african-americans, and the  
Frivolous blood of native red Indians, are the penis, scrotum, the testicles, urethra, the sperm,  
The vagina, the uterus, the fallopian tube, the ovary, the menstrual blood, the libido,  
The orgasm, the permissive vulva, the penetrative head of the erect penis, the bumbing buttocks,  
The gyrations of the waist, the deeper introduction of the penis, the dual orgasmic ecstasy, the spontaneous ejaculation of the spermatogonia, and the chance rendezvous with ripe ovule,  
That combines and blends, to sire the strong America, the rich America, the imperious America,  
The atomic America, the cultured America, the intellectualized America, the technical America,  
The food sure America, the dollarized America, the stable America, the soviet keelhauling America,  
The China crushing america, the Germany spying america, the Anglo-mocking america, the Africa fucking america, the Cuba kissing america, the Korea thwacking america, the Mexico farting america, the France teasing america, the

Arab fixing america, the Israel duping america, the Egypt  
Springing america, the Gaddafi Murdering america, the Osama slaughtering  
america, the Mugabe  
Beguiling America, the nuclear powered America, the arsenal peddling America,  
and the Vatican  
Dissembling America but not the forthcoming Trumpism that hates Africans, that  
worships black  
slavery, that hates Islam foolishly, that suffocates migrants with despair, that  
hates the chinese, that will leave Israel on its own to languish forlornly under  
horrendous terror of the quran, the oil power, the Persian nuclear, and the Arabic  
animosity in the land of Palestine.

Alexander Opicho

# Frau Ohne Freiheit Fur Gewissen

Sie ist erst vor heiraten  
Zu ein Holunder im Dorf,  
Gerade noch im Alter von vierzehn  
Aber danach sie klitoris,  
Auf traditionell rituell von Maasai  
Wiel afrikanisch mann streng  
Heiraten Jungfrau wer er bescheiden,  
Sie begin ihr tag am morgen  
Mit verkehr bei tagesanbruch,  
Dann sie sprung vor der Bett,  
Und direct sie gehen fur besen,  
Sie haben ein kinder auf ihr Ruckeseite,  
Dann sie gehen draussen au kuhstall  
Sie begin melekn die kuh ahnlich der fabric  
Dann sie gehen au kuche  
Zu Koch Tee fur ihr mann  
Wer ist schlafend im der haus  
Danach ihr mann haben tee trinken,  
Sie gehen draussen fur next kempf  
Sie begin wasche kleider  
Von ihr mann und die schwiegereitern,  
Weil afikanisch frau gehoren zu gemeinschaft  
Aber nicht zu individuell mann.  
Sie wasche der kleider ohne bendenken,  
Dann mittagszeit klopfes  
Sie gehen au der kuche zu Koch  
Dann ihr mann essen ahnlich schwein,  
Abend kommen fur ihr ein pause machen,  
Die kinder still auf ihr Ruckseite  
Sie jetzt hinstzen die kinder auf Bett,  
Wo ihr mann ist still schlafend,  
Wann sie beginn ausiehn sich  
Ihr mann auf Bett gehen Libido  
Er stossen sie auf der Bett,  
Und sprungen auf ihr Buste  
Ohne kussen, er eindringen ihr,  
Tief und tief er eindringen ihr  
Ahnlich ein klotz von Holz.  
Ihr liebe ist ahnlich diese zeiteleute,



Fur diese frau wer haben nicht  
Freiheit fur gewissen sosehr sie kempf.

\*\*\*\*\*Vergnugen\*\*\*\*\*

alexander opicho

# Freiheit

FREIHEIT

By

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Freiheit ist nicht Rassismus  
Es ist nicht Stammes  
Nicht Korruption und Verdonbeit  
Nicht Sklavenbent  
Es ist Freiheit

Freiheit ist Ausbildung  
Ist gute Klima  
Durchschnitt Reichtum  
Nicht Oberhoheit absolut  
Es ist Freiheit

Freiheit ist dialogisch  
Es ist multilogisch  
Nicht monologisch  
Es ist Teilnahme  
Es ist Freiheit

Alexander Opicho

# Gabriel Garcia Marquez

You lived alone in the solititude  
Of pure hundred years in Colombia  
Roaming in Amacondo with a Spanish tongue  
Carrying the bones of your grandmother in a sisal sag  
On your poverty written Colombian back,  
Gadabouting to make love in times of cholera,  
On none other than your bitter-sweet memories  
Of your melancholic whore the daughter of Castro,  
Your cowardice made you to fear your momentous life  
In this glorious and poetic time of April 2014,  
Only to succumb to untimely black death  
That similarly dimunitized your cultural ancestor;  
Miguel de Cervantes, a quixotic Spaniard,  
You were to write to the colonel for your life,  
Before eating the cockerel you had ear-marked  
For Olympic cockfight, the hope of the oppressed,  
Come back from death, you dear Marquez  
To tell me more stories fanaticism to surrealism,  
From Tarzanic Africa the fabulous land  
An avatar of evil gods that are impish propre  
Only Vitian Naipaul and Salman Rushdie are not enough,  
For both of them are so naïve to tell the African stories,  
I will miss you a lot the rest of my life, my dear Garbo,  
But I will ever carry your living soul, my dear Garcia,  
Soul of your literature and poetry in a Maasai kioondo  
On my broad African shoulders during my journey of art,  
When coming to America to look for your culture  
That gave you versatile tongue and quill of a pen,  
Both I will take as your memento and crystallize them  
Into my future thespic umbrella of orature and literature.

Alexander Opicho

# Gedich Von Trost

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Du sie sehr spat meine freund  
Wo war du vor sie reich?  
Sie reich von verweiflung  
Im welche du walzen  
Ahnlich die sklaven in sklavensch  
Wer kahn singen dein lied?

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

# God Solves Gaza Dispute

All lines are controversial  
Average performance is extremely intelligent,  
My answer to the riddle is this God never wrote fables  
In the bible, Qur'an, Gita, Ramayana, Dini ya Musambwa  
Nor anything you will mention that amount to mankind's  
Mental peregrinations in search for God.  
Jewish literature in the form of the bible  
Is strongly successful as a misleading literature  
And firmly founded in racial prejudice.  
Similarly the Qur'an is Arabic adjustment  
Of Jewish literature in the bible.  
The Apocryphal of them all is enigmatic.  
The sons of Asia are dangerously gifted in literature  
And their epics often form religion, think of Tagore's poem  
That became Indian nation anthem,  
Karl Marx's das kapitel that became revolutionary religion  
Blue print or even Gautama's sermons recited by Jesus Christ  
Six hundred years later as a sermon on the mountain.  
Now; to me Asians must stop racial chauvinism  
And accept humanity as there are very many human beings  
Who are living away from Jerusalem and are prosperous  
Both economically and spiritually, take a case of Vatican.  
In my faith therefore, God himself  
will give Jerusalem to African immigrants in Palestine and Israel,  
Because Abraham was a refugee in Africa,  
Ishmael was born in Africa; Jesus was a refugee in Africa  
And even a Libyan; Simon the Cyrene helped him  
To carry the ominous Roman cross, doen to Calvary  
Thus, Christianity is founded on the innocent misery of an African race.

alexander opicho

# Grammar Of Polygamy

Marry divorce marry divorce marry divorce  
Is another name of Western polyandry?  
For honesty of a man is fathomed  
But cheaply in the number of women  
Under his roof in wifely duties,  
Man is women and a woman is children,  
Children is future, future is tyranny of  
Numbers, tyranny of experts, a chance arrow in  
The archer of your womb, your waistline, your  
Social policy, your originality, your confidence,  
You're in-gullibility in ideology, your wariness  
Against only money but not women,  
For women will chase you when you chase cash,  
For when you chase women, cash will vamoose out  
Of your purse, wallet, pocket, horn, account, hole, box.  
Give women what gods gave you to give them,  
Never feed women on proceed of your sweat and labour,  
The size of your penis is not a bother but how to use it,  
Penetrate slowly, effectively, smoothly, relaxed, fearelssly,  
Procrasnatingly, juxtaposingly, permutatively, fondlingly,  
Caressingly, pamperingly, warmingly, deeply, caringly,  
Exploringly, anxiously, stylishly, acrobatically,  
Poetically, musically, alphabetically,  
Numerically and passionately  
For the sake of a woman, women,  
Wives,

Alexander Opicho

# Gunshots In Kapedo!

There are now gunshots in Kapedo,  
Everyplace in engulfed in nothing else  
But gunshots and gun smokes, gun thunder,  
They began just like the Bargoi Massacre,  
With killing of harmless policemen  
On regular patrol, for civility,  
You killed them  
When they are in the prime of their careers,  
Then my dear brothers you killed them,  
The twenty and one policemen,  
You took off with the government guns  
What a primitive crime?  
To steal and hide within  
The domain of your predator,  
Your folly has now opened the can of worms  
A Pandora box, ceaseless fire!  
Bullets and sandbags are raining on you,  
All over in Kapedo, is bloodshed,  
Curfews and military operations,  
Hunger, starvation and thirst,  
O! No, social isolation,  
Reign on you with no ruth,  
And forlornly you stand in askance,  
With no food, goat meat nor animal blood,  
Your women are nor raped,  
As you look on,  
Your elders get flogged,  
They moan like desert swine,  
Kapedo is now moaning in a groan,  
Like a motherless child,

Which way Kapedo? Which way!  
As cattle rustling is no longer a culture  
The culture venerated in the times before,  
As struggle to marry to a virgin,  
It is now criminal  
Punishable by military operation,  
Burning houses and elderly lynch,  
Don't try,

Throw down your loincloths,  
Throw away your rusted guns,  
Dumped on you by wily traders,  
Take up pens and books,  
Run to school you Pokots in Kapedo  
Before it is sunset,  
Take your neighbours along;  
Turkana, samburu and Tugen,  
Let them throw away arrows and bows,  
Given unto them by crude culture,  
Let them also come to school,  
Let them come and read Shakespeare,  
Binyavanga Wainaina and Chimamanda,  
Their age mates already floating the crests  
Of literacy, oracy, intellectualism and profits of peace,

Put down guns and plant trees,  
Plant sorghum along the river banks of Turkwel,  
Plant millet and maize,  
Irrigate them to thrive,  
Harvest them  
Grind them into flour,  
And make posho, pound Ugali  
Eat it with seasoned goat meat,

Ignore your elders and the political leaders,  
Calling you to be armed for ethnic reasons,  
That you rustle cattle on their behalf,  
Ignore your expensive virgin ladies,  
They are expensive for no reason,  
Three hundred goats per one,  
In a traditional dowry ceremony,  
Go to school and marry from there,  
Girls in college are beautiful  
They smell good with perfume of Nivea,  
They don't smell sweat of a pastoralist girl,  
They know how to make love,  
And they are cheap in dowry cost,  
Dowry for them is chipsey,  
Dowry for a college girl is not big  
It is only five Irish potatoes, five waruus,



Come to school Kapedo and all pastoralists,  
Come to school and stop your bush life.

Lodwar, Kenya.

Alexander Opicho



ruth,  
Puncturing the breasts, uterus and bladders, spilling and splashing blood on each  
gunshot,  
Human wailing, crying, hysterical running, farting, falling, and brute of the gun's  
cannon  
Gripped the town in a flower of curling dark smoke from burning tires,  
Gunmen walked from door to door in a feat of amok anger,  
Asking names of each person on their way  
To decipher out the tribe or the clan  
Lest they mayhem a native son  
Instead of the non- local  
Which they are bound to kill  
By dutifully releasing  
Deathly bullets  
Into the head  
Of emoit.

alexander opicho

# Have You Seen A Chinese?

Yes, you are only asking the answer  
I have seen the Chinese, not only one  
But I have seen very men of them,

They are all over in African villages  
Working in the hinterland of Africa,  
All of them I haven are short  
Non of them is old nor tall  
All of them are short and middle aged,

Their women are not sexually attractive,  
They all have small eyes, they walk confusedly,

I have seen very many today in the most remote hamlets  
Doing everything for Africans, as if Africans are kings,  
Some are digging latrine holes, some are digging graves  
Some are building village wells, some are country bridges  
Some are selling roasted maize, some are selling pepper  
Some are hunting rats, some are trapping snakes,  
I have seen one in the toilet downloading loudly  
Another one in the lodging uploading silently,

The Chinese I have seen are doing everything for us,  
Does it mean now Africans are a race of kings.

alexander opicho

# Heimekehr

HEIMEKEHR

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Meine lieb ist kommen heime  
Mene susslich kinder ist kommen  
Ist auf die kehle kommen  
Meine gute junge ist kommen heime  
Meine gute tochter ist kommen heime  
Meine jungen leute sie kommen heime  
Diese Sonntag meine sohn ist kommen  
Weg raumen zweibel von meine auge  
Diese montaf meine tochter ist kommen  
Weg raumen stumpfsinning von meine leben  
Diese Dienstag meine sohn ist kommen  
Weg raumen hunger von mein mangel  
Diese mtiwoch meine sohn ist kommen  
Weg raumen ungeschutzt von meine korper  
Diese Donnerstag von domeine jungen kommen  
Weg raumen schand von meine gesicht  
Diese Freitag meine tochter ist kommen  
Weg raumen qual von meine hertz  
Diese Samstag meine jungen kommen  
Weg raumen armut von meine leben  
Diese woche meine retter ist kommen  
Weg raumen verzweiflung von meine leben

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

# How I Mourned Madiba

HOW I MOURNED MADIBA IN EXCESS

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Rationality is antediluvian  
Emotionalism is post napoleon  
Shrewdness comes with the queen  
Slyness a game of head boys  
Strength ist meine Kampf  
Bad dirgical mourning is mine  
The dark son of Africa  
My billow is love for humanity  
Giving a dick the tick where it is due  
Mourning heroes of the world  
That battled for songs of freedom  
In which cradled I the son of zinjathropus  
To day Nelson Mandela is born  
He is sired a new and again anew  
Not the son of a chief but humbly  
In humility as son of humanity

alexander opicho

# Humanity Of Jesus Christ

he was borne by a woman  
the one Mary from the Jewish royal blood line  
he was conceived and carried in the womb for nine months  
shamefully conceived in the immoral razzmatazz before marriage  
conceived out side the wedlock in a fornicatory stretch  
which the Jewish casuistry has circumlocuted around  
only to call immaculate conception; what a puzzle?  
Joseph the cuckold from a poor wood working Jewry  
was pinned down by spiritual powers that be  
through erotic angelicality of the airy Gabriel  
to accept pregnant Mary with her pregnancy  
for she was royal only doing him a favour  
to extend her olive leave of marriage  
for the Jewish royal don't marry paupers  
lest they commit the sin of miscegenation  
catholically annotated the sinful misselliance,

he was born and grew up in full testimony of calls of nature;  
pissiful micturation, open defecation, breathing,  
and yawning in response to pangs of hunger  
physically deformed in the left leg  
as his slender and tall body walked with a pronounced limb  
crossing the deserts and sand tunes of Palestine  
as he went to India in the University of Taxixashila  
to read the epical poems of Ramayana and Mahabharata  
as well as the sayings of Buddha Gautama  
that had been extant for six centuries before Christ was born,  
it is by reading Gautama that he got the blessed poems  
of humility and mental powerfulness whose famous line  
is blessed are they who are poor for them shall inherit the earth.

He walked back on his deformed leg in a pronounced limb  
to Nazareth a colony of Rome and buried himself in the deep read  
reading the Mosaic thespic work of Job in the fictitious land of Uz  
and the psalteric poems of the Machiavellian King  
often known as David of Jesse who owned all the Jewish womenfolk of his time,  
he read the poems of David with heart and head in his Jewish vernacular  
this is where he got the poem of agony on the Roman cross  
Which he sang; o lord o lord why have you forsaken me?

he read the Greeks and their diverse stuff in his youth hood anxiety  
untill he clocked twenty-six then his father Joseph the carpenter  
succumbed to death caused by typhus others say due to stress of poverty  
this is when Mary the widowed was declared a woman of the devil  
in the full observation of the Jewish Bombazine  
for her was no option but to stay in the bush for three years  
Then the family buck stopped at Christ's s table  
in his full capacity as the elder son  
in the family of Joseph the late and Mary the widow,  
the buck which he goofed to manage  
then his two brothers James and John  
chose to scavenge for the means of family survival  
through which they became chariot drivers  
for the local bourgeoisie Joseph of Aramathea  
they left the most young of them Yude son of Joseph  
to keep and pamper their bereaved home  
which he did but in the full flare of his temper  
as why Jesus the elder brother roamed around in gadabout bliss  
when the home was to be managed by him whatsoever  
As the evening came James and John came back home  
they found Yude lonely and sombre in the pangs of hunger  
they hurriedly set on the table some food for him  
the food they had carried from their employer  
Joseph of Aramathea; what a fortune so scanty?  
From the blues Jesus surfaced with nothing in his hands  
his eyes sunken the salient features of a hungry lazy man  
he tried to get a share from the portion of Yude  
But whoopsy! Yude removed the plate and Jesus goofed the psaw!  
Yude slapped Jesus with the cyclopic Mighty  
as he warned him not to roam around lazily  
only to roost a hungry stomach at home in the evening  
Jesus staggered in a dint of ire and he cursed  
to go to Jerusalem for ever not to come back  
to which Yude retorted in a riposte;  
'You carry way your laziness to Jerusalem  
and you will never come back  
for the lazy people will never survive in Jerusalem'

Jesus went away after the food based squabble with his brother  
he met the twelve friends that he called disciples and one girl friend  
Mary his mother's namesake otherwise known as Magdalene



with whom Jesus fell in love with all compassion of a man  
in confirmation of the African pearl that; even the wise and the king  
also bend under the pressure of love,  
Jesus had no silver nor coins to lavish Magdalene with  
in the usual stampede of love among the young ones  
But his magics were his sole resource, he exorcised her free  
the seven deadly demons and confirmed to her his protege  
of resurrection of which he did free of charge to rise Lazarus  
from the grave, Lazarus the brother of Mary Magdalene  
as a magnanimous persuasion for love

Alexander Opicho

# Hunchback Of Africa

## THE HUNCHBACK OF AFRICA

He lives in a big city  
In a big bungalow  
With all of his henchmen  
And henchwomen  
He puts on big sun-glasses  
He has bushy beards  
On his back a clenched hunch  
Protruding menacingly  
Like a lethal bombshell  
His skin is Negro dark  
His face is frog wrinkled  
He forgot indigenous tongues  
But he is a master of spoken French  
Don't mention the queen's English  
He is a bad news,  
He is shrewd and corrupt  
With avarice for money  
He loves women, women, them women  
Hot mistress is his domain  
He loves European alcohol  
His public office  
Is a private personal bar  
With all types of wines haute couture;  
Vodka and whisky  
John walker and cappuccino  
Champagne and cognac  
Smirnoff and viceroy  
Chang'aa but in a skulk,

He has nothing to do with men  
Only his two sons and brother in-laws  
His sons bear European names  
Aristocratic European names;  
Knappert and Otto von Guericke  
Mussolini and Harold,  
He reads not African literature  
On the claim that they are whimsical  
But he reads white African writers;

Lessing and Macgoye  
Coetzee and Nadine  
Ruark and Blixen,  
His shelves are woodlots  
Of European classics  
Classics of Palimpsest nature;  
From Hugo to Dumas  
Fyodor to Tolstoy  
Cervantes to Austen  
Maugham to Friedrich Schiller  
Pushkin to Bernard Shaw,

The hunch back of Africa gets broke mid-month  
He goes for bank overdraft  
A mistress snatches him to zero anew  
He clicks and curses the damn wench,  
But he consoles in the prompt flick  
Wine can't be sweet without those wenches  
As he drives his white jalopy  
A ramschackled beetle shaped Volkswagen,

He has ever nursed a Germany dream  
To go to Germany and come back strong  
To reason strong like the sons of Bundeslander  
To come to Germany and pluck out  
The rump of a hunch from his back,

He expects nothing from a man  
Especially men from other African tribes  
Other than bribe and praise  
Any form of praise sends him berserk with jubilation  
Any form of bribe sends him rambunctious with ego  
He loves power with all of his nerves  
Including the entirety of his hunch,

He hates one book in his life  
That even he made it a toilet paper  
'The constitution'  
He says it has no respect for old people  
That it has no respect for freedom fighters  
That it has no respect for hunchbacks  
That it has not respects for royal sons

That it has no respect for rich people  
That it makes the poor people to be rude  
To be rude without discipline  
He condemned it a toilet paper,  
When you come to African privities  
Be careful, the paper you use may be a constitution  
The hunch back himself must stay in the toilet long enough  
To use minimum of fifty pages of the Katiba  
When cleaning his anus  
He has an ambition to reach all the pages  
Bearing the number hundred  
On which there is a clause on  
International criminal justice,

The hunchback of Africa is full of love  
Indeed he is a fountain of love;  
Love of his second wife among them all  
Love of his tribesmen who are yes-men  
Love of his atrocious spies  
Love of his sycophants  
Love of his fresian cow  
Which he imported from the Hague Holland  
Love of his bastard son sired to him by a mistress  
Love of the psalms of David the king in the bible  
Love of his English name 'josephat'  
Love of his kingdom  
That made him the hunchback of Africa.

Goodbye!

alexander opicho

# Hunker

bei

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Hunger du sie sehr bade  
Du sie Herr von Bohr  
Fur fabric arbeiteren

alexander opicho

# Hunting For Saddam Hussein

My name is sadam hussein Al tikrit  
Please don't shoot me, I have complied,  
Let me come out of my hideout  
Out of this hole in which I have been hiding,  
For sure, I want to surrender to your might  
By acceding to appalling condition of my Arabic folly  
Imbued to me as a legacy of my childhood trials,  
Perpetrated unto me by my foster parenthood  
My Arabic uncle, who often whacked me my skin  
To thwart my good manners into defiance disorder,  
He pummeled me often, as if I was an African antelope in the trap,  
He misled me to amass weapon of mass destruction,  
Goofing in my dreams to decimate the synagogue of Satan,  
Only to ire my holy big brother of the capital cosmology,  
Catapulting him in to an imperial overture;  
Zero option but to declared unto me a holy preemptive war  
In which I am beaten like a desert lout  
By the global powers that have been  
In my foolish stamped of the clash,  
Very classical clash about civilisation.

Alexander Opicho

# Hymn To Irish Easter Rebellion

In the land of Jonathan Swift,  
The master of a word, verbal and printed,  
The vast land of Ireland, at Britain's Buttocks,  
In the rains of Easter in the year ten nine one and six,  
Glowed the fires and flames of freedom to burn the tyranny  
Of British imperialitiy floating on the false ephoralty,  
Thinning and culling sons and daughters,  
Of the Irish blood from the blossoms  
Of the then Europe the cradle  
Of earth's twilight,

Irish brother-hood wanted freedom,  
And absolute freedom from British leechery,  
To have Ireland genuinely eat the Irish labour  
And British eat the their genuine sweat of their brow,  
Without ruthless sucking of blood and sweat of otherness  
In the bitchery of queen's falstaffity as if other lands had no women,  
But Britain was stubbornly in love with colonialism,  
The devil of colonial terror reined its heart,  
It worshipped nudging and elbowing  
Of the neighbours away,  
As if humanity  
Was singly,  
Britain,

Ulsters vote, the home rule was vogue,  
The sons of Ireland fought in all the wars of Europe,  
But their hearts and heads were for BritshlessIreland,  
They wanted catholic Ireland without Anglican spots  
They wanted their clean dignity in politics and culture,  
They wanted freedom form a plethora of British spies,  
Lack of weapon and military brutality never barred  
The sons of Ireland from demanding forfreedom,  
They rebelled violently as human drones of then,  
The cry of freedom was all over Europe and America,  
Britain's colonial-mania was shaken at the roots,  
The queen was pissing twice an hour in total fear;  
The loss of Ireland is a precursor for lost Scotland,  
Britain would remain small like swine's tongue,

But Ireland was fighting for the whole world,  
Time had come to shed off the colonial yoke,  
Africa and Asia were suffocating,  
Under colonial parasitism of Britain,  
Blessed be the Irish Easter Rebellion,  
For it opened the colonized eyes,  
Since then and now the world is free,  
Pregnant of the old spirit in Dublin,  
We rest assured free time is coming,  
For the Scotland and Ireland,  
To hang high a union jack,  
In absolute freedom from Britain,

alexander opicho



# Hymn To Some Virtues

Hymn to midnight peace,  
Truce at wee from cold war,  
Between Cuba and America,  
Only having not known,  
That Cuba is America,  
And America is Cuba  
Badly, you missed each other,  
Like a squab misses a nest,  
Now make peace for your selves,  
To set us free the meek ones,  
Rotting here at Guantanamo prison,

\*\*\*\*\*

Hymn to peace makers,  
Amid turmoil in Burundi,  
Women nesting harmony  
Not personal love for power,  
Praying for peace whatsoever,  
In delicate times of politics,  
In realm of man's mad ego,  
In conceited chase of vanity,  
Earthly value in powerful sits,  
Making us to clownishly ask,  
How much power needs a man?

\*\*\*\*\*

Hymn to Margaret Kenyatta,  
Your virtues are king-sized,  
You have gone out of your way  
To fight cancer head on,  
Take your charity to all,  
To the rural folks in the village,  
In the poverty ridden hamlets,  
Cancer swallows them deadly  
In gulp like a cat does a squab,  
Your anti-cancer kicks are heroic,  
Dress your heels tough in army boots,

And kick the carcinoma out of Kenya,  
For God will preserve your happiness,

\*\*\*\*\*

Hymn to those tuned for a powwow,  
Timely mapped at Nairobi city,  
To talk away the curse of poverty,  
By gracing holy power of business,  
Long overdue for the African child,  
Wallowed in the mire for so long,  
By dreaming wrongly in the right bed,  
Of salary glory when ignobling is obvious,  
Alas, let the powwow chiefs exorcise,  
The gnome of poverty gnating our flesh,  
Welcome all and enjoy your stay,  
In Nairobi city the eye of Africa,  
Touching the sun right in a poise,  
Keep well here Nairobi is good,

Alexander Opicho

# I Don'T Want To Die

I am not gone berserk to claim my life  
Or else why should I be born  
To die and resurrect for eternity  
For sure I don't want to die  
I want to be alive to enjoy eternity  
As my gods in helter-skelter abyss  
To tell the tale and recant the epical poetry  
Of my people, my generation, epics of humanity in toto  
For ever and ever as I muse my ego

alexander opicho

# I Am A Poet First Then An African

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

From America I have gone home to Africa  
I jumped the Atlantic Ocean in one single African hop and skip  
Then I landed to Senegal at a point of no return  
Where the slaves could not return home once stepped there  
Me I have stepped there from a long journey traversing the  
World in search of dystopia that mirror man and his folly  
Wondrous dystopia that mirror woman and her vices  
I passed the point of no return into Senegal, Nocturnes  
Which we call in English parlance crepuscular voyages  
I met Leopold Sedar Senghor singing nocturnes  
He warned me from temerarious reading of Marxism  
I said thank you to him for his concern  
I asked him of where I could get Marriama Ba  
And her pipe sucking Brother Sembene Ousmane  
He declined to answer me; he said he is not a brother's keeper  
I got flummoxed so much as in my heart  
I terribly wanted to meet Marriama Ba  
For she had promised to chant a scarlet song for me  
A song which I would cherish its attack  
On the cacotopia of an African women in Islam,  
And also Sembene Ousmane  
I wanted also to smoke his pipe; as I yearn for nicotinic utopia  
As we could heartily talk the extreme happiness  
Of unionized railway workers in bits of wood  
That makes the torso of gods in Xala, Cedo  
As the African hunter from the Babukusu Clan of bawambwa  
In the land of Senegal could struggle to kill a mangy dog for us.

Any way; gods forgive the poet Sedar Senghor  
I crossed in to Nigeria to the city of Lagos  
I saw a tall man with white hair and white beards,  
I was told Alfred Nobel Gave him an award  
For keeping his beards and hairs white,  
I was told he was a Nigerian god of Yoruba poetry  
He kept on singing from street to street that;  
A good name is better tyranny of snobbish taste

The man died, season of anomie, you must be forth by dawn!  
I feared to talk to him for he violently looked,  
But instead I confined myself to my thespic girlfriend  
From Anambra state in northwestern Nigeria  
She was a graduate student of University of Nsukka  
Her name is Oge Ogoye, she is beautiful and sexy  
Charming and warm; beautiful individuality  
Her beauty campaigns successfully to the palace of men  
Without an orator in the bandwagon; O! Sweet Ogoye!  
She took me to Port Harcourt the capital city of Biafra  
When it was a country; a communist state,  
I met Christopher Okigbo and Chinua Achebe  
Both carrying the machine guns  
Fighting a secessionist war of Biafra  
That wanted to give the socialist tribe of Igbos  
A full independent state alongside federal republic of Nigeria  
Christopher Okigbo gave me the gun  
That I help him to fight the tribal war  
I told him no, I am a poet first then an African  
And my tribe comes last  
I can not take the gun  
To fight a tribal war; tribal cleansing? No way!  
Achebe got annoyed with me  
In a feat of jealousy ire  
He pulled out two books of poetry from his hat;  
Be aware soul brother and Girls at a war  
He recited to us the poems from each book  
The poems that echoed Igbo messages of dystopia  
I and Oge Ogoye in an askance  
We looked and mused.

I kissed Ogoye and told her bye bye!  
I began running to Kenya for the evening had fallen  
And from the hills of Biafra I could see my mother's kitchen  
My mother coming in and going out of it  
The smoke coming out through the raffian thatches  
Sign of my mother cooking the seasoned hoof of a cow  
And sorghum ugali cured by cassava,  
I ran faster and faster passing by Uganda  
Lest my elder brother may finish Ugali for me  
I suddenly pumped in to two men  
Running opposite my direction

They were also running to their homes in Uganda  
Taban Lo Liyong and Okot p'Bitek  
Taban wielding his book of poetry;  
Another Nigger Dead  
While Okot was running with Song of Lawino  
In his left hand  
They were running away from the University  
The University of Nairobi; Chris Wanjala was chasing them  
He was wielding a Maasai truncheon in his hand  
With an aim of hitting Taban Reneket Lo Liyong  
Because him Taban and Okot p' Bitek  
Had refused to stand on the points of literature  
But instead they were eating a lot of Ugali  
At university of Nairobi, denying Wanjala  
An opportunity to get satisfied, he was starving  
Wanjala was swearing to himself as he chased them  
That he must chase them up to Uganda  
In the land where they were born  
So that he can get intellectual leeway  
To breed his poetic utopia as he nurses tribal cacotopia  
To achieve east African thespic utopia  
In the literary desert.

Thank you for your audience!

alexander opicho

# I Am Here At The Corner

Standing at the corner, covered by a woodlot,  
Bitten by sharp shrill of love for you  
In the chilly blizzards of temperate winter,  
Hurry up to come baby for my love  
Leave all else and come for my love  
Before the chills of the earth dampen  
My fragile heart from love of you,  
Your cosy companionship dear sweetheart,  
Is a cosy that truly warmth our desert of love,  
Unless then you come, my love for you is prone,  
To snarls and menace of those who are born minus love.

alexander opicho

# I Dreamed I Was Dreaming

Caged in a cubbyhole, no opening  
Bright light coming from a candle,  
Standing all along from the first day  
Huge sized black snaking my neighbour,  
Killing everything on its encounter  
Rats, coackroaches, mice and another boy,  
Passing on me in wily style,  
Only hope I was left with  
Had been my sooner death,  
Musing how poison will reduce me  
To nothing more than a useless black cadaver,  
Only good thing is that wonderful mystique  
Which calcified me to wakefulness of life  
Shedding away fear as I was dreaming a dream.

alexander opicho



# I Had A Dream

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

I had a dream in the wee of the yester-night,  
I was sleeping a lone on a reed wick-work of a bed  
In my late grandmother's ruffian thatched hut,  
On the bed which she passed on,  
On the day of her death,

She had earlier declared the bed a heirloom and memento,  
To run among the grand children in her family,  
Thus I was a sleep on this bed and began dreaming;

I was in a strange city, I don't knew it  
May be it was Jerusalem or Wales, am not sure,  
I was walking on street, dirty and full of garbage,  
Each person I met was not concerned with me,  
But one woman who showed concern was mad,  
She was carrying a grey cat in her arms  
She asked me if I were headed to the church,  
Before I responded with my awed yes;  
She ululated before my eyes in her full feat of madness,  
Then a huge building emerged from her red headscarf,  
The building swallowed me, inside was maudlin and dull music  
Like the one usually sang by christo-pagans  
When attending a burial ceremony in Africa,  
It was replete with irregular sounds,  
Of church! Church! Church!

Riff-raff of human hordes flocked in  
All of them looked different from me  
Their skin was not smooth, it looked rubicund  
Some were laughing, other were making nasal sounds  
Not clear to me at all, at all, other made funny shouting sounds;  
We are the kingdom of psychopomps, we are psychopompous,  
One shot a lightening slap at my cheeks, he snarled at me;  
Black discoboli! Jump and fight with our bulls.

I saw two bulls dashing at me; I was at the center of the circle  
Formed by my foes, the human oats that came in,  
The bulls attacked me with an aim to gore my tummy,  
I kicked the bulls with one other kick of a man.

The bulls turned into cats on every kick I threw  
Instead of meowing, they went melodramatic,  
They began talking to me in Queen's English,  
One of the cats duped me that; I better piss before we fight further,  
I followed command; I pulled out my dick from my short trouser,  
I micturated till my bladder was fully empty,  
Then I suddenly woke up from sleep,  
Only to find out I have terribly wedded by bed.

alexander opicho

# I Love

I love life, because in living you get all problems  
I love eating because you can constipate if you eat a lot,  
I love women because they reduce pocket giants to beggars,  
I love children because they instill economic tension to parents,  
I love trees because green snakes derive poison from them,  
I love poor people because their life is pure experiment,  
I love rich people because they snobbishly love themselves  
I love motor vehicles because they depreciate in a decade,  
I love Americans because they have drones for Gaddafi,  
I love Americans because they know nothing beyond their borders,  
I love the British because they have a monarch in their democracy,  
I love Europeans because they were perfect in colonialism,  
I love Africans because they are natural stooges, but very showy  
I love the Chinese, they are all short, young and commutalists,  
I love the Catholic Church because it has liberal piety,  
I love Muslims because they are not intellectually tolerant to Rushdie,  
I love young girls because they rarely sense danger,  
I love Germans because they made a beetle car; Volkswagen,  
I love the Japanese for honesty; they declared me Shinto of poetry,  
I love my wife for her spendthrift culture  
I love my son for his disgust of school and books,  
I love myself for being a poetic rapsallion,  
I love everything for in love you display your folly,  
I love music, wine and money; they expose you to the robbers  
I love short people for their mediocrous thought pattern  
I love tall women; they are dull, honesty and rarely divorce,  
I love English hunchbacks for they are famed for being erotically strong.

Alexander Opicho

# I Love Her

I love her because I have never loved  
She gave me a chance to love and be loved  
She will soon treat me on first taste of nakedness  
She also affirmed she pure for her birth; a virgin,  
I love her because an otherwise is not possible  
She makes me remember that I am worthwhile,  
And her beaconic beauty is a charm in my beholding  
And My energy for her love is her love's protégé.

alexander opicho

# I Saw Israel Committing Rape In Gaza

I saw him; I saw an Israeli committing rape,  
In the Gaza strip the former land of Arabs,  
The eye of Palestine, a beacon usurped away,  
By the sons and daughters of God, the Hebrew Yahweh,  
I saw there the sons of God committing sexual horror  
Of all lethal horrors, they brutally raped Arab women,  
Raped Arab girls and lame women, grand mothers  
And others in the brudah as their male loved ones,  
In askance standing to look, their face tearfully a gape,  
Sons of God from the house of Israel kill brutally,  
They wound, mayhem, do every thing murderously,  
Other than mass raping in rounds, a lesser punishment  
Perhaps; they mete as a show of forgiveness, show of ruth,  
Sons of God have an evil nemesis; they siege humanity like a devil,  
They unashamedly rape young children, sexually and homosexually  
Lesbians from Israel, the house God also brutally rape and rape,  
They rape forlorn Arabs and Africans, for no other reason,  
But the race, faith, ethnicity and weapons of their victims  
Are no match to the evil and satanic ploys of house of God; Israel,  
Israel Please, stop rape, stop; murder and civil casualties,  
Against the desperate and the armless, they are forlorn,  
Israel listen, your Gaza Culture is crime against humanity,  
You maliciously harbour weapons of mass de-creation; Nuclear,  
You have fierce most segregation camps, to detain African  
Refuges, o! No you call them black illegal immigrants,  
And in those camps you brutalize them more than the visitors  
And the inmates of Guantanamo prison, you really torture,  
And you leave them to die of hunger in the open field,  
As your head boy Benjamin Netanyahu gives an OK.  
Israeli you are liars; you are not the sons of God,  
All humanity reflect divinity, But Israel reflect terror,  
Israel you are liars, god never gave you Palestine,  
Those are your fables that fuel racism and terrorism,  
It the weapons you get from America that gives you  
Palestine your evil acquisition, an eyesore to the just,  
Israel you played a decoy and bombed the twin towers,  
In New York on the 11th date of September,  
To stunt the American bulls to goof in their folly  
To attack Iraq of Sadam with drones and scuds and

Patriotics, as you stand aside in self-congratulation,  
Israel you are bad, your heart is anti-human and satanic.  
Who made other nations to be gentiles?  
Other than your malicious conscience,  
That breeds hatred inherent in you  
For those who confess different faiths?  
And subscribe to different nationalism,  
O Israel! The dweller of Jerusalem  
If God created you alone, then who  
Created Negroes the dweller of Congo forest,  
O Israel the forced dwellers of Jerusalem  
Why is it difficult for you to stay, mix and intermarry?  
With Asians, beggars, gravediggers, Muslims, Africans,  
To intermarry with humanity, how fragile and  
Self suspicious is your testicles and vaginas,  
So that you uppishly shun humanity, by denying the poor  
Their natural right of sex; sex that only prevents war.

alexander opicho

# In A Chang'Aa Drinking Spree

□

(ONE ACT PLAY)

BY

ALEXANDER K OPICHO

## CASTE

Advocate; self-styled advocate, his real job is insurance agent

Sampaza-changaa drunkard

Teacher-brother to Sampaza, also a changaa taker

Monica-changaa seller

Austeen-a lad, son to Monica

Watchman-changaa drunkard

Rono-friend to watchman

Njeri-friend to Monica, single mother

Atieno-friend to Monica, single mother

Driver- changaa taker and a smoker

Barasa-changaa taker and electrician

Ndhiwa- changaa taker, brother to barasa

Yator-changaa taker brother to barasa

Mavachi-changaa taker, with a fallen out wife

Mandila-relative to mavachi

Agnesi-wife to teacher

Music

\*chang'aa is homemade alcoholic spirit consumed by the peasants in east and central Africa.

## ACT ONE

In a slum area of Eldoret town, very many ramshackle muddy walled houses are seen; the setting takes place in the house of Monica the Changaa seller. There is low tone music humming from the DVD, playing Vincent Ongidi's 'mother is better than father.'

Music; Bakeni Nebekhale, bukula indika,  
Bukula indika samwana, Udimake kungeni  
Khusoko busia, bukula indika omusumba,  
Bakhwee nebechile, bukula indika  
Udimake khusoko yaya, bukula indika....

Driver; (dancing with a tumbler of chang'aa in his hand) let me dance! This is my best Sunday, let me dance, I am son of a woman. Sing! Sing! Sing! For us Vincent, you son of Ongidi, (pointing at the DVD) .

Advocate; the problem you are only dancing with your class a half empty, moreover, you are not following the rhythm, I thought you dance to this song by shaking your shoulders, but instead you are gyrating your waistline.

Driver; (still dancing) let me dance because when I will go to the grave I will not get another chance to dance.

Advocate; (gulps from his tumbler) will you buy me chang'aa of ten shillings?

Driver; let me finish dancing first, I will see what to do about it.

(Enters Sampaza and teacher, as music goes off)

Sampaza; why are you dudes stopping the music on my entering?

Driver; it is not us who have stopped the music; you go and ask Vincent Ongidi why he did not sing a long song.

Sampaza; (sits at the old couch) where is Monica?

Driver; you burn us a cigarette before you ask for Monica, were you not with Monica upto the mid of last night?

Sampaza; why were you spying on me upto the mid of the night?

Advocate; (to Driver) give Sampaza time to introduce his friend to us

Sampaza; (to teacher) sit on this stool, forget about this drunkards.

Teacher; will this stool not break and sent me down like humpty dumpty?

(Shakes the stool and sits on it)

Sampaza; It cannot even Monica herself sits on it and she is more huge than you do

Advocate; (to Sampaza) this is your brother?

Sampaza; now listen all off you

All; Sampaza we are listening to you all of us

Sampaza; had I killed our mother, he could not have born, (pointing to teacher) .

Driver; if someone had not told me, there is no way I could know that this man is your brother. You are totally different from one another. Look, he is fat, strong, clean, well shaven and groomed brown and is like he took a bathe in the morning



before he came here to chang'aa place, but you Sampaza tell us when you last washed your clothes? Even forget of washing your body.

Sampaza; (to driver) if you want to beg chang'aa from teacher just beg without using your desperate tricks of false praises.

Advocate; but me, I could easily know that teacher is a brother to Sampaza by simply comparing the shape of their heads, they look alike.

Teacher; who is serving chang'aa today? I want to buy some for you guys.

Driver; it is Austeen, let me call him for you (goes at the door shouting)

Austeen! Austeen! Aha! This boy is as earless as a female monitor lizard, (comes back) I have called him for you.

Teacher; thanks, let me believe he won't take time, I am really thirsty.

Advocate; you can mitigate your thirst with this one of mine (gives teacher a tumbler) .

Teacher; (sips) it was not a bad stuff (passes the tumbler to Sampaza)

Sampaza; (takes a full swig) uhm! The stuff is really the tears of the lion.  
(Enters Austeen)

Austeen; My God, Sampaza is here again! Sampaza, why did you run away with my money last time? You take the beer and run away, even you made my mother to quarrel me yester night.

Driver; (to Austeen) you boy manage your mouths, don't you see Sampaza is the age of your mother?

Austeen; wait! Sampaza must give me the money, give me the money you Sampaza!

Teacher; let me pay for him, how much was it?

Austeen; imagine Sampaza took off running into the darkness of the night after taking chang'aa of fifty shillings. Imagine a whole tumbler of fifty shillings.

Teacher; that was bad, Sampaza you did something very bad. You know Monica is a single parent and you run away with her money. This chang'aa is like Monica's husband, so please let us be honest and pay our bills;

Austeen; (to teacher) are you paying for Sampaza?

Teacher; yes, but before that; pour a tumbler of chang'aa worthy fifty shillings for each of these elders, including Sampaza. I am going to pay that one myself. But serve me with a tumbler of chang'aa that goes for a hundred shillings. May be it can quench my thirst.

Driver; brother you are a man (shakes teacher's hand) .

Austeen; (to Advocate) stand up for some minutes; I want to remove a grenade from your chair.

Advocate; you mean I was just sitting on the tears of the lion?

Austeen; yes (he fishes out a yellow plastic container, feels each tumbler as required) .

Sampaza; you boy! What are you doing? Fill my tumbler to the brim, why are you now conning me off my chang'aa?

Austeen; (politely) Sampaza listen, you know my hands always shake when I am holding something. I didn't want to spill chang'aa by struggling to fill your tumbler to the brim.

Teacher; (sipping, closing his eyes) Austeen now play for us another music.

Driver; yaah! The music, play for us Marashi ya karafu.

Austeen; my mother has not yet bought the DVD for Marashi ya karafu, let me play for you this one (shows him the DVD) , it will thrill you to your bone marrow, (inserts the DVD in to the player) .

Music; (playing) ukiwa wa enda nyubani kwangu heee,  
Umwambie stella mimi sitakucha,  
Umwambie stella mimi nimefungwa jela,  
Anisalie mtoto mama nitaleaaaa!

Driver; ndio hiyo! (Stands up to gyrate his waist swiftly) that is my best song from Tanzania. How I wish I was still in prison on Christmas day of last year.

Sampaza; (sipping at his tumbler) if you want to be in prison go and make love to your goat and call people to help you.

Driver; look at you, with all this women, why should I go for a goat?

Sampaza; (standing up to dance, shaking his shoulders) because you want to be in  
Prison.

Austeen; (giggling and shouting) look! Look! Look at Sampaza, he does not know how to dance, he is waving his hands like wings of a chicken.

Sampaza; you dance and I see (daring Austeen)

Austeen; (dancing) look! Look! Fire! Fire! Fire! (He goes to sit)

All; (laughing loudly and clapping) Austeen! Austeen!

Advocate; this boy Austeen, became old while in his mother's womb

(Enters Monica, Rono and watchman)

Driver; here comes Monica, (provokes Monica for a dance, they both dance) .

Advocate; (joins Monica and driver to dance) Monica! Monica! Daughter of Zinjathropus, Waa!

Monica; I am an early woman, yaani! Womanopithecus africanus (dancing) .

Driver; (pushing away advocate) , dance away from here, why are you bringing here this evil smelling sweater of yours?

Advocate; I am sorry.

Driver; that is empty jealousy, you only saw Monica's pelvis touching mine and you jumped here to disrupt my gusto.

(Music stops and they all get sited)

Monica; (to Austeen) give watchman and his friend chang'aa of twenty bob, I will pay myself.

Austeen; yes mama (serves watchman and Rono chang'aa)

Rono; Kongoi, I mean thank you Monica, you are such a generous woman?  
(Takes a full swig) .

Monica; Karibu, don't mind I am always and I will be always an early woman.

Sampaza; (to watchman) when you came in I thought you were the crow.

Watchman; (sipping) who? Me, I was a policeman ten years ago but I was sucked.

Driver; (to Sampaza) this man is not a muriakole, he is not a cop. This is a D.D.O.

Advocate; meaning?

Driver; daily drinking officer, hmmm! The DDO.

All; laughing loudly.

Monica; (to advocate) how is your brother and his witchdoctor of a wife?

Advocate; Monica, just keep quiet, my brother is in problems.

Monica; which problems? I told him to marry me and he refused because I did not have book education. I am now making more money from chang'aa in a day than even he does from his education. Let that man, that brother of yours, chew the full scale of his misfortune. Now tell me which problem has he?

Advocate; today very early in the morning I heard my brother screaming, of course from his house. Out of anxiety I rushed there to find out what was happening. Jesus! What I so.....

Driver; what was it? Just say.

Monica; a man has nothing to fear just say.

Teacher; where is Austeen?

Austeen; I am here

Teacher; serve each of us chang'aa of fifty shillings, start with him (pointing at the advocate) give Monica, your mother a tumbler, that one of a hundred shillings.

Austeen; (serving as he sings) how long will they kill,  
Our brothers, while we stand watching them,  
Redemption songs, Bob Marley! Sons of ghetto!

Sampaza; Austeen you are always not measuring my chang'aa to the money given, now look, does this grasshoppers spittle qualify to be chang'aa of fifty shillings?

Austeen; Sampaza, I told you my hands are not steady, they always shake whenever I am holding something.

Sampaza; (to Monica) I will bring a medicine man to give some manyasi to this son of yours, so that he stops shaking his hands like an epileptic.

Monica; Sampaza, you drink your chang'aa and to hell with your medicine-man. Let us listen to what happened to the brother of advocate.

Advocate; now, as I was saying I found my brother's wife had swollen my brothers penis to its base, the penis was full deep in her mouth, my brother was screaming but the was dead silent sucking the penis, her teeth tightly gripping it at the same time.

All; laughing loudly

Teacher; Maybe it was oral sex, but not domestic violence  
 Monica; oral sex! ?  
 Teacher; yes, it is possible  
 Advocate; but why was he crying?  
 Monica; because his wife was sucking his penis  
 Teacher; that is the case  
 Advocate; if at all it was pleasurable then why was my brother screaming?  
 Teacher; maybe he was on orgasmic ecstasy, the same way a woman can be  
 when you suckle or even fondle her boobs.  
 Monica; but I can't allow a man to suckle the eye of my breast.  
 Driver; even me, I can't suckle my wife  
 Teacher; why?  
 Driver; even also, in my culture, one is not allowed to suckle a woman's boob  
 Teacher; is that sexuology or culture?  
 Watchman; (to driver) yes, answer that! Answer that question from teacher.  
 Monica; but it is only a foolish woman who can allow a man to suckle her boobs,  
 or if she can then she is not serious with that man.  
 Teacher; (to Monica) then which man do you like? Sampaza?  
 Monica; Me do love Sampaza?  
 Teacher; yes, Sampaza  
 Monica; this Sampaza, is always as miserable as a corpse in the grave without a  
 coffin.  
 Advocate; you are as miserable as a corpse in the grave without a coffin.  
 Sampaza; I am not, I know am great  
 Teacher; yes, and capable to love the early woman like Monica.  
 Sampaza; (to Austeen) play for us some better music.  
 Austeen; which one mama? Which music can I play?  
 Monica; play for them Pamela Nkutha (sings) Nakula ebusi,  
                                     Nakula ewunwa, lalalaa! Lalalaa! Laaa!  
 Austeen; Mama, that one we don't have. Let me play for them Brenda Pansy.  
 Music; (playing) Songea nikubambe, songea nikubusu,  
                                     Nakupenda, nakubusu ehee monica ehee!  
 Austeen; Kula Ngoma; he who does not have chic let him embrace a stone  
 (exits)  
 All; (dancing violently) Monica! Monica waaaaaaa!  
 Watchman; (dancing) Sampaza can you suckle the boobs of a woman?  
 Sampaza; ask driver that question.  
 Driver; I cannot suckle the boobs of my wife.  
 Teacher; I depend with nature of a woman you are in the bed with.  
 Watchman; correct, some women has fallen breasts like chapattis, but if a chic  
 has erect and pointed breast, I can fondle and suckle her like nothing else in this  
 world. I can even suckle her clitoris.

Teacher; by the way, breasts are the fountain of pleasure to a woman, when you suckle her she will just moan; Sampaza! Sampaza! Sampazaaaaa!

All; laugh raucously

Monica; these men are drunk.

Driver; no, they are now happy, pick one of them for yourself.

Monica; the man that I can love now must be having a death certificate.

Teacher; what does it mean? Me I thought you need a dark skinned man like Sampaza, you know the dark the skin of a man the greater the sexual pleasure ehee...

(Enters Njeri and Atieno)

Njeri; Monica, are you not aware that were are late for Chama? Look you are still dirty, you have not even combed you hair.

Monica; Njeri come in why are rioting at the door, look at Atieno she is as miserable as usual.

Njeri; she was flogged by the husband.

Atieno; (to Njeri) you! Watch your mouths, I don't have a husband.

All; laugh, (Njeri and Atieno sits) .

Sampaza; look at this one (pointing to Njeri) can I give you some money so that you do me a favour.

Njeri; which favour?

Sampaza; of this...(Makes a sign of sex with his fist) .

Njeri; I don't sleep with chang'aa drunkards

Atieno; even me

Sampaza; (staggering, and then falling on Njeri's laps) I want! Truly I want!

Advocate; Sampaza is drunk, let me take him home (pulls Sampaza) .

Sampaza; (resisting, avoiding to be pulled out by advocate) leave me alone! You thief! You are an insurance thief! Who told you that you are an advocate? You are not! You want to steal my money. Nb, all these people are thieves, Monica is a big thief, and they want to steal my brother's money! Teacher! Come out of here! This is a den of pickpockets! They will still your wallet, come we go!

Thieves! Thieves!

(Advocate pulls Sampaza out, as they both exit)

Driver; Sampaza does not have manners.

Njeri; Imagine he fell on my laps, what if my husband found him?

Monica; He would have now divorced you for eating rats.

Njeri; When I have not eaten any rat, it was only a drunkard supporting himself on my legs.

Atieno; he has spoken a lot of words.

Driver; and all the words were total lies.

Monica; no, whatever is in the inner heart of a sober man is always on the tongue of the drunkard man.

Teacher; to mean what? Anyway, forget about Sampaza.

Watchman; by the way

Rono; I am also off my senses, I am seeing each of you having seven heads, and the heads are as small as those of snakes.

Driver; (to Rono) you go home, that is how she-men behave; they beg beer only to get drunk and begin bragging.

Rono; I am not a she-man, I am a Nandi, and we are always warriors (dozes off)

Driver; behold a sleeping warrior (pointing at Rono)

ALL; laugh

Watchman; leave him alone, he is my tribesman.

Teacher; why are proud of your tribe like a politician?

Njeri; you mean politicians are tribal?

Teacher; yes, let any politician enter here now, you will see us dividing ourselves. In fact negative ethnicity is the strength of an African politician.

Watchman; leave politics to thieves; let us talk to these ladies (pointing to Njeri and Atieno) .

Teacher; (to Njeri) are you a girl or someone's property?

Njeri; are you not ashamed to talk to a hungry girl.

Atieno; you men, buy us a soda, I usually take fanta orange.

Njeri; me, I do take coca cola, but just give me money I go and buy for myself.

Teacher; it is ok, (gives a banknote to Njeri) .

Monica; you big women, you also want to be seduced? Sex! Sex! Sex!

(Enters, Barasa, Yator and Ndhiwa)

Yes, here come three brothers. Welcome Mr. Barasa and all of your brothers.

Driver; I welcome you the three chang'aa taking brothers.

Monica; (embracing and hugging barasa) Mama's babie welcome, and feel at home, begin by serving yourself. You see; Austeen ran away, he has gone to join his play group. I am going to the Chama, uhm! To the merry-go- round with these two women (pointing at Atieno and Njeri) when you sell make sure you keep the money well.

(Exits, Monica, Njeri and Atieno)

Teacher; (to Barasa) are these your brothers?

Barasa; Yes, this is Ndhiwa my elder brother and this is Yator my young brother.

Teacher; (shaking hands with Yator and Ndhiwa) pleasure to meet you brothers, this man Barasa is a very good friend of mine. We share a lot of escapades between ourselves.

Ndhiwa; we have also been hearing about you. Our brother has severally shared with us about you.

Teacher; Barasa, now give us chang'aa we take, each of us a full tumbler of a hundred shillings.

Driver; you are a man and a half, next time don't sit back go ahead and contest for a political position you will win. As generous as you are, what are you still

doing in teaching?

Teacher; is ok, don't make noise.

Barasa; (pouring chang'aa into respective tumblers) by the way the crows have began hovering all over; they have even arrested Sandee, the Chang'aa seller from across.

Driver; don't tell me that hogwash, we have the new constitution! We have freedom to drink! Let me talk and dance, Austeen play for me music! Your mother has gone to women merry-go-round, that stupid gossiping Chama thing, play music! (Dances) .

Ndhiwa; (pointing to Driver) chang'aa has sent this man clownish, let him go home.

Yator; beer is bad; you see he cannot even fear the crows, I mean the police.

Teacher; it is drunkardness that is bad. When Julius Ceaser was drunk and he was told that your enemy is near and is likely to kill you, on hearing this Julius Ceaser foolishly became brave and said that 'the cowards die several times before their final death.' Then his enemy killed him cheaply, oh! Poor drunkards.

Driver; who called me a clown? (Staggering) . You call me a clown, you want me do remove my trouser to curse all of you!

Ndhiwa; you see he is now removing clothes, it is like he has been drinking without eating any food, let me throw him out (empties Driver's tumbler into his, slaps driver and begin pushing him out)

Driver; you slap me! Is it true you have slapped me! You take my chang'aa and you slap me in the cheeks! You slap me! (Exits) .

Ndhiwa; (comes back) un- less such people are pushed out they cannot not know

Nor come to a sense that they have homes to take care of.

Barasa; but I like your slaps, they were nicely falling on his face in a thud; twaa! All; laugh.

Watchman; I also liked the slaps; they were all but twaa! Twaa!

Barasa; let us now drink without any disturbance

Teacher; let us drink

Yator; let us drink

Ndhiwa; let us drink!

All; let us drink; we are the heroes of chang'aa!

Watchman; no, we have forgotten sex, we better repeat.

All; we are heroes of sex and alcohol! (They laugh in a loud sound)

Rono; (waffling in a sleep) no one on earth can be a hero of sex and alcohol. You are only making noise to me and you know am supposed to sleep without disturbance.

(Enters Mavachi and Mandila)

Barasa; welcome elders; there is a lot of Chang'aa here. It is as in plenty as the waters of river Congo.

Mavachi; I am happy of you Barasa, you are as welcoming as your father was.  
Yator and Ndhiwa; you mean you knew our father before he died?

Mavachi; my sons (sits and directs Mandila where to sit) your father and me, we were the same age, we played Livundo together. You know what Livundo is? I am very sure you don't know. It is a ball made from waste papers. Your father was a top scorer. When we went to steal your mother from her parents for marriage, I was with your father. It is me who carried your mother on my shoulders for five kilometers. She was a girl of fourteen years. She was as heavy as a bullock, I crossed river Nzoia with her on my shoulders, make-you there was no bridge. Waters were chest-deep. You, Barasa, are my real son.

Barasa; please, let me give you some chang'aa for free before you buy for yourself.

Mavachi; Thank you and let the gods of our land shower blessings on your head  
Barasa; (pours chang'aa for mavachi and Mandila) may this holy waters give you strength of the body.

All; amen!

Teacher; (to Barasa) serve us some chang'aa.

Barasa; correct, I have began forgetting my work

Watchman; don't serve me this time round; let my head rest for some time.

Teacher; (to watchman) you drink, there is money for chang'aa, drink without fear.

Yator and Ndhiwa; and we are electricians; money is not a problem the problem is whom to drink with.

Mavachi; even for my case my wife stole everything from my house and ran away, but I am drinking.

Mandila; (sipping) me, I can drink, I can drink without misbehaving. I have never had a wife in my life to cause me sleepless nights.

Teacher; let us drink without fear, I mean no fear but maximum drinking.

(Enters Agnesi)

Agnesi; (to teacher) you beast! Who bewitched you?

Teacher; (in a feat) my elder brother.

Agnesi; (quarreling teacher) why do you keep on drinking from morning to evening without coming back home and you are a whole teacher. Must you spend every single coin of your salary on alcohol? Were you bewitched to be wasting away your money on alcohol, in the brothels, in the house of windows? Don't you have a sense of family, will you take your children to school if you compromise yourself to Chang'aa like this (slaps Teacher several times) .

(CURTAINS)







alexander opicho

# In Defence Of Poetic Dystopia

Poetry is a network of rivers  
One river flowing into another  
A big river into a small river  
A small river into a big one  
Some rivers are dead in the catacombs  
Others are rapidly flowing down  
And up their course making noisy  
Roaring waterfalls and poetic whirlpools  
Full of the ripple circumlocution as  
The whirlwind of gales in the harmattan  
And this is the spirit of poetry.

I will sing the songs of Schiller  
Hugo, Shakespeare the bard  
Alexander Pushkin and Mayakovski,  
Homer and Dante the Frenchman son of Maugham  
And Dante the Italian father of the divine comedy,  
I will sing their songs as they are European rivulets  
Of poetry flowing into huge water masses  
Of African poemocracy in which  
The poetic dystopia is clearly  
Couched in the gears of black and white.

I will sing and chant the songs of India  
Land of Tagore by shouting his name  
Rabitanathe Tagore! Sing for me  
The ways of the Indian baby  
Your Indian voice is mellifluous like the  
Zulu virgin dances Song in full watch  
Of King Mswati with dint of libido.

I will sing the songs of revolution  
From Bolivia and Chile, neighbours  
Of Mexico and Brazil; Brazil in which  
Pablo Neruda the dog burrier is a religion  
In which was born Paul Freire who forgot  
To sing for the world chants and the songs  
Of pedagogy of the dystopian poet  
Pedagogy of the utopian thespian

Pedagogy of the dystopian bourgeoisie  
Pedagogy of the cacotopian capitalist  
And pedagogy of the utopian Marxists  
Who are mealy mouthed with mutton in between their ears  
Manufacturing and venting dystopian phantasmagoria  
I will sing.

Poetry is the river Nile of Africa  
Cradling from Uganda at Entebbe  
Flowing to Egypt into the Mediterranean Sea  
Leaving the statue of Mahatma Gandhi at the cradle  
Chanting the pearls of the satyagra  
That; in God there is truth and  
In truth there is God,  
As poetry of Nile flows upwards  
Not carrying only poems of love  
Or bourgeoisie cosmetic Haikus  
Singing carols of summer and Christmas day  
But its poetic fluvial is washing away  
The heavy social scum of Globalectics  
Fearing Pushkin and his love  
Shakespeare and his rape of Lucrece  
Vladimir Mayakovski and  
His slap in the face of public taste,  
Schiller and his Cassandra  
Master Homer and his Odysseus Iliad  
Mocking in an ugly snook  
The Albatross book of the English verse  
In tune with Yeats and Rudyard Kipling  
Reversing the stanzas to sing of  
The world as the Whiteman's burden.

I will sing everyman and his penis  
Every woman and her breasts  
Every virgin and her flower  
I will sing them all and their names  
And duties of roles pertinent  
In healing the world, abode of mankind  
From the impish Mr. Hide of cacotopian streak  
To pave way for the saintly Dr. Jekyll  
To lull man to sleep in his Cinderella  
Of social utopia

As Robert Louis Stevenson  
Holds the world a stage  
Of dystopia.

Thank you for your audience!

alexander opicho

# In Memory Of My Late Sister

In the wee hour of a chilly night,  
Sleep had totally escaped my eye lid,  
On the scary cooing of the gnomish owl,  
Outside my house, in the canopy of native flora,  
Was the owl, officially on duty of harbingering death  
A short message alarm rang on my cell phone,  
Idly lying at the head side of my wooden bed,  
Fear and eerie had numbed my nerves  
Not knowing to move and take the phone or not,  
As the owlish humming of fateful music  
Again is often interrupted by the mew of the cat,  
A transmogrified Night-runner in perfection of evil art,  
But rationality washed me sober and clear minded,  
I picked the phone and viewed the message,  
I came face to face with a menacing piece of literature;  
"Dear uncle, your sister Judith is dead,  
She now lies in a morgue at city hospital,  
She died laughing and laughing,  
Laughing away the stupid pangs,  
Of cervical cancer, the master killer  
Of the beautiful, the bold and the bright"  
I was discombobulated beyond chance of recombobulation,  
Pains panged my heart with the fangs of self usefulness,  
All else became valueless apart from spark of disillusionment  
In the pearl that; O death! O death! Why are you ever un-timely?  
Must the weak fortune be in companionship of the mighty  
Fate and death when-ever they both pay visit to humanity?

alexander opicho

# In Praise Of American Troops In Nigeria Fighting Boko Haram

Match, match forward and go, you heroic sons of America  
Reconnoiter into the strongholds of boko haram,  
And restore our captive girls from the foul custody,  
Lawlessly held hostage by the connoisseurs of terror,  
Go on and recover poor souls from ribald of religion  
Impishly created by Moslems from the satanic verses,  
Regulating foray of terror on the poor of the poor  
Raping, mahyeming, looting and executing massacres,  
Match on and on yee angels of democracy,  
Don't stop in any haste or in any wonder,  
To help in the sham flabbergastations,  
About the Igbos who fought the Biafra,  
And the Yorubas who federally defended,  
Under the aegis of Obasanjo the Sandhurst  
General, where are they all to save the girls  
Of Nigeria from the Islamist terror  
Excuted by boko haram the handmaid of evil.

alexander opicho

# In Respect Of Simple Things

Very simple things,  
Like wine and women  
Or beggars around,  
Make life to change,

Wine competes with  
All things great  
For human life,

Just as love and hatred  
Gossips and musing  
They all make life  
A business,

You May not know  
How simple are simple things  
How lack of handkerchief  
Can make hell out of our days  
How knotting a neck tie  
Can mess a whole ceremony,

You look at scorpions and you scorn,  
With no business for their life,  
You also pay no damn for worms,  
Black ants and white ants,  
But particle tinier than them  
Make life subject Ebola,

I even saw a butterfly  
Moving from plant to plant  
I don't knew that its use  
Only to know later that,  
It was on moral duty  
Of feeding the world,

Imagine absence of a butterfly  
Will make the world unable,  
To support human life,



Look as simple as smile of a wench  
Can make a whole world to raze up in fire  
Under the emotional weight of man's envy  
Simple things really are sparks of the times.  
How simple are simple things?  
How simple is the whiff of wine  
And scent of perfume  
And bulge of a bosom  
And zigzag moves of a bee  
They all turn un-simple  
In their absence,  
Hence a Swahili proverb  
That maana ya matako  
Hujilikana wakati wa kitonda  
Or value of your buttocks  
Is known when they have a boil.

alexander opicho

# Irrtum Von Arme

IRRTUM VON ARME

bei

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Irrtum von arme ist trugschlussig

Lebend im erfurcht

Ist sorge fur nichts

Ist wenigen scheuklappen zu personliich problem

Ist wunderlich glauben

Ist rhapsodie und schwarmerei glauben

Ist dummen erwartung

Ist leben von die fruhe aber nicht die zukunft

Ist viel larm um nichts

Ist kultur von faulheit

Ist laxheit um leute

Ist leben von weine

Ist leben von frauen

Ist dummen weisheit

Abschied, lebewohl und vergnugen!

alexander opicho

# Israeli Pushed Us To War Courtyards

Look! The state of Israeli has taken us to dark caves,  
Left us hanging between western drones  
And pious chauvinism of the Islamic state,  
We only harvest terrorist bombs intermittently,  
As true benefactors are turfed in tight security,  
Where mankind linkers an actuary determines not  
Only God's shrewd calendar has salvaged mankind  
From the land based time bomb ready to trigger,  
But Israeli's avaricious eye on the lands of Palestine  
Wavers not in any tincture of measure,  
And western appetite for the Arabic oil wells  
Has now gone fluvial spilling the moral brim,  
Both have sandwiched us amid delicate edges  
Tracking us down to the dangerous courtyards,  
Where humanity forlornly gapes at the gathering storm,

Islamic state here comes newly fangled  
Fully amoured like Arabian knights  
In the dhow of Sind Bad the sailor  
Sharpened to date by eastern wisdom  
Where China hovers like scavengerous vulture  
Waiting for sweet dish of the war plunders,  
As Israel giggles at the western folly  
Ever jumping into war on a simple trigger,  
Evinced in the war on Iraq eked on twin towers  
When the true bombers were not Arabs  
But shrewd Jews who ployed and stunted  
For Islamic fate on the American guillotine,

Israeli state was faked in the formation  
Allowing the oil venturists to flock  
Menacingly flock from America to Palestine  
To usurp land that belongs to the least armed,  
On whimsical claims in the fables and rituals  
Skewed to favour the tongue of Ptolemy,  
Otherwise, who among us has useless history?

The state is formed by identical population,

Definitely numbered for reasons of law,  
How many Israelis formed the 1948 state?  
Where were the Jews coming from?  
How long had they been away?  
No good answer will come than drones,  
It is folly to claim land you never owned  
Because your foremen hailed it 14 centuries ago,  
You forcefully encroach on it with force and terror  
Killing and raping the genuine land owners  
Israeli! Listen to my voice of vision;  
Soon God will withdraw his favour from you  
For you have raped the weak and the poor,

Which way Africa! Which way?  
Will you take to cross the battle field?  
Of the possibly coming horrendous war  
Between Islamic state and West backed Israeli,  
Don't go to the West in support of Israeli  
For after the war Israeli will become a lion's cub  
That eats the dog foster-mother on its maturity  
For a Jew prefers an Arab a thousand times,  
More than he does to a black and gentile African,  
Let us go east and do business with the yellowmen.

alexander opicho

# It Is Nature Of All Mothers

It is nature of all the mothers  
To heartily cherish their sons  
To believe with worship  
In the mortality of the sons  
To whim and fancy  
That nothing can beat their sons,

It is nature of all the mothers  
To replace their love for husbands  
With the love of sons,  
Always to suspect  
That their daughters in law  
Are giving raw deals of life and love  
To the precious sons,  
To stress for virgin marriage of the sons  
To doubt and snook at the beauties of sons' loves,

It is nature of all the mothers  
To be in nostalgia of their past love  
On the look of the new beards on sons' face  
To equate the virgin tone in the sons bass  
With the voices of a raw lover  
On the nuptial night of the eloping evening,

It is nature of all the mothers to fault the person  
Of other woman's sons  
Only to glorify the character of their own  
As they project fortune for heir own  
But stark fate or failure  
Befalling the male neighbourhood,  
To ask the powers that be  
For a political treat to their sons  
On a baseboard of full discredit  
Unto the otherness that be.

Alexander Opicho

## It Is Useless

It is useless to sing to me about beauty of the world  
When I have already lost my eyesight,  
To sing to me the melody of your lover  
When my eardrums are already broken,  
To confirm my poetry a jejune  
When it is already in public,  
It is useless to think disgustingly of me  
When I am already a perfected creation  
Half a distance on my journey towards my destiny,

alexander opicho

# It Was Not The Mistake Of Usain Bolt To Sleep With A White Student In Rio

As the 2016 Olympics were about to end the Western Media had pejorative news in form of a story about Usain Bolt. Daily Mail, The Telegraph, The International Business Times, The Mirror, The Sun, and The New York Times just to mention a few, were circulating this story in the same measure and dint; print, digital and You-Tube. The story was that Usain Bolt the three times medalist of short races was seen at club in Rio twerking with an identified black woman and then some few hours later at 7; am by the local times at Rio, Bolt was naked in the bed with 20 years old white student. The name of this white student is Jardy Duarte. One of the Papers also commented that she is a widow, having been a wife to the late drug lord. The news was trendy in the social media above all main concern of all these Papers was not the black woman who twerked with Bolt, but the concern for moral implications of how Bolt was in bed with the white student. It made some of us with literary minds to muse within ourselves; whose mistake was it? It was not the Mistake of Usain Bolt to Sleep with a White Student in Rio.

Social thinking out-rightly considers the age of Bolt being a young man of thirty years, as it also considers the age of the white girl being at twenty. These are sexually hyper-active ages. Again; the social, physical and economic station of Bolt attracts almost all sexually active women and male homosexuals. Not only Jardy Duarte. Bolt's fame, biceps, physical stamina, crude face and athletic agility blend into extra-masculine qualities that forcefully poise him as a center of sexual attraction. Literary and psychological analyses of the situation will easily point to a premise that there is also possibility fear on both sides. Fear to loose sexual opportunity with a white girl on the side of Bolt and fear to loose sexual chance that will lead to fame, money and even maximum sensual satisfaction on the side Jardy Duarte. This is only one of the premises, a delve into social logic will give us diverse.

European Literature just as any other literary civilization has a lot of stories that can work as useful benchmarks on which we can base our way of looking at Usain Bolt. Greek literature has already taught mankind that great conquerors are cheaply conquered. Homer, Euripides, Shakespeare and Cervantes have narrated testimonies about psycho-neurotic limitations of military heroes and other journeymen of different capacities. Was it not Odysseus the killer of the Cyclopes and all other enemies of Athens that became cheaply held in hostage by the sexually elusive Calypso? Was it not the might warrior Aphrodite who was held captive by the beauty of Sappho on the island of Lesbos? What about Napoleon and Josephine, Antony and Cleopatra, or even Diana and Afawyed?

Wisdom of the moment has only one lesson for us; even the wise and the mighty bent but out of fear when subjected to force of love. Lynden Orr in his book, *Famous Affinities* notes that Karl Marx with his vintage intellectual brilliance dropped out of the university in the second year to pursue love with a girl older than he did, Jenny Westphalia. Achebe presented the theme of conquerors being cheaply counter-conquered by charm and mental fettering that go with love in his *No Longer at Ease* love between Isaac Obi Okokwo and an Osu girl. It was a type of love which the elders of Igbo community held in open distaste.

The usual vice in this situation is concealed venom in the heart of woman. Sappho a lesbian poet had her malicious intention for holding Aphrodite in romantic captivity, same thing to Calypso's impairment of Odysseus's military judgment as did Delilah with Samson. It is the same venom that we see in the quick love between Usain Bolt and Jardy Duarte. Under normal circumstances a sex-worker or any woman in bed willfully making love to a man of whatsoever fame cannot take a selfie to share it on the social media platforms like Instagram, Facebook, Whatsapp and so forth. She can only do this when she is directed by superior forces in terms of politics, ideology, diplomacy or conflictive racial relations. She does as a spy or as a social stunt to induce you into a crime or a mistake so that you compromise your social position in the society; such persons are known as agent provocateur in the argot of politics and literature. However, the base-line is that all these happen out of fear not love.

The story of Usain Bolt, a black man and Jardy Duarte, a white woman reminds me of Mike Tyson and how he used to be regularly imprisoned. He was often accused of rape, in fact raping a white woman inside a hotel room in which they have entered together as lovers in arms. This is how the white world employed the tricks of racism to bring down Tyson from stardom of boxing. It is the reasonless fear for the black skin, black muscles, black penis, black people and several other types of fears that make a white man to go psychopathological in such it has to be clear that Bolt's athletic superiority does not inspire uniform feelings, to some he inspires good feelings like admiration, to others hatred, fear, love, bigotry or even feelings of amok value. This is so given the apparent social reality that Rio is not only the city of athletics; it is also the city of literature, politics, music, commerce as well as intense racial conflict between the Brazilian white and Blacks.

Such experiences like the one of Usain Bolt and the white student is the best literary moment to remember Richard Nathaniel Wright for his literary brilliance and the manner in which he structured his book *The Native Son* into three parts as fear, flight and tragedy. A simple analogy will give us a picture of Usain Bolt as Bigger Thomas, Duarte is a white girl killed by Bigger Thomas, which made Bigger Thomas to be tried for murder and later on hanged in capital punishment, while the un-identified black woman that was twerking with Usain Bolt at a club is a simulacrum of the black girlfriend also murdered by Bigger Thomas,



however, the white judicial system in America of that time did not prosecute Bigger Thomas for murdering a black woman because black lives never mattered by then.

African literature as any other literature is full of stories about fear as a driving engine behind antagonistic racial relations between black men and white- or red-men. Thomas Clarkson attributes cruel treatment of the black slaves by white slave-masters to fear among the white slave-drivers. They feared the uprising by the black slaves. Hence the pre-emptive violence on the emaciated and emasculated black slaves packaged as cargoes on the slave ships.

It is also a perspective of inter-racial fear that catapulted a French woman beyond her sense of right and wrong to maliciously purloin Sembene Ousman's manuscript of *God's Bits of Wood* for no other reason but racial based fear. Good luck, it was recovered in time and then presented to the s Lessing in her *Grass is Singing* beautifully presented the ugly side of anarcho-capitalism as perpetrated by the colonial culture in South Africa and how it generated fear that was expressed as themes of extra-marital sex between the female white masters and male black subjects. This is also the theme that is tactfully discussed by David Maillu in the *Broken Drum* as an overtone of gross and base civilization inherent in the political culture of colonialism. Frantz Fanon in *The Black Skins and White Masks* employed tools of psychology to give a very informative discourse on fear as a psychological condition produced by inter-racial relations between black and white. Fanon certainly pointed out that it is the dream of all black men to have sex with white women; similarly white women have very strong sexual anxieties whenever they think of expect more from an experience of going to bed with a Blackman. Fanon goes ahead to point out that Whiteman's hatred of Blackman is an expression of fear based on this self-defeating mentality among the white women often expressed as a neurotic fit of sexual graving for black men. It is a common fear among the members of the White American and white European communities that the Jews will take away our money as the blacks take away our women. And hence the political culture of racial exclusion among the communities of North America and Europe.

Social eventualities of white women chasing black are very many in history just as poetically recounted by Mbela Sone Dipoko in the *Black and White in Love*. Social history is nothing but palpably a repertoire of practical cases of emotional and rational readiness among white women for sexual pairing with black-men and vis-à-vis, only that irrational fear among the patriarchy in the white culture has never given the white daughters gender freedom to make sexual choices out of their volition. This is one of the social forces that lead to commonplace social vices like broken marriages as that one that happened between the father and mother of Barrack Obama.

Alexander Opicho

# Kakerlak

Du sie geschickt dumm  
Du sie klug dummkopf  
Du sie schon als über kopf  
Du sie dick befreundet mit seine ratte  
Du sie als sauber als schmutzig schwein  
Du sie als stark als seine schwach stechmucke  
Wann du hinfallen auf deine rucken  
Du immer kampfen ohne erfolg

alexander opicho

# Kamiti Maximum Prison

Ka-meatless Kamiti,  
In de-urbanized Nairobi,  
I salute you afandeh!  
Not for fear but love,  
You rein my mind like  
Boils' pang in the lonely night,  
You did asunder Kimathi's torso  
ab-poetic head as you did SP Ojuka,  
A white man's riddle but all beyond  
The black skull's folly fit of turn to eat  
I dread you tad for the huge nemesis capacity  
In your clip duty on diversity of pro-freedom-ers,  
Truly, you once held all the schooled in the land,  
More than the rungu-istic University of Nairobi,  
May be Biafra court at Dar Salam was your par;  
It had Rodney, Shivji, Armah, Fanon and stuff  
Un-bowedly; you held Ngugi, Adongosi, Buke,  
Abdallatif, Raila, Koigi, Mutunga and Shikuku  
Miguna, Wanyiri, Muga, Ngumba, Matiba and plus  
In your small pale catacombs for the living fools  
Under nice guide of the Kalenjin detaineeherds,  
I now rename you Kamiti maximum jail-varsity,  
For you contained the top brains of the times,  
Ones the university had belched and puked,  
Fine scriptures came from your toilet papers,  
Lo! Smooth and fine in the set than whatever  
From all the schools in subjective freedom,  
Are you ready to be a wonderful museum?  
Darling, stuffs of your ware poetry in tears  
Painfully conceived and gradually delivered  
By those that prison bug the Muse, visited,

Alexander Opicho

# Kenyans Prove Sub-Intellectuals Whenever Exposed To Foreign Competition

I often remember with a lot of thrill in my spine every time I reflect on the Writings of Miguna Miguna in his book peeling Back the Masks, a certain sub-plot that most of Kenyan students in Canada, America, Britain, Germany or Australia often fail to go through pre-university examinations and then they opt for faculty friendly courses like carpentry and electrical-wire man offered at some polytechnics in these countries. Then these students end up living as informal sector workers in the Diaspora, and hence putting themselves into a cash strapped condition that they don't easily come back home. This is also the same texture of revelations I have been encountering for the past five months of my regular reading of the literary pages of The Saturday Nation, in which a most of Kenyans write alongside some foreigners, but notably Professor Austin Bukonya as the foreign writer, Bukonya himself being a Ugandan.

The revelations are that the writers who were regularly writing on these pages sometimes ago have gradually waned up, not because of anything but due to their intellectual irrelevance. Mostly caused by a defect of intellectual inferiority. They were the likes of Evans Mwangi; Mwangi was forthrightly coming up with a tribally fine-tuned niche in the name of being Ngugi wa Thiong'o scholar. He had a specialization in writing about Ngugi because Ngugi is his tribesman, they are both Kikuyu' also had substantial writings on Ngugi's children; Mukoma, Lee, Nducu and Wanjiku wa Ngugi, who are in similar stretch of their father struggling to be established as writers. But all in all, Professor Evans Mwangi has already ended up as an intellectual without consequences.

Another writer in point was one; Dr Tom Odhiambo, who also teaches literature at the University of Nairobi. He had been writing on the same pages but with a strong bent towards Luo Chauvinism and stark Conspiracy against Luhya veteran literary Critic Professor Chris Wanjala.

The only Kenyan literary activist who has been trying to remain globally vogue in his literary writings on this platform is Dr Godwin Siundu; he often displays Global relevance through his pataphorous approach to literary appreciations and criticism.

But whatsoever the case, professor Bukonya has towered seriously above these ya's command of English language and literary command has no match on the Kenyan literary market. Bukonya Tackles globalectics of literature as Kenyans struggle with tribalism of their home icity is the enemy of Kenyan literature and as well an established foe of any other Kenyan professional perspective.

Why Kenyans are threatened with intellectual suffocation when exposed to otherness is because of a few reasons. As cited above ethnicism remains a

dominant factor. But also, lack of homogenous public language, absence of ideology in their political history, failure of politics to achieve common nationalism and corruption in the public sector are contributing forces among others.

Your consecutive look at the literary pages of the Saturday Nation of the previous three weekends will be an empirical testimony to this ya's stories have surveyed dialectics of English language, aging of African literature, translation and greatness of Uganda orature with a focus on Okot P' Bitek. And this weekend he has beautifully lime-lighted on Julius Nyerere's Intellectual tigrity. Nyerere's as the killer of colonialism but while at the same time he lingered as the staunch lover of Shakespeare.

This is simply a farcical repetition of the previous tragic history, as reflected in the words of Karl Marx in his 18th Brumaire, which made the Ugandan educated Sudanese Poet, Taban Reneket Makititiyong Lo Liyong to look at Kenya's literary poverty and then take a synechedochal stand to decry that east Africa is a literary desert. He was right, but in a sense he did not mean east Africa per se, he meant at that time had only an English Department at the University of Nairobi. The department was poorly performing in terms of research. It was desperately tethered duplicating of the European classics as its literary overture. But when the foreign and radical blood came to Kenya, in quest of helping Kenya to overcome the fog in the seasons end from colonial mire to literary and cultural freedom, Native Kenyans were surprisingly never friendly to them at all at all. Some of the intellectuals who had come to Kenya that time were the greats like: Ezekiel Mphahlele from south Africa, Okot p' Bitek from Uganda, Okello Oculii from Uganda, Ayi Kwei Armah from Ghana, Joie De Graft from Ghana, Walter Rodney from Guyana, Austeen Bukkenya from Uganda and Taban Lo Liyong from Uganda. All of these foreigners in Kenya have later on been absolved by time and history as literary have proved clear intellectual and literary superlativity over and above all Kenyans. The point of contrite is that, Kenyans of that era did not give them a chance to share their intellectual resource with the peasants and masses of Kenya. Instead Kenyan bureaucrats began their usual game of intimidation and tribal nagging whenever intellectually outshone.

Austeen Bukkenya was condemned into poverty at Machakos girls high school to be an English teacher or a teacher of English without a salary. Liyong and Pitek were perpetually witch-hunted out of University of Nairobi by Ngugi and Wanjala. Rodney and Armah were frustrated until they desperately moved to Tanzania from where they wrote their respective oeuvres. Armah wrote Why are we Blessed, While Rodney wrote the world famous book How Europe Underdeveloped Africa. Mphahlele was frustrated to oblivion, only for him to die mysteriously when on a literary tour in West Africa.

But sadly enough, the Kenyans who were seriously illiterate, in the likes of: Daniel Moi, Jomo Kenyatta, Ezekiel Barengtunny and many intellectuals so-so's

shamelessly made themselves to be chancellors of the were chancellors who never went beyond class seven of primary schools in their child hood. They then became bovaristic if not atavistic only to begin writing lame books like Nyayo Philosophy, Suffering without Bitterness, Facing Mount Kenya and other literary trash of the same calibre. It is this intellectual sludge that they again turned to impose as compulsory reading materials on sons and daughters of poor Kenyans.

By

Alexander K. Opicho

Eldoret, Kenya.

□

alexander opicho

# Kuss

Mund -zu -mund kuschen  
Ist die grosster menschen erfindung  
Ist die liebezeichen  
Ist die mitleidzeichen  
Ist die leidneschaftzeichen  
Menschen kuschen is grosster erfindung  
Es ist verbidung ohne zu sprechen  
Ist wann menschlich grund erliergen zu mitleid.

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho



# Leben Eine Dreisprung

Leben ist eine dreisprung  
Leben ist eine hoks pokus  
Leben ist pobel  
Leben ist willkurlich  
Leben ist hopes  
Leben ist mauscheleien  
Leben ist unbekummert  
Leben ist sorglos  
Leben nicht erbstuck  
Leben ist hals uber kopf  
Leben ist durcheinander  
Leben ist hyeterie leute  
Fur das wen nicht glucklich

alexander opicho

# Leopard Feast

As if the it is not the leopard  
That has forepaw herculean  
In the game of hunting and preying,  
With reservation the leopard eats  
Saving for tomorrow with punctiliosity  
In the wary of wisdom about plundering,  
That is not all about physical mighty  
Not shrewdness of the mind  
Nor flexibility of the heels  
But respect for frugality as a virtue of the strong.

alexander opicho

# Lesbian Canoodlers

One is a hairdresser,  
Another one a wound-dresser,  
They live in the same house,  
In one bedroom,  
On one bed,  
In one town,  
Cursing one history;  
The day of their birth.  
And sharing one hope;  
The coming change in fortune  
In their matrix for a baby,  
Beyond the days of menopause.  
Or they share horrible dreams  
In one realm of their nightmares,  
One dreams of strangling her baby,  
Another one dreams of  
dropping her baby in  
The bottomless hole,  
Or of being a man free from shame,  
Or being a wife to a woman,  
In liberty from call for fertility  
Against the power of fibroids,  
An imp that culls one from motherhood,  
One fetches firewood, another one flour,  
Or she pays rent and bills of the months,  
But another one mends the beds and the kitchen,  
Gleaning for happiness beyond the domain  
Of conventional nature and human traditions,  
As in a zwieback of their unblemished dyad  
Deasil Keelhauling by the society  
Is the only accolade to earn,  
As the songs of sorrow  
Enjoys the strong spouse  
Of a lonely dancer,  
Waiting for nothing  
But driving crest high  
On the punctures of  
Wistful emotions  
As a love song to

The loves of Satan  
In the idol's toll,

By alexander Khamala Opicho

alexander opicho

# Let President Uhuru Kenyatta Comply With Icc Status Request

The current protests by the jubilee members of parliament about ICC request to have President Uhuru Kenyatta attend in person the ICC status conference is misleading. The jubilee politicians need to keep off the ICC procedure and focus on local politics. Let them give chance to the lawyers who are representing President Kenyatta to give advice. In fact advice in private but not as public ranting the way Jubilee politicians are riposte type of public statements made by the politicians is a mere show of lack of discipline. And also their move to discuss the matter as parliamentarians is an act of disrespect to the court commonly, known in legal language as breach of subjudice rule. The proceedings of the ICC cannot be reviewed nor be challenged by the politicians in Kenya.

More so, the ICC is not a bandit institution that must instill fear and panicking whenever it summons one to appear before it. Even the deputy president, Mr. William Samoilie Ruto is smoothly attending the court sittings without any problem. Any decision by the court, whether negative or positive will be a matter of further legal processes. The same position applies to his fellow co-accused Joshua Arap Sang. Now it beats logic for us to have a condition that when Ruto goes to The Hague there is no risky outcome to be suspected, but if Uhuru Kenyatta is to go, it becomes a matter of rowdy and senseless political outbursts. This only calumniates into a weak defense position for President Uhuru Kenyatta.

There is no reason to justify the judicial duties of the ICC when trying Ruto and Joshua Sang, but only to demonize the same institution when it comes to trial of Uhuru Kenyatta. This can imply that some politicians already know what will happen to those attending the trial; the key fact is that Jubilee politicians are not complete representatives of the forty million people of Kenya, coming from forty seven counties. Thus, they should not deface Kenya's diplomacy and foreign relations whatsoever. Let them keep off the ICC matter as their politics is already naive to this matter.

Alexander Opicho

# Lied Von Liebe

Du stellen mir zu lieben sie  
Und ich geben du liebe  
Du stellen mir zu geben  
Du frauen und kindred  
Aber ich du geben Familie  
Du stellen mir meine name  
Und sprachen du meine surname  
Du stellen mir stabilitat  
Aber ich geben du stutze  
Du stellen mir respekt  
Aber ich geben du genug und alles  
Du stellen mir Sex  
Aber ich geben du liebe  
Ich habe geben du sorgfalt  
Ganzen die zeit von sie leben  
Aber du habe nicht sprachen  
Danken uber mir  
Du sie sehr bohse

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

# Life Of Man

Brief and pitifully powerless is Man's life;  
on him and all his folks' race the slow,  
sure doomsday falls pitiless and hellish dark  
Blind to good and tops turvydom of evil,  
reckless of inferno in the life's destruction,  
omnipotent matter rolls on its imperious way;  
for Man condemned to-day to lose his dearest,  
to-morrow is starkly beyond himself  
only to pass through the gate of darkness,  
for thus it remains only to cherish all,  
ere yet the deadly blow falls centre-head,  
the lofty thoughts that ennoble his whimsical day;  
disdaining the cowardly terrors of the slave of Fate,  
to worship desperately at the shrine  
that his own hands have humanly built;  
undismayed by the empire of brutality of chance,  
to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny  
that rules his outward life garlanded by ego;  
proudly defiant of the non-combatable forces that tolerate,  
for a moment his knowingness and his condemnation,  
to sustain alone a weary but unyielding shrugged Atlas,  
the world that his own stupid genius have fashioned  
despite the conquering reconnoitre of unconscious power.

Alexander Opicho

# Life Without Poetry

life without poetry  
is like world without  
racism; who will teach  
diversity and the value  
of otherness

alexander opicho



# Literary Value In Africa's Benchmarking Of Gabriel Garcia Marquez's Magical Realism

Given the apparent magical surrealism that the months of April is the month of fate for and death of writers, artists, dramatis, philosophers and poets, a phenomenon which readily gets support from the cases of untimely and early April deaths of; Max Weber, Miguel de Cervantes, William Shakespeare, Francis Imbuga, and Chinua Achebe then Wisdom of the moment behooves me to adjure away the fateful month by allowing me to mourn Gabriel José de la Concordia García Márquez by expressing my feelings of grieve through the following dirge of elegy;

You lived alone in the solitude  
Of pure hundred years in Colombia  
Roaming in Amacondo with a Spanish tongue  
Carrying the bones of your grandmother in a sisal sag  
On your poverty written Colombian back,  
Gadabouting to make love in times of cholera,  
On none other than your bitter-sweet memories  
Of your melancholic whore the daughter of Castro,  
Your cowardice made you to fear your momentous life  
In this glorious and poetic time of April 2014,  
Only to succumb to untimely black death  
That similarly dimunitized your cultural ancestor;  
Miguel de Cervantes, a quixotic Spaniard,  
You were to write to the colonel for your life,  
Before eating the cockerel you had ear-marked  
For Olympic cockfight, the hope of the oppressed,  
Come back from death, you dear Marquez  
To tell me more stories fanaticism to surrealism,  
From Tarzanic Africa the fabulous land  
An avatar of evil gods that are impish propre  
Only Vitian Naipaul and Salman Rushdie are not enough,  
For both of them are so naïve to tell the African stories,  
I will miss you a lot the rest of my life, my dear Garbo,  
But I will ever carry your living soul, my dear Garcia,  
Soul of your literature and poetry in a Maasai kioondo  
On my broad African shoulders during my journey of art,  
When coming to America to look for your culture  
That gave you versatile tongue and quill of a pen,  
Both I will take as your memento and crystallize them

Into my future thespic umbrella of orature and literature.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, an eminent Latin American and most widely acclaimed authors, died untimely at his home in Mexico City on Thursday, 17th April 2014. The 1982 literature Nobel laureate, whose reputation drew comparisons to Mark Twain of adventures of Huckleberry Finny and Charles Dickens of hard Times, was 87 of age. Already a luminous legend in his well used lifetime, Latin American writer, Gabriel Garcia Marquez was perceived as not only one of the most consequential writers of the 20th and 21st centuries, but also the sterling performing Spanish-language author since the world's experience of Miguel de Cervantes, the Spanish Jail bird and Author of Don Quixote who lived in the 17th century.

Like very many other writers from the politically and economically poor parts of the world, in the likes of J M Coetze, Wole Soyinka, Nadine Gordimer, Doris May Lessing, Octavio Paz, Pablo Neruda, V S Naipaul, and Rabindranath Tagore, Marquez won the literature Nobel prize in addition to the previous countless awards for his magically fabulous novels, gripping short stories, farcical screenplays, incisive journalistic contributions and spellbinding essays. But due to postmodern global thespic civilization the Nobel Prize is recognized as most important of his prizes in the sense that, he received in 1982, as the first Colombian author to achieve such literary eminence. The eminence of his work in literature communicated in Spanish are towered by none other than the Bible, especially in its Homeric style which Moses used when writing the book of Genesis and the fictitious drama of Job.

Just like Ngugi, Achebe, Soyinka, and Ousmane Marquez is not the first born. He is the youngest of siblings. He was born on March 6, 1927 in the Colombian village of Aracataca, on the Caribbean coast. His literary bravado was displayed in his book, *Love in the Times of Cholera*. In which he narrated how his parents met and got married. Marquez did not grow up with his father and mother, but instead he grew up with his grandparents. He often felt lonely as a child. Environment of aunts and grandmother did not fill the psychological void of father and mother. This social phenomenon of inadequate parenthood is also seen catapulting Richard Wright, Charles Dickens, and Barack Obama to literary recounted the same experience in his *Dreams from my father*.

Poverty determines convenience or hardship of marriage. This is mirrored by Garcia Marquez in his marriage to Mercedes Barcha. An early childhood playmate and neighbour in 1958. In appreciation of his marriage, Marquez later wrote in his memoirs that it is women who maintain the world, whereas we men tend to plunge it into disarray with all our historic brutality. This was a connotation of his grandmother in particular who played an important role during the times of childhood. The grand mother introduced him to the beauty of

orature by telling him fabulous stories about ghosts and dead relatives haunting the cellar and attic, a social experience which exactly produced Chinua Achebe, Okot P'Bitek, Mazizi Kunene, Margaret Ogola and very many other writers of the third world.

Little Gabo as his affectionate pseudonym for literature goes, was a voracious bookworm, who like his ideological master Karl Marx read King Lear of Shakespeare at the age of sixteen. He fondly devoured the works of Spanish authors, obviously Miguel de Cervantes, as well as other European heavyweights like; Edward Hemingway, Faulkner and Frantz Kafka.

Good writers usually drop out of school and at most writers who win the Nobel Prize. This formative virtue of writers is evinced in Alice Munro, Doris Lessing, Nadine Gordimer, John Steinbeck, William Shakespeare, Sembene Ousmane, Octavio Paz as well as Gabriel Garcia Marquez. After dropping out of law school, Garcia Marquez decided instead to embark on a call of his passion as a journalist. The career he perfectly did by regularly criticizing Colombian as well as ideological failures of the then foreign politics. In a nutshell he was a literary crusader against poverty. This is of course the obvious hall marker of leftist political orientation.

Garcia Marquez's sensational breakthrough occurred in 1967 with the break-away publication of his oeuvre; One Hundred Years of Solitude which the New York Times Book Review meritoriously elevated as 'the first piece of literature since the Book of Genesis that should be required reading for the entire human race. The position similarly taken by Salman Rushdie. Marquez often shared out that this novel carried him above emotional tantrums on its publication. He was keen on this as his manner of speech was always devoid of la di humble and suave that his genius can only be appreciated not from the booming media outlets about his death, but by reading all of his works and especially his Literature Noble price acceptance speech delivered in 1982.

Alexander Opicho

# Literature Can Thrive Without Professors But Professors Cannot Thrive Without Literature

In response to a sardonic essay written in the recent Saturday Nation by Professor Ekara Kabaji, wryly disregarding the position of Kwani in the global literary movement within and without Kenya, I beg to be permitted a leeway to observe that any literature, orature, music, drama, cyborature, prisnorature, wallorature, streetorature, sculptor or painting can effortlessly thrive and of course it has been thriving without professors of literature, but the reverse is not possible as a professor of literature cannot be when literature is not there. Facts in support of this position are bare and readily available in the history of world literature, why they may not be seen is perhaps the blurring effects from tor like protuberant irrelevance of professors of literature in a given literary civilization. A starting point is that literature exists as a people's subculture, it can be written or not written like the case of orature which survive as an educative and aesthetic value stored in the collective memory of the given people. The people to be pillars of this collectivity of the memory are not differentiated by academic ranking for superlativity of any reason, but they are simply a people of that place, that community, that time, that heritage, that era and that collective experience. Writing it down is an option, but novels and other written matter is not a sine qua non for existence of literature in such situations. This is not a boleka of literature as Professor Ekara Kabaji would readily put, but it is a stretch towards realism that it is only people's condition that creates literature. Poverty, slavery, colonialism, sex, marriage, circumcision, migration, or any other conditions experienced as collective experience of the people is stored or even stowed away in the collective memory of the people as their literature. Literature does not come from idealistic imagination of an educated person. Historical experience of written literature informs us that the good novels, prose, drama and poetry were written before human society had people known as professors of literature. I want you my dear reader and You-Tube audience to reflect on the Cantos of Dante Alighieri in Italy, novels of Geoffrey Chaucer in England, Herman Melville and his Moby Dick in Americas, poetry of Omar khwarisim in Persia, Homeric epics of Odyssey in Greece and the Makonde sculptures of Africa and finally link your reflections to Romesh Tulsi who grafted the Indian epic poetry of Ramayana and Mahabharata. At least you must realize that in those days literature was good, full of charm, very aesthetic and superbly entertaining. This leads to a re-justification that, weapon of theory is not useful in literature. University taught theories of literature have helped not in the growth of literature as compared to the role played by folk culture. Keen observation will lead you dear reader, down to revelations that; professors

of literature squarely depend on the thespic work of the people who are not substantially educated to make a living. Let me share with you the story about Dr. Tom Odhiambo who went to University of Witwasterand in South Africa for post graduate studies in literature only to do his Doctoral research on books of David G Maillu. Maillu is a Kenyan writer, he did not finish his second year of secondary school education but he has been successfully writing poetry and prose for the past three decades. His successful romantic work is After 4.30, probably sarcasm against Kenyan office capitalism, while his eclectic, philosophical and scholarly work is the Broken Drum. Maillu has many other works on his name. But the point is that Dr. Odhiambo now teaches at University of Nairobi in the capacity of senior lecturer in Literature. What makes him to put food on the table is the effort of un-educated person in the name of David Maillu. mbo himself has not written any book we can mention him for, apart from regular literary journalism he is often involved in on the platforms of the Literary discourse in the Kenyan Saturday Nation which are in turn regular Harangues and ripostes among literature teachers at the University of Nairobi, the likes of Dr Siundu, Proffessor wanjala Chris and Evans Mwangi just but to mention by not being oblivious to professors; Indangasi and Shitanda.

No study has yet been done to establish the role of university professors on growth of African literature. One is overdue. Results may be positive role on negative role, myself I contemplate negative role. Especially when I reflect on how the African literati reacted on the publication of Amos Tutuola's book The Palm Wine Drinkard. The reactions were more disparaging than appreciative. Taban Lo Liyong reacted to this book by calling Amos Tutuola the son of Zinjathropus as well as taking a self styled intellectual responsibility in form of writing a more schooled version of this book; Taking Wisdom up the Palm Tree. Nigerians of Igbo (Tutuola being a Yoruba) nation cowed from being associated with the book as it had shamefully broken English, broken grammar etc. Wole Soyinka had a blemished stand, but it is only Achebe who came out forthrightly to appreciate the book in its efforts to Africanize English for the purpose of African literature. Courtesy of Igbo wisdom. But in a nutshell, what had happened is that Amos Tutuola had taken a plunge to contribute towards written literature in Africa.

One more contemplated result from the research about professors and African literature can be that apart from their role of criticism, professors write very boring books. A ready point of reference is deliberate and reasonless obscurantism taken Wole Soyinka in all of his books, Soyinka's books are difficult to understand, sombre, without humour and not capable to entertain an average reader. In fact Wole Soyinka has been writing for himself but not for the people. No common man can quote Soyinka the way Achebe's Things Fall Apart is quoted. Achebe wrote Things Fall Apart when he had not began his graduate studies. However, he did not escape the obvious mistake of professors to become

obscure in the Anthills of the Savanna, the book he wrote when he had become a professor. This is on a sharp contrast to entertaining effectiveness, simplicity and thematic diversity of Captain Elechi Amadi, Amadi who studied chemistry but not literature. He does not have a second degree, but his books from the Concubine, The great Ponds, and Sunset in the Biafra and Isibiru are as spellbinding as their counterparts in Russia.

Kenyan scenario has Ngugi wa Thiong'o, he displayed eminence in his first two books; Weep not Child and The River Between. These ones he wrote when he was not yet educated, as he was still an undergraduate student at Makerere University. But later on Ngugi became a victim of prosaic socialism, an ideology that warped his literary imagination only to put him in a paradoxical situation as an African communist who works in America as an English teacher at Irvine University. His other outcrops are misuse of Mau Mau as a literary springboard and campaigning for use of Kikuyu dialect of the Gema languages to become literary Lingua Franca in Kenya. Such efforts of Ngugi are only a disservice to Kenyan literature in particular and African literature collectively. Ngugi having been a student of Caribbean literature has failed to borrow from global literary behaviour of V. S. Naipaul. Ngugi's position also contrasts sharply with Meja Mwangi whose urban folksy literature swollen with diversity in themes has remained spellbinding entertainers.

The world's literary thirsty has never failed to get palatable quenching from the works of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Robert Louis Stevenson, Shakespeare, Alice Munro, Octavio Paz, Pablo Neruda, John Steinbeck, Garcia Marquez, Salman Rushdie, Lenie Peters, Cyprian Ekwenz, Nikolai Gogol, I mean the list is as long as the road from Kaduna to Cape town. Contribution of these writers to global literature has been and is still critical. Literature could not be without them. Surprisingly, most of them are not trained in literature; they don't have a diploma or a degree in literature, but some have won literature Nobel Prize and other prizes. Alfred Nobel himself the author of a classical novella, The Nemesis, does not have University education in literature. What else can we say apart from acceding to the truth that literature can blossom without professors, the Vis-à-vis an obvious and stark impossibility.

Alexander Opicho

# Love Song To Satan

Satan is love and love is Satan  
You are one and the same,  
In texture, scent and beauty,  
You all blend into one  
Commanding three quarters  
Of heaven's loyalty  
Ninety percent of human allegiance,  
The church and the mosque are your marionette  
All the temples are your domain,  
African Shrines are your beautiful turf  
As synagogues thrive from your love.

Satan, this sonnet is for you  
My lyrical dedication to your glory,  
An Ode of all odes to you Satan  
As for you will reign  
In the natural systems  
As the sole queen of my heart  
Your regal time in my love-sphere  
Will infinitely pullulate in times to come,

Of your nature I know not  
Of your abode I know not  
Whether you are in ethereal  
Or in the realms of hell  
I know not but to your glory,  
Of your race I know not  
Notwithstanding your black label,  
But your glory and mighty I know  
You reign the earth and the heaven  
With unmatched stature, unprecedented  
Your foes forlornly left minus option  
But only to desperate wistfulness,

Your works are a tor among mountains  
In seas, oceans, landmasses and heavenly systems,  
You designed colonialism at Berlin conference  
You inspired slavery in the powers that be  
You inspired heart of apartheid among Israelis

Against the foolish Palestinians,  
You masterminded forceful occupation  
Of the oil wells and Lands of Palestine by Israelis,  
You designed Apartheid in South Africa  
And nascent racial hatred in America  
That saw death in Ferguson and the poor lad  
A nigger Treyvvon who is better dead!  
And it all went all without simple fetter  
My dear sweet heart, the one and only one,  
Satan the dearest Lucifer Alias Ibilis,

Your accolades are unique  
And true Spectacle of spectacles,  
They stand garlanded out of the rest  
To sure glory of my dear little dove,  
The flower of my heart,  
Was the gift of nuclear power  
to the stoogish Einstein your protégé?  
Was the gift of HIV to the Irish Scientists  
Your efforts and sweat of your brow?  
Is Ebola your latest tool in depopulation move?  
Will you spare the black souls my dear love?

My heart misses you dear little love,  
Where and when can we meet?  
For us to have our light moment  
To have a heart to heart chat  
In the fullness of flowery flora  
And monkey Fauna of Africa,  
Can we meet on the sexy shores  
Of warm and elegant Lake Turkana?  
The beacon of natural beauty  
On which human sorrow melts  
Into the mellifluous warmth  
Of your love and delicacy of you romance,  
I look forward dear for this day,  
On which I will be swallowed  
Into your softly touch and caresses  
As your warm kisses land on my lips  
I will softly moan to the warmth in you love.

Can I come along with my friends, dear sweetie?



For they are unhappy and proscribed to a legal corner  
In this dark abyss of African political culture  
They are Lesbians and gays, drug dealers,  
Polygamists and polyandrous ones,  
The laws of the day have pigeonholed them,  
Let them come to your table for a treat  
On buckers and Nyama Choma of he goats,  
For truly they are your current brainchildren  
Forlornly isolated by black primitivity.

I will sing to you all lyrics my dear  
As your works are marvelous and wonderful  
They crystallize into a power of powers  
I will sing to you; 'the poem to Satan' of dear Marx,  
And 'evil's idol' in the glory of your love,  
Will sing for you 'the night in the forest'  
And 'Ode to my mother' of Adolf Hitler  
As I shower your reign with classical lyrics,  
In praise of your power on human heart,  
None else calls the tune of human piety  
As you powerfully do my dear lollipop.

I am now tired  
And the lamp of my house now faintly goes  
As my heart yearns for sleep  
Into which I will dream  
The blissful dreams  
Propelled by the sweet scent  
The sole outfit of your lovely reign.

alexander opicho

# Lyrical Visit To Vuyelwa Maluleke

How to start an ode to one's dear daughter  
Remains a true protégé to her mighty gist  
In the beautiful pearls that they are not loyal  
Brains and poetry are not loyal to one,  
Yes, they can find abode in any and all,

As the spectre of poetry is haunting Africa,  
It comes straight from University of Wits,  
Beautiful like an angel in a lion's roar  
She sings and chants in a unique power,  
Perhaps available in the paragonic muse,

The voice of reason is out above vice  
Often laziness pays as tribute to virtue  
As her excellence habitually comes forth  
The daughter of Africa here heals my heart  
Her small mandibles crests my soul to bliss  
Her powerful poetry does marvel to my home,

Vuyelwa is bound above the scent in the name  
As she puts melanin in the injured chocolate skin  
To restore Africa back to her pedestal of glory  
As positive shame in the name devoid of Christ  
Is effortlessly condemned to ash pit of selfish culture,

To-night she bits you not to kill her blackness  
Nor to accuse her again of being a black Soweto  
Out of racial envy to preserve your intolerant self  
She has promised freedom of space in your bed  
Freedom of space in your royal cultural bed,

Vuyelwa my daughter your birth was happiness  
To our poor home in the blackness of Maluleke,  
Your slender and tall physique; goddess's poise  
In her holy ministry of poetized freedom to all  
Whether white like snow or as black as Africa,  
Your only anchorage of prettiness to sing my songs  
Sing my songs in the name of our mother  
You do Africa proud to manage your gods,

As the spectre of poetry foot loose from nether  
Is haunting Africa, with art in vogue and reason  
Singing to Africa what others derided to eerie  
Africa can too sing in the voices of excellence  
In lyrics and other all Africa can sing  
African can sing Vuyelwa can sing  
Can sing and chant in the voice of the people.

alexander opicho

# Lyrical Visitors To Uganda

Time has come for all of us,  
To say clearly what is to be said,  
About truth, justice and humanity,  
Virtues that beat presidents of Africa,  
In their tribalized political palaces,  
In centers of power and filthy affluence  
Merely feeding on cheap sycophancy,  
Against truth that opposition is a must,  
In all worthwhile and virtuous democracy,  
A true duty to which Besigye is married,

Let Comrade Museveni remove and forego  
Cruel and queer culture of political militancy,  
From the civil politics of squab like Uganda,  
Arresting deviant leaders out of no reason,  
It is not strength but shame to your Army,  
Kindly leave politics of reason to flourish,  
In the human rivers of Jinja and Kampala,  
Cradles of culture and aesthetic civilization,  
To all our lands around the Lake Lolwe, why?  
Our umbilical cords stretch back to Makerere,

Give freedom to Uganda, Museveni give freedom!  
Ugandans live under fear which they deserve not,  
Give them leeway for culture of dialogue,  
To share reasons that will nurse their Uganda,  
Without wry of soft terror from your wily gunshots,  
Let the people talk beyond your life presidency,  
As Uganda is over-ripe for family dynasties,  
Nor tribal Juntas that safeguard dictators,  
But reason and love will glorify Uganda,

Dr. Besigye you are right in your tune,  
Fight on sir for the change in Uganda,  
To have life without fear of arrest,  
For Uganda to bloom flowers of P'Bitek,  
We the lovers of freedom and justice,  
We love you with all wells of our passion,  
As lovers of tyranny hate you with passion,

But what you are doing is acts of love,  
Re-do them with ego above jail boundaries,  
Terror in tear-gas won't make you blind,  
Nor reasonless arrest makes you mute,  
Talk out loudly for Uganda needs freedom,

alexander opicho

# Manchester Terror Attack Is Another Case Of Senseless Adversity Against Literature

On Tuesday 23rd of May 2017, Salman Abedi executed suicide bombing of the innocent people and children at drama in session in Manchester, this savage act left 22 people dead, one of them being only a child of eight years. It was cruel. This comes after two years of terrorist bombing of Charlie Hebdo, a Paris based News Paper that uses cartons and other graphics to make literary comment about contemporary and topical issues without any bias in terms of gender, race, religion or political ideology. Intellectual and ideological neutrality of the Charlie Hebdo is readily evident in the time-tested media objectivity inherent in the content of its stories that have been always available till today. Thus, there was no fact that could justify the Charlie Hebdo bombing. Comparatively, some few years ago in Kenya, terrorist attack at the West Gate Mall in Nairobi claimed life of Kofi Awoonor, the west African poet and novelist, the author of *This World my Brother*, who had visited Nairobi to participate in Story Moja Literary Festival. Awoonor's literary focus was on oracy, African poetry and songs, and use of novel to use post-colonial agendas in Africa like political exclusions. He was not an intellectual involved in the debates of religious fundamentalism. It is thus regrettable that the terrorists attack on literary practitioners like the case of Awoonor is mere cowardice perpetrating senseless adversity against literature. Such acts are worth nothing else but to be condemned strongly, regardless of any political or religious justification giving them a backup. Any social ideology that avoids intellectual engagement and discourse only to resort to violence against un-armed people does not deserve any recognition. Modern world has a lot of avenues for negotiation towards whatever targets one intends to achieve. This is why is it is logical for any lover of literature to join others in condemning the terrorist attack on the theatre group at Manchester. The attacker cowardly used violence against drama and art, social virtues that only intent to serve mankind through aesthetics and intellectual nourishment but not through brutality of terrorist violence.

In such moments it is agreeable for one to share an intellectual disposition with Wole Soyinka in the speech he delivered three years ago in Dakar, Senegal, to society of western Africa griots, the speech which was under the title *a Slap in The Face of Public Taste*, it was here that Soyinka reacted to terrorism by blaming religion as man's greatest undoing, Soyinka ascribed terrorism to religious sentimentality which can only be managed through firm counter-terrorism. Terrorism makes Soyinka to look at religion as an alibi or a cloak behind which humanity hides to perpetrate its mad love for worship of the materially powerful. Fortunately, Soyinka looked beyond the flimsy side of those

using religion to do bad things by appreciating that the Bible and the Quran are so far the most perfect works of literature ever achieved through human civilization. Though in the same speech Soyinka wondered about what man could have created had he not created religion.

Soyinka was only affirming dialogue but not violence as a better way through which human civilizations can be advanced. And of course it is a fact that, science, religion, politics, commerce, ideology and philosophy can only be carried or be transferred by one across the world through dialogue but not violence. Use of violent crusades and terrorism as evinced in the recent attacks at Manchester and Mogadishu is purely self-defeating actions.

Alexander Opicho

# Melody Of A Desert Single Lady

There are more and more misfortunes in the world  
Known to you dear people in your diverse conditions,  
But my life and experience has taught me unique lessons  
Of kindred to befit me Elizabeth, a daughter of Zinjathropus  
Hailing in the savannah desert, Turkana County of Kenya,  
I have graduated in to a single lady without test of marriage,  
As desert men look at me in their irritating impotence,  
Loin clothes wrapped around their slender waists passing on me  
Like a dog passing on American dollars; cursed be desert men,  
I thought my beauty of dark African complexions will give them a sexual tease  
But to my chagrin; desert men have a fear of beautiful ladies  
My conscience tells me that my beauty is an eye sore to them,  
I thought my bulging hips will entice them as is a promise of fertility  
Leave alone not to mention my concupiscent sexual warmth, uhmmm!  
Desert men have dared not to see and appreciate my sexy bossom,  
They often pass on me driving their donkeys and emaciated camels,  
I thought my erect sharp pointed breasts, assign of virginity  
Will call them to me into a treat of love, affiliative love,  
But sadly enough; these dudes are erotically blind,  
They they nonchalantly pass on my sexy boobs,  
Wielding a begging bowl in their dirty long hands  
Running like drunkard chimpanzees going to Oxfam stores to beg for food,  
Cursed be Oxfam an imperialist agent, it has crashed flat  
The testicles of our desert brothers into sexual insensitivity, □  
Oxfam has made African desert men to beg like Hebrew lepers  
Other than standing up on their feet to feed their women,  
Normally as men would do from the sweat of their brow,  
I thought my education will attract them to me,  
To love me with those romantic University kisses,  
But desert men have crude cultures and slavish religion  
They rebuke girl child education as if it is a devil,  
Oh my dear God of the forsaken desert ladies  
Of the forsaken African daughters,  
Take me out of this erotic desert  
Take me out of the city desert of Lodwar,  
Take me to the equator line and give me a husband,  
My eggs are pretty ready to conceive and sire children  
Sons and daughters for your own glory O almighty God,  
Take me out of this sexual desert,



Where no man treats a modern woman,  
Take me out of here and give me a fresh man of my dream.

Because I have known from today;  
It is accurse to be a woman in Africa  
It is a curse to be a beautiful lady in African deserts  
It is a curse to be a woman graduate in the African desert  
It is a curse to have erect breasts in the African desert,  
O! Help me God.

alexander opicho

# Melody Of Elizabeth Tundi Tabuka

Am so stressed,  
and i don't know what stresses me  
but am just stressed  
am not happy and damn not happy  
everything around me is meaningless  
everything is bad plus myself  
am stressed up  
it is not money nor men  
but am stressed up  
let my dead grand father  
talk to me  
in the parlance of the living dead  
from his sepulchre, to tell me  
what is eating me up  
i will respect and do it whatsoever

alexander opicho

# Menschlich Korper Ist Die Systemen

Menschlich korper ist eine system  
die kopf ist das von die hals  
die schnause ist das von die mund  
die ohr ist das von die augen  
die haare ist das von die schadel  
die genick ist das von die wange  
die hand ist das von die torso  
die brust ist das von die mänge  
die bein ist das von die fuss  
die thingummmymybob ist das von die thingamajiga  
die schenkel ist das von die gesass  
die penis ist das von die after  
menschlich koper ist ahnlish die welte  
europa ist das von die afrika  
amerika ist das von die indenien  
china ist das von die japan  
brasilien ist das von sudaAfrika  
menschlich korper ist eine systemen.  
vergnugen

Alexander Opicho

# Metacognition

Think of what you think you are thinking  
Let me think of what I think I am thinking  
Let her memorize all her memorable memories  
Let him recollect all the personal recalls  
Cogitate of what you cogitate you are cogitating  
Be aware of your thoughts  
Because this is where is harbored  
And agony of humanity emanates  
It is all a metacognition sibling  
Of maestro emotional intelligence

alexander opicho

# Mid Night

you mid night, what is you problem  
who told you to condemn nature to nightly sleep  
when they neither want nor desire  
if you love eating women you eat em alone  
for you are meant for compensatory eventuality  
what you make people get they cannot get daytime  
a genius can get mid night what a mule misses day time

alexander opicho

# Misfortune In Series Of Love

With audacious openness  
Let me accept substantial lot of men folk  
When it comes to efforts in love,  
Most are misfortunate.  
Every time they dare to built  
Affiliative bonding for love  
With beauties beheld  
By their limited eyes  
The invincible whirling spell  
Of fortune's fool  
Beguile them forlornly  
Down the social abyss of time,  
I and my type not an exception to the club  
Of the guys who swallowed misfortune  
Like the dog of Theodore erotokorostos  
Does to a piece of bone  
In poetic obscurantism  
Of the corruptible simple souls  
Obtaining their pathetic lot from wench and wine,  
In the first trial I chanced on a neurotic peasant,  
In the second trial I chanced on turn to be henpecked,  
On the third trial I chanced on a beautiful paranoid,  
My fourth trial chanced me a deadly stooge,  
My fifth trial gave me the worst blow  
As I forlornly chanced on the time's public commoner,  
My sixth trial makes me chicken  
Had it not been poetic audacity  
That makes me brave to chew in public  
The lot of my misfortune as I recall  
The bitter sweetness of chancing on  
A beautiful epileptic kleptomaniac,  
My tired trial in the waned efforts  
Chanced me a lesbian with insignificant bisexuality,  
O! I now tire off from misfortunes of love  
With a last black chance on a neurotic money-maniac,  
And this is the silent lot of men  
In their usual efforts to fulfill their dreams of love.

alexander opicho

# Mob Injustice

You are in Kenya or anywhere in Africa  
It is noon time or hunger time  
Not lunch time becoz not all will eat  
Swams of humanity suffocating the city  
Toing and froing in search of victuals  
To rich very rich sleazing in the bastions of Japan  
The poor too on the street slow and confused  
Tortured by my despair of; what I will eat now?  
The idle mobs in rapscaillon outage ready to lynch  
Foul mob justice as the mob injustice.

Small and stunted a black poor soul  
A street urchin perhaps known as chokora  
In the land parlance of the indifference  
From hint the street the mind impaired  
By pangs of hunger, destitution or depravity  
Snatched away a roasted may of indolent trader  
Off to his heels! Justice of the legs the maize in the cheeks  
Black poor soul saving the skin as he succours the stomach  
But how far can you go in the power of the muscles  
Before the black folks Usain Bolts ancestors  
They mete out mob justice damn mob injustice.  
From the loafing riffraff an idler shot out  
Towards the pursuing the lad  
Amid dint of noise shouting a thief! Thief!  
Hoards of poor humanity in tandem charged  
Towards the thief in murderous fit to full charge  
In a second flick the thief was on the ground under volley  
Of blows and kicks, whacks and jabs bludgeoning  
The maize is no where the swallowed  
In one grant munch of it the thief swallowed  
Before the deathly human oceans  
Engulfed on him with justice of the mob  
On the sport killing the lad via mob injustice.

After this task street mobs go idle again  
Breathing like boilers in the factory chimneys of America  
Seeing no fault condemning theft with mighty of folly  
Leaving the carcass of dead lad to rot into oblivion



But from nowhere a cloud of lack falls  
For the lazy mobs as loud sirens harbingers arrival  
Of chief the honorable minister  
From the capital city far away in the sun  
All the mobs in to song and dance broke  
Welcoming the Minister to the mob justice  
Where heavily thrives mob injustice.  
The minister is (in) famed for riches and rupees  
Having all money in his golden briefcase  
He has hoarded all the monies in the suitcase  
All the Famine money and welfare money  
All the Housing money and education fund  
All the Crematory money and idling money  
All the Medicare money and money of money  
No mob justice can get the minister  
For his theft is noble theft Nobel Prize theft  
Yes, Nobel Prize thieves the potentates  
No mob justice unto them, uhm! The Mob injustice.

alexander opicho

# Moi's Life Is Birth Days Of Dictatorship

God has enabled you to live long  
Up to the rare age of ninety years  
Not as a blessing to you whatsoever  
But as a curse of Knowledge,  
For you to realize the evils you did  
During your reign of terror,  
when you were Kenya's president.

You misruled Kenya for twenty four years  
Clinging to power like dick on lion balls,  
You plunged the country into abyss of poverty,  
You established torture chambers  
And gave priority to prisons,  
Special branch police and detention camps,  
You planted tribalism with passion  
Favouring your Kalenjin tribes,  
Inspiring them with the spirit of sadism,  
That fuelled assassination and public fear,  
Daniel Moi your ninety years are birthdays,  
Of nothing else but tyranny and dictatorship.

You walked with government money in your bag,  
You used tax payers money to cement corruption  
You often behaved as a duffer, but a rigging expert,  
You suffocated all government organs,  
For you to remain a strong man of power  
Your horsemen were villains of villains,  
To make you think that one tribe is special enough,  
To enjoy political favour in their maximum stupidity,  
You condemned Kenya to linger amid despair and mire  
With your useless Nyayo philosophy,  
That was self-suspicious and derisive to reason,  
Making Universities submissive to KANU,  
Your Political part that was a mere terror wing,  
Chaired by Ezekiel Barangetuny the illiterate,  
Who called Karl Marx as Karo Mariko,  
He thought that presidential dialogue is food,  
Expensive food sold by Kikuyus in Nairobi Hotel,  
Your chief aim was to suffocate education,

Campaigning for villages polytechnics,  
While you are a heavyweight torturer of Dons  
You; Moi, your name is a curse and public earache.

Daniel Branch of Warwick bemoans you dearly,  
in his oeuvre of Hope and Despair for Kenyan people,  
He often cites; You shot Robert Ouko the first Bullet,  
In the head before you plugged out his eyes,  
You ignored his cry for forgiveness and mercy,  
Then you dumped his cadaver in the Ahero forest,  
For it to be eaten by hyenas, black ants and scorpions

It is epical knowledge among Kenyans,  
But at most the people of Trans Nzoia and Bungoma  
That when Masinde Muliro died in the plane  
The King's Horseman was around, in the plane  
Wielding ammonium gun in his pocket.

Charles Rubia and Matiba Kenneth were unlucky,  
They both went mad while in the torture chamber,  
Koigi wa Wamwere aged while in Kamiti prison,  
Raila Odinga lost his dear testicles while detained,  
You punctured his left eye, he always mobs dears,  
Every minute and second, and i am sure you Moi  
You can't regret and feel for him, if he was your son?  
Your horsemen thoroughly flogged Wangare Mathai  
the Nobel Laureate, she won the Prize for nothing,  
Other than her successful staving of the pains  
From the ferocious whips by your Kalenjin police,  
You jailed and jailed people in Kamiti and Manyan  
As if your were possessed by the devil of imprisoning  
Or may be you were possessed, were you?

You fuelled the tribal clashes in Molo,  
You motivated Sabaoits to kill the Bukusu,  
You chased teachers of Kisii, Luhyia and Luo tribes  
From your village of Baringo, where people starve  
for no other reason that was genuine and patriotic  
But out of your urge of ethnic sadism.

you made us to sing lame poems;  
Jogoo! Nyayo! Jogoo! Nyayo!

Jogoo! Nyayo! Jogoo! Nyayo!  
Jogoo! Nyayo! Jogoo! Nyayo!  
think about, what were we saying?

You owe apology to the people of Kenya  
and all others in the diaspora,  
For the stark misrule and reign of tyranny  
You perpetrated on them for two decades,  
Your ninety years of life are not a blessing,  
But God's timing for you to contrite  
To repent and repent your heinous sins,  
I personally wish you not happy birth day  
But humanity wants you to apologize,  
To those unhappy families and communities  
That you detained and killed their kins.

alexander opicho

## Mourning Dr. Angelou Maya

An African sunset has once again,  
not outlived darkness of its own sunset,  
but the legacy of its poetry will soon  
Set forth the new dawn in full brightness  
Of the phenomenal African woman  
Whose desire to sire human freedom  
Irritatingly sings and will ever sing like  
A bird in the cage of oppressor's ploy  
Singing the songs of freedom for all,  
Invoking ears of the heart in mental realm  
Of prejudice and bigoted self-exclusion  
to see the self in the face of otherness.

I mourn Dr. Angelou Maya who passed on,  
On the black Wednesday of may 2014,  
A doomsday of dooms-month of dooms-year,  
That extended the invisible tentacles of death  
To curtail the breathes African daughter,  
At the Wake Forest University, in land of the Yankees,  
At her only virgin age of 8 and 6 compartments  
Of twelve months swelling not even full in each case,  
Leaving me to wonder in my African callousness,  
At the magical reality in the sharp sounded words;  
Of, O death! O death! Why are you so untimely?  
That echoed from whale rapacious jaws in the mandibles  
Of capitalism that ruthlessly converts nature into dirty money  
In the erstwhile onset of the dawn for new morning.

I mourn with grief, my dear sister; Dr. Angelou Maya,  
She boldly stood up in the fullness of her melanin  
Pronouncedly sexy and elegant gap in her front teeth,  
Blending to overwhelm the entire world with the beauty,  
In the darkness of her African skin, provoking evil  
Of the time, that let a white man to rape her  
A Poor daughter of the an ex-slave in Americas,  
And the rapist walked away scot-free at the helm of  
Evil freedom in the apartheid civilization of the USA, as her humane

Heart forgave him, the white rapist, seven times and seventy seven  
occasions, a reflection of true piousness, true humanism,  
Like a phoenix she still stood up, her head in fortitude like a tor,  
as we the conquered and the enslaved ones sat forlorn,  
in the bondage of fierce slavery, at the nub of salve anguish  
in the pangs of nostalgia for the banks of River Congo,  
Yearning in equanimity for the life by the waters of the River Nile,  
she had to rise indomitably and sing for civil rights of the black souls,  
Terrorized by the evils and wiles of Ku Klux Klan, handmaiden  
by the Jimmy Crow cultures in the days of Rosa Parks,  
She sang tunes, lyrics and poor folks' ballads together  
with Luther King Jnr., Malcolm X and entire Negritude,  
When we lived as slaves in the land of abundance,  
Caged in the pigeonholes of black ghettoes  
Mushrooming the entire Harlem in which  
she were born, dear begotten daughter of Africa,  
You rose and sang songs of liberty when the world  
Was mum on the violations of gender,  
Is when your thespic power in your magical  
And surreal words, created the truth  
In the phenomenon of phenomenal woman  
That finds honour in un-bowing before the thrones  
Of those who reign by perpetrating terror.

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alexander opicho

# Mrs. Europe Is Pregnant

Look, this woman is pregnant,  
In her second last chance to have a baby  
Perhaps a baby boy, or sexless,  
She is yet to give birth,  
Or even a still-birth  
Will be a land mark  
For those who feel for others,  
This September 2014  
The midwife will attend to Europe,  
Mrs. Europe the mother of all nations  
Had been impregnated by reason,  
Voice of reason and consciousness,  
He fertilized her with the ductile germ,  
Full of cells for struggle against unit  
Against marginalization of the uncultured,  
Where the progressives in the oats' mouth fart,  
Now, a second last child is bound to be born  
Britain may be her foster mother,  
We pray for Britain to be strong  
In this moral duty of parenthood.

alexander opicho

# My Black Snake

It keeps my house activated,  
Like ripe pepper on the tongue of a novice  
It moves from place to place, in corners of my house  
Chasing the rats and even astray marmots,  
Making a sharp halt at my heel, as it jumps high to salute me,  
Resuming back to its hunt, chasing the house mouse  
In funny movements of a joking hunter,  
It takes hold of the prey and leave free  
Without sinking its lethal fangs it the soft muscles  
Of the panicking back of desperate prey  
Now in the tight grip of its mandibles,  
It wags its tail and screams loudly, threatening the prey  
To repeat the deadly fun, the freed prey knows not,  
Dives of running for freedom, thanking innocent gods  
For the escape not knowing the power in the mercy  
Of my lengthy and muscular black mamba snake,  
The harmless ornament of my house made it so.

alexander opicho



# My Cv

My name is nomenclatural postmodernism  
My age is a blend of colonialism and freedom  
My gender is engendered minus bias to LGBT  
My languages is cultural defense from cultural Darwinism  
With subaltern survival in the south-south dance,  
My place of birth is epicenter of globalectics  
My education is cosmetic with a knack in encyclopedic sham,  
My work historiography is dialectic ignobling of the worker  
As proceeds of my hand equally ennobles the master,  
My profession is maximum respect to economic powers that be,  
My schooling was done in two huge palimpsests,  
My focus is to achieve poetic obscurantism out of artistic destituece,  
My referees abode in the beatitude that blessed are they who thrill in ideas  
For them is the kingdom of kingdoms in the global uni-polar politics.

alexander opicho

# My Dear Africa

My dear, sole beloved, Sweetheart,  
are you still joyous of me,  
and also not worried about my love for you  
I was so very upset when I last visited you,  
and in such heart renting moments, I see everything  
still much blacker and more horrendous,

Forgive me, one and only beloved Africa  
for causing you such crisis of identity  
but I was shattered by your doubt of my leadership  
and faithfulness to democratic service,  
Africa, what can we do to catapult you out  
Of this silly scum?

alexander opicho

# My Dog Is Brushing Its Teeth

I lost my tooth brush two days ago,  
But I didn't trace where it went,  
But now I am standing at the patio  
On the edge of the open balcony,  
Beholding another wonder of the world;  
My dog, which I named Jimmy James,  
Is holding my yellow tooth brush in its forepaws  
The Colgate toothpaste frothing its mandibles  
It has inserted the brush into its jaws,  
Brushing its teeth with earnest of man,  
Brushing in and out, all its teeth  
From incisors to canine, premolars to molars  
As it artfully spit out the bloodied froth of paste,  
It has now walked to the water tub, and jerked loose  
The tub lock to open, water is now pouring out in a curve  
My dog is tapping the water into its bucal cavity,  
Behold it gurgles water in its mouth repeatedly  
It spits out trash and repeats the humanly act,  
It now hides my brush by stuffing it below the loose sand,  
As it opens its mouth to flag and wag its long tongue  
Breathing in a tremor to my sight of its teeth,  
that are now milk white without a spot,  
the success it only ekes on the thievish move  
against my toothbrush and dear toothpaste.

Alexander Opicho

# My Favourite Terrorist

He is not Osama Bin Laden,  
With his dreams to smash  
The twin towers at the world  
Ignobling and poverty siring  
Center in the navel of New York,  
Nor Samantha the white widow  
Her apparition at the Nairobi  
West Gate Mall left Kenyans  
Sober of their traditional  
Corruptible tribal fancies,  
Not Adolf Hitler falsely accused  
Of baptizing the Jews in the gas  
Chambers, to clean the Reich,  
Nor Mussolini the head boy of Italy  
That visited Ethiopia in a full swing  
Of murderous Fasciola for empire setting,  
Nor Henry Kissinger that shaved the face  
Of the earth free from curse of Asians,  
Nor Muhammar Gaddafi with his Lockerbie  
bull shit as if he was a she man of  
TheArabia inthe Maghreb of Africa,  
nor the scrofulous sheikhs at Mombasa that hover  
the city at coastal strip with pockets full of terror  
tools as if they never shot baby Osinya inthe  
head and left active bullet stuck in his brain,  
after killing brutally its mother in the church,  
they are the German colonial terrorists that  
went to Namibia and killed one million Hereros  
and Namagua peasants not in war but for the sake of  
skulls to be used as specimens for medical research in  
Aryan Laboratories in Berlin and Frankfurt, he is  
Not an anonymous biochemist that created HIV virus  
In the anonymous laboratory in the anonymous country,  
In the anonymous continent, for the anonymous arsenal  
Targeting anonymous duffers having no brains to survive  
biological arsenal as education made them supercilious fools,  
They are not the three British colonial Museketeers  
That came to western kenya, i mean William Grant,  
Gunter Wagner and Charlese Hobley with a new

General purpose machine gun, then they crushed  
The bukusu community peasants into smithereens of flesh,  
Leaving behind torrents of human blood flowing  
Rivuket like into the lake of QueenVictoriaas part of  
Bush clearing to establish Kenya as a colony,  
He is not Benjamin Netanyahu the prime panjandrum  
Cum burlesque potentate of the stolen lands of Arabs  
Who perfects land thievery by vising ruthless rape  
And mass destruction of the Arab nations in Gaza,  
They are not the Rwandese tribesmen of Hutu and Tutsi  
That stupidly killed one another in genocide  
To a whooping number of a millionhumanlings for no reason  
Nor unreason but because they are a confirmation,  
Of Hitlers testimony that religion, education  
Andattempts to seize modernity make a black man  
More of an animal than a human being, heil Fuhrer!  
But ergo, instead my favorite terrorist is a European  
With no faith, nor ideology, nor ambition,  
His name is Mehmet Ali Agca of Turkey,  
He perfectly demystified catholic papacy to  
A human reality, he shot wojityla Karol,  
Three times in the holy stomach, tummy or abdomen,  
Just as Ronald Reagan got his share of politics  
But less than John F Kennedy who just committed suicide,  
And Tom Mboya of Kenya an half-backed Machiavellian  
Who kissed suicide in the broad day light between  
Cockcrow and chick roost on the streets of Nairobi,  
And Robert Ouko plusStephen Adonkosi they tested their  
Uncircumcised penis in the anus of giant fox, Ghee,  
It had black ants, weevils, bedbugs, termites and maggots,  
Mehmet Ali Agca shot Pope John Paul II in the stomach,  
For no reason, for no foolishness, for no wisdom, for no  
Objective, for no bias, for no payment, forno return, for no  
Gain, for no loss, for no Islam, for no Hinduism, for no  
Ideology; capitalism nor sovietism utopian or prosaic,  
For no explanation, forno indecipherable, for no love,  
For no hatred, for no master, for no servant, for no squire,  
For no knight, for no picaroon, for no sage, for no empire  
For no colony, for no science, for no fantasy, for no Satanism,  
For no holiness, for no education nor dis-education, for no culture,  
Nor cult, for no democracy nor timocracy, for no polyarchy nor autarchy,  
For no anarchy nor civility, for no monarchy nor duarchy, for no oligarchy

Nor plurality, for no matriarchy nor patriarchy, for no grievances nor bliss,  
For no vendetta nor offense, for no drama nor glumness, for no future no past,  
Why he shot at the pontiff lurks as a lull for the nerves of Europe  
As the pontiff never died nor even suffer a fetter on the occasion,  
Like an immortal among the angelic worth of worthies he got a station  
To reign as paragon of anti redespionage, a Bolshevik buster  
Among snakes of Warsaw with vims to them to shed off  
Sloughs of red power; the suave communism,

#### ANCESTORS ARE WATCHING

They are watching you the Western man,  
As you struggle and toiling in science,  
To get a life giving drug, permanent life,  
Not ready to join your foremen in the realm  
Of dead relatives, as if the world of the living  
Is a perfect state for man to live, but no?  
Eternity of man is the land of the dead,  
Fear not death you western man and woman,  
Life in death mocks luxuries of America,  
Your ancestors all giggle at you for  
Your folly in fear of death,  
Let me sing to you;  
I am ready to go,  
I will not wait  
Because of silver  
And gold,

#### ABILLION IDLERS

A hymn to the lovers of fortune,  
Money, riches, power and material glory  
Don't you need slaves for your further fortune?  
Working your yards in creation of wealth and property,  
Look, a billion black persons are idling job seekers  
Roving here and there in Africa in no duty nor hope of it,  
Powers that be hired them not for their tribes are not kinly kith,  
Their will to work is vitiated by ethnic incongruity to a man in power  
Muscles of their eyes and hands will soon go back to nature without  
Adding value to world's welfare nor economic fortune to mankind,  
Hurry quickly, hurry in a stampede you wise man of the east.

Rush to Africa for sweet succulent in this idle labour  
Kindly run their dear money maker to save  
Poor sons of a black man from  
The political curse of  
Inevitable idling,  
Run,

#### LOVE SONG TO DEATH

Death, come pick me to your abode  
My love for you is burning in my flesh,  
Come and put me in your arms a crest your  
Sweet passion and caress me down my nakedness  
Into the grave, the ante chamber of your nuptial  
Night love o death tell me exact time of your  
Happenstance, for life without death is unto me  
Love and love without sex,

#### AFRICA IT IS YOUR TURN

I hate a son who refuses to walk  
Like a Danzig warmer of the tin drum,  
More so in a black skin like a toad in love  
Africa, your ugliness is more trenchant on your poverty,  
Stand up and walk in all directions beyond your whine,  
Others have danced on the global stage is now your turn,  
Blame neither colonialism nor your neighbours for the scars  
Always heal; slavery is a healed scar beyond your fanciful  
Victimhood, Africa the lazy newt, frog, slug, snail, alligator,  
In a digital world of modern civility, your poverty is reeking,  
It is your turn to walk tall and reign, to sing to the world  
A chant of the sleeping lion un-being the pregnant cat,

alexander opicho



# My Soul Is Antithesis To The Ghost Of William Burroughs

I have been insulted for sharing out  
my peasant songs, pataphorical poems,  
on the table of the cultural patriarchy  
the insults have come in a serial flow  
into my dark soul a basin of condemn,  
it began as my duty to take my poetry  
to the bottom of African latrine,  
followed by volley of insults like;  
cerebral panicking insensitive idiot,  
a gifted arsehole of arsolian poetry  
One other contumely went aboveboard  
to announce me a better dead nigger,  
i wondered how much one can kill  
without erstwhile duty of creation,  
now i have been condemned in starkness,  
to be a beautiful walking ghost  
of William Seward Burroughs,  
Uhm! folly of eugenics, No! i am wrong,  
this accolade, i seriously decline to take,  
my innateness is not wounded at all,  
by anything near to genetic disorder,  
i am only conscious of my luckless past,  
of Slavery, colonialism, wars, re-colonialism  
Then poverty spiced by open ridicule,  
And partly trenchant and half-honkey tease  
firmly fuelled by racial intolerance,  
i have now been mistaken in awry,  
to be a looming ghost of William Burroughs,  
and i am not  
i am purely my self,  
without imperious wide blood  
any where in my by black veins,  
i may easily have chimpanzee blood,  
Flowing turbulently through my vessels,  
but no tincture of white blood in my zoo,  
Burroughs broke his virginity with a whore,  
i have remained a virgin for three decades,

As African virgins marry only virgins,  
Burroughs was the king of underworlds;  
chasing lesbian prostitutes and gays,  
to quench his mad erotic appetite  
the turf in which i am a better sham,  
Billy was a serial criminal, ever on the run,  
my soul is clean as new pin,  
in fact gorgeously dressed  
in the unique royal attires  
of as a Bristol pin merchant,  
Billy worshiped crime and drugs  
my piety is anchored on freedom of all,  
Billy went to Latin America for opium  
i have been there to mourn Gabriel Garcia,  
the Nobelite who was alone in deathly solicitude  
Billy never lifted a finger against tyranny,  
my arsolian poetry is center-pieced on nothing,  
other than African chantings for liberty,  
freedom for the white and black peasants  
perhaps to unyoke themselves,  
from the yoke of vicious human avarice.

alexander opicho

# My Testicles Are Crushed

A man must be knowledgeable, says God  
For him to come in the presence of God,  
He who has his male members dismembered  
Or his testicles crushed whatsoever,  
He shall not be permitted to enter in to the synagogue,  
To worship Jehovah God of Israel,  
says deuteronomical god of jews  
And today I am ill fated,  
my testicles are crushed,  
By the grenade thrown by a terrorist,  
Here in Nairobi, an Islamic terrorist  
Has crushed my testicles, in his quest  
For the land of Palestine usurped by Israelis,  
How do I worship you God of Israel?

alexander opicho

# Nadine Gordimer: July's Daughter Is A Sleep

Hail in peace wherever you abode now, dear Nadine Gordimer  
You white daughter of Africa, the pen-mistress of July's people,  
You are the lover of July, your holy months of literature  
That similarly gave a virgin grave marriage to Maziz Kunene  
The African saint of orature; And Okot P' Bitek, the lion of Gulu,  
July have wedded you to the sombre grave in the Jo'burg,  
As its apparatchik, the menacing jaws of death feel humdinger!  
O! Dear little daughter, cursed are the jaws of death  
They have kept on wooing and wooing you relentlessly  
They have yearned for your betrothal with mad jealous,  
For your iconic position in white African literature,  
In which you stand with soldierly embrace a Nobelite,  
They have now taken you to their inner chamber nuptials in death,  
Before anything; let them now pay dowry to your bothers;  
J M Coetzee, Alex La Guma and Dennis Brutus,  
For there's is a competent herds boy, a black shepherd;  
Ezekia Mphahlele, his living soul will keep the cows  
Off down Corner B of the troubled African Image.  
Say hello for those you are with in the current realm,  
Say hello to foremen and fore daughters of Africa  
Those that chose to visit the realm of ancestor precociously;  
Say hello to them; Angelo Maya and Doris Lessing,  
Let their caged birds and blooming grass sing uproariously,  
Marriama Ba and Margaret Ogola, African girls,  
They had a long letter and the source of the river from black dialectics,  
O! Dear old baby Nadine Gordimer, stand firm in face to face with nothing  
Other than the present time you're in; the Africa's realm of living dead  
To sing the ballads of anti-apartheid both in heaven and on earth,  
The only true testament of your footprints on the global sands of times  
That Nadine Gordimer, July's white-African daughter is deadly alive!

Alexander Opicho

# Nairobi Voters

They rise up from the grave  
In the flick of the voting moment,  
Into the ballot box to vote-in the kinsmen,  
They die the flesh but eternized in a ballot,

They surge up from other cadavers,  
Lying at the city mortuaries in Nairobi and all,  
To quickly vote before a fluff by burial rites,  
Then they chill back into the square of their cells,  
They die the flesh but eternized in the ballot,

They stretch beyond their mothers' teat,  
Into full fickle majority for a kinsman vote-in,  
In a moment away from fate of being a minor  
To national duty of preserving politics of things  
They die the flesh but eternized in the ballot,

They jump out their mothers' matrix to fix a fatal vote,  
Unto the politics of reason as a curse of cultural oddity,  
In a miracle of time to celebrate tyranny of numbers but  
Only a dark cloak for tyranny of social con-manship  
Strongly out to stamp the religion that vote counters are  
More holier and important than the actual voters,

alexander opicho

# Nature Of Clouds

It is in the nature of clouds to hang high in the sky,  
To cover the face of the sun with arrogance so stubborn,  
To twist hope and fortune of man with its power on rain,  
To enter with a stampede in thunderous claps to humanity,  
Cooling the spheres with its Sun fettering power,  
Clouds come forcefully as if they will wane not,  
They catapult the times into a frenzy of no measure,  
Cloud of Omar Khayyam in the skies of Nishpaur  
Showered town tremors in the arts of Arabia  
Rubiyats and Rubiyats to a thousand fold,  
Paving way for others in the English azure;  
Shakespeare William the thievish bard of John  
He stole the political papyrus of King Lear  
From indolent European in the English Shires,  
Ejaculating lyrics and Pindarics in rape of Lucrece,  
Until the times came to its unbelievable exit  
From the stage reigned only by culturally mighty  
At the glorious hamlet of Stratford-upon-Avon,  
Just has his master cloud solemnly disappeared,  
Into the Arabic death gardens of Omar Khayyam,  
It is indeed the true nature of all clouds  
To appear with flamboyant spirit of tyranny  
But only to disappear later like tail of snake.

alexander opicho

# Nelson Mandela Is Dead

Nelson Mandela, South Africa's anti-apartheid beacon, has died  
One of the best-known political prisoners of his generation,  
South Africa's first black president, He was 95.  
His struggle against apartheid and racial segregation  
Lead to the vision of South Africa as a rainbow nation  
In which all folks were to be treated equally regardless of color  
Speaking in 1990 on his release from Pollsmoor Prison  
After 27 years behind bars, Mandela posited;  
I have fought against white domination and  
I have fought against black domination  
I have cherished the idea of a democratic  
And a free society in which all persons live together  
In harmony and with equal opportunity  
It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve  
But if need be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die,

Fortunately, he was never called upon  
To make such a sacrifice  
And the anti-apartheid campaign did produce results  
A ban on mixed marriages between whites and folks of color,  
This was designed to enforce total racial segregation  
Was lifted in 1985  
Mandela was born on July 18,1918  
His father Gadla named him 'Rolihlahla, '  
Meaning "troublemaker" in the Xhosa language  
Perhaps parental premonitions of his ability to foment change.  
Madiba, as he is affectionately known  
By many South Africans,  
Was born to Gadla Henry Mphakanyiswa,  
a chief, and his third wife Nosekeni Fanny  
He grew up with two sisters  
In the small rural village of Qunu  
In South Africa's Eastern Cape Province.  
Unlike other boys his age,  
Madiba had the privilege of attending university  
Where he studied law  
He became a ringleader of student protest  
And then moved to Johannesburg to escape an arranged marriage  
It was there he became involved in politics.

In 1944 he joined the African National Congress (ANC) ,  
Four years before the National Party,  
Which institutionalized racial segregation, came to power  
.  
Racial segregation triggered mass protests  
And civil disobedience campaigns,  
In which Mandela played a central role  
After the ANC was banned in 1961  
Mandela founded its military wing Umkhonto we Sizwe  
The Spear of the Nation  
As its commander-in-chief,  
He led underground guerrilla attacks  
Against state institutions.  
He secretly went abroad in 1962  
To drum up financial support  
And organize military training for ANC cadres  
On his return, he was arrested  
And sentenced to prison  
Mandela served 17 years  
On the notorious Roben Island, off Cape Town,  
Mandela was elected as South Africa's first black president  
On May 10,1994  
Cell number five, where he was incarcerated,  
Is now a tourist attraction  
From 1988 onwards, Mandela was slowly prepared  
For his release from prison  
Just three years earlier he had rejected a pardon  
This was conditional  
On the ANC renouncing violence  
On 11 February 1990,  
After nearly three decades in prison,  
Mandela, the South African freedom beacon was released  
He continued his struggle  
For the abolition of racial segregation  
In April 1994,  
South Africa held its first free election.  
On May 10,  
Nelson Mandela became South Africa's first elected black president,  
Mandela jointly won  
The Nobel Peace Prize  
With Frederik de Clerk in 1993  
On taking office



Mandela focused on reconciliation  
Between ethnic groups  
And together with Archbishop Desmond Tutu,  
He set up the South African Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC)  
To help the country  
Come to terms  
With the crimes committed under apartheid  
After his retirement  
From active politics in 1999,  
Madiba dedicated himself  
To social causes,  
Helping children and HIV-AIDS patients,  
His second son  
Makgatho died of HIV-AIDS  
In 2005 at the age of 54,  
South Africans have fought  
a noble struggle against the apartheid  
But today they face a far greater threat  
Mandela he posited in a reference to the HIV-AIDS pandemic,  
His successor  
Thabo Mbeki  
The ANC slogan of 1994; A better life for all  
Was fulfilled only  
For a small portion of the black elite  
Growing corruption,  
Crime and lack of job prospects  
Continue to threaten the Rainbow Nation,  
On the international stage  
Mandela acted as a mediator  
In the Burundi civil war  
And also joined criticism  
Of the Iraq policy  
Of the United States and Great Britain  
He won the Nobel Prize in 1993  
And played a decisive role  
Into bringing the first FIFA World Cup to Africa,  
His beloved great-granddaughter  
Zenani Mandela died tragically  
On the eve of the competition  
And he withdrew from the public life  
With the death of Nelson Mandela  
The world loses a great freedom-struggler

And heroic statesman  
His native South Africa loses  
At the very least a commanding presence  
Even if the grandfather of nine grandchildren  
Was scarcely seen in public in recent year

Media and politicians are vying  
To outdo one another with their tributes  
To Nelson Mandela, who himself disliked  
The personality cult  
That's one of the things  
That made him unique,  
Nelson Mandela was no saint,  
Even though that is how the media  
Are now portraying him  
Every headline makes him appear more superhuman  
And much of the admiration is close to idolatry  
Some of the folks who met him  
Say they felt a special Mandela karma  
In his presence.  
Madiba magic was invoked  
Whenever South Africa needed a miracle,

Mandela himself was embarrassed  
By the personality cult  
Only reluctantly did he agree to have streets  
Schools and institutes named after him  
To allow bronze statues and Mandela museums  
To be built  
A trend that will continue to grow.

He repeatedly pointed  
To the collective achievements  
Of the resistance movement  
To figures who preceded him  
In the struggle against injustice  
And to fellow campaigners  
Such as Mahatma Gandhi, Albert Luthuli  
Or his friend and companion in arms  
Oliver Tambo who today stands in Mandela's shadow,  
Tambo helped create the Mandela legend  
Which conquered the world

A tale in which every upright man  
And woman could see him  
Or herself reflected,  
When Prisoner Number 46664 was released  
After 27 years behind bars  
He had become a brand  
A worldwide idol  
The target of projected hopes  
And wishes that no human being  
Could fulfill alone,  
Who would dare scratch?  
The shining surface of such a man  
List his youthful misdemeanors  
His illegitimate children  
Who would mention his weakness for women?  
For models  
Pop starlets  
And female journalists  
With whom he flirted  
In a politically incorrect way  
When already a respected elder statesman?  
Who would speak out critically?  
Against the attacks  
He planned when he headed the ANC  
Armed wing Umkhonto we Sizwe  
And who would criticize the way  
He would often explode in anger  
Or dismiss any opinions other than his own?  
His record as head of government  
Is also not above reproach  
Those years were marked by pragmatism  
And political reticence  
Overdue decisions were not taken  
Day to day matters were left to others  
When choosing his political friends  
His judgment was not always perfect  
A Mandela grandchild is named  
After Colonel Muammar Gaddafi  
Seen from today's perspective  
Not everything fits  
The generally accepted  
Picture of visionary and genius,

But Mandela can be excused  
These lapses  
Because despite everything  
He achieved more than ordinary human beings  
His long period of imprisonment  
Played a significant role here  
It did not break him, it formed him  
Robben Island  
Had been a university of life for Mandela once posited  
He learned discipline there  
In dialogue with his guards  
He learnt humility, patience and tolerance  
His youthful anger dissolved  
He mellowed and acquired  
The wisdom of age  
When he was at last released  
Mandela was no longer  
Burning with rage,  
He was now a humanized revolutionary  
Mandela wanted reconciliation  
At almost any price  
His own transformation  
Was his greatest strength  
The ability to break free  
From ideological utopia  
And to be able to see the greater whole  
The realization  
That those who think differently  
Are not necessarily enemies  
The ability to listen,  
To spread the message of reconciliation  
To the point of betraying what he believed in,  
Only in this way could he  
Serve as a role model  
To both black and white humanity  
, communists and entrepreneurs,  
Catholics and Muslims.  
He became a visional missionary,  
An ecclesiast of brotherly love  
And compassion  
Wherever he was, each humanity was equal  
He had respect for musicians and presidents

Monarchs and cleaning ladies  
He remembered names  
And would ask about relatives  
He gave each humanity his full attention  
With a smile, a joke, a well aimed remark,  
He won over every audience  
His aura enveloped each humanity,  
Even his political enemies,  
That did not qualify him  
For the status of demi-god  
But he was idolized and rightly so  
He must be named in the same breath  
As Mahatma Gandhi, the Dalai Lama  
Or Martin Luther King  
Mandela wrote a chapter of world history  
Even Barack Obama posited  
He would not have become  
President of the United States  
Without Mandela as a role model,

And so it is not so important  
That Mandela is now portrayed  
Larger than life  
The fact that not everything  
He did in politics succeeded is a minor matter  
His achievement is to have lived  
A life credibly characterized  
By humanism, tolerance and non-violence,  
When Mandela was released  
From prison in 1990,  
The old world order of the Cold War era  
Was collapsing  
Mandela stood at the crossroads and set off in the right direction  
How easily he could have played with fire, sought revenge,  
Or simply failed; He could have withdrawn from public life or,  
Like other companions in arms, earned millions,  
Two marriages failed because of the political circumstances  
His sons died tragically long before him  
It was only when he was 80 and met his third wife,  
Graca Machel,  
That he again found warmth,  
Partnership and private happiness,

Setbacks did not leave him bitter  
Because he regarded his own life  
As being less important  
Than the cause he believed in  
He served the community humbly,  
With a sense of responsibility  
Of duty and willingness to make sacrifices  
Qualities that are today only rarely encountered,

How small and pathetic his successors now seem  
Their battles for power will probably now be fought  
Even more unscrupulously than in the past  
How embarrassing are his own relatives  
Who argued over his legacy at his hospital bed  
Mandela was no saint  
But a man with strengths and weaknesses,  
Shaped by his environment  
It will be hard to find a greater person  
Just a little bit more Mandela every day  
Would achieve a great deal  
Not only in Africa  
But in the bestridden geographies  
Epochs and diversities of man,

In my post dirge I will ever echo words of Mandella  
He shone on the crepuscular darkness of the Swedish  
Academy, where cometh the Nobel glory;  
Development and peace are indivisible  
Without peace and international security  
Nations cannot focus  
On the upliftment  
Of the most underprivileged of their citizens.

alexander opicho

# Neurotic Law Of Poetry

Thanks thespic for another muse anew,  
Filliping my soul with the spirit of a song,  
To chant for the young world in these pepperish letters,  
before my callous eyes on the skull of historical future  
on my pykitonic torso of I another African pykin,  
as I finish my coffin for the cadaver of poetry  
that the law of poetry is a distorting neurosis,  
neurotic abnormality its baseboard of time  
giving classical balance for wondrous poetry.

Compensatory motivation a charm of its seed,  
Taking dear eyes from the skull of Demodocos  
Leaving songfull mouth his legacy for humanity,  
Warped physique not short of history,  
Teaching the world to drink in full pyrene spring  
As hunchbacked dwarfism of Alexander Pope  
was not in any sense dwarfism of his poetry,  
nor club foot of Byron in bondage to Maugham  
Byronic heroism to Europe of yester times,  
That sired Proust, the Jewish neurotic  
And Keats the most dwarfish and Wolfe the tallest  
Of man and woman to the cultural matrix  
Of Europe, the mother of art, poetry and synaesthesia,

From which was born Pushkin that took poetry  
Out of his nymphomaniac heart, to the solace of czars,  
And Shakespeare the dear thief, luckily converted  
Childhood kleptomania into royal theatre of King Lear,  
The parallel of four brothers from the house of Karamazov,  
Their father; impecunious penny penchant muzhik  
In the name of Fydor epileptic Dostoyevsky.

A lull of the time to escape from world of rent and tax,  
Gripped nerves of the duo to a new realm of art  
wherein sensuous glory from opium and Indian hemp  
propelled the souls of Coleridge and De Quincey  
to grandiose highness of poetry in the dreams of opium,  
bordering on the teutonic greatness of ritualistic breed,  
poetry that transcended from rotten apples in the writing desk

of Fredriech von schiller the begotten son of Germany,  
writing under the arms of Balzac dressed in monkey clobus,  
that along with Milton in the lost paradise, gave him swaddles  
only when the poetic vein of Milton flowed happily from nothing,  
but from the ritualized autumnal equinox to the spiritual vernal,  
as Coleridge was in full recondite of marquetry, mosaic and miracles,  
the miraculous white male sheep, the white ram of Wole Soyinka,  
that he gave as a gift to Achebe at the last anniversary, evil decoy  
that become a car which deathly crushed Chinua Achebe  
down to demise in the catacombs for the law of poetry  
as abnormal human neurosis an equation of perfect art.

Alexander Opicho



# Ngugi Wa Thiong'O Nominated For Nobel Prize 2014

Ladbrokes, the betting firm has once again nominated Ngugi wa Thiong'o as a candidate for Nobel prize in literature. The firm arrives at the probable nominee through a highly polished probabilist mechanism. It also nominated Ngugi as the probable candidate for literature Nobel prize, but the final was Alice Munro the Canadian short story writer. The eventuality of Ngugi winning the literature Nobel prize is a long-awaited event in Africa, especially among Kenyans.

However, Ngugi is not the only nominee, he is among others and even to make it worse he is not the top scoring nominee. He has tied with four others at the score of 50/100; Umberto Eco who wrote the famous book *In the Name of the Rose*, Nuruddin Farah a Kenya cum Somalian veteran poet and prose writer and then Darcia Maraini.

There are eleven writers of global stature who are currently scoring above Ngugi wa Thiong' are operating at the level of 50/100 scores. These include; Margaret Atwood, Salman Rushdie, Cees Nooteboom, Don DeLillo, Amos Oz, Javier Marias, Cormac McCarthy, Bob Dylan, Peter Handke, William Trevor and Les Murray. The missing writer in this category of global writers is Yan Martel the author of *Life of Pi*, whose book *Life of Pi* once shared a prize and equivalent acclaim with Salman Rushdie's *The Ground Beneath Her Legs*. So, why Martel was not nominated remains the usual intrigues of Nobel nomination process.

Haruki Murakami, Assia Djebar, Svetlana Aleksijevitj, Peter Nadas, Joyce Carol Oates, Adonis, Milan Kundera, Philip Roth, Mircea Cartarescu, Ko Un, Jon Fosse and Thomas Pynchon are currently scoring below 50/100. Among them Haruki Murakami, Joyce Carol Oates and Phillip Roth were very strong contenders and hence competitors for the same prize with Ngugi during last year. Joyce Carol Oates is a weaker contender this year given that he recently wrote an offensive and tortious poem against the eminent American poet Robert Frost. Oates drew from the book *Lovely, Dark and Deep* which paints the Frost as an arrogant, sexist pig who gave up on his mentally ill children. The story has outraged Frost's fans, biographers, and his survivors.

In spite of all these there is no literary value that can make Ngugi wa Thiong'o to deserve a Nobel prize reward for Literature. Apart from his first two books *Weep Not Child* and *The River Between* that had concrete literary position, his later works are pamphlets of communism, that keep on regurgitating communism as initially written by Karl Marx and France. His second last book *Globalectics* is written as annual lectures in respect of Rene Wellek, the book is a practical duplication of Paulo Freire, and Spivak contemporaries at the University of Nairobi accusing him of tribalism when it came to supervising post graduate students. He was soft on his fellow Kiguyu's and discriminative against Luo and Luhya lifestyle as

communist ideologue is also self defeating as teaches in America at Irvine University, very busy amassing wealth just like any other campaign for vernacular writing is equally not water tight on the bench of praxis, as he himself teaches special English in America but not kiguyu language.

Another stunning revelation from the Swedish academy is nomination of Vladimir Putin the Russian president for Nobel peace prize alongside fifty something organizations as nominations is based on his role he played in the Nuclear disarmament of Ukraine question has not been yet logic of these goes like historical imbroglio that puzzled the world in relation to the role of Hitler in relation communism against the then gathering storm for the second world war.

□

alexander opicho

# No Pockets On My Clothes(Final Copy)

No Pockets on My Clothes

One Act Play

By

Alexander K. Opicho

PROLOGOMENA

For what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve,  
William Shakespeare, (Twelfth night) .

## CASTE

1. Masika - Catholic Catechist
2. Engalamasi - wife to Masika
3. Nabutusi - Masika's girl child
4. Kantawala - Catholic Bishop, of Ndambasi Diocese.
5. Busolo - Area member of Parliament of Ndambasi Constituency.
6. Kasili - treasurer of the Cemetery authorities.
7. Abdulla - A Muslim and neighbour to Masika
8. Wenwa - Leader of the barefu clan to which Masika belongs.
9. Clansmen I and II, Mourners and gravediggers.
10. Diaba - Caretaker of Catholic Church houses in which Masika hails.

## ACT ONE

### SCENE ONE

In Ndambasi village of Western province of Kenya at Masika's house. There are Masika, Engalamasi, Nabutusiu, and Kantawala.

Masika: (feeling Nabutusiu temperature, with the back of his hand) my child is very hot. It is like she is a hot iron in glowing ambers of fire.

Engalamasi: She has been as hot as that since morning. Sometimes even more than that. I am worried.

Masika: Why should you be worried?

Engalamasi: Why must I not be worried when I have already buried my two sons? I am tired of carrying pregnancies for nine months; suckle them for two years, only to lose my efforts to death.

Masika: I am the one who got tired before. That is why I sold the ancestral land I had inherited from my father so that we could move to a new place. But remember we lost our two sons to death because of the evil machination of my fellow clansmen. Good luck they are no longer near to us. We are now full fledged members of the Catholic Church. Just have strong faith, Nabutusiu; our daughter will be well very soon. She will not follow a fateful suit of her two brothers.

Engalamasi: The Catholic Church cannot prevent death. I am still worried. More so we are not living in our own home, we are now in a rented house. When my

two sons died it was ok, I was in my own home, I had where to hold funeral from, I had where to bury them. Unlike now, I don't know where am going to bury Nabutusiu.

Masika: My wife! Engalamasi, have the gods sent you mad? - Why are you planning to bury a girl who is not yet dead? Nabutusiu has fever only and no more worries.

Nabutusiu: (whining and speaking fantasia) Ooh! My head is burning. My stomach is boiling, my forelimbs are cracking away. I have seen an old man .....man on the sky he is telling me. His name is Wenwa....he is preparing outdoor fire in three stones.....he is persuading me to go! Oho!

Masika: What!

Nabutusiu: Wenwa! Wenwa! Wenwaaa!

Masika: (Leaving Nabutusiu to sleep on a papyrus long chair, he covers her up with a shawl) . What is wrong with my clan? Why is the clan using Wenwa my cousin to finish my family?

Engalamasi: It is true; Nabutusiu my child has never set an eye on Wenwa since she was born, she is only seeing him in the sky because he has spelled a curse of death against my child. He has finished her with his powerful voodoo.

Masika: Wenwa will finish a whole world with voodoo.

Engalamasi: Not the whole world, he is only keen on you. He has ever kept an owl's eye on my house. His evil devices are all behind death of my two sons (Enters Kantawala)

Masika: (To Kantawala) Karibu, come in your holiness.

Kantawala: Thank you, you all look not happy. What's wrong?

Masika: Bishop, we are crying. My child, look, she is very sick and whatever verbal signs she has started to show are not good. Am struck with despair, sincerely Bishop am hopeless.

Kantawala: (stoops to examine Nabutusiu)

My daughter! My daughter! (Looks up at Masika) is she sick or she is already dead! She is not breathing.....her skin is stiff!

Engalamasi: (rushes to where Nabutusiu is) Oho! She is already dead! Am now childless

(Enter mourners)

Mourner I; (Wailing on the top of the voice) what you have done girl, why didn't you wait to die after Christmas day.

Mourners II: O girl! O girl! Why? Why? Young people don't have to die.

Gravediggers I; (shouting) show me where I will dig the grave for her.

Grave digger II: (to grave digger I) style up! You want to dig the grave, have you prepared a coffin? Moreover, do you want to dig a grave in the rented compound?

Engalamasi; Oho wuuuuwiii, my daughter! My daughter! My daughter! .....

## CURTAINS

### SCENE II

In the mid of the night, there is full moon, frogs are croaking in a choir-like sound, crickets are also singing and the distant crying of the hornbill is also heard. Wenwa is alone on an anthill dressed in wizards gear, monkey clobus and animal skin, leopard tail in his hand with a calabash bowl before him tipping the whisker into foul liquid on the calabash, whisking around to spread the liquid as he speaks abracadabraec words in a soliloquy.

Wenwa; (monologue) Go! Go! Go to death you ugly young girl.  
Nabutusiu, go, follow your first brother, and follow your second brother.  
Follow them; follow them to the land of deaths, Follow them quickly  
As you have no business, among we the living ones,  
Your place of abode is not earth; it is in the realm of the ancestors  
Go! Go! To day before dawn sets forth,  
it must get you in a complete rigor mortis, Let the fever of evil gods  
Sent you mad with twaddle and fold you, into a pykitonic curl of death  
Die, die, die Nabutusiu!

And as you die mention me not, nor mumble about me not  
The cause of your demise, Should remain unknown to you,  
Mumble not my name whatsoever, nor yell not my gender of a man  
Die silently in defenselessness; Curl yourself up like a millipede,  
Open wide your eyes and Let you breathes be curtailed,  
At once and for all can you die!

Let not your mother sire, again and forever let her not  
Have her matrix to bear, anything else closer to a child  
Walk away to the land of death with all those that will come after you  
Your sisters and brothers, all of them, let them die before birth  
Let them be washed away, as a dirty waste on every occasion  
Forever in the menstrual blood, of Engalamasi your mother  
Let the spell of infertility take hostage of your mother's matrix,  
And have it all as a powerless captive,  
Your Mother, that ugliest beast of a woman;  
Engalamasi let her never prosper in any womanhood.

And your father, Let the semen of his testicles,

Be charmless and as impotent as a dead lizard  
Let his penis forever and ever stay powerlessly limp  
Like a dead bullfinch, like a dead young mouse  
Let Masika's balls be balmy in his undergarments,  
Let him not erect before, any woman, any girl,  
Let him forget women, let women detest him  
And let him fear women, in a perilous nausea let him  
hold all women onset, let none his offspring be seen,  
Anywhere in this land, our dear land of barefu.

Let not the hands Of Engalamasi and her husband  
Be productive to yield anything, the coins in his hands  
Must disappear like smoke, Let them buy nothing  
Not even a rabbit, Let poverty eat them  
In ruthlessness of a powerful spirit, the curse of nakedness let it be  
On your heads, Engalamasi, and your husband Masika  
With her black fingernails, like the claws of the eagle  
The spell of foodlessness in its full might and gear,  
Should hover their household, let them be poorest paupers  
Of the land, east and west, they should die childless  
Let Masika be wifeless, let him ever be making cold fire  
At the barren and dumb fire yard for generations and generations,  
Then let him die alone, in the house with his eyes  
Wide open, let no one neither close nor press his eyes, as he dies.

## CURTAINS

### SCENE III

At the house of Masika, at the door yard, the cortege of dead Nabutusiu in the coffin hanged on the stool. The mood is funeral like, sombre and mournful, clansmen, mourners, Engalamasi and Masika they are around, sited at the round table on fold chairs, Mourners are Wailing, walking around the compound.

Clansman I: What is the problem with the clan of Barefu? Does it mean that nowadays the clan is blind to the problems of its own sons?

Clansman II: Who do you expect to answer you?

Clansman I: I was only thinking beyond boundaries of my silence.

Engalamasi: (sobbing) what did you want the clan to do. My child is already dead; the clan has nothing to do. It can't bring back my child to life.

Clansman II: (to Engalamasi) we already know that my dear sister-in-law. But



what about the burial arrangements? You can even see the girl's cortege has already lasted three days.

And remember it is a taboo in our community for the dead body of unmarried girl of this type (pointing at the coffin) to last for more than three days before being buried.

Masika; (charged) what has my girl begged from you! If her Cadaver lasts a week on the death bed before burial will it eat anything from your house? Keep your nose off from my child. She is dead yes, but she is still mine.

Clansman I: Masika! You are an elder. The clan does not expect such a wind of words from the mouth of an elder like you.

Masika: Don't tell me about your clan.

Clansman I: My clan?

Masika: What did you hear?

Clansman I: What I have just heard from you my brother, is not what I have ever dreamed of in my life. The clan is not mine alone. It is our clan. One man cannot make a clan.

Masika: I stopped being a man of the clan. I am now a man of the church. The Catholic Church is my clan. It is my brother, it's my sister, and it is my cousin. Nothing else, so don't tire my ears with.....that type of Tara diddle.

Clansman II: Brothers, we are all mourning. And mourning has no rules and regulations. Let my brother Masika mourn his daughter Nabutusiu in any manner. His grieve is triggered by history of his experience with the clan.

Clansman I: But it is folly to reject your clan. What can one be without the clan?

Engalamasi: (sobbing) But what can be the clan if it glorifies in death of its people?

Clansman I: (to Engalamasi) my sister-in-law are you connotating the role of voodoo in the death of your daughter?

Masika: A thievish dog always cowardly bark when an old woman waves her cooking stick.

(Enters Kantawala)

Kantawala: My presence is very brief, because am to attend to a bigger funeral of one of our well-to-do Catholic faithful who passed away three days ago.

Gravedigger I (To Kantawala) you mean there is big funeral and small funeral?

Kantawala: What will you call the burial ceremony of a man with four wives, thirty sons and twenty of them are senior officers in the Kenya army? Even one of them is a Catholic chaplain with the Kenya Army Battalions in Sierra Leone.

Gravedigger I: I will call it bigger funeral.

Kantawala: Yes, and even for your information, more gravediggers are needed there.

Clansman II: Let's put a side the differences between bigger funeral and small funeral. Let the Bishop tell us his message.

Kantawala: Yes, that is true; I want to ask Masika how far he has gone with the burial arrangement of his daughter. Because the church leaders have only allowed two days for him to stay with a dead body in the church compound.

Clansman I; (To Masika) How far have you gone with the burial arrangements my brother?

Masika: (To Kantawala) but, Bishop..... Bishop..... Bishop.....

Kantawala: Don't take things lightly. Kindly remove the dead body from the compound of the church (walks away) .

Clansman I; (to Masika) who told me that you are also a Catechist of the same church?

Masika; (fearfully) I am a Catechist.

Clansman II: Where did you take the money you were paid when you sold your ancestral land?

Engalamasi: (sobbing) what is now all these, doesn't Bishop Kantawala know that my husband is a Catechist? That my dead daughter was baptized in this church? (She joins mourners, wailing) .

Gravediggers I and II: let us go, we are late for somewhere. But you can send someone to call us when you are ready for grave digging services.

(CURTAINS)

#### SCENE IV

In Wenwa's house, Wenwa is dressed in a rain coat, and rubber gum boots, sited on a papyrus chair playing a banjo, the base is most audible.

Wenwa: (playing a banjo and singing)

Gods of my land and our people, you are great and marvelous  
In your generosity, you gave to me the most magnanimous heart;  
Whoever that has never eaten from my palms, is that one we haven not met  
I have fed all people, A thousand fold food-seekers,  
From my granaries, my baskets, I extol and exult you gods  
Might gods of my land for the genuine heart  
You gave to me fathomless, Out of all the sons and daughters  
Of this clan of ours, the heroic clan of Barefu.

(Enters Busolo and Kasili)

Busolo: I love your songs they are nice and good.

Wenwa: Thank you, thank you a lot our leader. It is me who has to appreciate your coming to my house. Kindly have your sits (showing them where to sit as he puts aside the Banjo) you mean you heard me from outside?

Kasili; (sitting) let me sit near the door, I am having some flu. I have to be going out to cough. You know.

Wenwa: it is not a matter my dear elder.

Busolo: (Taking out a cigarette) Wenwa let me sent you to bring me fire please; even if you are my knife-mate, my 'Bakoki'.

Wenwa: Feel at home Bakoki, this house is as good as your own, (he disappears into the inner chamber and comes back with a glowing amber) take it carefully my Bakoki, (handing the amber of fire to Busolo) .

Kasili: Busolo, you could have brought a matchbox, these ambers of yours can soil hands of mhenshiwa. Our honourable member of parliament.

Busolo: (blowing out cigarette smoke) fire is fire it doesn't matter the source. Moreover ambers are good in saving energy (gives the amber back to Wenwa)

Wenwa: Has it burned the cigarette?

Busolo: Yes

Wenwa: (Taking back the amber) good, I wanted that (comes back after throwing the amber at fire-yard at the inner chamber) .

Busolo: Am now ok, than when I was coming in. I was getting suffocated by an urge to smoke.

Wenwa: Bakoki, you are right, there is no painful thirsty like that one of need for smoking. It is harsher than an urge for alcohol.

Busolo: Very true

Kasili: What about an urge for Marijuana?

Wenwa: Let me come back to answer you (disappears into the inner chamber, comes back with a kettle and mugs) .

Kasili: You can now answer

Wenwa: (setting for Busolo and Kasili the mugs, pouring tea for them) you know what, there is nothing as stupid as developing a habit of consuming Marijuana. There is a brother in this family of mine, my cousin brother you all know, and he is none other than Masika. He began consuming Marijuana. He also encouraged his wife Engalamasi to do the same. Bakoki, I want to confirm to you that the weed affected them badly. They began giving birth to undersized children, children that are as small as a shoe of a woman. The kids have been dying after a month, two months or so. Masika has now sold away his land at a throw away price. He again had to spend all the money received from selling of his land on Marijuana. Bakoki, as we are talking now, Masika is a destitute of land. He now pretends to be a follower of the Catholic Church.

Busolo: (shaking his head) , I now understand.

Wenwa: You better understand (stands to peep out) you are not taking tea, why?

Kasili: We are talking as we take.

Busolo: Now tell us, who bought the land?

Kasili: How big was the land? If I can ask before you give an answer to the question of your Bakoki.

Wenwa: Elders, your questions can even make me shed tears. My brother, that man; Masika and his wife ! Sold away two acres of ancestral land to a foreigner. To a person who cannot speak a single word of our language. People come here to mock me that our worthless clan has lost land to a Somali others say he is a very rich Kikuyu.

Kasili: You want to tell me that Masika sold land of the clan to a Kikuyu man?

Wenwa: Where have your ears gone my fellow elder? The land is already gone to the Kikuyus!

Kasili: Eheee! (Tapping his lap) then I can also confirm that Marijuana is bad.

Wenwa: Why not? Why not? What else can Marijuana do to a man?

Busolo: (clearing tea from his mug) how can we help such a man now?

Kasili: (pushing a way a half empty mug) . I am also Ok. I had already taken some tea at my home.

Wenwa: (to Busolo) to help him with what? Bakoki, such people should be allowed to chew the full size of their foolishness.

Busolo: What I mean is that helping him to bury his dead daughter.

Wenwa: Which daughter is dead?

Busolo: I don't know the name of the daughter, but I think he has been having a daughter who died four days ago. It's Kantawala the bishop who told me.

Kasili: The girl is called Nabutusiu.

Wenwa: Nabutusiu is dead?

Busolo: Yes, Nabutusiu is dead

Wenwa: (laughing extensively) Masika will bury Nabutusiu in Marijuana, no one told him to sell away his land, it was only his dirty foolishness that made him to.

Kasili: This is not a laughing matter. In fact we came to consult with you, so that the site of burial can be identified.

Wenwa: Let Masika bury his dead daughter in the Catholic Church if not in his lovely Marijuana.

Busolo: Bakoki, (addressing Wenwa) let us be realistic; you know we are now old people. It is a generation since we got circumcised, let us calm down so that we know how we can help our brother to bury his daughter Nabutusiu.

Wenwa: What is your idea?

Busolo: Given that you are the first cousin of Masika in this clan of Barefu, kindly offer yourself to bury Nabutusiu.

Wenwa: Elders, I cannot refuse to bury Nabutusiu. In fact she is like my daughter, because the blood that used to run in her veins is the same blood running in my veins; her grand father is my father. But elders, do you know why as old as I am, I still do cook for myself? Do you know why I served you tea by myself? Please come I show you (Busolo and Kasili stands up, near where Wenwa is) look out there. What is that? Is it not the grave of my wife? In fact it is still fresh, as no grass has grown on it. So kindly elders, I cannot have two fresh graves at my door yard.

Kasili: Then your clan has to contribute money to buy a place in the cemeteries for the burial of Nabutusiu  
(Enters Clansman I and II)

Clansman I: Thank you God! ... I have met our area Member of Parliament, in fact today I will manage to have my supper. I knew that this is my lucky day. I met a man at my gate as I was coming out. Ooho! Today I am sure of my supper I (dances as he shakes hands with Busolo) .

Clansman II: Calm down please

Kasili: What is meeting a man first at your gate has to do with our Mheshimiwa and your evening food?

Clansman I: (to Kasili) you go and keep the cemeteries, I am not going to beg from you.

Kasili: Answer my question.

Clansman I: Are you not aware that my first offspring is a son. Appearance of a man to me as a first event of my morning is a sign of a lucky day.

Busolo: Let it end there gentlemen.

Clansman II: The better

Wenwa: (to clansman I and II) what brings you here my dear clansmen?

Clansman I: Masika has been ejected out of the church compound by Diaba.

Clansman II: Diaba is only the caretaker; he was simply carrying out the instructions of Kantawala, the Bishop of the Catholic Church at the Diocese of Ndambasi.

Kasili: To be brief, tell us what has happened at where you are coming from?

Clansman II: Masika is roaming up and down the road with a dead body in his hands. The church has chased him away; they don't want any cadaver within the church compound) .

Busolo; (putting a mobile phone on his ears) . Elders, this is a very important call. Let me receive it away from here. Away from noisy place. But inform me of your progress. (Walks away) .

Clansman II: (to Wenwa) Brother, let us find a solution, let not our past squabbles with the clan make us to ignore the agonies of our clansman. There is no way you can abandon your clan.

Kasili: Yes, you are now talking.

CURTAINS

## SCENE V

At the road, in front of the main gate of the Ndambasi Catholic Church, Masika, Engalamasi and Abdullu are standing aimlessly. Masika is carrying the Cadaver of Nabutusiu.

Engalamasi: I never imagined thinking that Bishop Kantawala can do this to us. Now, where are we going to bury Nabutusiu?

Diaba: I have no help. I was instructed by the Bishop to eject you out. You, know I cannot go even go for an inch against the orders of my Bishop.

Abdullu: (to Masika) brother, I also have no otherwise. Had you been a Muslim, I could be able to help. I could simply request our Sheikh for you to bury your daughter in our Muslim cemeteries. But by bad luck, you are not a Muslim.

Engalamasi; (To Masika) my husband, didn't I tell you that we could better join Islam that particular time you had sold land? Your bigheadedness made you to reject my idea. Now look at what the Catholic Church has done to us.

Masika: It's not my mistake. There is no way I could know that the church would chase me away when I have a problem.

Engalamasi: It was your mistake. What could prevent you from fore-knowledge of such a mess other than your toreador's spirit?

Abdullu: (to Masika) But brother all is not gone; you can still go back and negotiate with the Bishop. Furthermore you are the Catechist of this church. What can prevent you from negotiating?

(Enters, Wenwa, Kasili, Clansman I, classman II and the Mourners)

Clansman I: (to Masika) why are you walking up and down the road with a dead body in your hand? What happened to your house inside the church compound?

Diaba: Bishop Kantawala ordered for him to be ejected out.

Clansman I: Which Kantawala? Is he the one I Know?

Diaba: Which Kantawala do you know? I am talking about Bishop Kantawala of Ndambasi Catholic Diocese.

Clansman I: I don't believe what you are saying. When bishop Kantawala did become a vernal of this type that he chases the full Catechist from the church?

Masika: (putting down Cadaver of Nabutusiu, he breathes deep to clear his voice to talk) . Let us not blame Bishop Kantawala. He is many times better than the clan. I mean a hundred times better than the clan.

Clansman I: Which clan are you talking about?

Masika: The clan of Barefu, what else?

Clansman I: Look at you now.

Clansman II; Let us be slow with our mouths.

Clansman I: There is no way any mature mouth can be slow in the light of such.... (Clicks and spits) .

Masika: Such what? Such what? Go ahead and finish your statement you wretch! And for your information, let me caution you; give me time I mourn my daughter. It is not a must that you have to be here.

Kasili: Young men, don't confuse us with your runaway emotions. Calm down so that we can converse among ourselves in order to arrive the best way out of this.

Abdullu: Yes that is what we want.

Diaba: Very much, let us listen to this elder, perhaps..... (Pointing to Kasili)

Kasili: (to Masika) where are we going to bury your daughter?

Masika: I have been ejected out of the church compound. That is where I have been living.

Kasili: What reason made you to be chased away from the church compound?

Masika: Even I have not been told, I was only told to come away from the church compound.

Diaba: Let me help to clarify. As you all know I am the caretaker of the entire residential houses found at our Cathedral.

Kasili: (To Diaba) you can go a head, but remember to preserve time.

Diaba: Ok, you know elders and my brothers; we have to be empathizing with our brother, for what has just befallen him. Loosing a daughter at this time is a deep wound on the heart of one.

Clansman I: You were told to be brief.

Clansman II: (to clansman I) don't jump at every word as if a young boy is chasing butterflies. Can't you listen?

Kasili: By the way

Diaba: Let me continue now (coughs) you know Bishop Kantawala said that harbouring a dead body within the vicinity of the church is a nuisance.

Abdullu: You mean he said that?

Diaba: That is what I mean. So, he commanded me to eject this man; Masika to move out of the house so that the church can use that house for something else.

Abdullu: You are surprising me. Masika is the Catechist of this church. Can't you have some sympathy for him? If it was Jesus Christ himself what could he have done for Masika?

Diaba: Keep that question for Jesus Christ. I have simply done what I was instructed. You all know that I cannot go against the command of my Bishop.

Kasili: (to Masika) now everything is connotating that the church has refused you. Which plans to you have for your dead daughter?

Masika: Plans like what?

Kasili: I mean the burial for this dead body is overdue, which plans are you having in your mind?



Engalamasi; (sobbing) Leave my daughter alone. It is not a must that she has to be buried. I can even stay with her even if she is dead.

Clansman I: (to Engalamasi) what are you saying?

Clansman II: (to clansman I) give her time to mourn.

Kasili: But now, what is to be done?

Diaba: The church can do nothing for Masika, unless after he buries his daughter.

Clansman II: If the church refuses you what can you do? Don't you need to go back to the clan?

Clansman I: Correct, a man needs both the clan and the church. Not the church alone.

Abdullu: Then that will not be Christianity.

Clansman I: What will it be?

Abdullu: It will be Christo-paganism.

Clansman II: It can be Christo-paganism yes, but a good solution to such like dilemma.

Clansman I: (to Abdullu) the time one of your Moslems will be in such like a predicament, you will then see the need for adjusting that Islam of yours to Islamo-paganism.

Abdullu: Never on earth, Islam will ever remain the pure way of God.

Clansman II: (to Abdullu) , what about Boko Haram, Al shabab and Al gaeda Islamists that kill women and innocent children. The ones that walk around to maraud and massacre hamlets and rape defenseless women. Are they still doing the pure way of God?

(Enters Wenwa)

Clansman I: Good, here comes one of us. Our son of the clan. Wenwa please you have done something good to come.

Wenwa: (reluctantly) thank you. Today I said to myself that I must be here to commissariat with my brother.

Kasili: Your brother has been ejected from where he has been staying. Look he is roaming up and down the road with the cadaver of his daughter.

Wenwa: I got the news already.

Kasili: What are we supposed to do so that we help him out of this quack mire?

Clansman II: A solution is to bury our daughter in a dignified way.

Kasili: where will you get a dignified burial without money?

Wenwa: (To Masika) my brother, when you sold away your ancestral land for money, where did you take the money?

Masika: (To Wenwa) Brother, look at me. Look on my body. Have you seen any Pockets? There are no pockets on my clothes.

Clansman I: So you don't have the money with you?

Clansman II: (to clansman I) your tongue moves senselessly like a he goat on heat.

Masika: I don't have any money.

Abdullu: Do we need money or a place to bury the girl?

Clansman I: That is a Muslim question. A question without legs, without tail, without buttocks, nor a head. What will you pay the gravediggers? Money or that Koran of yours?

Wenwa: Let us not take my brother's challenge as an opportunity to execute prejudice onto others.

Clansman II: I told you elders, this man (pointing at clansman I) has an aphrodisiac he-goat in the mouth. Not a human tongue.

Wenwa: I have the money for all the requirements that we are to meet in the burial of our daughter.

Kasili: Stupendous! What a sound and soignée mind! Let gods of our land bless you for the generosity, my dearest brother Wenwa.

Abdullu: Amen!

Diaba: (to Masika) let us now tell the Bishop that there is money for burial.

Clansman I: To tell Bishop, what? This money is for burial of our daughter not to be given to your snobbish Church as alms.

Wenwa: good luck, Kasili is here with us. He is in charge of Public cemeteries. We can give him the money and off we go to bury our daughter.

Kasili: In fact I will organize to pay the gravediggers myself; you don't have to worry of any other hurdle. (To Wenwa) you give me the money.

Wenwa: (Takes out bank notes and gives them to Kasili) Here is Kenya shilling two thousands. Kindly permit us we bury our daughter.

Kasili: I will (takes the money)

Clansman I: (Jumping up, as he chants) the clan! The Clan! The clan! Our clan of Barefu! Barefu! Barefu!

Kasili: Now elders, let us go to the cemetery and bury Nabutusi (He picks the Cadaver up into his hands and shoves it to his shoulders) let us go to the cemetery.

All: Let us go

Engalamasi: (crying) Oh! My daughter, how unfortunate is you that you become the first person in our family to be buried in the public cemetery. Look, you are going to sleep with foreign spirits. Oh my daughter, where did I wrong against the will of gods of our land. O! My daughter Nabutusi

CURTAINS

## EPILOGUE

Here reigns the on and off in the human heart,  
Spectre of malice the domain of human will,  
Where what is to be done is beauty in erratic  
Committing evil in your back and acting divinity  
In your eyes, the human heart an Abyss and domain  
Of benevolence ever swinging from side to side  
Dystopia on the left Cactopia on the right,  
Mixing right and wrong, to blend out suaveness,  
Glorifying in the agony of others as sombre  
We go in the glory of our brothers, sisters.  
The engine of all the strange human heart,  
Rest in peace my dear daughter Nabutusiu! !

THE END

alexander opicho

# No Pockets On My Clothes

No Pockets on My Clothes

One Act Play

By

Alexander K. Opicho

PROLOGOMENA

For what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve,  
William Shakespeare, (Twelfth night) .

CASTE

1. Masika - Catholic Catechist
2. Engalamasi - wife to Masika
3. Nabutusiu - Masika's girl child
4. Kantawala - Catholic Bishop, of Ndambasi Diocese.
5. Busolo - Area member of Parliament of Ndambasi Constituency.
6. Kasili - treasurer of the Cemetery authorities.
7. Abdulla - A muslim and neighbour to Masika
8. Wenwa - Leader of the baarefu clan to which Masika belongs.
9. Clansmen I and II, Mourners and gravediggers.
10. Diaba - Caretaker of Catholic Church houses in which Masika hails.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

In Ndambasi village of Western province of Kenya at Masika's house.

Masika: (feeling Nabutusiu's temperature, with the back of his hand) my child is very hot. It is like she is a hot iron in glowing ambers of fire.

Engalamasi: She has been as hot as that since morning. Sometimes even more than that. I am worried.

Masika: Why should you be worried?

Engalamasi: Why must I not be worried when I have already buried my two sons? I am tired of carrying pregnancies for nine months; suckle two years, only to loose my efforts to death.

Masika: I am the one who got tired before. That is why I sold the ancestral land I had inherited from my father so that we could move to a new place. But remember we lossed our two sons to death because of the evil machination of

my fellow clansmen. Good luck they are no longer near to us. We are now full fledged members of the Catholic Church. Just have strong faith, Nabutusiu; our daughter will be well very soon. She will not follow a fateful suit of her two brothers.

Engalamasi: The Catholic Church cannot prevent death. I am still worried. More so we are not living in our own home, we are now in a rented house. When my two sons died it was ok, I was in my own home, I had where to hold funeral from, I had where to burry them. Unlike now, I don't know where am going to bury Nabutusiu.

Masika: My wife! Engalamasi have the gods sent you mad? - Why are you planning to bury a girl who is not yet dead? Nabutusile only has fever.

Nabutusiu: (whining and speaking fantasia) Ooh! My head is burning. My stomach is boiling, my forelimbs are cracking away. I have seen an old man .....man on the sky he is telling me. His name is wenwa....he is preparing outdoor fire in three stones.....he is persuading me to go! Oho!

Masika: What!

Nabutusiu: Wenua! Wenwa! Wenwaaa!

Masika: (Leaving Nabutusile to sleep on a papyrus long chair, he covers her up with a shawl) . What is wrong with my clan? Why is the clan using Wenwa my cousin to finish my family?

Engalamasi: It is true; Nabutusile my child has never set an eye on Wenwa since she was born, she is only seeing him in the sky because he has spelled a curse of death against my child. He has finished her with his powerful voodoo.

Masika: Wenwa will finish a whole world with voodoo.

Engalamasi: Not the whole world, he is only keen on you. He has ever kept an owl's eye on my house. His evil devices are all behind death of my two sons (Enters Kantawala)

Masika: (To Kantawala) Karibu, come in your holiness.

Kantawala: Thank you, you all look not happy. What's wrong?

Masika: Bishop, we are crying. My child, look, she is very sick and whatever verbal signs she has started to show are not good. Am struck with despair, sincerely Bishop am hopeless.

Kantawala: (stoops to examine Nabutusiu)

My daughter! My daughter! (looks up at Masika) is she sick or she is already dead! She is not breathing.....her skin is stiff! .

Engalamasi: (rushes to where Nabutusiu is) Oho! She is already dead! Am now childless

(enter mourners)

Mourner I; (Wailling oin the top of the voice) what have you done girl, why didn't you wait to die after Christman.

Mourners II: O girl! O girl! Why? Why? Young people don't have to die.

Gravediggers I; (shouting) show me where I will dig the grave for her.  
Grave digger II: (to grave digger I) style up! You want to dig the grave, have you prepared a coffin? Moreover, do you want to dig a grave in the rented compound?

## CURTAINS

### SCENE II

In the mid of the night, there is full moon, frogs are croaking in a choir-like sound, crickets are also singing and the distant crying of the hornbill is also heard. Wenwa is alone on an anthill dressed in wizards gear, monkey clobus and animal skin, leopard tail in his hand with a calabash bowl before him tipping the whisker into foul liquid on the calabash, whisking around to spread the liquid as he speaks abracadabraec words in a soliloquy.

Wenwa; (monologue) Go! Go! Go to death you ugly young girl.

Nabutusiu, go, follow your first brother,  
follow your second brother.

Follow them; follow them to the land of deaths.

Follow them quickly

As you have no business

A moving the living

Your place of abide

Is the realm of ancestors

Go! Go! To day before dawn

Sets forth, it must get you in a complete rigor mortis,

Let the fever of evil gods

Sent you mad with twaddle and fold you,

Into a pykitonic curl of death

Die, die, die Nabutusiu!

And as you die mention me not,

Nor mumble about me not

The cause of your demise

Should remain unkown,

Mumble not my name,

Nor yell not my gender

Die silently in defencellesness,

Curl yourself up like a millipede,

Open wide your eyes and

Let you breathes be curtailed,

At once and for all can you die!

Let not your mother sire,  
Again and forever let her not  
Have her matrix to bear  
Anything else closer to a child  
Walk away to the land of death with all those  
That will come after you  
Your sisters and brothers  
Let them die before birth  
Let them be washed away  
As a dirty waste forever  
In the menstrual blood  
Of Engalamasi your mother  
Let the spell of infertility  
Take hostage your mother's matrix  
And have it all as powerless captive,  
Your Mother, that ugliest beast of a woman  
Engalamasi your mother let her prosper.

Let the semens of his testicles,  
Be charmless and impotent  
Let his penis forever  
And ever stay powerlessly limp  
Like a dead pullfinch,  
Like a dead young mouse  
Let Masika's balls be balmy  
In his undergarments  
Let him not erect before  
Any woman, any girl  
Let him forget women,  
Let women detest him  
And let him fear women  
in a perilous nausea let him  
hold all women onset,  
let none his offspring be seen  
anywhere in this land,  
our dear land of bareefu.

Let not the hands  
Of Engalamasi and her husband  
Be productive to yield anything,  
The coins in his hands must  
Disappear like smoke

Let them buy nothing  
Not even a rabbit  
Let poverty eat them  
In ruthlessness of a powerful spirit,  
The curse of nakedness let it be  
On your heads, Engalamasi  
And your husband Masika  
With her black fingernails,  
Like the claws of the eagle  
The spell of foodlessness  
It is full might and gear,  
Should Hoover their household  
Let them be poorest paupers  
Of the land, east and west  
They should die childless  
Let Masika be wifeless,  
Let him ever be making cold fire  
At the barren and dumb fire yard  
For generations and generations,  
Then let him die alone,  
In the house with his eyes  
Wide open, let no one close his eyes,  
as he dies.

## CURTAINS

### SCENE III

At Masika house, at the door yard, the cortege of dead Nabutusia in the coffin hanged on the stool. The mood is funeral like, sombre and mournful, clansmen, mourners, Engalamasi and Masika they are around, sitted at the round table on fold chairs, Mourners are Wailling, walking around the compound.

Clansman I: What is the problem with the clan of Barefu, does it mean it is nowadays blind to the problems of its own sons?

Clansman II: Who do you expect to answer you?

Clansman I: I was only thinking beyond boundaries of silence.

Engalamasi: (sobbing) what did you want the clan to do. My child is already dead; the clan has nothing to do. It can't bring back my child to life.

Clansman II: (to Engalamasi) we already know that my dear sister -in-law. But what about the burial arrangements. The girl's cortege has already lasted three days.



And remember it is a taboo in our community for the dead body of unmarried girl of this type (pointing at the coffin) to last for more than three days before being buried.

Masika; (chargedly) what has my girl begged from you! If her Cadavar lasts a week on the death bed before burial will it eat anything from your house? Keep your nose off from my child. She is dead but she is still mine.

Clansman I: Masika! You are an elder. The clan does not expect such a wind of words from the mouth of an elder like you.

Masika: Don't tell me about your clan.

Clansman I: My clan?

Masika: What did you hear?

Clansman I: What I have just heard from you my brother, is not what I have ever dreamed of in my life. The clan can not be mine alone. It is our clan. One man cannot make a clan.

Masika: I stopped being a man of the clan. I am now a man of the church. The Catholic Church is my clan. It is my brother, it's my sister, and it is my cousin. Nothing else, so don't tire my ears with

Clansman II: Brothers, we are all mourning. And mourning has no rules and regulations. Let my brother Masika mourn his daughter Nabutusiu in any manner. His grieve is triggered by history of his experience with the clan.

Clansman I: But it is folly to reject your clan. What can one be without the clan?

Engalamasi: (sobbing) But what can be the clan if it glorifies in death of its people?

Clansman I: (to Engalamasi) my sister-in-law are you connotating the role of voodoo in the death of your daughter.

Masika: A thievish dog always cowardly bark when an old woman waves her cooking stick.

(Enters Kantawala)

Kantawala: My presence is very brief, because am to attend to a bigger funeral of one of our well-to-do Catholic faithful who passed away three days ago.

Gravedigger I (To Kantawala) you mean there is big funeral and small funeral?

Kantawala: What will you call the burial ceremony of a man with four wives, thirty sons and twenty of them are senior officers in the army? even one of them is a Catholic chaplain with the Keya Army Battalions in Sierria Leone.

Gravedigger I: I will call it bigger funeral.

Kantawala: Yes, and even for your information, more gravediggers are needed there.

Clansman II: Let's put a side the differences between bigger funeral and small funeral. Let the Bishop tell us his message.

Kantawala: Yes, that is true; I want to ask Masika how far he has gone with the

burial arrangement of his daughter. Because the church leaders have only allowed two days for him to stay with a dead body in the church compound.  
Clansman I; (To Masika) How far have you gone with the burial arrangement my brother?

Masika: (To Kantawala) but Bishop..... Bishop..... Bishop.....

Kantawala: Don't take things lightly. Kindly remove the dead body from the compound of the church (walks away) .

Clansman I; (to Masika) who told me that you are also a Catechist of that church?

Masika; (fearfully) I am a Catechist

Clansman II: Where did you take the money you were paid when you sold your ancestral land?

Engalamasi: (sobbing) what is now all these, doesn't Bishop Kantawala know that my husband is a Catechist? That my dead daughter was baptized in this church? (She joins mourners, wailing) .

Gravediggers I and II: let us go, we are late for somewhere. But you can sent someone to call us when you are ready for grave digging.

(CURTAINS)

#### SCENE IV

In Wenwa's house, Wenwa is dressed in a rain coat, and rubber gum boots, sitted on a papyrus chair playing a banjo, the base is most audible.

Wenwa: (playing a banjo and singing)

Gods of my land and our peole  
You are great and marvelous  
In your generosity, you gave,  
To myself the most magnarimous heart;  
Whoever that has never eaten form my palms  
May be that one we haven not met  
I have fed all people,  
A thousand fold food - - seekers,  
From my granaries, my baskets,  
I extol and exult you gods  
Might gods of my land  
For the genuine heart  
You gave to me fathomless,  
Out of all the sons and daughers  
Of this clan of ours,  
The heroic clan of Barefu.  
(Enters Busolo and Kasili)

Busolo: I love your songs they are nice and good.

Wenwa: Thank you, thank you a lot our leader. It is me who has to appreciate your coming to my house. Kindly have your sits (showing them where to sit as he puts aside the Banjo) .

Kasili (sitting) let me sit near the door, I am having some flu. I have to be going out to cough. You know.

Wenwa: it is not a matter my dear elder.

Busolo: (Taking out a cigarette) Wenwa let me sent you to bring me fire please; even if you are my knife-mate, my 'Bakoki'.

Wenwa: Feel at home Bakoki, this house is as good as your own, (he disappears into the inner chamber and comes back with a glowing amber) Take it carefully my Bakoki, (handing the amber of fire to Busolo) .

Kasili: Busolo, you could have brought a matchbox, these ambers of yours can soil hands of mhenshiwa.

Busolo: (blowing out ciggarrete smoke) fire is fire it doesn't matter the source. Moreover ambers are good in saving energy (gives the amber back to Wenwa)

Wenwa: Has it burned the cigarette?

Busolo: Yes

Wenwa: (Taking back the amber) Good, I wanted that (comes back after throwing the amber at fireyard at the inner chamber) .

Busolo: Am now ok, than when I was coming in. I was getting suffocated of an urge to smoke.

Wenwa: Bakoki, you are right, there is no painful thirsty like that one of need for smoking. It is more harsh than an urge for alcohol.

Busolo: Very true

Kasili: What about an urge for Marijuana?

Wenwa: Let me come back to answer you (disappears into the inner chamber, comes back with a kettle and mugs) .

Kasili: You can now answer

Wenwa: (setting for Busolo and Kasili the mugs, pouring tea for them) .

You know what, there is nothing as stupid as developing a habit of consuming Marijuana. My brother here, my cousin brother you all know, he is none other than Masika. He began consuming Marijuana. He also encouraged his wife Engalamasi to do the same. Bakoki, I want to confirm to you that the weed affected them badly. They began giving birth to undersized children, children that are as small as a shoe of a woman. The kids have been dying after a month, two months or so. Masika has now sold away his land at a throw away price. He again had to spend all the money received from selling of his land on Marijuana. Bakoki, as we are talking now, Masika is a destitute of land. He now pretends to

be a follower of the Catholic Church.

Busolo: (shaking his head) , I now understand.

Wenwa: You better understand (stands to peep out) you are not taking tea, why?

Kasili: We are talking as we take.

Busolo: Now tell us, who bought the land?

Kasili: How big was the land? If I can ask before you give an answer to the question of your Bakoki.

Wenwa: Elders, your questions can even make me shed tears. My brother, that man; Masika and his wife ! Sold away two acres of ancestral land to a foreigner. To a person who cannot speak a single word of our language. People come here to mock me that our worthiness clan has lost land to a Somali others say he is a very rich Kikuyu.

Kasili: You want to tell me that Masika sold land of the clan to a Kikuyu man?

Wenwa: Where have your ears gone my fellow elder? The land is already gone to the Kikuyus!

Kasili: Eheee! (tapping) his lap. Then I can also confirm that Marijuana is bad.

Wenwa: Why not? Why not? What else can Marijuana do to a man?

Busolo: (clearing tea from his mug) how can we help such a man now?

Kasili: (pushing away a half empty mug) . Am ok, I had already taken some tea at my home.

Wenwa: (to Busolo) to help him with what? Bakoki, such people should be allowed to chew the full size of their foolishness.

Busolo: What I mean is that helping him to bury his dead daughter.

Wenwa: Which daughter is dead?

Busolo: I don't know the daughter, but I think he has been having a daughter who died four days ago. It's Kantawala the bishop who told me.

Kasili: The girl is called Nabutusiu.

Wenwa: Nabutusiu is dead?

Busolo: Yes, Nabutusiu is dead

Wenwa: (laughing extensively) Masika will bury Nabutusiu in Marijuana, no one told him to sell away his land, if not his dirty foolishness.

Kasili: This is not a laughing matter. In fact we came to consult with you, so that the site of burial can be identified.

Wenwa: Let Masika bury his dead daughters in the Catholic Church if not in his lovely Marijuana.

Busolo: Bakoki, (addressing Wenwa) Let us be realistic, you know we are now old people. It is a generation since we were circumcised let us calm down so that we know how we can help our brother to bury his daughter Nabutusiu.

Wenwa: What is your idea?

Busolo: Given that you are the first causing of Masika in this clan of Barefu,

kindly offer yourself to bury Nabutusiu.

Wenwa: Elders, I cannot refuse to bury Nabutusiu. In fact she is like my daughter, because the blood that used to run in her veins is the same blood running in my veins; her grand father is my father. But elders, do you know why as old as I am I still cooking for myself? Do you know why I served you tea by myself? Please come I show you (Busolo and Kasili stands up, near where Wenwa is) look out there. What is that? Is it not the grave of my wife? Infact it is still fresh, as no grass, has grown on it. So kindly elders, I cannot have two fresh graves at my door yard.

Kasili: Then your clan has to contribute money to buy a place in the cemeteries for the burial of Nabutusiu

(Enters Clansman I and II)

Clansman I: Thank you God! ... I have met our area Member of Parliament, infact today I will manage to have my supper. I knew that this is my lucky day. I met a man at my gate as I was coming out. Ooho! Today I am sure of my supper I (dances as he shakes hands with Busolo) .

Clansman II: Calm down please

Kasili: What is meeting a man first at your gate has to do with our Mheshimiwa and your evening food?

Clansman I: (to Kasili) you go and keep the cemeteries, I am not going to beg from you.

Kasili: Answer my question.

Clansman I: Are you not aware that my first offspring is a son. Appearance of a man to me as a first event of my morning is assign of a lucky day.

Busolo: Let it end there gentlemen.

Clansman II: The better

Wenwa: (to clasman I and II) what brings you here my dear clansmen?

Clansman I: Masika has been ejected out of the church compound by Diaba.

Clansman II: Diaba is only the caretaker; he was simply carrying out the instructions of Kantawala, the Bishop of the Catholic Church at the Diocese of Ndambasi.

Kasili: To be brief, tell us what has happened from where you are coming?

Clasnman II: Masika is roaming up and down the road with a dead body in his hands. The church has chased him away; they don't want any cadaver within the church compound) .

Busolo; (putting a mobile phone on his ears) . Elders, this is a very important call. Let me receive. But inform me of your progress. (Walks away) .

Clansman II: (to Wenwa) Brother, let us find a solution, let not our past squabbles with the clan make us to ignore the agonies of our clansman. There is no way you can abandon your clan.

Kasili: Yes, you are now talking.

CURTAINS.

## SCENE V

At the road, in front of the main gate of Catholic Church, Masika, Engalamasi and Abdullu are standing aimlessly. Masika carrying the Cadavar of Nabutusiu in his arms.

Engalamasi: I never imagined thinking that Bishop Kantawala can do this to us. Now, where are we going to bury Nabutusiu?

Diaba: I have no help. I was instructed by the Bishop to eject you out. You, know I cannot go even for an inch, against the orders of my Bishop.

Abdullu: (to Masika) brother, I also have no otherwise. Had you been a Muslim, I could be able to help. I could simply request our Sheikh for you bury your daughter in our Muslim cemeteries. But bad luck, you are not a Muslim.

Engalamasi; (To Masika) my husband, didn't I tell you that we could better join Islam

that time you had sold land? Your bigheadedness made you to reject my idea. Now look at what the Catholic Church has done to us.

Masika: It's not my mistake. There is no way I could know that the church will chase me away when I have a problem.

Engalamasi: It was your mistake. What could prevent you from fore-knowledge of such a mess other than your toreador's spirit?

Abdullu: (to Masika) But brother all is not gone; you can still go back and negotiate with the Bishop. Furthermore you are the Catechist of this can prevent you from negotiating.

(Enters, Wenwa, Kasili, Clansman I, classman II and the Mourners)

Clansman I: (to Masika) why are you walking up and down the road with a dead body in your hand? What happened to your house inside the church compound?

Diaba: Bishop Karitawala ordered for him to be ejected out.

Clansman I: Which Kantawala? Is he the one I know?

Diaba: Which Kantawala do you know me; I am talking about Bishop Kantawala of Ndambasi Catholic Dioces.

Clansman I: I don't believe what you are saying. When bishop Kantawala did become a vernal of this type that he chases the full Catechist from the church?

Masika: (putting down Cadaver of Nabutusiu, he breathes deep to clear his voice to talk) . Let us not blame Bishop Kantawala. He is many times better than the clan. I mean a hundred times better than the clan.

Clansman I: Which clan are you talking about?

Masika: The clan of Barefu, what else?

Clansman I: Look at you now.

Clansman II; Let us be slow with our mouths.

Clansman I: There is no any mature mouths that will be slow in the light of such....

Masika: Such what? Such what? Go a head and finish your statement you wretch! And for your information, let me caution you; give me time I mourn my daughter. It is not a must that you have to be here.

Kasili: Young men, don't confuse us with your runaway emotions. Can you calm down so that we get to know the best way forward.

Abdullu: Yes that is what we want.

Diaba: Very much, let us listen to this elder, perhaps..... (Pointing to Kasili)

Kasili: (to Masika) where are we going to bury your daughter?

Masika: I have been ejected out of the church compound. That is where I have been living.

Kasili: What reason made you to be chased away from the church compound?

Masika: Even I have not been told, I was only told to come away from the church compound.

Diaba: Let me help to clarify. As you all know I am the caretaker of the entire residential houses found at our Cathedral.

Kasili: (To Diaba) you can go a head, but remember to preserve time.

Diaba: Ok, you know elders and my brothers; we have to be empathizing with our brother, for what has just befallen him. Loosing a daughter at this time is a deep wound on the heart of one.

Clansman I: You were told to be brief.

Clansman II: (to clansman I) don't jump at every word as if a young boy is chasing butterlies. Cann't you listen?

Kasili: By the way

Diaba: Let me continue now (coughs) You know Bishop Kantawala said that harbouring a dead body within the vicinity of the church is a nuisance.

Abdullu: You mean he said that?

Diaba: That is what I mean. So, he commanded me to eject this man; Masika to move out of the house so that the church can use that house for something else.

Abdullu: You are surprising me. Masika is the Catechist of this church. Can't you have some sympathy for him? If it was Jesus Christ himself what could he have done for Masika?

Diaba: Keep that question for Jesus Christ. I have simply done what I was instructed. You all that I cannot go against the command of my Bishop.

Kasili: (to Masika) now everything is connotating that the church has refused you. Which plans to you have for your dead daughter?

Masika: Plans like what?

Kasili: I mean the burial for this dead body is overdue, which plans are you having in your mind?

Engalamasi; (sobbing) Leave my daughter alone. It is not a must that she has to be buried. I can even stay with her even if she is dead.

Clansman I: (to Engalamasi) what are you saying?

Clansman II: (to clansman I) give her time to mourn.

Kasili: But now, what is to be done?

Diaba: The church can do nothing for Masika, unless after he buries his daughter.

Clansman II: If the church refuses you what can you do? Don't you need to go back to the clan?

Clansman I: Correct, a man needs both the clan and the church. Not the church alone.

Abdullu: Then that will not be Christianity.

Clansman I: What will it be?

Abdullu: It will be Christo-paganism.

Clansman II: It can be Christo-paganism yes, but as a solution to such like dilemma.

Clansman I: (to Abudullu) the time one of your Moslems will be in such like a predicament, you will then see the need for adjusting that Islam of yours to Islamo-paganism.

Abdullu: Never on earth, Islam will ever remain the pure way of God.

Clansman II: (to Abdullu) , what about Boko Haram, Al shabab and Al gaeda Islamists that kill women and innocent children. The ones that massacre hamlets and rape defenseless women. Are they still doing the pure way of God?

(Enters Wenwa)

Clansman I: Good, here comes one of us. Our son of the clan. Wenwa please you have done good to come.

Wenwa: (reluctantly) thank you. Today I said to myself that I must be here to commissariate with my brother.

Kasili: Your brother is ejected from where he has be staying. Look he is roaming up and down the road with the cadaver of his daughter.

Wenwa: I got the news already.

Kasili: What are we supposed to do so that we help him out of this quackmire?

Clansman II: A solution is to bury our daughter in a dignified way.

Kasili: where will you get a dignified burial without money?

Wenwa: (To Masika) my brother, when you sold away your ancestral land for money, where did you take the money?

Masika: (To Wenwa) Brother, look at me. Look on my body. Have you seen any Pockets? There are no pockets on my clothes.

Clansman I: So you don't have the money with you?

Clansman II: (to clansman I) your tonque moves senselessly like a he goat on heat.



Masika: I don't have any money.

Abdullu: Do we need money or a place to bury the girl?

Clansman I: That is a Muslim question. A question without legs or head. What will you pay the gravediggers? Money or that Koran of yours?

Wenwa: Let us not take my brother's challenge as an opportunity to execute prejudice onto others.

Clansman II: I told you elders, this man (pointing at clansman I) has a phrodisiac he goat in the mouth. Not a human tongue.

Wenwa: I have the moey for all the requirements that we are to meet in the burial of our daughter.

Kasili: Stupendous! What a sound and soignée mind! Let gods of our land bless you for the generosity, my dearest brother Wenwa.

Abdullu: Amen!

Diaba: (to masika) let us now tell the Bishop that there is money for burial.

Clansman I: To tell Bishop, what? This money is for burial of our daughter not to be given to your church as alms.

Wenwa: good luck, Kasili is here with us. He is charge of Public cemeteries. We can give him the money and off we go to bury our daughter.

Kasili: Infact I will organize to pay the gravediggers my self. You give the money.

Wenwa: (Takes out bank notes and gives them to Kasili) Here is Kenya shilling two thousands. Kindly permit us we bury our daughter.

Kasili: I will (takes the money)

Clansman I: (Jumping up, as he chants) The clan! The Clan! The clan! Our clan of Barefu! Bareful! Barefu!

Kasili: Now elders, let us go to the cemetery and bury Nabutusile (He picks the Cadaver up into his hands and shoves it to his shoulders) let us go to the cemetery.

All: Let us go

Engalamasi: (crying) Oh! My daughter, how unfortunate are you that you become the first person in our family to be buried in the public cemetery. Look you are going to sleep with foreign spirits. Oh my daughter, where did I wrong my gods. O! My daughter Nabutusiu

CURTAINS

EPILOGUE

Here reigns the on and off in the human heart,  
Where what is to be done is beauty in erratics  
Committing evil in your back and acting divinity

In your eyes, the human heart an Abyss and domain  
Of benevolence ever swinging from side to side  
Dystopia on the left Cactopia and Utopia on the right,  
Mixing right and wrong, to blend out suaveness,  
Glorifying in the agony of others as sombre  
We go in the glory of our brothers, sisters.  
The engine of all the strange human heart,  
Rest in peace my dear daughter nabutusiu! !

THE END

alexander opicho

# Nobel Prize Not A Seal To Gunter Grass Beak

It is not a confused whirr,  
nor dumbish agitprop poetry,  
nor ramblings of a jumbuck  
in quest for freedom to peddle  
the awry science of antisemitism,  
it is a poetic license of word-power  
for him to said what must only be said.

to sing cautionary verses and lyrics  
against the flow of atomic warheads  
from the America, or whatsoever  
on the western and Germany submarines  
to the land of Israel, where Netanyahu reigns  
in terror and racist tyranny con Palestine,  
or to versify a caution of this atomic arming  
of Israel but not her neighbors like Persia  
the cradle of Omar Khayyam the Rubiyatist,  
or else to disarm the Arab world, as Israel terribly  
arms her sons and daughters with nuclear and Atomic drones  
along with hatred of the neighbours in mad avarice for land,  
is not at all a crime of poetry but Gunter's artistic morality.

Nobel reward cannot be a seal on your beak,  
you Gunter, the brave son of Bundeslander,  
we cannot be lulled to sleepish silence  
with blissful feelings of Nobel Laureatry,  
cosmetic dignity, nonchalance or standoffishness,  
when terror is reigning in the Middle East  
Israelis committing crimes against humanity  
raping women, mauling children and shooting civilian Arabs,  
that would be heinously wrong, punished even not  
in the Hague of Holland but in the hottest place in hell  
which John F. Kennedy saw Dante Alighieri creating,  
for those who stand aloof, when evil is committed in the world.

Your communion in the Waffen schustafel or the Hitlerite SS,  
is not impeachment on your moral history, nor reason for shame,  
the poltergeist of Europe in the days of your youth was pure SS,  
in nature, fibre and DNA, every European dreamed of a colony,

Britain and France cahorted to own Africa as their handkerchief,  
Hitler bench marked to own France in 1943, a colonial vintage,  
Hitler's Reich was genuine government in Germany,  
democratically ratified by the voters in Germany,  
Your service to Hitler was service to your country,  
it was your turn of patriotism and love of fatherland,  
like your contemporaries in other parts of the world  
who prospered as the FBI, CIA, Mossadist, Kosmosols,  
Gendarmes, Kanu youth wingers, or Colonial police  
in Britain's Gulag in the name of African Archipelago.

i don't know what they mean,  
when they call you Gunter the anti-Semite,  
rebuking Israelis terrible killing of Arabs  
is not reason not even an emotion enough,  
anywhere, whether on earth or in the ethereal,  
to call Gunter an anti-Semite or an immoral poet.

wasn't colonialism a warped racial conscience,  
was it not anti-negroism or anti-africanism,  
persistent torture of black slaves in America,  
doesn't it call for social phenomenology?  
isn't it Anti-blackism or it is only justifiable slavery?

Let Gunter Grass say what must be said,  
let him sing what must be chanted,  
Like Lenin and Gogol of Russia  
let him do what must be done  
let him fear what must be feared,  
let him not fear the loss of Nobelite dignity,  
Jean Paul Sartre won the Nobel Prize,  
but his clear socialist consciousness  
made him decline to pick the cash,  
in true service to his ideals,  
he still glowed like a bush fire  
in the Harmmattan wind  
he never waned in glory whatsoever  
even in his current realm of abode  
among the living dead of the world  
he still shines as a center piece  
when time for chance to voice of reason  
is called for, for humanity's sake,

Let Gunter Grass say what must be said.

alexander opicho

## Non Phenomenal Woman

She is an anti-thesis to Maya Angelou's conscience  
She stretches Maya's awareness beyond rudimentary perfection  
She is a public commoner with her insatiable palatability,  
She eats French fries and pork like a carnivorous queen  
Her instinct cannot save her from curse of pinching,  
She is tall and slender with all virtues of beautiful individuality  
Which the sagacious Friedrich von Schiller saw in frivolous Cassandra,  
She has tattooed nose and ornamented death, not white in taint of alcohol hue  
Chains of jewellery around her neck and hands, sea corals as beads around her  
waist,  
She loves rough men like Alexander Pushkin who died in Duel, and the militant  
Othello  
Who only woos by using the vaginal clitoris of the alligator  
As his Casanova's love voodoo bequeathed to him by his mother,  
She spends money from a foreign sweat, in thrifts and thrifts,  
She commands unilateral faculty of non-numerical learning  
With her indelibility dominating the world of Music and painting,  
She dares not to dream of true love, but her faith is in weakness of men  
Hot in bed like an Italian pizza oven and cold in reason like tundra climate.

The non phenomenal woman the mother of my first born son,  
I took him to Oxford University for a degree course in land law  
He came back with a diploma in being a barber, good in shaving!  
He is so handsome in pettiness with mighty athletic mediocrity  
Vices redolent of maternal genetics in the non phenomenal woman,

alexander opicho

# Nyayo Torture Chambers

There was a house in Kenya  
Called Nyati house  
Nyati means Buffalo  
But was not buffalo house  
It was purely house of torture.

It was in the city of Nairobi  
Its basement taller than the storey  
It was darker and horrific  
It was built by tax money  
Collected from the peasants  
By the powers that be  
Nyati house was built by the government  
When Daniel Moi was the president  
He thought torture can replace democracy  
He had to built torture house  
Staffed by the special branch  
Official technocrats of torture.

Torture technicians were black and tall  
Literate to anti opposition politics  
Democracy sent them to nausea  
It was filthy and distaste  
They relished sycophancy with passion  
They meted torture with tribal scales  
Universities were an eyesore  
Graduates were an open sore  
They bothered special branch  
A jigger in the nail of your toes.

Nyati house had all forms of torture;  
Excommunication  
Ostracism  
Hunger  
Artificial lice  
Bed bugs  
Beatings  
Pliers on your balls  
Pincers on your breasts

Standing in water full to your waist  
For days or a fortnight  
Drinking your urine  
Getting sick without treatment  
Mental disparagement  
Slapping  
Kicking  
Loneliness  
Freezing cold  
Spying  
Counter spying  
Mockery  
Withdraw of your certificates  
Dying  
Resurrecting like a phoenix.

When you come out  
You had one political poem to sing;  
Jogoo!  
Jogoo!  
Jogoo!  
Jogoo!  
Jogoo!

alexander opicho



# O Love!

O LOVE! O LOVE! WHY ARE YOU EVER DEVOID OF LOGIC?

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Mankind in its pathetic folly entice you in a dint of stupor  
Knowing not your true colour and texture  
Endeavoring to achieve glory in your mastery  
With the so limited human capacity  
In grey faith that you are a cradle of bliss  
But O love! Why are you ever crooked?

Young men and women in strength of their sinews  
Toil day and night in bondage of humanity  
Praying and whining incantations with the hope for optimal love  
Ornamenting their bodies with diamond and bronze  
Fibre and silk ornamented to helm of providence  
In the foolish quest for love equilibria  
But in full stretch of your vice, you impish love  
You catapult all away to the shifted goal posts  
O love! O love! Why are you ever ruthless?

You hate the learned but you favour the strong  
You hate professors but you favour the soldiers  
You hate the rich but you favour the agile  
You hate the lawyers but you favour the footballers  
You hate the pastors but you favour the ruffian  
You hate the whites but you favour the Negroes  
You hate the groomed but you love the ragamuffin  
You hate the chaste but you favour the mistress  
O love! O love! Why are you ever illogical?

Love, I revere you for wickedness and irrationality  
In all of your history you scored sum cum laude  
In the duo as blend of your domain, Look;  
You never dwell in a genuine companionship  
You like where the couth will interject;  
Amidst fornication between married and single ones

Amidst adultery in the triangle of foul compassion  
Amidst miscegenation between black and white  
Amidst infatuation between the whole and the lame  
Amidst conjugal appetite between the old and the young  
Amidst concupiscence between house master and houshelp  
Amidst immorality of married master over the wallowing servant  
Amidst libidos between literate teacher unto the peasant pupil  
Amidst disordered passion among the sly lesbians  
Amidst impious perversion among the suave gays  
O love! O love! You are the most wicked force!

Love I am told; your colour is red  
You may be red or you may not be red  
But all in all, you deserve poetical veneration  
For your herculean ability to bend the most wise;  
In your force you made sagacious Shakespeare to bend  
In your force you made Princes Diana to bend and bend  
Bending downwardly stooping for Afawoyed the moor,  
In your stupefying dint you made Napoleon de Bonaparte  
To bend and bend downwardly stooping for Josephine  
Josephine a famed she-Casanova in the gone Paris  
Among the then humanity and the then animality,  
In your impairing machinery you set sons on their fathers  
In the roman empire of Antony and Ceaser  
In the scramble for Cleopatra, the Egyptian queen  
Beauty of her aquiline nose heavily hovered perhaps  
In the eyes of the Roman beholders  
The father and the son only to sent the empire  
To the love forlorn smithereens!

alexander opicho

# Ode To Adolf Hitler

As a stone falconer, I look for honey where many detest,  
I sombrely harvest stones for my food as others bask in orchards  
I now salute Adolf Hitler, not for his adulthood life,  
I bow unto him for his youthful love of his fatherland,  
In his life of youthful days, dreaming and dreaming  
In his struggles of meine Kempf, to wash Germany clean,  
And plant social democracy free from the stench of Jews,  
His love-hate of Karl Marx redolent of missing link,  
In all the humanity where education is made a luxury  
And dearest reserve of the rich, the few and powers that be,  
Your excellent mental growth defied formality of the times,  
You surpassed the schooled and the institutionalized of the time,  
Phenomenally accumulating haphazard knowledge and prowess  
Of the garrulous leader as beckoned the fashion of politics by then,  
Only the best outfit to beguile politics of Europe in the then time,  
In your humanity there is both glorious failure and doomsday success  
Whence your life failures are fountains of intellectual glory,  
You yearned to wash the Jews off a reeking perfume  
To offload your fatherland off the burden of exotic poverty,  
A normal dream for a normal son, in whatsoever the world,  
Hitler the son of Europe you made your father proud,  
No inch of land on earth messes to play with Europe,  
Your respect for African military muscle sent a right Signal,  
Down in the land of the Negroes to fight for freedom  
From the rotten yoke of colonialism that had putrefied  
The necks and shoulders of African nationalism,  
Hail you Hitler in realm of the living dead  
History of we the living is a protégé of your soul,  
Carry your neck high above all the dead for your role,  
Germany is now great and highly spirited above cosmetics,  
You were born insignificant but you died significantly,  
Eva Braun the lady of your head falling in your arm,  
A true man you measured as you died on the nuptial night,  
You gave the mantra of historical permanency  
On which Europe's future is embedded in your song  
Of need for the breathing space for sons of the Aryan nation,  
I admire your spirit towards preservation of your fatherland,  
There are million of those that hate you in the day under the light,  
But they slavishly worship you in the night with their dim lit candles

Their faces deeply buried in the Meine Kempf, no effort can fickle `em  
In their voracity for the oeuvre of your soul, the Fuhrer of Germany,  
Blessed be Germany the land of your matrix,  
Let it sire and sire several like you, now and future  
For the spirit of duty with which you were imbued  
The sole natural resources menacingly missing  
Among the poor countries of the world  
Hence their misery in the captivity of poverty,  
You are a lesson, a school, and benchmark  
For the brave and the cowards but only the bigots  
Can refuse to swallow the superb historicity  
You gave to the world of your time and beyond.  
You nursed and bred Einstein the child of your arm,  
In your early Jostle on the verge of nuclear technology,  
While others in the deep slumber snored in crudeness  
Of their culture and colonial bliss, totally impairing the vision,  
You amassed national wealth in the hands of the Reich,  
You thinned corruption from the state machinery of Germany,  
You combated communism with mighty of a born fighter,  
You fought poverty and condemned syphilis away from Aryan race,  
In your pure love of Germany your fatherland, pride of your heart,  
Or show me normal a man who yearns to breed a weakling nation  
And I will take you from the perforated shadow of Leo Tolstoy  
And shed you under the umbra of Shakespeare the bard,  
To catechize you truly on pearls of morality  
Bound in King Lear, that only the weak  
None but the weak who attract the attack.

alexander opicho

# Ode To African Sex Workers

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

let me begin my salutation to you  
by expressing my angst about your ghastly night experience  
that you go through when in the hands of the policemen  
who often walk around in the name of security patrols  
while in truth they bettle terror in the show of evil mighty  
they swop you down and arrest you spreadeagled  
asking for bribes substantially the money of your proceeds  
from the ware of your trade your body the temple of christian God,  
Wherever your lack money  
your beauty saves you as they go on to rape you in circles among themselves  
as they glorify the power of your bossom in their policeman's slang,  
where beauty, tyranny of bossom and your bribe is absent  
you are forlornly arrested from the streets of Nairobi and Lagos or Johannesburg  
then rounded down to a dingy police cell to be charged  
with heinous crimes of prostitution and vagrancy,  
when the true origin of your fortune's tomfoolery  
is powers that be as they glorify anti woman crude cultures  
beseeching a girl child into despair and depravement,  
they are these men who refused to see you as a beacon of glory  
they always link you to the filthy bedrooms from which you ennoble not.

alexander opicho

# Ode To African Women Folk

Daughters, sisters and brethren in the African womenfolk  
Hail you, you are blessed among all the diversities of nature  
You are blessed for all peace and love behaviour in all of your times  
You are blessed for resilience and spiritual energy to soldier on  
By being a woman, wife, a girl, a mother and a grand mother  
In the African conditions which have no time for the women,

Daughters of Africa both at home in Africa and the diaspora  
In Americas, Cuba, Brazil, or the whole Caribbean  
Be blessed for your virtue of love and forgiveness  
That swells your hearts as you ever treat to oblivion  
Those who rape you whether in war or in peace  
Even in marriage and the the offices  
On the platter of polygamy, rituals and crudeness of culture  
In the selfish farm labour where your spouse  
Gives you a remote encounter with brutality of bourgeoisie culture  
You always pick up the pieces and go for your stitches  
Whatsoever the number, like the appalling one  
Of above six stitches for the rape victims of Congo wars,

You have always consolidated poor Africa from  
Smithereens of war and terrors of selfish male war,  
You have often mocked the cult of dictatorship on its face  
You have enticed social inclusions as societal virtue  
You have snooked to tribalism, racism and class bigotry on the face  
Them the cultic vices that have cemented Africa's cult of dictatorship,  
Daughters of Africa stand up and make Africa the a temple of God  
Entice humanity with your wholesome fibre  
Restore Liberia to a national state in the song of Sirleaf  
Restore central Africa to a national family in the song Catherine  
Restore art and poetry to Africa in the arms with Marriama Ba and Micere Mugo  
Sire and Nurse African ecology unbowedly in the spiritual realm of Wangare  
Mathai  
Restore and forge Africa forward you dear daughters  
For the strength of your beauty my dear ladies  
Has a global testimony in the prime of your motherhood.

Alexander Opicho

# Ode To All Street Families

My heart has gone out for all families on the street  
That came out of the erstwhile street boys and girls  
Kudos to your creativity as you make life from nothing  
Blessed by your bravado and sense of oblivion  
With which you have held the riches of the world  
In which effortlessly swim the powers that be,

Beautified be a street family in the all quarters of the world  
Wherever you are kindly be ennobled  
Whether in India or Chicago of Americas,  
Be it Nairobi, Lagos or Jo'burg the infernos of urchinery  
Good times and chances befall you children of the street.

Great beauty with you is condemnation of the tribe  
In Africa where ethnicity is the bricks of tribal mall  
Your names are conditional but not tribal connotation  
They sing songs of exclusion but not chauvinism of ethnicity  
I was in Kenya at the city of Eldoret, I visited your platoon  
In the suburb of Langas, I derided not in the glory of your nomenclature;  
Some of you festooned in the street emperor, as other wallow in mauverick titles

Like; Cop-puncher, weed-cooler, virgin breaker, top sniffer, hotel sentry  
And many other accoladic names as you feasted me on your virtuosity.

Royal is your blood as you bivouac in the blizzards  
The blood in your vein came from the state panjandrum  
During the libidinous hour in the wee of the night  
The teats you suckled were of your undergraduate mothers  
In the high powered Universities of bourgeoisie education  
Never regret in your ego for great is your genetics  
It was solely misplaced priorities of your vulnerable mothers  
That had you dumped on the street garbage in the oblivion of society  
But great you are because 10% you hitherto make  
Of the ostentations African population that is whoopingly a billion!  
Time is coming for your final say, bivouac wherever you are  
For your day is very soon.

Alexander Opicho

# Ode To All The Russian Poets

when i start by name  
perhaps in a flap of fault  
exculpate my soul  
for maximum rectitude  
is the true fill of my heart  
glory to the sons of Russia  
Kudos to you all and your foremen;  
Nikolai Gogol the master in the dead souls  
Alexander Pushkin the effeminate poet  
Vladimir Lenin who knew what was doable  
Alexander sholenestysn the Siberian jail bird  
who was on the poetic phone by five  
Feodor Dostoyevsky the epileptic Karamazov  
Maxim Gorky and Antony Chenkoy leave them alone  
Ayn Rand the woman who shrug the atlas for we the living  
Vladimir Nabokov the school master who asked for sex  
from her student the adourous Lolita  
Boris Pasternak the Muzhik like Leo Tolstoy  
who wanted land beyond the horizon  
for doctor Zhivago the sexy peasant  
or Vladimir Makayavosky who slapped the public  
in the face of their capitalistic taste,  
Glorified be you all you sons of Russia  
your Muse is beautiful and erotically crazy  
glory for your humour and your finer threads  
with which you have woven for me my poems of dystopia  
glory be to you all in the stark oblivion  
of Leon Trotsky and his penman Leonid Brezhnev

alexander opicho



# Ode To Colonel Gaddafi

Who was the person in Colonel Muammar Gaddafi  
Was he a deadly Libyan tyrant as the west put  
and dictator as the Western media and press  
often portrayed him , here and there  
as power voracious bent on assuming the leadership  
of the Arab world and super sahara socialite  
in the stamapede of Gamal Abdul Nasser?  
That Gaddafi was a driven and desperate man,  
what a cruxificative tribe of question,

he gloriously deposed King Idris  
from the then rotting Libyan throne,  
President Habib Bourguiba of Tunisia  
omenously warned him that he had to stretch  
miles and whatever to go before he could claim,  
to be unfettered successor to Nasser's sceptre,

Gaddafi was a wildly and spotlessly popular  
among the Libyan masses, the earth's wretched,  
and even those in the rest of the revolutionary world,  
till the eyesore of his brutal murder,  
the tragics and haunting episodes,  
of his life points clearly to the truth of truth:  
Gaddafi was a reasonless hunted man  
they way bin Laden was labelled to be hunted,  
for so he was a hunted man.

Gaddafi never had the time or the leisure  
to do anything but run, but run and run  
as an escape to hell, a clear testament  
in his classical poetic, quilled properly  
behind the dunes of the sahara desert,  
His parting shots were true essence  
of his compassion and generosity to humanity,  
a humongous gift of a soccer stadium to Pakistan,  
a plan to gift thousands of computers and laptops  
to schoolchildren in idyllic poor African countries,  
and dollops of oil aid to poor Arab countries.

were these not totally dispassionate acts  
For the Colonel was trying to build a support,  
and network throughout the revolutionary world  
because he was actively tracked and pursued  
by the English and French dogs of murder,  
tacitly supported by the United States.

The Western powers were committed to teeth,  
to removing Gaddafi from his genuine power  
lest he prove troublesome to currents of avarice  
in furthering their interests in the oil imperialism,  
for his daring rhetoric and outlandish capers  
were sharp pedagogies to the oppressed.

western powers moaned and yelled doggishly,  
for cheap Libyan oil well and item markets,  
for construction and drilling projects,  
English and French origin companies  
as well as American multinationals,  
moaned daily like female hyenas  
when they stood to lose monetary gain,  
if Gaddafi remained entrenched in holy life  
and in power as the arbiter of Libya's destiny.

but that indeed was the holy mandate  
he had from the Libyan masses of peasants  
even though it was imperially questioned  
by those of his cowardly enemies  
moving in tandem with cosmetics  
of capitalism and bourgeoisie development.

Gaddafi fucked the French presence in Chad,  
as he did roundly criticize the United States  
over its foreign policy of Bullish syndrome,  
as he gloriously shielded the two Libyans  
who were accused without forgiveness  
of plotting and carrying out Vietnam like bombing  
of an American passenger jet over Lockerbie  
in Scotland that led to Kissinger like killings,  
of hundreds of innocent civilians like in Vietnam.

History is yet to absolve Gaddafi,  
to glorify the dreamer with poetry in his eyes  
who composed escape to hell in a deserty week,  
exculpating him off false accussions,  
of committing a crime of such magnitude,  
good consicence must question the role of Jews.

It was only the status and stature  
of Nelson Mandela as a fellow comrade,  
that managed to implore the Colonel  
to hand over the two accused Libyans  
to the International Court of Justice  
to face trial or even forgiveness,  
The whole sordid drama of the Lockerbie bombing  
is an enigma wrapped in mystery, jewish tricks center stage,  
Sooner or later, posterity will absolve out  
with the truth and save Gaddafi's name  
and honor as leader of the voiceless.

President Ronald Reagan did not even wait a little  
before he launched those deadly missile strikes  
against Libya, against Gaddafi's private quarters,  
to kill Gaddaffi's beggotten daughter.

Was this not a base and cowardly  
act unworthy of America and its great traditions,  
Gaddafi, like Saddam, was a victim of labelling  
by Western media who had painted his character  
with satanic evil and malice, as if evil is alien to them,  
even when there was no genuine evidence  
to justify such a heinous depiction  
Gaddafi was seen to act irrationally,  
was supposed to have mental delusions  
why not being mentally unstable!

Gaddafi's antics inspired acts of conscience  
and a genuine and fitting response to a life  
lived under mortal fear and terror of terror  
the fear of being tracked and hunted down  
by Western agents who were out to eliminate him  
with full backing from their governments.

Gaddafi, like Saddam was not a criminal  
although all sorts of demonic tendencies  
were attributed to both leaders by the Western press,  
All sorts of media scoops were ceaselessly hatched  
and all kinds of media blitzes were mercilessly launched  
to create Muslim helots who overthrew Gaddafi,  
and pursued him in armored cars and trucks  
to his hometown Sirte deep in the Libyan Desert,  
That he was killed with such horrible cruelty  
with bayonets and gunshots,  
pumped into his royal head  
such is evidence that his assailants,  
were not true Muslims whatsoever!

These enemies were petty paid murderers  
and butchers who after the dastardly act,  
proudly displayed Gaddafi's body  
in a meat shop kept open for public viewing,  
By committing these very desecrations  
Gaddafi's foes had unwittingly revealed  
their true un-Islamic and butcherous natures.

And what were Gaddafi's last pearlsh words  
to his assailants when he lay writhing in pain of death  
on the ground unable to move because of the mayhems  
of his injuries and wounds: WHAT DID I DO TO YOU?  
Gaddafi had died like a Muslim Christ  
on the American cross with no words of abuse  
or blame for his enemies, as they knew not  
whatever the folly they were executing.

History will have to wait for generations  
before another soldier and such a leader  
of Qaddafi's ilk and human mettle surfaces  
again in the poor man's world  
to bravely taunt the West  
for its imperial perfidy and cowardice.

Alexander Opicho

# Ode To Food On The Table

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Hallo Mr food , allow me to salute you with Germany hello  
I will also hug you with American hi and kiss you  
with high sounding french romantic salut  
as I saw you on the table in one peasant's hut  
her shoals of children giving you a Kenyan Jambo,  
each of them ruthless and not exculpating you  
each chopping you off one after another  
biting you horrendously like a mutton in the canine  
of a male lion in the kingdom of noon day  
forlornly you were thrashed with no succour  
those peasants ate you like ravenous hyenas  
feasting on the ewe daily in apex of starvation  
where erred you to the peasants' sires  
for they look for you with one sharp voracity  
where will you take your body for a simple truce?

Alexander Opicho

# Ode To Lodwar Catholic Library

Build in a very humble way  
Its architecture redolent of Europe,  
Plain and honest in structure,  
The vestibule at the entrance  
Replete with old hardbound books  
Dust covering the jackets  
In their agony of human oblivion,  
Every section has shelves under lock  
Only to be open on permitted access.

Located in the desert like an oases,  
But the desert of readers not waters,  
But like any other oasis, it is useful,  
At most to the genuine users.

There are books and books all over,  
Windows only open after adjustment,  
You start at the door step with classics,  
Indian, European, American and global classics,  
I pumped into Leo Tolstoy at the first glance,  
Finely juxtaposed; Anne Karenina after War and peace.

I opened war and peace and I chanced on Napoleon  
Then thrill of intellect and bliss of art  
Began flowing into my guts like a river  
I kept on wandering why Leo Tolstoy  
Never became a Christian sub religion,  
To be added to the two testaments,  
For it to beget the post-modern holy Bible.

My physical peregrination of the hand  
Led me to a vase of rosy wine  
Its intellectual whiff surpassing all,  
The psalms of David and songs of songs  
This was nothing but precious discovery;  
A thousand Rubiyats of Omar Khayyam  
The shoulder of wisdom and love of God  
The hero of Sufism and demystifier of heaven,  
When in fact I came unto his 69th Rubiyat;

I have heard people say  
that those who love wine are damned.  
That can't be true, that clearly is a lie.  
For if lovers of wine and love are bound for hell,  
heaven would be quite empty!

I chewed and chewed fortune out of Rubiyats,  
I went through all the thousand Rubiyats,  
Only hot Sun and desert sand storms of Lodwar  
Are my witnesses among the myriads of bystanders  
As life of a reader is similar to the life a writer,  
They both derive energy from solitude's power.

I moved on again to Alfred Jarren  
The son of France, the father of mystery;  
Pataphysics the science of fantasy  
It has the realm beyond metaphysics,  
His survey of pataphorical world  
Has remained witchcraft  
Beyond my simple soul's grasp.

Paradox is one other worldwide wonder  
As I look at an illiterate Turkana Man,  
Guarding the library, club in his hand,  
His ever week from stubborn hunger,  
His sires never go to school, perhaps culture  
I looked at him often in my pause for muse,  
Why guard knowledge that you can't use?

I again came upon the Quran  
I read it voraciously over and again,  
In expectation of great knowledge  
Always making Muslims to be noisy,  
I have found nothing great in the Quran,  
Only regular subversions of Biblical grammar,  
Let Muslims sober up to respect Jesus Christ,  
His sermon on the Mountain is perfectly enough  
as an impeachment to crazed pataphoricals  
That Muslims often dare the world with.

I read the Bible again in repetition  
Of what I had did ten years ago,

I read psalms, Job and Isaiah,  
Gospels and epistles are more nice,  
Chronicles and Habakkuk are so dull,  
Lamentations are somber poems,  
Revelations are esoteric lies,  
Kings and Samuel full of chauvinism,  
Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are mere clichés  
My idea is; mankind can fear God  
Minus Jewish intervention.

Now I chanced upon The synagogue of Satan,  
A book written by one other crazy American,  
His name is Andrew Hitchcock Crichton,  
The book is long and spellbinding,  
Having historical facts from early centuries,  
Chronicling mysterious growth of Jewish empire,  
Arranging facts one after another  
Dismissing Bush's anger against Arabs,  
Over the bombing of the twin towers  
When they are the Jews who Bombed America  
As a decoy to induce American wrath,  
Thus twin towers bombing was Jewish war ploy  
To put Arabs into a rat's corner.

I came across one funny book  
Written by a Indian sage  
Its title was Secrets of sex  
From male perspective,  
I don't liked the book  
For its prurient content,  
But to my sad chagrin it was the most read  
Its leaves were dog eared and use worn  
I spied into the rumour about its tearing,  
T it was a hot cake among nuns and priests  
Presently living at Lodwar cathedral.

You could also wonder my dear brother  
Why a Christian library has works of Marx?  
This was my muse as I read Karl Marx,  
I mean everything written by Karl Marx,  
From Das Kapita to Germany Philosophy,  
Selected works to Poverty of philosophy,



18th Brumaire to Integral calculus,  
The Manifesto to the letters,  
I read Karl Marx as if I was in Russia,  
I wondered why Catholics are Liberal  
They fear not those who contradict them.

The Holy Grail is visibly placed  
In fact at right hand corner,  
At the far end on your entrance  
I chose to read it  
Because of its voluminousity,  
The book is about sexual life  
Of Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene,  
This book shares out that;  
One time Jesus was found hiding,  
Kissing Mary Magdalene, the Grail  
In the most affectionate manner ever.

The catholic Library at Lodwar is bad news  
It swallowed me like waters of Indian Ocean,  
It is located at place called Lokiriama,  
It was established by Bishop Mahoni  
One other man deserving my respect  
He was humble and catholically wise,  
Very intelligent and consciously bookish,  
His mission was to make the Turkana people  
A modern community, but he failed,  
He was so disappointed to his hilt  
He transferred to the Archdioceses of New-York  
Where he began facing problems of the law  
On allegations of him being a pedophiliac,  
I curse the devil for such temptations.

I did meet Yan Martel in this dome of books  
His famous book; Life of Mr. Pi  
It was my eye opener?  
It transformed me from a village bumpkin  
To a modern reader of global literature,  
I read this book amid my fear of Tigre  
But I was thrilled, to my bone marrow  
When the main character drunk the blood,  
Warm salty blood of the sea turtle.

I got another book with folded pages,  
At its mid was the red book marker  
Baring the name of the respected priest,  
The book was entitled; How to excel as  
A homo-sexual, chapter one focused on gays  
Chapter two focused on lesbians,  
But the rest of the book was all homosexuality,  
In nothing else, but rosiest terms.

On such encounters I once again went back,  
To re-read 89th Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam  
It has the following quatrain to echo;  
Looking for peace on earth? Foolishness.  
Believing in eternal calm? Foolishness.  
Once dead your sleep will be short. You may  
be reborn as a clump of weeds that will be  
trodden underfoot, or as a flower that  
will wither in the sun's heat.

African writers were stuffed on one shelf  
Labeled African books of English expressions,  
But on my request to the project manager,  
His name was Peter Kebo, he was Flamboyant  
And physically indifferent to Turkana poverty,  
We agreed with him to rename the shelves  
As; African literature in English Language,  
Nobel Laureates are in this section;  
Soyinka, Lessing, Coetze and Gordimer  
Not forgetting the Egyptian literary tiger  
In the name of Mahfouz or Maguiz  
I clearly don't know,  
Sembene Ousmane is also here  
I read him again for the fourth time,  
It's when I found out the simple truth,  
That God's bits of wood, translates as;  
The wretched of the earth,  
I read Lessing's Grass is singing,  
She likes sex,  
I read Gordimer's July's people,  
She likes menstrual blood,  
I read everything here

As published by James Currey  
In his Africa writes back,  
I also read the White African Nobelite  
Joshua Maxwell Coetzee  
He is a wizard of Narrative literature,  
I read his life of Mr. K.  
I found amusing plots and amusing themes,  
I also read Ngugi's Wizard of the Crow  
It is nice; Ngugi is still fighting dictatorship,  
Not physically but in a metaphysical manner.

I was again lucky enough  
To chance on Caribbean literature,  
Is when I read Vitian S Naipaul  
The humourist Marxist of Marxists,  
I read his Mr. Biswas's house,  
With avidness of an aphrodisiac cur,  
His characters like taking a long time  
In the toilets, Naipaul is good,  
I again chanced on George Flamming  
In the Castle of my skin  
Caribbean literature stinks of slavery  
And counter-slavery.

My landing to the shelve of Latin America,  
Was a total blessing; Gabriel Garcia Marquez  
Stood out like tor of literature among others,  
I began with his Big Maria's Funeral,  
Then I moved on to Love in Times of Cholera,  
And then You Can't Write to the Colonel,  
As I spiced my intellect with Melancholic Whore,  
Then finally I revisited his Stories from Africa  
And the Hundred Years of Solitude,  
The following morning when I came back,  
I read in the newspaper that;  
Gabriel Garcia Marquez is dead!  
It was sad and poor of me, I mourned him  
With long essays and somber poetry,  
Then I fell in love with the literatures  
of Spanish origin in language sense,  
I read Octavio Paz and Pablo Neruda  
From Octavio I enjoyed coda,

Between Coming and Going and so on,  
Neruda thrilled me with his sense of Marx  
Especially his poem; on burying the dog.

European classics section arrested me  
I never easily moved out of there,  
I chanced on Hitler and annals of Goebbels,  
Reading Russians like Tolstoy, Cherkov,  
Gorky, Gogol and Shelynetsyn was lively,  
Chewing Shakespeare from cover to cover  
Not sparing Pushkin nor Homer,  
Victor Hugo was a relish. Emile Zola  
And Maugham, I too enjoyed...

Then my holiday in Lodwar was finally over,  
But I am soon going back for my Xmas,  
I will directly go back to the European section,  
I also remember having come by;  
The Satanic Verses of Salman Rushdie,  
I will have to re-read it with passion,  
It is my prayer that this time comes  
For I to resume my holy duty  
In the Catholic Library at Lokiriama  
In Lodwar Dioceses of Turkana County  
In the Savannah desert in North West  
Regions of my country Kenya.

Alexander Opicho

# Ode To Mikhail Avtomat Kalashnikov

On this 23rd December of 2013  
LASHKNIKOV is lying dead, at age of 94  
In the coffin on the pyre  
In Moscow the city of Russia  
Away from Siberia his child hood home  
Waiting to be buried by the people  
His invention the Ak 47 and 74  
Has not yet killed,  
Good bye Mikhail Timofeyevich Kalashnikov  
Son of Alexandra as you travel to land  
Of the dead where a million of Rwandese from Africa  
And million of the Vietnamese from Asia are now citizens  
After having been shot dead by the AK47 and AK 74  
You will not be lonely you glorious son of Russia,  
You natural tinkering skills  
Gave the world ubiquitous weapon  
That has done wonders as you looked on,  
Tell your gods where your poems you wrote are  
The world is now free from your vice of the AK  
Man can relax now in peace and read your poetry  
As the fettered politicians have no where  
To get the weapons for mass peasant destruction,  
Reveal to us the armoury in which you stuffed your poetry  
as gods of peace now turn your guns into the plowshares

Alexander Opicho

# Ode To The African Poets

from north in Kaduna of Okigbo to south in the Rhoben Island  
of Mazizi Kunene and D M Zwelonke who sang the song of Shaka;  
in Zulu Heroism that beautified our face in the armpit of Ezkia Mphalele,  
the sons of Africa in the knighthood of poetry, chantery and incantations  
you are hailed with with glory and dignity for your service to humanity  
your service to literature and gods of poetry in the spirit of the song  
that we chant in the spirit of love and peace the glory of hour heritage  
is an eyesore to the lazy; who though ill will can stop the flow of African river,

Sing our songs and chant our spirituals as you write our poems  
open your poetic bosom for the world is a virgin  
in which the seed of African poetry will plummet and flower  
to glory of man the essence of Godliness,

Let Soyinka and Achebe sing our songs without fear of home  
As Okot P' Btek revamps from the ashes like a phoenix  
to re-plant the bumpkin in the old homestead of Taban Lo Liyong  
Who sang the cacotpic song in the dystopia of black diaspora  
when he saw another nigger dead in the guest for Nocturnes of Senghor  
who feared Marxist poetry and African songs which Aime Cesaire chanted  
in the mayoralty of Paris.

0 reactions

alexander opicho

# Ode To The Breasts Of A Woman

in my state of being a deadly sex rascal  
i knew not why there are breasts on a woman  
i had often rushed down to the south  
seeking for selfish sensation in wanton of her  
a woman whose freedom i devoured  
she persevered solemnly without my know

let me accede to my audience with all honesty  
the breasts of a woman is a treasure of nature  
a beacon of creation for peaceful humanity  
touch them fondly with a pinch of compassion  
be patient with them for they were your first food  
fondle them patiently they are amber of fire

sing to them a poem in sweet love of them  
they will stand erect pointing at the sun  
breaking eyes of your beautiful love  
as her heart unto you soft is gone  
you must treasure the breasts of a woman  
with your warm volley of kisses  
more than you scamper for her fine thighs  
for the power in the thighs comes from  
the warmth in the glorified breasts

alexander opicho

# Ode To The Hand Of The Poet

the hand of the poet  
like the breasts of a virgin  
they are sensitive to touch  
as the poet's hand with  
a pen in it on the caricature  
of the key board which has  
helped to pass the world across  
the turmoil of the malicious hearts  
to peace and love two battle grounds  
in which political romance blooms  
like a bush fire in the Achebean harmattan  
wind blowing down and away all the chaffs of human ribaldry

alexander opicho



# Ode To The Heart Of A Racist

Alexander k Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

My humanity is devoid of piety  
But time has come for it to beguiled  
Into green harvesting of inchoate faith  
That strong in the fibre and the fabrics  
Is the heart of the racist  
It has enough force to hate abysmally  
Without giving chance to voice of reason,  
The heart of the racist in whatever calibre  
It is the strong most force that overwhelms time  
Its current is to and fro in a gnomish prowl  
Looking for the weakly prey of class  
To predate on in ruthlessness of the imp.

alexander opicho

# Ode To The Male And Female Condom

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Hi dear companion in my helm of gusto  
I don't know if you enjoy as I do  
whatever you accompany me to often  
is the height of joy, safety or life  
friend I don't know you do know  
you accompanied me once to a virgin sex  
I ripped fruits alone, you protected me still  
from foe HIV aka aids as later I lived alone  
as I trashed you to the rotten garbage  
for municipal nemesis in fire raze of you  
pardon me Mr condom for once forgive me  
next we accompany I will pay you dear

alexander opicho

# Ode To The Mind Of A European

One day I was in the rural areas of Turkana County,  
walking up and down perfidiously,  
in a style of the devil when visiting  
Job the son of Amos in the land of Uz,  
It was in fact in the Northern region of the County  
near a town known as Small Spain,  
it is bushy and full of wild animals,  
i was on assignment by a certain NGO,  
to give food, panties, drugs and clothes  
to the dwellers of this desert region,  
All over a sudden I pumbed into a riff-raff  
of peasants, wearing scrofulously lugubrious faces,  
one of them, a young man was on the ground  
reeling in pain from the snake-bite,  
he had been biten by a deadly desert snake,  
A yellow Mamba in fact, it left its fangs in his muscle,  
it was pathetic and sorriest, as there was no clinic nearby,  
the nearest hospital was one thousand miles away,  
and you know, there is no road, no vehicle nor bicycle,  
no horses nor water boats, only Carmel,, donkey and goats,  
were there plus few emaciated native cows,  
Luckily enough a white man who stayed nearby,  
surfaced from nowhere, he also owns a small aero-plane,  
He spoke Italian, Spanish, Swahili and Greek like a native,  
so I don't knew which country of Europe he came from,  
he picked the snake bite victim to his home,  
he asked me to come along  
we boarded his plane to Kitale,  
where we have a government hospital,  
We flew across the hills of Turkana land,  
thousand and thousands of miles,  
it was i, the white man and snake bitten man,  
three strangers on one another in the aeroplane,  
Bound strongly by human love beyond identity,  
Our patient began getting worse and worse  
In fact he had began getting dull and motionless,  
we landed in Kitale, the white man bought a taxi,  
we rushed to the hospital, all us panting frenetically,  
we got at the hospital found nurses having lunch,

they were slow and relaxed, as if death is their dish,  
the African nurse who came was all but un-started,  
she began asking for the age and the tribe,  
The tribe of our snake bitten friend,  
She also asked for where he works,  
And where he often goes to clinic,  
worst of all, she asked where he goes to church  
she again demanded for seven hundred shillings,  
the white man gave her the money, I was broke as usual,  
He gave her a bank note of one thousand shillings  
she declined, she instead wanted loose money  
she ordered us to look for her the loose money  
before she could begin treating our friend,  
before we got the loose money our friend died  
of heavy poisoning of the blood, snake bite  
He roared like a bull in the slaughter house,  
on his painfully preventable death,  
the white man was very disappointed  
the white man wept, he went back to his plane.  
In a similar stretch with a case of a referral hospital  
in Eldoret, also another town in Kenya, it is big,  
it is called Moi Teaching and Referral Hospital,  
it has the largest cancer management unit,  
in the whole of east and central Africa  
from Congo to Seychelles is the only one,  
it was build by tax payers money,  
but local politics as influenced it otherwise,  
workers and Nurses are substantially locals,  
in fact from one clan, now they speak strangely,  
patients from alien clan are never treated,  
they must bribe to be treated,  
if not you go back sick and eat your tribe,  
or if you are introduced by a local politician,  
you be lucky to be treated your cervical cancer,  
they charge medical fees exorbitantly,  
but once you pay no doctor will come,  
in fact patients who are admitted for in-patient,  
rarely come out alive, if they are one hundred,  
eighty of them will die, twenty will go home,  
only to come back after a while and then die,  
out of this despair another white man from Germany,  
has established a modern hospital, just nearby the referral,

it offers absolutely free cancer treatment services  
as Africans keep on facilitating death of their own kin,  
Blessed be the womb that gave birth to a European.

alexander opicho

# Ode To The Pipe Of Sembene Ouasmane

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Sembene Ouasmane the son of a fisherman  
the son of wolof tribesmen the owners of Atlantic  
you are a bad liar, my kinsman and foreman  
why didn't you wait for me to grow up  
you only belied to me for your to die earlier  
i begged for your pipe for i also to suck it with passion  
you told me to hold on until i grow up  
only for you to accede to July death in 2007  
i am tortured in this life without without you  
agonized by daily chores without a glance at the fume of smokes  
being blown from the magnificent ceramic pipe on your mouth,  
i wanted you teach me what Maxim Gorky and Emile Zola taught you  
i wanted to learn from you what you learned at the Moscow cinema school  
was it cinematographic Marxism or filmographic socialism that you learned?  
i wanted to get you alive so that we can sing together the songs of Cedo and  
Xala,  
why were your gods collecting the pieces of wood; was it humility and  
humanism?  
I wanted to see the powerful words of human side of governance  
coming from you sober gentle mouth onto African plateau  
that is replete with commonaplace selfish power struggles,  
i will build a monument in respect of your service to African literature  
and your service to protection of humanity; both Arabic and African  
your service to humanity as you forgave a French woman who stole your book  
only to publish it under her name in a dint of sexual wham pam pams.

alexander opicho

# Ode To Tony Smitta Smitten Mochama

Weird in his outfits of a late ragamuffin  
Reflecting strength of character and soul toughness  
Contrasted by dreadlocks on his pykitonic head  
Giving him a look of an African amorous ogre,  
In the tough stunt for sex with a tectonic girl,  
Veneered by mastery of his pen and keyboard  
Following after his sex starved ancestor  
The muzhik; Vladimir Nabokov the Lolita lover,  
Swimming in enviable freedom to ejaculate  
Afro-English words in his road to the burning church  
That barely roasts the peasants for tribal reasons,  
A virgin ground for Mochama's humour  
That will hold you glued and captive to the pages  
Until the he goat of Abagusii goes through  
The second round of its sexual act  
Basically forming education for Smitta  
The smitten rock of African literature.

alexander opicho

# Ode Zu Meine Schlange

ich habe eine grosse Schlange  
es ist im meine Haus  
es ist eine Erbstück von meine Familie  
ich war geben mich bei meine Vater  
es ist schwarz, schon und Muskel  
es ist eine Verzierung von die Haus  
es immer herumlaufen die Haus  
es wegbleiben die Ratte Raum die Haus  
bei so geht meine Buchs and Klotesich sie Klieid sicher  
danken meine Schlange für gehen diese Leute  
ich du lieben sehr viel  
können Gott du segnen mit Leben viel

vergnügen!

Alexander Opicho



# Of Double Speak

□

Alexander k Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopichoi@)

Of Orwell George and his satirical 1984  
Manufacturing words abracadabra and demagogic phrases  
Making juvenile English to swell in size and all  
Beyond Shakespearean bossom of a teen African woman  
Forming ubiquitous the double-speak whose  
Attendant virgin sisters of England are  
Double talk, double talk, and double smile  
Who said the suavity in double love and double cross are  
The twin progenitors of Eric Blair the farmer of animals  
Collaborating with Jones to sleep in the pigsty where swines mate  
Plummaging the world with plethorae of yutopianisism  
Wherein glorious big brothers watch you African double speakers  
As you sheepishly Sleigh international criminal justice in a beautiful ploy  
To obfuscate mellifluous bambinos off the buffoonery powers that be  
But When 1984 comes after a full circle of idiosyncrancies, the fools will be seen

alexander opicho

# On Re-Africanizing Black Shakeouts

America should accept how hard it fucked Africa  
It posed as a solution to African joblessness  
During the days of bi-bolar politics on a global stage,  
When communism was the ideological song of the day,  
And capitalism a commercial chant of the night,  
America came sly and wily for African top brains  
It rapaciously came for the young and energetic,  
It scooped them away without any ruth, on promise of candy  
Of the famous American dream, or economic glory,  
It Americanized their everything, brain and testicles,  
They were made to work day and night in order to make it,  
As American tax and bills policy is cunningly crafty,  
It makes success a will-o-the-wisp to all the immigrants  
At most the blacks who have nothing to sell  
Other than their desperate black labour, extra-erotic balls  
Those who were lifted in the mid of 1900,  
Are now desperate septuagenarians; economically forlorn,  
They are now coming back to Africa like the tail of a snake  
After being shaken out as labour leftovers  
And being discarded as economic washouts  
To solemnly come home to Africa  
As zero-handed roosting eagles  
Having wounded wings by the craft of the kite,  
The white kite schooled in the Jewish games  
Taught as poetry of property by Phillip son of Roth,  
They are now a disillusioned lot and patiently wise,  
Without a bulging tummy nor elbowy arms,  
They are guilty and empty in the spirit  
For having been duped to work for the enemy,  
Against the self, out of softish folly,  
They now learn African tongues with stupid discipline  
Piecing back social pieces to create clan relations,  
They wish to donate aid but they have no money,  
They deeply wonder on how to de-Americanize the self,  
In the holy pursuit of self re-Africanization.

alexander opicho

# Organisational Culture And Its Role In The Nurture Of Effective Corporate Leadership

ALEXANDER KHAMALA OPICHO

## ABSTRACT

A paper on corporate culture and leadership has to reflect dynamics within an organization. Internal dynamics is often referred to as corporate culture or internal social climate. Internal social climate of the organization hinges on the possible and the impossible. It all depends on the collective human behavior. The human will as well. The human will is a key determinant in designing of the internal social climate of the organization. All these accumulate into the human side of organizations other wise known as corporate culture. This paper thus, strives to bring out clearly, the contours of relationships that provide work of connexion and sometimes even a disconnexion between corporate culture and corporate leadership. Theoretical and empirical approaches are used to explain the conceptualizations that were used in developing the paper. Theoretically, the paper borrowed substantially from the existing theories on culture and leadership as the two agents that make an interplay which later on engineers corporate effectiveness. These theories also provided an Ideal basis on which the paper relied to achieve explanation of empirical experiences of the corporate anthropology in the sense of extant cultures and leaderships as observed among the organizations of import, both within and without Kenya. All these were for the purpose of harnessing available resources to meet the primary goals of this paper. Finally the paper generated conclusions and recommendations to be adopted for the purpose of how best to use corporate culture as an input for effective corporate leadership.

Key concepts; corporate culture, leadership, internal social climate, comparative culture

## Introduction

First, this paper will start with definition of the key concepts and terminologies that are bound to be used on a repetitive scale in the ensuing discussions. The perceived key concepts are; corporate culture, leadership, internal social climate and then last but not least the concept of comparative culture. Corporate culture

was defined by Daft (2003) as the conventional way of doing things in any given organization. It is the way things are done in a particular organization. It is called corporate culture among profit oriented organizations otherwise called organization culture if found among the non profit making social systems. Drucker (1998) , explained leadership operationally as effortless influence of one person known as a leader on the others known as followers for basic purpose of achieving organizational objectives. Drucker further noted that, whereas management required expertise, leadership required vision laced with some charisma. The same Drucker discussed the concept of internal social climate in his book *Frontiers of Management*, as more inclusive way of describing organizational culture. The concept of comparative culture was brought to the public by President Tony Blair in his speech entitled *Clash about Civilizations*, which was later published as an essay in the 2002 edition, *Journal of Human Resource Management*. In this essay Blair argued that there are two levels of culture at global level; mainstream culture and comparative culture. According to Blair, African, Arabic, Islam and eastern European cultures are comparative but the cultures of the Western powers are mainstream culture. This is why Western Universities use words like comparative literature, comparative management, and comparative politics and so forth when describing studies in non western politics, management or political science respectively.

#### Types of organizational culture

There is no limit to types of organizational culture. Just as there is no limit to human behavior. Thus, culture can be as strange as human behavior given the leeway of time. This is so on recognizing a fact that it is the collective human behavior in organization that shapes out the culture of that particular organization. However, many researches have tried to be exhaustive about this for the sake of scientific precision. But all in futile. Thus, some of organizational cultures that have been so far established are given by Martyn and Bartolt (1999) as below; Role culture, Task culture, People culture, Team culture, individual culture, clandestine culture, power culture, learning culture, homogeneous culture and total quality culture.

But for the purpose of explaining how organizational culture influences corporate leadership some of the above types of culture don't play a critical role. Apart from team culture, power culture and people culture. Team culture is team focused social climate within the organization. It was popularized by Jack Welch in his two books; *Straight from the Gut* and *Winning* as the optimum culture for organizational success in specifically cost leadership. Power culture was discussed in a derogatory sense by Lee Iacocca, in his book *The Chrysler*, as one of the factors that made Henry Ford the then chief executive officer of Ford Motors, to flop in global market business. Thus power culture is an enemy of effective corporate leadership. People culture is participatory and it makes the point of

discussion in the forthcoming parts of this paper.

### Types of Organizational Cultures that Determine Corporate Leadership

Different scholars of management and leadership have given different cultures that specifically touch on the effectiveness of management and leadership. While, in turn each cultural typology has come from theoretical background. Some scholars based their arguments on theories of politics and others from management, but most of them from disciplines that are not contextually managerial. Paulo Freire (1959) came up with dialogic culture, Dansreau and Yamarino (2003) suggested inner circle culture which is derived from their theory of vertical dyad linkage leadership model (VDL). Daft (2003) came up with leaderless culture as a way of effective corporate leadership. Jago and Vroom (1989) discussed participatory or democratic culture. Paulo Coelho talked of learning culture in his narrative book *The Witch of Portobello*. Lee Kuan Yew, the first prime minister of Singapore talked of Ethics or Conscientious Culture in his book *From the Third World to the First World*. Then Ali Mazrui in 1986 had to write about Change Culture, under the essay cultural engineering for African countries in his book *The African Conditions*.

Some of the above cultures have to be discussed in some detail. Starting with the first, Dialogic culture of Paulo Freire. Dialogic simply means communication by dialogue. But Dialogic as a culture is the culture of listening to the voice of the followers by the leader. The leaders listen to the followers and include them in the process of knowledge formation as a way of daily to day leadership of the organization. Dialogic culture has benefit of motivating the followers. But it can also waste time for the leader where the followers are not knowledgeable about the matter at hand.

Inner circle culture of Dansreau and Yamarino is the most interesting; it is a culture where the leaders quickly form the inner circle of a few loyalists. And then leave the rest of the organizational members and customers to the outer circle. The leaders favour the inner circle members regardless of their under performance. While at the same time the leader punishes and discredits the outer circle members even if they are productive and technically performing. In the long last there will be strong loyalty to the leader among the inner circle members. Gradually the outer circle members will develop fear, suspicion and later on loss of motivation. And finally there is mass loss of customers. This is due to crude behavior by the inner circle members in form of spying, gossiping, and other vices. Empirically, inner circle culture was observed in Mount Kenya University between November 2012 to November 2014.

Learning culture is good for strategic leadership and total quality leadership. It is based on the primary philosophy that culture is useless if it cannot help the

organization to overcome challenges of external environment. This culture supports continuous acquisition of knowledge in preparation of strategic challenges. It is based on the Japanese philosophy of *Kemba* Coehelo discussed this type of culture in theatrical style of Robert Shaman's *The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari*. The flop side of this culture is not yet established.

Conscientious or ethical culture is praised by different scholars. From Plato to Drucker. It is a Culture of honesty, integrity and morality. It is a primary requirement for any social organization. Empirical record of this culture was exposed by Lee Kwan Yew, in his documentary work on formation of the state of Singapore entitled; *From the Third World to the First world*. It is an account of how Singapore was formed and then moved from the third world economic status to the first world Kwan Yew, gives an example where he fired a traffic police officer who did not arrest and prosecute Le Kwan Yew's daughter for over speeding. After firing the policeman, He also called for re- arrest and trial of the daughter. How many African leaders can try this? *Ata Kwa dawa!*

Last cultural typology that attracts concern for the sake of achieving effective corporate leadership is leaderless culture as indentified by Daft (2003) . In this approach there is high academic and intellectual qualification among the followers. Thus, leader's presence would only intervene with self motivation of the followers. Thus *Laissez faire* approach is adopted but with slight consultation with followers. An empirical case for this culture can be borrowed from the leadership experience at Kenyatta University. Where, Professor Mugenda almost lost her turf as a chancellor of Kenyatta University when she often intervened with daily tasks of the academic community at the University. But when she changed the approach to leaderless style she has now recovered the turf.

Sources of organizational culture

Source of organizational culture come from within the organization as well as from other sources that are external to the organization. But both the sources have the final value of inculcating value systems to the organization. Bartolt (1999) identify the following as the sources of organizational culture;

Heroes and founders e.g. Jeans wearing culture at Microsoft Corporation which is a cultural legacy inherited from Bill Gates the founder.

Critical moments in the past or even the momentous times in the past. The culture of persistence and spirited fight at the Chrysler was initially inspired by its hero, who is also once the chief executive officer, Lee Iacocca.

Broad national culture, the societal culture often has an influence on the type of corporate culture. This is due to the fact that the surrounding society obviously supplies dominant customers, suppliers, employees and even fellow corporate citizens or corporate neighbours. This can be empirically observed in the societies within Kenyan public Universities. The societal cultures of the surrounding societies strongly compete with the requisite academic culture of the Universities. This is manifested in cultural symbols and hero worships, like naming used after

tribal war or political leaders but not intellectual leaders; Moi university but not Taita Towet University, Kotalel Arap Samoia university but not Kipkalya kones university, Masinde Muliro University but not Saul Were or Chris Wanjala University, Dedan Kimathi University But not Ngugi wa Thiong'o or Wangare Mathai University, Jomo Kenyatta University but not Ali Mazrui university. All these names represent cultural value systems in these universities as influenced by the dominant societal values and historical self awareness. Corporate leadership in such situations are contingent upon dominant societal culture. Other sources of organizational culture are; benchmarking, the media, globalization effect, Nature of business or products, religion of the members and Government intervention just but to mention a few.

#### Manifestations of organizational culture

These are the indicators of organizational culture as discussed by Ubwegnbu and Chaparakhuka (2008) in the Journal of social anthropology under their essay, changing faces of corporate anthropology. They identified the following as the key indicators of corporate culture; regular ceremonies, type of hero-worships, corporate colours, regular stories and jokes, parking layout, conventional attires, dialect (patois or gobbledygook) and finally organizational structure. Each of these conditions indicates specifically one or two cultures. Like parking layout can indicate power or people culture depending on the nature of the layout. Like the parking layout at the law courts premises in Kenya is an indicator of power culture.

#### Corporate culture as a tool of the leader

Organizational Culture is not only a rudimentary subject. It has a lot of pragmatic application for those involved in leadership. Culture is the main strategy which organizations adopt as a way of surviving hostile external environment. Culture is a media of motivations. It is a determinant of change and change management. It is a primary bearing of corporate image. Culture, especially team culture has an effect of indirect learning, hence Excellency in corporate quality. Culture has automatic consequences on recruitment. Thus, organizational culture is an asset like the good will and other intangible assets. Thus for leaders to succeed in any given organization or in any social set up they must start with cultural engineering.

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alexander opicho



# Otavio Paz

Octavio Paz Paz Otavio  
i don't want your touch  
as i listen to my rain  
the counterpart of my body  
between going and coming  
amid the trees of Mexican  
sol de piedra the land in which  
no where is whom for one that bewoood.

alexander opicho

# Othello At The Graveside Of Shakespeare

In the last months of March 2014,  
Soldier Othello the Moroccan moor  
Was in Stratford-upon-Avon at the graveside  
Of William Shakespeare the English bard,  
He was observing the anniversary  
Of Shakespeare and his European brother Cervantes,  
He had in his pocket another charm and amulet  
Given to him by his paternal grandfather,  
This time round not a charm for love portion,  
But a mystique totem to raise the dead from dusts,  
As Othello himself has hitherto over-matured  
Above the painful torture of sex with aristocrats,  
He has left it for the Jewish aristottrash; Frantz Kafka,  
Whose torturous appetite for sex with German women,  
Was the sorriest eyesore of his thespic efforts.

Like Jesus at the grave of Lazarus  
Othello groaned by shouting; William the son of John!  
No response, he shouted again; Shakespeare the bard!  
Then the mystique powers of Othello's amulet  
Electrified Shakespeare back to life,  
What is your problem you black moor,  
The Negro of Morocco, the soldier  
Who beguiled Desdemona in to betrothal,  
Not because of glory of your work,  
But due to charms of your love portion  
Bequeathed to you by your witch mother,  
What brings you to my sepulchre,  
For only to perturbed my purgatorial peace,  
What brings you! ?  
Questioned Shakespeare the bard.

Am no longer the moor, blackness is class  
But not the race, as race is bankrupt,  
I come here to salute you with good news,  
That your European brother, Alfred Nobel,  
Currently rewards thespic bard like you,  
Whether black or white, blue or green,  
The Negro bards from the natural forest,

He also rewards, so wake up and pick the prize!  
Retorted Othello in virtue of truth,  
And also tell me the native bricks  
Of your beautiful architecture;  
Where and how did you mold thy bricks?  
Your brown English bricks that walled your culture;  
Wench, clown, leapfrog, mercurial, oxymoron,  
Falsitafity, Shyllocking, colleaguery and window,  
Cauldron, graymalkin, woo, betroth, infatuation and so on.

From underneath his sepulcher Shakespeare broke  
A violent gaggle of laughter as he was ten English skeletons,  
You Othello you are still a beautiful more  
Whose foolishness time has not condemned to oblivion,  
You are as fool as I created you; I will only teach you  
One brick, the window, that you to go and put on  
Your wind disturbed African huts,  
Put the wind door on your hut,  
And be flexible in your tongue  
To give it English elegance  
Combine and shorten wind and door  
To get your cultural brick of; window!

alexander opicho

# Our Attorney General Is A Night Shift Mortician

He hates daylight with sense of a mole,  
He has curtains all over his chambers, to preserve  
His heart nocturnal, where he derives joy  
As he does glory from his nightshift  
As a mortician at the city morgue,  
Where I was deadly drunk one night,  
And fallaciously declared dead by a nurse  
And got dumped into this domain of the AG  
Fellow drunkards who became sober to cry  
For help out of the morgue, the AG clubbed  
Them lethally to final death, forget of drunkardness  
Another sick person un-convulsed back to life  
He thrashed his skull with a menacing club,  
Only two strong hits sent the misfortunate man  
Back a really rigor mortis, finally dead,  
I chose not to breathes loudly till dawn  
When the dayshift mortician came on duty  
I pleaded for his favour and sympathy,  
He culled me out of death, I went home  
Running swearing to myself never to drink again!

alexander opicho

# Our Poverty Has Colour

Most illusive and elusive  
Like the devils of Congo forest  
Is the impish poverty  
Permeating all seals with vicious wily  
Into the midst of callous humanity  
Biting country men and country women  
With carnivorous dentalities so ruthless  
Putting man to a forlorn shame  
As the wife looks in desperate flaggerbastation  
Putting matriarchal womenfolk to humiliation  
As the expectant sire wallow in the askance of looks  
Condemning communities to status ad absurdum initio  
Thinning man from man, culling woman from woman  
Eating flesh by flesh social koprpers of man  
Eating the native flesh in the farms of Brazil  
Tearing the Negro steak into ghetto lacerations of Chicago  
Whizzling sombre morning tunes to the Zulus in the black tundra  
Cementing pale casted clusters for the Patels of India  
Commanding suave drills to poor (wo) menfolk; left! Left! Left! –abouuuuturn!  
With its accomplice Mr. Hunger son of starvation, they both command drills  
For black factory workers, Maids and gravediggers to dance  
Watchmen, thieves and prostitutes to match  
In the hinterland of Africa all the riff-raff in deep despair  
Dance in a tandem to the irritating drills of the duo;  
You come on! Left! Right! Left! Right! —fowaaard match!  
Backward match! Left! Right! Left! Right! Sharpp uuuuuuuturn!  
The duo communiqué; Go home and wait for your pay announcement.

Surely; what colour is our poverty?

alexander opicho

# Owlish Biafra

The Owl is standing on the baobab tree,  
At the main gate of Port Harcourt,  
Hooting, hooting and hooting;  
In its harbinger of fate duties,  
Announcing the dead birth of Biafra,  
And the living death of Nigeria,  
It is hooting; Nigeria Kidu! ,  
Lagos Kidu! Abuja Kidu!  
Just as it did when verging,  
The early death of Chris Okigbo,  
Nnamdi Kidu! , Radio Biafra Kidu,  
Anambra Kidu! , Ipop Kidu! Massop Kidu!  
Buhari Kidu! Nigeria Kidu!

Where is that old man?  
To put away his loincloths,  
To undress fully and be nude naked,  
With no under-pant in his waist,  
To take the African axe from Zululand,  
And walk in the wee of the night,  
With nary fear of darkness,  
To bravely reconnoiter the stem,  
Of the recondite baobab tree,  
On which is perched the owl,  
Let him cut deeply at the stem,  
To neutralize the voodoo secrets,  
Perfecting evil machinations,  
Against Nigeria Africa's beacon,  
The tree may fall or not,  
But before it falls with a thud,  
The owl will fly away to hell,  
And ride on mosquito's back therein,  
With no elegy in a dirging song,  
For the dead birth of Biafra,

Alexander Opicho

alexander opicho

# Palimpsest

Avery huge volumes of books  
With writings and contents mutated  
Some pages soiled blank  
Leaves worn dog eared  
Original ideas probed and decimated  
It is a palimpsest.

Very huge buildings of universities  
Monumental laboratories in there  
Libraries with archaic literature on shelves  
Cultures with ego but without research  
Where snobbery aristocracy thrives  
It is a palimpsest.

A very big continent in size  
With oceans, lakes and mountains  
Climate distorted by avarice  
Poverty amid artificial cultures  
With no original civilization vestiges  
It is a palimpsest.

alexander opicho

# Parliamentary Tyranny In Nairobi

Have you ever been to Nairobi?  
What did you see there?  
Buildings, people and vehicles?  
Uhhmm! Let me share with you my case  
Hence I was there yesterday,  
And I saw wonders of life;  
Jubilant politicians clashing for tyranny,  
At the Nairobi parliament,  
Making anti-human laws,  
Under faked canopy of de-terrorization,  
With no tincture of surrender to open truth,  
That; in juvenile states like Kenya,  
Corruption is a minefield of terrorism,  
Corrupt management of state organs;  
The policemen and state spies,  
Hired on full back-up of corruption,  
Gives leeway to thriving of terrorism,  
As a security agent hired nepotistic-ally,  
Will never fight terrorism with a knack,  
Leave police work to policemen with passion,  
Not to your kinsmen and loyalists in politics,

I saw jubilant politicians high on nerves,  
Excited like a swine on sexual heat,  
Or they were possessed by the evil spirit,  
Or crushed by the African cult of dictatorship,  
Where humanity derives pleasure from political pains,  
Scornfully viewing humane governance,  
As dictatorship will fortunately give a bloom,  
Of swift doors and windows of corruption,  
Primitive accumulation of filthy wealth,  
And apotheosification of the worthless self,  
Into a lull of blind self-made god-ship

I saw a jubilant politician going pugnacious,  
Forcefully restoring dark days of Toroitich arap Moi,  
Making a law which a monkey cannot make,  
Hitting a fellow politicians,



With all might and knack of a devil,  
Shredding into laces the trouser of a colleague,  
Exposing red lingerie of the fellow colleague,  
Partially exposing the tools of child making,  
Only to the positive chagrin of us all,  
On discovery of the circumcised penis,

I saw jubilant dictator-maniac politicians,  
Passing a law of shooting to death,  
Him the police feels may be a terrorist,  
Or detain at pleasure, without trial  
Him that looks ugly like a terrorist,  
A suspect is a snake to be crushed the head on sight,  
But not all snakes are poisonous Mr. Politico-Jubilant,  
Some are ornamental and others poisonously harmless,  
Even snakes need fair trial,  
Just like suspect of genocide,  
Before the international criminal court,  
Before a blow of hammer crushes their heads,  
Let me ask you my dear reader,  
A foolish question as usual;  
What are snakes to the jubilant politics of Nairobi?  
A political non loyalist who perhaps can chide,  
The powers that be from their gusto of power,

I saw jubilant politicians in full gear of idiosyncrancies,  
Passing the law to gag friends of the poor,  
The NGO's; the poor man's uni-source of hope,  
They have been relieving the poor man of Kenya,  
From horrendous traditions of epidemics,  
In Turkana, Budalangi and marginalized Mandera,  
Helping men and women of these areas to be free,  
From tyranny of perennially missing basic needs,  
This freedom is now thwarted,  
Lest it gives these poor men right of speech,  
Thwarted artfully in the Kill of NGO'S,  
Through false label of the time,  
That they play sex with terrorist groups,  
What a big a lie?

By  
Alexander Khamala Opicho,

Eldoret, Kenya

Alexander Opicho

# Pauper's Fallacy

The pauper's fallacy is  
More foolish than gambler's fallacy  
It is timorous and minion in wonkishness  
It is a crofttering petty-peasant's fallacy  
It's beautiful fallacy of charming fallacies and  
All is nothing but wholesomely fallacious.

Pauper's fallacy is full of blind appetite  
Avariciously projecting for maudlin paradise  
Where no dutiful effort is planted  
Glorifying religion more than rebellion  
Confusing depravement with discipline  
Expecting sympathy from marauders  
Embedding powerlessness, freedom a preserve  
For life after death but death after life imminently poses.

Pauper's fallacy is much ado about nothing  
Praying for their glory to come only  
As the rich and the mighty approach the precipice  
Praying for heavenly reversal of solemnity banquets  
For the tycoons to swop with peons  
If only knowledge was redolent that  
Fortune and means all come from gods.  
Pauper's fallacy is the blame for pauper's muse  
gods and goddess all in full gear of pauperistic wisdom  
In abrogation and negationary diversities;  
Killing patience as a rural virtue  
Killing discipline as a ghetto virtue  
Killing tolerance as a slum virtue  
Killing knowledge as a hamlet virtue  
Promoting all arrogationary vices;  
Petty Crimes without manyatta punishment  
School Truancy without manyatta shame  
Indolent Laziness without manyatta regret  
Sexual Immorality without manyatta guilty  
Perpetrating Falsehood without manyatta contrite  
Committing mis-Love without mis-passion  
Expediting Passion without moral duty  
Siring precarious children without actuarial vision,

Oh! No, I have to depauperize my thoughts;  
Sobriety in thoughts is equal to quality in life.

alexander opicho

# Philip Roth Retires From Active Novel Writing

Phillip Roth, the American novelist, film writer and essayist has officially retired from active literary work. Roth who has been writing for the past fifty years, made his decision to retire from active fiction cum prose writing this month September 2014, after he became sure that he was not going to win this year's Nobel Prize for literature. He arrived at his position when the Ladbrokes, an betting firm for Nobel nominees showed him to be scoring below ten points. The ones currently in the lead are the Kenyan Author Ngugi wa Thiong'o and The Japanese Haruki Murakami; they have both tied at the score of thirty three points.

Roth who has been entirely writing in English was born in America and has lived in America ever since. He was educated Chicago University where he graduated with masters of Arts degree in has also taught creative arts at the Iowa writer's workshop for more than thirty years. Taban Lo Liyong is among his students he taught at Iowa University in those days. Roth taught Liyong at post graduate level in the mid of the last century.

Roth is known for liberal works that dared his Jewish people for intellectual and religious open mindedness. Most of his known works are; *My Life As a Man* (1974) , *The Ghost Writer* (1979) , *Zuckerman Unbound* (1981) , *The Anatomy Lesson* (1983) , and *The Prague Orgy* (1985) these were published by Zuckerman, others but not all of them are; *Goodbye, Columbus* (1959) , *Letting Go* (1962) , *When She Was Good* (1967) , *Portnoy's Complaint* (1969) , *Our Gang* (1971) , *The Great American Novel* (1973) , *Deception: A Novel* (1990) , *Operation Shylock: A Confession* (1993) , *Sabbath's Theater* (1995) , *The Plot Against America* (2004) , *Everyman* (2006) , *Indignation* (2008) , *The Humbling* (2009) , and *Nemesis* (2010) .These were published by Kepesh publishers. The non fictions are; *The Facts: A Novelist's Autobiography* (1988) , and *Patrimony: A True Story* (1991) .

Roth was on the peak of his literary life in the 80's of the last century. He competed for fame against other fiction writing heavyweights like; Barbara Cartland, Susan Jacqueline, Harold Robins, Len Dighton, Frederick Forsyth, Robert Ludlum, Jeffrey Archer and Barbara Taylor Bradford to mention but just a few. Those who were active readers during the late parts of the last century can know what it was, as the novel was not only a medium of aesthetics but the main weapon used by cold warriors in the name of capitalism versus communism. Roth was nominated for more than two hundred literary prizes, including the Pulitzer and the Kafka academy awards. Ladbrokes has featured him thrice as the probable candidate for Nobel Prize in literature, in (2013) where he lost to Alice Munro, (2012) where he lost Vergasa Llosa and in (2011) where he lost to the Swedish poet, Transtromer.

Roth was mostly influence by his fellow German-Jewish novelist Frantz Kafka, Roth is also listed by David Yalop on the list of those greats who are freemasons currently known as has been married twice and he recently celebrated his 80th birth day.

alexander opicho

## Pious Dejavu

For all of them, greatness ekes not on goodness,  
but on mysterious and spectacular humility,  
semitism cradled from epileptic Tehra,  
Hebrewism from Abrahamic despair,  
Jewry from shrewd Israel of Isaac,  
Christianity from lame footed jesus,  
Islam from an epileptic desert oat; Muhammed,  
Africanism from warped emotionalism,  
Hinduism a mere avatar of godly imaginations  
all these calls for a pious dejavu

alexander opicho

# Poemocracy And Poemocrats

## POEMOCRACY AND POEMOCRATS

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

It is freedom of universal poetry  
And the political democratic space  
In the economic government of poetry  
By the poetizens for the poetizens.  
Ascription to which I get Faiz of Urdu a true poemocrat  
The male mistress of poetry's counter-narrative  
To its extremism in the Nerudaistic poemocracy  
Known in the West as the 'Neruda of Urdu poetry  
Faiz wrote romantic lyrics with a different a touch  
He fused it with contemporary social issues  
Progressive Pakistanis have commemorated  
His jolly and poemocratic 29th death anniversary  
Faiz Ahmad Faiz, a progressive Pakistani poemocrat  
Has inspired almost three generations of Pakistanis  
He believe in secular and liberal values poemocratically  
A proclaimed poemocratic Marxist Faiz received  
The Lenin Peace Prize from the then Soviet Union in 1962  
The poet was also involved in many political struggles  
And was jailed by Pakistani rulers a number of times.

Good poetry can always be used as an agent for self- awareness  
In terms of the poemocratic quality of his poetry  
And his poetical expressions he is unparalleled  
In the whole history of Urdu poemocracy.  
His metaphors, the string of nouns that he uses,  
The rhythm and the structure will never go stale  
Faiz will remain relevant mostly because of his themes  
- He wrote extensively about human misery,  
Despair, squalor, Inequality and injustice  
These are timeless democratic issues  
These are universal issues and are not restricted  
to a parochial nor Provencal country or group.



Good poetry can always be used as an agent for awareness,  
But Faiz is more relevant in this context  
Because he speaks in contemporary poemocratic idiom  
But let me be clear that Faiz is exceptionally among the equals  
Poemocratic like Meer, Ghalib and Hafiz make us open-minded  
They make us appreciate and cherish the poemocratic diversity  
And differences that we have in the world mother earth's sire.

Faiz weeps over oppressive problems in Africa  
And talks about the oppressive racism in Palestine issue.  
Faiz's poetry makes us feel the pain of others  
Indeed Faiz's poetry serves the world a bonanza ever  
As a counter-narrative to extreme Islamist ideologies  
Faiz and Neruda both belonged to the poor World  
The conditions he was dealing with during his life,  
was The colonial hangover as it was  
Something Neruda also faced in his country.

Faiz talks about the concrete realities around him  
And not only about some imaginative issues  
This is also true of poemocratic Pablo Neruda  
They both deal with real issues of bread and butter,  
Of poverty, hunger, nakedness, jiggers, peace and security.  
Not only are the sensibilities of the two poemocrats is ditto,  
But also the socio-political fabrics they lived under  
Kudos to German poetry and fiction  
That always had good influence  
On the poemocratic Urdu-Chilean literature  
Soul literature has inspired countless Urdu writers and poets.  
Its influence was starker during the 20th century  
Faiz was not only inspired by soul writers and philosophers,  
But also by praxis of poverty and agonies of diverse oppression.

alexander opicho

# Poems Of The Vanquished

Who will write for you poems of the vanquished?  
For history is a blend of anecdotes of the conqueror  
The conquered ones are the wrong side of civilization  
Hence why their civilization is never murdered  
But in villainous feat of folly often commits murder,  
Thus, you are too wrong my brethren  
Thus, you are too late my sisteren  
For, why did you accept to be  
In your present realm, of despair  
In which you wallow in the mire  
Of poverty and serfdom?  
Brother, you are too late for so sure  
No one sings the poetry of vanquished minions  
Perhaps with wonkish tincture of glory  
Stand up and sing them yourself.

alexander opicho

# Poetic Destitulence

It is moral duty of poetry to throw away dirty power  
Often formed by political snobs out of selfish extension,  
Poetry without arms and ammunition have been there  
Ever creating social and political power un-violently,  
Planting moralized empires that cannot away be washed  
By the snobbish currents of constituent powers that be,  
Show me all the social powers formed by poetry  
That ever oppressed the poor or the weak,  
You would have given me glorious pedestals  
On which I will firmly stand and stretch my arm  
To show to the world a blind philosopher,  
Even Rudyard Kipling in his prime of colonial poetry  
Had the Indian kidimadiggar, sorriest of all coolies  
As the constituent pith in his racist hearty  
Where blended colonial urge and poetical altruism  
Into humane conscience for destituent social power.

alexander opicho

# Poetic Dystopia

by

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

When I grow up I will seek permission  
From my parents, my mother before my father  
To travel to Russia the European land of dystopia  
that has never known democracy in any tincture  
I will beckon the tsar of Russia to open for me  
Their classical cipher that Bogy visoky tsa dalyko  
I will ask the daughters of Russia to oblivionize my dark skin  
Negro skin and make love to me the real pre-democratic love  
Love that calls for ambers that will claw the fire of revolution,  
I will ask my love from the land of Siberia to show me cradle of Rand  
The European manger on which Ayn Rand was born during the Leninist census  
I will exhume her umbilical cord plus the placenta to link me up  
To her dystopian mind that germinated the vice  
For shrugging the atlas for we the living ones,  
In a full dint of my Negro libido I will ask her  
With my African temerarious manner I will bother her  
To show me the bronze statues of Alexander Pushkin  
I hear it is at clitoris of the city of Moscow; Petersburg  
I will talk to my brother Pushkin, my fellow African born in Ethiopia  
In the family of Godunov only taken to Europe in a slave raid  
Ask the Frenchman Henri Troyat who stood with his penis erected  
As he watched an Ethiopian father fertilizing an Ethiopian mother  
And child who was born was Dystopian Alexander Pushkin,  
I will carry his remains; the bones, the skull and the skeleton in oily  
Sisal threads made bag on my broad African shoulders back to Africa  
I will re-bury him in the city of Omurate in southern Ethiopia at the buttocks  
Of the fish venting beautiful summer waters of Lake Turkana,  
I will ask Alexander Pushkin when in a sag on my back to sing for me  
His famous poems in praise of thighs of women;

(I loved you: and, it may be, from my soul  
The former love has never gone away,  
But let it not recall to you my dole;  
I wish not sadden you in any way.

I loved you silently, without hope, fully,  
In diffidence, in jealousy, in pain;  
I loved you so tenderly and truly,  
As let you else be loved by any man.  
I loved you because of your smooth thighs  
They my heart on fire like ambers in gasoline)

I will leave the bronze statue of Alexander Pushkin in Moscow  
For Lenin to look at, he will assign Mayakovski to guard it  
Day and night as he sings for it the cacotopian  
Poems of a slap in the face of public taste;

(I know the power of words, I know words' tocsin.  
They're not the kind applauded by the boxes.  
From words like these coffins burst from the earth  
and on their own four oaken legs stride forth.  
It happens they reject you, unpublished, unprinted.  
But saddle-girths tightening words gallop ahead.  
See how the centuries ring and trains crawl  
to lick poetry's calloused hands.  
I know the power of words. Seeming trifles that fall  
like petals beneath the heel-taps of dance.  
But man with his soul, his lips, his bones.)

I will come along to African city of Omurate  
With the pedagogue of the thespic poet  
The teacher of the poets, the teacher who taught  
Alexander Sergeyvich Pushkin; I know his name  
The name is Nikolai Vasileyvitch Gogol

I will caution him to carry only two books  
From which he will teach the re-Africanized Pushkin  
The first book is the Cloak and second book will be  
The voluminous dead souls that have two sharp children of Russian dystopia;  
The cactopia of Nosedrezv in his sadistic cult of betrayal  
And utopia of Chichikov in his paranoid ownership of dead souls  
Of the Russian peasants, muzhiks and serfs,  
I will caution him not to carry the government inspector incognito  
We don't want the inspector general in the African city of Omurate  
He will leave it behind for Lenin to read because he needs to know  
What is to be done.  
I don't like the extreme badness of owning the dead souls  
Let me run away to the city of Paris, where romance and poetry  
Are utopian commanders of the dystopian orchestra  
In which Victor Marie Hugo is haunted by  
The ghost of Jean Val Jean; Le Miserable,  
I will implore Hugo to take me to the Corsican Island  
And chant for me one sexy song of the French revolution;

(take heed of this small child of earth;  
He is great; he hath in him God most high.  
Children before their fleshly birth  
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light bitter world of wrong  
They come; God gives us them awhile.  
His speech is in their stammering tongue,  
And his forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.  
Alas! their right to joy is plain.  
If they are hungry Paradise  
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower  
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.  
Man holds an angel in his power.  
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs,

When God seeks out these tender things

Whom in the shadow where we sleep  
He sends us clothed about with wings,  
And finds them ragged babes that weep)

From the Corsican I won't go back to Paris  
Because Napoleon Bonaparte and the proletariat  
Has already taken over the municipal of Paris  
I will dodge this city and maneuver my ways  
Through Alsace and Lorraine  
The Miginko islands of Europe  
And cross the boundaries in to bundeslander  
Into Germany, I will go to Berlin and beg the Gestapo  
The State police not to shoot me as I climb the Berlin wall  
I will balance dramatically on the top of Berlin wall  
Like Eshu the Nigerian god of fate  
With East Germany on my right; Die ossie  
And West Germany on my left; Die wessie  
Then like Jesus balancing and walking  
On the waters of Lake Galilee  
I will balance on Berlin wall  
And call one of my faithful followers from Germany  
The strong hearted Friedrich von Schiller  
To climb the Berlin wall with me  
So that we can sing his dystopic Cassandra as a duet  
We shall sing and balance on the wall of Berlin  
Schiller's beauteous song of Cassandra;

(Mirth the halls of Troy was filling,  
Ere its lofty ramparts fell;  
From the golden lute so thrilling  
Hymns of joy were heard to swell.  
From the sad and tearful slaughter  
All had laid their arms aside,  
For Pelides Priam's daughter  
Claimed then as his own fair bride.

Laurel branches with them bearing,  
Troop on troop in bright array

To the temples were repairing,  
Owning Thymbrius' sovereign sway.  
Through the streets, with frantic measure,  
Danced the bacchanal mad round,  
And, amid the radiant pleasure,  
Only one sad breast was found.

Joyless in the midst of gladness,  
None to heed her, none to love,  
Roamed Cassandra, plunged in sadness,  
To Apollo's laurel grove.  
To its dark and deep recesses  
Swift the sorrowing priestess hied,  
And from off her flowing tresses  
Tore the sacred band, and cried:

'All around with joy is beaming,  
Ev'ry heart is happy now,  
And my sire is fondly dreaming,  
Wreathed with flowers my sister's brow  
I alone am doomed to wailing,  
That sweet vision flies from me;  
In my mind, these walls assailing,  
Fierce destruction I can see.'

'Though a torch I see all-glowing,  
Yet 'tis not in Hymen's hand;  
Smoke across the skies is blowing,  
Yet 'tis from no votive brand.  
Yonder see I feasts entrancing,  
But in my prophetic soul,  
Hear I now the God advancing,  
Who will steep in tears the bowl! '

'And they blame my lamentation,  
And they laugh my grief to scorn;  
To the haunts of desolation  
I must bear my woes forlorn.  
All who happy are, now shun me,  
And my tears with laughter see;  
Heavy lies thy hand upon me,  
Cruel Pythian deity! '



'Thy divine decrees foretelling,  
Wherefore hast thou thrown me here,  
Where the ever-blind are dwelling,  
With a mind, alas, too clear?  
Wherefore hast thou power thus given,  
What must needs occur to know?  
Wrought must be the will of Heaven-  
Onward come the hour of woe! '

'When impending fate strikes terror,  
Why remove the covering?  
Life we have alone in error,  
Knowledge with it death must bring.  
Take away this prescience tearful,  
Take this sight of woe from me;  
Of thy truths, alas! how fearful  
'Tis the mouthpiece frail to be! '

'Veil my mind once more in slumbers  
Let me heedlessly rejoice;  
Never have I sung glad numbers  
Since I've been thy chosen voice.  
Knowledge of the future giving,  
Thou hast stolen the present day,  
Stolen the moment's joyous living, -  
Take thy false gift, then, away! '

'Ne'er with bridal train around me,  
Have I wreathed my radiant brow,  
Since to serve thy fane I bound me-  
Bound me with a solemn vow.  
Evermore in grief I languish-  
All my youth in tears was spent;  
And with thoughts of bitter anguish  
My too-feeling heart is rent.'

'Joyously my friends are playing,  
All around are blest and glad,  
In the paths of pleasure straying, -  
My poor heart alone is sad.  
Spring in vain unfolds each treasure,

Filling all the earth with bliss;  
Who in life can e'er take pleasure,  
When is seen its dark abyss? '

'With her heart in vision burning,  
Truly blest is Polyxene,  
As a bride to clasp him yearning.  
Him, the noblest, best Hellene!  
And her breast with rapture swelling,  
All its bliss can scarcely know;  
E'en the Gods in heavenly dwelling  
Envy not, when dreaming so.'

'He to whom my heart is plighted  
Stood before my ravished eye,  
And his look, by passion lighted,  
Toward me turned imploringly.  
With the loved one, oh, how gladly  
Homeward would I take my flight  
But a Stygian shadow sadly  
Steps between us every night.'

'Cruel Proserpine is sending  
All her spectres pale to me;  
Ever on my steps attending  
Those dread shadowy forms I see.  
Though I seek, in mirth and laughter  
Refuge from that ghastly train,  
Still I see them hastening after, -  
Ne'er shall I know joy again.'

'And I see the death-steel glancing,  
And the eye of murder glare;  
On, with hasty strides advancing,  
Terror haunts me everywhere.  
Vain I seek alleviation; -  
Knowing, seeing, suffering all,  
I must wait the consummation,  
In a foreign land must fall.'

While her solemn words are ringing,  
Hark! a dull and wailing tone

From the temple's gate upspringing, -  
Dead lies Thetis' mighty son!  
Eris shakes her snake-locks hated,  
Swiftly flies each deity,  
And o'er Ilion's walls ill-fated  
Thunder-clouds loom heavily!)

When the Gestapoes get impatient  
We shall not climb down to walk on earth  
Because by this time of utopia  
Thespis and Muse the gods of poetry  
Would have given us the wings to fly  
To fly high over England, I and Schiller  
We shall not land anywhere in London  
Nor perch to any of the English tree  
Wales, Scotland, Ireland and Thales  
We shall not land there in these lands  
The waters of river Thames we shall not drink  
We shall fly higher over England  
The queen of England we shall not commune  
For she is my lender; has lend me the language  
English language in which I am chanting  
My dystopic songs, poor me! What a cacotopia!  
If she takes her language away from  
I will remain poetically dead  
In the Universe of art and culture  
I will form a huge palimpsest of African poetry  
Friedrich son of Schiller please understand me  
Let us not land in England lest I lose  
My borrowed tools of worker back to the owner,  
But instead let us fly higher in to the azure  
The zenith of the sky where the eagles never dare  
And call the English bard  
through our high shrilled eagle's contralto  
William Shakespeare to come up  
In the English sky; to our treat of poetic blitzkrieg  
Please dear Schiller we shall tell the bard of London  
To come up with his three Luftwaffe  
These will be; the deer he stole from the rich farmer  
Once when he was a lad in the rural house of John the father,  
Second in order is the Hamlet the price of Denmark  
Thirdly is his beautiful song of the rape of Lucrece,

We shall ask the bard to return back the deer to the owner  
Three of ourselves shall enjoy together dystopia IN Hamlet  
And ask Shakespeare to sing for us his song  
In which he saw a man rape Lucrece; the rape of Lucrece;

(From the besieged Ardea all in post, borne by the trustless wings of  
false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhapp'ly set  
This baleful edge on his keen appetite;  
When Collatine unwisely did not let  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;  
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
In the possession of his beautiful mate;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:  
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator;  
What needeth then apologies be made,  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown

From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
Suggested this proud issue of a king;  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:  
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt  
That golden hap which their superiors want.)

I and schiller we shall be the audience  
When Shakespeare will echo  
The enemies of beauty as  
It is weakly protected in the arms of Othello.

I and schiller we don't know places in Greece  
But Shakespeare's mother comes from Greece  
And Shakespeare's wife comes from Athens  
Shakespeare thus knows Greece like Pericles,  
We shall not land anywhere on the way  
But straight we shall be let  
By Shakespeare to Greece  
Into the inner chamber of calypso  
Lest the Cyclopes eat us whole meal  
We want to redeem Homer from the  
Love detention camp of calypso  
Where he has dallied nine years in the wilderness  
Wilderness of love without reaching home  
I will ask Homer to introduce me  
To Muse, Clio and Thespis  
The three spiritualities of poetry  
That gave Homer powers to graft the epics  
Of Iliad and Odyssey centerpieces of Greece dystopia  
I will ask Homer to chant and sing for us the epical  
Songs of love, Grecian cradle of utopia  
Where Cyclopes thrive on heavyweight cacotopia  
Please dear Homer kindly sing for us;

(Thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun we feasted our fill on meat and drink, but when the sun went down and it came on dark, we camped upon the beach. When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, I bade my men on board and loose the hawsers. Then they took their places and smote the grey sea with their oars; so we sailed on with sorrow in our hearts, but glad to have escaped death though we had lost our comrades.)

From Greece to Africa the short route is via India  
The sub continent of India where humanity  
Flocks like the oceans of women and men  
The land in which Romesh Tulsi  
Grafted Ramayana and Mahabharata  
The handbook of slavery and caste prejudice  
The land in which Gujarat Indian tongue  
In the cheeks of Rabindranath Tagore  
Was awarded a Poetical honour  
By Alfred Nobel minus any Nemesis  
From the land of Scandinavia,  
I will implore Tagore to sing for me  
The poem which made Nobel to give him a prize  
I will ask Tagore to sing in English  
The cacotopia and utopia that made India  
An oversized dystopia that man has ever seen,  
Tagore sing please Tagore sing for me your beggarly heart;

(When the heart is hard and parched up,  
come upon me with a shower of mercy.

When grace is lost from life,  
come with a burst of song.

When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting me out from  
beyond, come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.

When my beggarly heart sits crouched, shut up in a corner,  
break open the door, my king, and come with the ceremony of a king.

When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O thou holy one,  
thou wakeful, come with thy light and thy thunder)

The heart of beggar must be  
A hard heart for it to glorify in the art of begging,

I don't like begging  
This is knot my heart suffered  
From my childhood experience  
I saw my mother begging food for us  
We were nine voracious children  
Our appetite  
Had rural peasant orientation  
Often when she brought home the begged food  
She mostly never ate herself  
She was denying her self in self-immolation  
For the food to be enough for us,  
I used to think she has eaten a lot in her life  
That pains and pangs of hunger  
Could not come her away;  
Like humpty dumpty I was goofing  
Tagore you are right the heart of a beggar  
Must be very hard like the rocks of Africa.  
The fear of begging has made me to vamoose  
One on one up to the land of plenty  
Southern America  
for I fear northern America  
Where riches flow into peoples homes  
Like waters of river Nile from Uganda to Egypt  
I will not be easy in such land where there is no culture  
Other than business of making money while speaking broken English  
Those of you who go there, in the Northern America  
Pass my regards and warm greetings  
To the daughter of Richard Wright  
Tell her that my heart loves her  
The way I loved intellect of her father  
Her that had to transfigure  
Himself as Bigger Thomas  
The native son

In the land where Africans agonize under slavery  
Where cacotopia of slavery dances  
With utopia of corporatism into a commercial blend  
To sire dystopia of capitalism  
Which Eric Blair aka George Orwell  
Foresaw it to be watched by the big brother in 1984,  
But me I am going to chile instead  
To sing an ode to clothings  
With my fellow communist Pablo Neruda  
We shall sing in turns the odes of Neruda  
But I will beg him to sing for me the song of burying a dog  
So that I get goodness in the ode of clothings  
And angst in the song of the dog burial  
To achieve my poetic dystopia  
Of Nerudian poemocracy,  
Dear comrade Neruda let us join hands  
As comrades in arms to sing the ode to clothings;

(Every morning you wait,  
clothes, over a chair,  
to fill yourself with  
my vanity, my love,  
my hope, my body.  
Barely  
risen from sleep,  
I relinquish the water,  
enter your sleeves,  
my legs look for  
the hollows of your legs,  
and so embraced  
by your indefatigable faithfulness  
I rise, to tread the grass,  
enter poetry,  
consider through the windows,  
the things,  
the men, the women,  
the deeds and the fights  
go on forming me,  
go on making me face things  
working my hands,



opening my eyes,  
using my mouth,  
and so,  
clothes,  
I too go forming you,  
extending your elbows,  
snapping your threads,  
and so your life expands  
in the image of my life.  
In the wind  
you billow and snap  
as if you were my soul,  
at bad times  
you cling  
to my bones,  
vacant, for the night,  
darkness, sleep  
populate with their phantoms  
your wings and mine.  
I wonder  
if one day  
a bullet  
from the enemy  
will leave you stained with my blood  
and then  
you will die with me  
or one day  
not quite  
so dramatic  
but simple,  
you will fall ill,  
clothes,  
with me,  
grow old  
with me, with my body  
and joined  
we will enter  
the earth.  
Because of this  
each day  
I greet you  
with reverence and then

you embrace me and I forget you,  
because we are one  
and we will go on  
facing the wind, in the night,  
the streets or the fight,  
a single body,  
one day, one day, some day still)

From America I have gone home to Africa  
I jumped the Atlantic Ocean in one single African hope and skip  
Then I landed to Senegal at a point of no return  
Where the slaves could not return home once stepped there  
Me I have stepped there from a long journey traversing the  
World in search of dystopia that mirror man and his folly  
Wondrous dystopia that mirror woman and her vices  
I passed the point of no return into Senegal, Nocturnes  
Which we call in English crepuscular voyages  
I met Leopold Sedar Senghor singing nocturnes  
He warned me from temerarious reading of Marxism  
I said thank you to him for his concern  
I asked him of where I could get Marriama Ba  
And her pipe sucking Brother Sembene Ousmane  
He declined to answer me; he said he is not a brother's keeper  
I got flummoxed so much as in my heart  
I terribly wanted to meet Marriama Ba  
For she had promised to chant a scarlet song for me  
A song which I would cherish its attack  
On the cacotopia of an African women in Islam,  
And also Sembene Ousmane  
I wanted also to smoke his pipe  
As we could heartily talk the extreme happiness  
Of unionized railway workers in bits of wood  
That makes the torso of gods in Xala, Cedo  
As the African hunter from the Babukusu Clan of bawambwa  
In the land of Senegal could struggle to kill a mangy dog for us.

Any way; gods forgive the poet Sedar Senghor  
I crossed in to Nigeria to the city of Lagos

I saw a tall man with white hair and white beards,  
I was told Alfred Nobel Gave him an award  
For keeping his beards and hairs white,  
I was told he was a Nigerian god of Yoruba poetry  
He kept on singing from street to street that;  
A good name is better tyranny of snobbish taste  
The man died, season of anomie, you must be forth by dawn!  
I feared to talk to him for he violently looked,  
But instead I confined myself to my thespic girlfriend  
From Anambra state in northwestern Nigeria  
She was a graduate student of University of Nsukka  
Her name is Oge Ogoye, she is beautiful and sexy  
Charming and warm; beauteous individuality  
Her beauty campaigns successfully to the palace of men  
Without an orator in the bandwagon; O! Sweet Ogoye!  
She took me to Port Harcourt the capital city of Biafra  
When it was a country; a communist state,  
I met Christopher Ogkibo and Chinua Achebe  
Both carrying the machines guns  
Fighting a secessionist war of Biafra  
That wanted to give the socialist tribe of Igbos  
A full independent state alongside federal republic of Nigeria  
Ogkibo gave me the gun  
That I help him to the tribal war  
I told him no, I am a poet first then an African  
And my tribe comes last  
I can not take the gun  
To fight a tribal war; tribal cleansing? No way!  
Achebe got annoyed with me  
In a feat of jealousy ire  
He pulled out two books of poetry from his hat;  
Be aware soul brother and Girls at a war  
He rate to us the poems from each book  
The poems that echoed Igbo messages of dystopia  
I and Oge Ogoye in an askance  
We looked and mused.

I kissed Ogoye and told her bye bye!  
I began running to Kenya for the evening had fallen  
And from the hills of Biafra I could see my mother's kitchen  
My mother coming in and going out of it  
The smoke coming out through the ruffian thatches

Sign of my mother cooking the seasoned hoof of a cow  
And sorghum ugali cured by cassava,  
I ran faster and faster passing by Uganda  
Lest my elder brother may finish Ugali for me  
I suddenly pumped in to two men  
Running opposite my direction  
They were also running to their homes in Uganda  
Taban Lo Liyong and Okot p'Bitek  
Taban wielding his book of poetry;  
Another Nigger Dead  
While Okot was running with Song of Lawino  
In his left hand  
They were running away from the University  
The University of Nairobi; Chris Wanjala was chasing them  
He was wielding a Maasai truncheon in his hand  
With an aim of hitting Taban Reneket Lo Liyong  
Because him Taban and Okot p' Bitek  
Had refused to stand on the points of literature  
But instead they were eating a lot of Ugali  
At university of Nairobi, denying Wanjala  
An opportunity to get satisfied, he was starving  
Wanjala was swearing to himself as he chased them  
That he must chase them up to Uganda  
In the land where they were born  
So that he can get intellectual leeway  
To breed his poetic utopia as he nurses tribal cacotopia  
To achieve east African thespic utopia  
In the literary desert.

Thank you for your audience!

Alexander Opicho

# Poetic Dystopia And The Name Theodore

Alexander K Opicho

(eldoret, Kenya aopicho@)

The name Theodore has its Greek anthropologies, Jewish anthropologies and also Germany anthropologies. The Greek anthropological perspective of The name Theodore indeed has something to do with the er, the Greek way of looking at life was a frustrated them everything was a god. They had a plethora of gods; utopia, cacotopia, Thespis, muse, clio, calypso, and Theodore was a half a god like Gabriel who impregnated Mary on behalf of God as Joseph the cuckold carpenter patiently looked musing the ballad of a cuckold peasant. So Theodore and Gabriel were godsend. I have not delved to know what it means among the Jews, But am aware of the the cultural and anthropological surroundings of the name Theodore in Germany. It is a name of a male person signifying extra-masculine behavior. I also write poetry in Deutsch, so i know substantial cultural values of the people of Germany. Like in this case the modern social naming systems. I am aware of the anthropology of this Deutsch nomenclatural would link this name to Greeks but not Germany may due to some silent social and emotional disposition in Europe that the English speaking Europeans have a soft spot for the Greek at the same time they become victims of high adrenaline level when exposed to anything Germany. they always get repulsed when the word Germany is one's thesis on nomenclatural values of the name Theodore depends on which side of European consciousness one is found; is it Germany friendly consciousness or Germany threatened consciousness? The dystopic component of the name Theodore is purely cacotopic with zero element of utopia, as extra-masculinity is a swine of engendered civilization all the times.

Yours

Alexander k Opicho

NB/ i kindly invite Theodore to come to Kenya so that we do a joint research on the Swahili perspectives of the name Theodore, in Kiswahili the name Theodore is subverted to bwana tadayo

alexander opicho

# Poetic Globalectics: Ode To Poetry Of Philanthropy

No place on earth is the center of world poetry  
Each and every geo-point is a central geo-poetry  
Each center in universal connexion and disconnexion  
To one another in the poetic cobweb of human love  
which oozes out not for fame but service to humanity  
Linking subaltern poetry to the paternal muse  
That has the universe its philanthropic quoith  
Spokes of culture the rivers flowing fresh blood  
Into the life of poetry in the globaletic realm  
Each cherishing the tempo in the song of otherness  
African poetry feeding the world with lyrics of negritude  
As Russia of Europe in dystopia of whittitude  
Sings to humanity the songs of French love  
Paving the way for India to chant to the world  
Into dinted dance of the British ways of the baby  
Thrilling Latin America into the songs of Spain  
That buried the poor dog behind a rich man's house  
Laughing Ameri-relasia at its poverty of culture  
As the gods of money takes center stage  
In the dynamics of globalectics.

Alexander Opicho

# Proffessor Ali A. Mazrui Is Dead: My Dirge

Ekhafu ya kamevele niyo ekamayanka elurende!

It goes a Bukusu saying, from Kenya,  
It has its English equivalence as;  
The most productive Milch- cow  
is the one that often dies at the creek,  
And truly Proffessor Ali A. Mazrui  
Africa's global intellectual Milch-cow  
Has died today from his drinking creek,  
At Birmingham hospital in New-York,  
His death is a deep wound  
To the world of knowledge,  
An impeachment to the voices  
Subscribing to classical reasons,  
An old wine skin to the new wine  
Of nothing but global democracy,  
I mourn you Mazrui in this solemn dirge,  
I grieve for you deeply from my heart  
I grieve for you as you grieved Okigbo,  
When the bullet took his youthful life  
at Nzuka battle front during the Biafra,  
My mind's eye is seeing you,  
Like my Mr. Giraffe the driver  
In your political epic  
That tried Christopher Okigbo,  
Mazrui the global son  
Sired in the neoclassical times  
We shall miss you,  
As there is no whence  
That cometh another Mazrui  
From all the four corners of the earth  
Rarely will he come one more Mazrui,

You failed your O'level exams at Mombasa Sec School  
As you humbly basked in Muslim poverty, in 1943  
Not because you were a stooge  
But a genius of cultural radicalism,  
Refusing to answer a history question;  
Who is the Archduke of Canterbury?  
Dismissing it as academic sham,

For what value has Archduke of Canterbury  
to an African, Asian or Mexican boy?

You were denied a chance to study  
At the then colonial Makerere University,  
You sublimated to Edinburg and Oxford,  
You come back into its deanry of political science  
You met Milton Obote face to face,  
When he was an African-English song bird of Gulu  
You shouted loud when Id Amin plotted to Kill Okello Oculli  
You were then detained for this noise of humanity  
You voice was heard,  
And you were exported to southern Tundra  
As an exhibit for non-white intellectual  
Mazrui let me mourn you for the efforts  
That sired intellectual democracy in Uganda,

When I reminisce of you Mazrui,  
Pages of African Conditions open  
Widely before my mind's eye,  
I see your intellectual pilgrimage  
From Rudyard Kipling to Julius Nyerere  
As you made your Al Hajji stone  
at the graveyard of Shakespeare the bard,

You met Daniel Moi face to face  
Daniel Moi the Kalenjin Cow of Dictatorship  
And black Maestro of ethnic terror  
You took this despotic Moi cow to the well,  
You pleaded for it to drink politics of reason  
But Mazrui I pity, you were unlucky;  
Kalenjin cows never drink whatsoever  
From the democratic wells of political reasons,

Mazrui Maalim the star of Islam,  
I envy you for your elonguence  
I envy you for the unique power of ideas,  
I envy you for unique intellectual bravery,  
I envy you for constant intellectual dynamism  
For your firm stand against utopian socialism  
For your intuition into Nkrumah's Leninist czarism,  
And Senghorean cultural despair in paradoxical negritude,



For your firm stand against Ngugi's literary tribalism,

Mazrui the stellar saint of Swahili Nation  
I remember your glowing tribute  
In eulogy of Julius Nyerere the swahilist,  
When you held the world stand-still  
With your cadence in tribute to Mandela  
You have used every English word in your scholarship,  
Indeed Mazrui you are the African sky  
that cannot be vilified by any dirty mouth,

Mazrui the angel of good thought  
You cautioned Wole Soyinka in 1988,  
When he embarked on his racist mission  
That made him to call you a white African  
Or a non- African African, An African Arab  
In his blurred thoughts in dint of bigotry  
Emanating from your Jekyll and Hide  
Vintageously Serialized at Albert Schweitzer,  
You sang to him ballads of the scholar  
On the African of the soil and African of the blood,

Rest in peace Mazrui at the Fort Jesus  
Let your glorious name and teachings  
Remain permanent to the future people  
As the stubborn stones of the Fort Jesus,  
As your name takes the official knighthood  
Of the leopard skin on death of the leopard,

Alexander Opicho

# Punitive Punishment

Forgive to be forgiven don't forgive after you condemn  
It is expensive but just you forgive for the world needs so  
Forgive to sent away tension for in this power  
Of forgiveness lies glory of the earth.

alexander opicho

## Queen @ 90

She is now at 90,  
Elisabeth the queen  
Of England, the palace and  
The commonwealths of the  
Common poor and vintage rich,  
Happy birth-day dear Elisabeth,  
You have conquered nine decades,  
In the true spirit of a royal lioness,  
Power of your royal will and reason  
Of your persistences, the protégé  
Of your expensive choices, you  
Garland Alexandra of Albert and Liz,  
God keep you well and be really well  
Beyond the times of nine tailed by zero,  
As you have been bestriding space & times,  
both the unctuous and the undulated,  
From the horrible wars of the roaring  
Twenties and thirties to the spine chilling  
Forties to the nineties frozen by cold war,  
You read, you danced and dined with Soviets,  
Your fibers staid and tough remained in all these,  
Slavery never was to you an eye sore, even plight  
Of those with black skins and white masks,  
As they toiled and moiled in the hot days  
Of Americas and in the dark colonial farmlands,  
Europe has been your stool and Africa  
Your carpet, cozying your soft feet on  
African archipelago, yoking it with  
Your brutal fists of colonial power,  
Lands from where firewood for  
Your hearths and inglenooks in palace  
Gloriously came minus fall of the royal ax,  
Alexandra alias Elisabeth II now at 90,  
I beg for your ears and your heart,  
It is the sweat, the blood, the soils,  
The waters, the tears, fears and deaths of the  
Poor sons and daughters of the Blackman,  
That has kept the greatness of your Britain  
Amaranthine, your 90 years

Comes from nowhere else but  
From sweat and broken black backs  
Of the colonized and buckled Africa,  
Search in your soul for coals of contrite  
And be a comrade in arms with Africa  
To mourn her dead past raped to death  
By madness imperious of your foremen,

alexander opicho

# Raila Odinga's Approach To National Dialogue Is Not Reasonable

The current political mood in Kenya is sombre and tense given the manner in which the former prime minister Raila Odinga is pushing for mass action destined to be held on 7th July of this year; has labeled this day as saba saba day, in memory of former democratic struggles that were held on a similar date in the past by the then leaders like Martin Shikuku, Masinde Muliro, Charles Rubia and Keneth Matiba, just but to mention a few. The spirit of this political move has been inculcated into Odinga's motivation during his holiday trip in America in the past three months. And the entire global context is eked on Raila's personal advantages that Kenya and America has had soared relations because of Kenya's substantial business dealings with China.

Tenseness of political feelings that are overtly observed in sombre moods of some Kenyans is based on the fresh memories of similar political behavior displayed by the same Raila Odinga in a few years before post election violence that erupted after 2007 elections. By inference, Raila has nothing very critical that he wants to solve for Kenyans but he is only aiming at execution of a very simple Machiavellian logic; He wants to use the mass actions to provoke international sympathy for himself as at the same time he anchors himself for the next presidential race which is barely three years to come.

It is a fact that there are some teething problems of political policy in Kenya. Like inferiority of the judiciary, biasness of the electoral institutions, insecurity, joblessness and tribalism as well as political these are usual features of politics in a developing country. They are the same things that Raila Odinga and Carol Omondi used as tools of maintaining power when the former was the prime minister and the later his aide de camp.

Effective solution to any failures in public policy or even dysfunction in the public institution is usually what President Uhuru Kenyatta suggested; gentle dialogue by political representatives over a cup of tea, a class of wine, a tumbler of water or even a bottle of tusker not necessary raucous and Arab spring like violent politicking at Kasarani grounds or Uhuru park. Raila only wants to misuse the poor masses in Kenya, the masses that are already infiltrated with deep sense of tribalism, to pile pressure on the incumbent government for his future political advantages that will go with presidential bidding. This is not reasonable.

Raila Odinga has a unique political psychology. Let me term it extra-masculinity. He has always portrayed a political signal that when he is not in power then there is no democracy in is like Coriolanus and John Falstaff of Shakespeare. Thus by premise Raila Odinga suffers from a weakness in political thinking which can logically be branded political falstaffity. This is so when we subjectively analyze

his public political behavior in relation to Moi, Wamalwa, and Kibaki. And is still so when we soberly recognize some institutional success president Uhuru Kenya has registered during his two years as a president of Kenya. Uhuru has scored hundred percent on devolution, availability and open governance. He has already displayed promising efforts when it comes to infrastructural is a kind the president that needs to be mentored through genuine support and criticism other than mudslinging him in every public rally attended by masses on heat of ethnic political consciousness.

My present and tangible reason for this position is that already businessmen of kikuyu and kalenjin origin who of-course belong to Uhuru Kenyatta's bandwagon are now not travelling to kisumu, similarly Luos belonging to Raila's camp are not free in Eldoret town and Naivasha. Obviously business activities will also close on saba saba day of July 7th and as a matter of fact some people will suscetain mayhem, looted or even loose their lives. All these will happen because Raila Odinga has not seen a more reasonable way of carrying out national dialogue.

(Alexander k Opicho  
Eldoret, Kenya) .

alexander opicho

# Re-Creating Kenneth Binyavanga Wainaina

I am Amadioha the earth goddess of Igbos, Ngai wa mugo wa gatheru  
who created the nine daughters of mumbi, and Gikuyu a man,  
I am Wele of Dini ya Musambwa, creator of Elijah Masinde  
I am Katonda the creator of Kintu and Namirembe hills at Makerere  
I am eshu the god of the Ijimere and Achebe and Soyinka,  
behold today I stand in Egypt, where the sun comes from  
where I similarly stood billion and billion of years ago,  
to create all the stars the moon and the universe  
not even known to the son of man until today,  
this is where i created my first born of humanity;  
dear Africa the generations of Negroes,  
the beacon of my eye, i enjoy a look at you minus blinkers,  
i stand here a fresh to correct my creation mistakes  
i formerly made, when creating my dearest son in Africa;  
Kenneth Binyavanga wa wainaina, who hails at Nakuru hills,  
he is the sweetest song to my heart, classical music of my ears  
i contrite much, as i were not to create you a blended blood  
from an Omuganda girl and an Omugikuyu boy,  
i was to create you a pure Muganda, like Okot P' Bitek,  
or a pure Kenyan, like Francis Davis Imbuga,  
i were to control your academic fortune, that you don't start,  
your maiden education Lena Moi primary school,  
an epiphany of a divorced woman, spelling curse of wifelessness,  
on those that pass through the very school, i was wrong.  
had i known i could have not sent Cleophas to work  
in your fathers home, for him to sleep in the horse shed,  
cursed is the fucking memory of what he did in that quarter  
as you preened and eavesdropped outside like a hen  
listening to the eagle's contralto,  
why did i sent Wambui to be your nurse maid, only to preach  
the gospel according to the power of peasant vagina to you,  
she tangled her buttocks before your nude eyes, sending  
your young heart to sensuous extremities, Wambui, a she devil,  
Wow! Kalenjins are bad neighbour, they are dark and ugly  
slow in the brain and sadistically malicious in the heart,  
i know not why i made them to abode with you within the  
great valley of kenya, they throng schools and they cannot learn,  
but i have now held them captive, i have made them your footstool  
for ever and ever my dear son, as you hold the scepter of power,

i goofed beyond remedy by all ethereal to send you to Njoro boys school,  
for you to meet Sigalla, that extra-masculine Sigalla, the asshole hunter,  
i gave you wrong sisters, they made you put on your mothers dress  
and her long hair, then you posed to the female public as an Americanness  
your romantic number was fwive fwive fwive fwive, fwive at New-york,  
i wonder why i did not give you enough power of languages  
so that you generate a numberless fantabulousies and Goalies and so forth,  
only to borrow from a young woman; Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie  
the yellow sun's slapslap slapslap slapslap slapslap slapslap slapslap!  
Mangu Boys School to you was a blessing, had it not my fault,  
of giving you a mutton headed faculty full of annentcy,  
that went for the persiflagery and aesthetic phantasmagoria,  
in the art and theatre prose and poetry; the Bigger Thomas Lawyer,  
your only misplaced mentor that gave birth to what i love in you;  
hence i am writting about this place now, this place kenya,  
folly of folly is when i goofed to take a natural writer like you,  
to commerce class in the land of apartheid, Nadine Gordimer's front  
that sired Brenda Fasie a top Lesbian, the song bird of my times  
as you all know we the gods also jealously love,  
she only charmed you with her naked boob  
swinging like a pendulum on the musical stage,  
after her communique of being a top lesbian, she call it Africa,  
o! no, Africa never came from Lesbians, it comes from simple nature;  
mother and father, in natural and collective heterosexuality,  
You only saw and revved in dope culture in the cubbyhole of Victory,  
and hoped clubs from Dazzle to the rest, in hunt of your boyhood,  
sadly to be befallen by dark clouds in victim-hood of optical nutrition,  
abiding among the tall, beautiful, smoking bunch of Lesbians.  
My son, from today and henceforth, i the Africanus,  
the god of African fertility, poetry and art,  
humbly chose to recreate you the king of kings and queens,  
of African story telling at global status, to tell all African songs,  
beyond sham fallacy that gay and Lesbian literature  
are the begotten apex of modern and Global literature  
these are only white lies featuring a death bound imperialism.

alexander opicho



# Reflections On John The Baptist

Correctly he is John the Baptizer,  
His birth was delayed up to late,  
Late post menopausal age of his mother,  
Elisabeth the wife of Zachariah the priest,  
At the temple of the Jews in Palestine  
During the regal time of Rome  
As a world empire and a role model of tyranny,

Imagine conceiving after menopause,  
During the nonagenarian ages  
Of all the ages, in the nineties?  
But she conceived John,  
Was it true or mere sensationalism?  
Or mere nerve chilling art style?  
To hold the world audience a hostage?  
I don't know but John was born  
After his mother's menopause,

He contrasts with Jesus  
Born by a Virgin Mary,  
Imagine a Jewish virgin  
Without sexual intercourse  
Became pregnant,  
And gave birth to Jesus,  
When Mary was pregnant  
She socially visited Elisabeth  
John's fetus somersaulted,  
Like a Chinese acrobat  
Inside his mother's tummy,  
It was his baptism before birth,  
But may be pregnancy of a virgin  
Has more strength than pregnancy  
Of a post menopause octogenarian,

Hence the famous ode by Catholics;  
In the name of Hail Mary  
The mother of God  
Most blessed above all women,

These post menopause pregnancy  
And virgin's pregnancy without sex  
Contrasts with Adam's creation from clay  
And Eve's creation from Adam's left rib,  
Another super-sensational literature,  
Or pataphorical art; Magical surrealism?

Let me not go dumb or mute  
Like Zachariah when he believed not,  
But no, I already believed ergo, my vocality,

Now why did John refuse to put on clothes?  
Only to put on a skin of a goat,  
Or was it a monkey Clobus,  
The one which we in Africa  
We are forced to kill  
Before your father permits you  
To face the circumcision knife,  
John again refused to eat cooked foods,  
He survived on raw honey and locusts,  
Nuts, roots and raw fruits, dietician?

Or it was self denial or self immolation?  
Like the one often displayed  
by the Islamic statesmen aka terrorists  
When committing suicide bombing?  
No it began with the Japanese Kamikaze,  
In preparation to bomb Pearl Harbour,  
I don't know at all at all,

Now what of the howling in the wilderness,  
Calling for people to baptism in water  
At the riverbanks of polluted Jordan  
And when he saw the Negroes  
Among those who came for baptism  
He called them the viper's generation  
Or were they Libyan Arabs?  
And Jesus came, John went inferior,  
He declined to baptize Jesus,  
But Jesus pleaded for the service,  
Then the dove opened the heaven  
And came down to anoint Jesus,

Which heaven was opened?  
Was the sky or the heaven?  
This must be the writer's Gnostics  
Used to calling the sky as the heaven  
Why the dove and why the heaven?

Then John again began doubting  
Very genuine doubt I'm telling you,  
You see John began spying on privacy of the king  
Was he also a night runner? Maybe,  
He spied on Herodias the mother of Salome  
She was a chic for the king; Herod Antipas,  
This stuff threw John into a calaboose,  
Then John began day dreaming  
Like any other prisoner  
For his freedom and bush foods  
He really missed honey and locusts  
And also the fruits; Quavas and mustaberries,

He thought Jesus would come running,  
Panting like a cheetah to pull him out,  
Out of colonial prison, Jesus never came  
Hence John's doubts;  
If Jesus is the Messiah really,  
Can't he come to redeem me?  
From these colonial prison Herod,  
Look; we are all Jews  
In fact blood related Jews  
And it is a year he has never come,  
To pay me a visit when am in prison  
Is he the Messiah really?  
Or we still have to wait for a true messiah?

But Jesus was a rude messiah  
Or Jesus was jealousy? Envious?  
Of John's spiritual competence,  
I think he was wrong, totally wrong  
He should have saved John the Baptizer  
From the Roman colonial prison,  
For there is no need nor spiritual logic  
For Jesus to heal the lepers, and the blind  
To resurrect Jairus's daughter

And command the devils out of a madman,  
But he could rescue his cousin brother  
From a colonial prison, was it detention?  
Remember Mary and Elisabeth were sisters,

John was a victim of circumstance  
Like those who now languish in torture,  
Torture chambers of the Guantanamo Bay prison,  
Detained and tortured inhumanly  
Without hope of trial nor justice  
For no other reason but faith and race,  
John was a harbinger of Saddam Hussein,  
Osama Bin Laden, Muammar Gaddafi,  
Nelson Mandela, Luther King, Dedan Kimathi,  
Elijah Masinde, Arap Manyei and Mugo wa Gatheru,  
They fought tyranny with firmness  
They underwent torture for the sake of humanity,  
They suffered for no reason but folly that goes with tyranny.

And finally, Salome the poet,  
Living by performing the spoken word,  
And Proceeds of her mother's adultery  
And vampirizing on the blood of the righteous  
She came and danced in artful wickedness  
by gyrating her bosom satanically  
In the usual wicked style of a whore's daughter  
Sending the male audience nerveless with ego  
Only for to suggest her prize;  
As John's head on the platter,  
John was grisly mattered in the cells  
Then his head was delivered on a platter  
To Salome the poet the daughter of Herodias,  
It all happened when Jesus was aware  
Amid the full wind of his wonders  
On the crest of his fame as the messiah  
Isn't saving the prisoner good as resurrecting  
Young damsels and healing the lepers'?

But anyway, it is stark culture of Europe  
To chop off the heads  
Of those who oppose their tyranny,  
It is not only John the Baptist that have suffered,

Suffered like this in the hands of Europeans tyranny,  
The list of such-like victims is endless;  
Mugo wa Gatheru was buried alive in Kenya  
He was ordered at a gun point  
By the British colonial police,  
To dig his own grave using a mattock  
Then the British clobbered and buried him a live,  
On this brutal burial of Mugo wa Gatheru,  
The Queen of England promoted these policemen  
That buried Mugo wa Gatheru,  
Kotalel Arap Samoia of the Nandi Militia in Kenya  
Was shot twice in the head by the British spy;  
The spy chopped off Koitalel's head  
He took it to the queen in heroic dint  
And the queen glorified the spy,  
Anglo-American power chopped of sadam's head  
Anglo-American power killed Mummar Gaddafi,  
Anglo-American power Killed Osama bin Laden  
They perpetrated all these without trial,  
I am tired of all these.....

alexander opicho

# Relatives

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

So keen and careful on

An impending superlativity

Very willing and ready to counter it

In the mighty of their lonely evil machinations

African relatives as black in the hearty as they do in the skin

Fangled to matchless stature in their scramble for ignobling Africa

Refusing to listen to voice of reason by echoing uselessness in their  
sentimentality

From the past historicity so redolent in the glory of peasantry a sit of nugatory  
bigotry

Relatives, kindly I implore you to know your accurate antonym, it is imperative

When are you bound to set free Africa from the curse of inheritance?

Give Africa a leeway for freedom of thought, investment

Entrepreneurship and corporate glory, pliz

By easily novating yourselves

Relatives with true

Customers

And fellow

Professionals

Africa.

alexander opicho

# Resurrection Of Charles Darwin

News! News! in its surrealistic gear,  
Charles Darwin of England has resurrected,  
He is here in Africa, roaming the deserts  
In the savannah belts of Turkana Land,  
Looking for African skulls for a second living.

He is in the company of Richard Leakey,  
Talking among themselves with air of comradeship,  
Behaving wiseacre over the Africans there,  
Looking from place to place to rename  
The current African humans,

He has already named people of Kenya  
And all the people in the subhara of Africa  
With a new paradoxical evolutionary tag,  
They are now homotribaliticus Africanus,  
A tag reflecting African tribalism in politics,  
He has met the Chinese and renamed them too,  
They are now homo-pecunias asianicus  
Or the money making Asians,

Darwin has freshly renamed Americans  
This time round not as caucasoids,  
But as homocapitalisticus putinis stupidous,  
His shrewdness did not go with erstwhile death,  
He also has special evolutionary tag for Africans  
Zinjipoliticus idioticus, or the fools who die politically.

alexander opicho

# Rot In Kenyan Universities

tribes matter more than research,  
jobs dished on ethnic network,  
as academics are left to die  
at the thrones of sadism  
and selfish megalomania,  
proffessors more illiterate  
as reading culture succumbed to death,  
to pave way for money culture,  
harvested from parallel programmes,  
that takes the beautiful and the academically incompetent,  
to the university and mercy of their wallets,  
where the proffessors renew their sinews,  
on the french chicken by parralleley style  
on the tops of the female parallel students,  
as they inspire them with new culture,  
of laziness, twiterature and cyborature,  
face-booking for unique sex partners,  
as books are left to be dust ridden  
on the miserable shelves of ramshackle libraries.

Alexander Opicho



# Rungus At The University Of Nairobi

Recently a new course  
came at the university  
university of Nairobi  
it is a postgraduate course  
called masters in surviving  
the anti riot police  
with their clubs  
locally called rungus  
for the police have been  
informed that Karo Mariko  
is abeeting the students  
to the truth of class awreness  
out of the stark darkness  
of tribal nationalism.

Alexander Opicho

# Russia Must Spare Ukraine Some Peace For The Sake Of Taras Shevchenko's Dream About Ukrainian Literature And Statehood

Let me climb the intellectual bandwagon of Chamara Sumanapala of the Sunday Nation in Sirilanka, to recognize a world literary fact that Taras Shevchenko was the grandfather of literature that paid wholesome tribute to Ukrainian nationalism. In this juncture it has to be argued that it is ideological shrewdness that has taken Russia to Crimean province of Ukraine but nothing like justifiable law and constitutionalism. Let it also be my opportune time for paying tribute to Taras Shevchenko, as at the same time I pay my homage to Ukrainian literature which is also a cultural symbol of Ukrainian statehood. Just like most of the European gurus of literature and art of his time, Taras Shevchenko received little formal education. The same way Shakespeare and Pushkin as well as Alexander Sholenystisn happened to receive education that was clearly less than what is received by many children around the world today.

Like Lucanos the Greek writer who wrote the biblical gospel according to saint Luke, Taras Shevchenko was Born to parents who were serfs. Taras himself began his life being a slave. He was 24 years a serf. He spent only one fourth of his relatively short life of 47 years as a free man. The same way Miguel Cervantes and Victor Marie Hugo had substantial part of their lives in prison. Nevertheless, this largely self-educated former serf became the headmaster, the guru and fountain of Ukrainian cultural consciousness through his paradigmatic literature written basically in the indigenous Ukrainian language. He was a prototype in this capacity given that no any other writer had made neither intellectual nor even cultural stretch in this direction by that time.

And thus in current Ukraine of today, Taras Shevchenko is a national hero of literature and collective nationalism. But due to the prevailing political tension between Ukraine and Russia, his Bicentenary on March 9,2014 was marred by hoi polloi of dishonesty ideology and sludge of degenerative politics. For many us who derive pleasure from literature and diverse literary civilizations we join the community of Ukrainians to remember Taras Shevchenko the exemplary of patriotism, Taras Shevchenko the poet as well cultural symbol of complete state of Ukraine.

There is always some common historical experience among the childhood conditions of great writers. In the same childhood version as Wright, Fydor, Achebe, Nkrumah, Ousmane and many others, Shevchenko was born on March 9,1814 in Moryntsi, a small village in Central Ukraine. His parents were serfs and therefore Taras was a serf by birth. At the age of eight, he received some lessons from the local Precentor or person who facilitated worshippers at the Church and

was introduced to Ukrainian literature, the same way Malcolm X and Richard Wright learned to read and write while in prison. His childhood was miserable as the family was poor. Hard work and acute poverty ate up the lives of the family, and Tara's mother died so soon when he was nine. His father remarried and the stepmother treated Taras very badly in a neurotic manner. Two years later, Taras's father also passed away. Just in the same economic dirt poverty ate up Karl Marx until the disease known as typhus killed her wife Jenny Westphalian Marx.

The 19th century Russian Empire was largely feudal, Saint Petersburg being the exception, just like the current Moscow. It was the door and the window to the West. Shevchenko's timely and lucky break in life came when his erratic landlord left for Saint Petersburg, taking his treasured serf with him. Since, Taras had shown some merit and knack as a painter, his landlord sent him to informally learn painting with a master. It was fashionable and couth for a landlord to have a court painter in those days of Europe. However, sorrow had to build the bridges in that through his teacher, Shevchenko met other famous artists. Impressed by the artistic and literary merit of the young and honest serf, they decided to raise money to buy his freedom out of serfdom. In 1838, Taras Shevchenko became a free man, a free Ukrainian and Free European.

As it goes the classical Marxist adage; freedom gives birth to creativity. It happened only two years later, Taras Shevchenko's collection of poetry, Kobzar, was published, giving him instant fame like the Achebean bush fire in the harmattan wind. A kobzar is a Ukrainian string instrument and a bard who plays it is also known as a Kobzar. Taras Shevchenko also enjoyed some literary epiphany by coming to be known as Kobzar after the publication of his collection. He was dutifully speaking of the plight of his people in his language, not only through music, but even poetry. However, there were unfair and censoring restrictions in publishing books in Ukrainian. But lucky enough, the book had to be published outside Russia.

Shevchenko continued to write and paint without verve. Showing considerable merit in both. In 1845, he wrote 'My Testament' which is perhaps his oeuvre and best known work. In his poem, he begs the reader to bury him in his native Ukraine after he dies. Not in Russia. His immense love for the land of his birth is epitomized in these verses. Later, he wrote another memorable and compelling piece, 'The Dream', which expresses his dream of a day when all the serfs are free. When Ukraine will be free from Russia. Sadly, Taras Shevchenko came to his demise just a week before this dream was realized in 1861.

Chamara Sumanapala wrote in the Sirilanka Sunday Nation of 16 march 2014 that, Taras lived a free man until 1847 when he was arrested for being a member of a secret organization, Brotherhood of St Cyril and Methodius. He was imprisoned in Saint Petersburg and later banished as a private with the Russian

military to Orenburg garrison. He was not to be allowed to read and paint, but his overseers hardly enforced this edict. After Czar Nicholas II died in 1855, he received a pardon in 1857, but was initially not allowed to return to Saint Petersburg. He was however, allowed to return to his native Ukraine. He returned to Saint Petersburg and died there on March 10, 1861, a day after his 47th birthday. Originally buried there, his remains were brought to Ukraine and buried in Kaniv, in a place now known as Taras Hill. The site became a symbol of Ukrainian nationalism. In 1978, an engineer named Oleksa Hirnyk burned himself in protest to what he called the suppression of Ukrainian history, language and culture by the Soviet authorities.

alexander opicho

# Satellite Mouths

You loudly speak as a mouth for hire,  
Your eyes look but a proxy of alien vision  
Your ears hear as delegated organs  
Your wholesome body is a satellite machine  
Commercially angled for foul prosperity  
Going in contrast to the holy covenant  
With the Poor folks of your forlorn land,  
Can't you realize one time in future  
That satellite organs shift in effect  
With the shifting balance of the global fortunes,  
It is only the voice of gender and the weakly voiceless  
That suffers no withdrawal, it comes from eternity  
And it will echo persistence beyond the confines  
Of the satellite mouth in the poor world  
That has destine in the horizon of money  
Moral manipulation in contrast to fortitude.

alexander opicho

# Say No To Afro-Pessimism!

Scorned down to wryly ugliness  
By those who want to eat your fleshy  
As if you never sired Cleopatra Nyong'o  
A beauty queen who made Roman Empire  
To swallow ugly misfortune of their time  
in the ugly stampede for your beauty,  
Thy laughed at you with derision  
That you forlornly suffer from syndrome of  
incurable poverty, squalor, idyllics and vice of vice  
When you eminently supplied slave labour for centuries  
As well as wood and minerals that paved the queen  
A 10 Downing street, your own gold fixing  
Her beauteous palace a sole tor of tourism  
In her kingdom that eats flesh sherlockly,  
The melanin underneath your skin, dear Africa  
Gives them a charm for sardonic ire in positive irony  
As universal wisdom suffers from full knowledge  
That black is as beautiful as black gold in the palace,  
They predict the male sires of your matrix  
To be a just another warlord, better another nigger dead,  
the womb that begat Tutu and Sirleaf, next without blasé  
Will birth out a black Jesus of Central African Republic,  
As probabilities of genetics works backwards,  
To empower empires of erstwhile a new semen  
For Armageddon whether Jewish of gentile,  
Notwithstanding a deviation of luck and chance  
To disillusion the DNA mogul in his domain  
Of incurable African idiocy or stupidity with a novel  
Encounter in the generation of Blackwell statistics  
Evinced in the Adichiean hands of art and prose power,  
When African cockerel roosts to his inner chamber  
For serious sex without a condom, no a pessary  
With his new girlfriend from the east, madam orient  
To orient Africa to the fertile love affair,  
in which the punctuation mark of period  
Is fixed to afro-pessimism, on the pedestal  
Of the overdue setting forth by the dawn for  
Afro-optimism.

alexander opicho

# Schoneit

SCHONEIT

By

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Schoneit ist nicht einem gefällt  
Schoneit ist schutzling von kultur kollektivisch  
Schoneit im augent gefällt ist heuchelei  
Schoneit und weine ist nervototend  
Geisttotend fur dumm junge leute

alexander opicho



# Schützen Umwelt

Misserfolg zur schützen umwelt ist sunde  
Gerausch verunreinigung ist sunde  
Erde verunreinigung ist sunde  
Sozial verunreinigung ist sunde  
Umweltverschmutzung ist sunde

Informieren arm leute uber umwelt  
Infromieren ihnen nicht zu fallen baum  
Nicht toten schalanges  
Nicht toten kakerlag  
Nicht toten schmetterling  
Nicht toten vogel  
Umweltverschmutzung ist sunde

Korruption ist feind von umwelt  
Stammes ist feindlich von umwelt  
Rassismus ist feind von umwelt  
Vollerei ist feindlich von umwelt  
Armut ist feind von umwelt  
Umweltverschmutzung ist sunde

Deutschwelle schützen umwelt  
Europa leute schützen umwelt  
Britisch von grossbritannien schützen umwelt  
Afrika leute schützen umwelt  
Frankreich leute schützen umwelt  
Indien leute schützen umwelt  
Umweltverschmutzung ist sunde

Malerisch schoneit ist das von umwelt gute  
Dufstrauschen fur frankeinreich leute ist das von umwelt gute  
Sie Afrika leute busch verkerhr du geniessen das von umwelt gute  
Umweltverschmutzung ist sunde

Vergnugen!

alexander opicho

# Schweigen

Ich respect du  
Das von sie kuhneit  
Du sie nicht ahnlich  
Sie kumpel larm  
Ehren und wurde  
Sie euerens

vergnugen

alexander opicho

# Selfish Education

SELFISH EDUCATION MINUS POETICAL WISDOM  
MAKES THE WORLD LAME

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Nothing is wrong with selfish education;  
Career is an important part of a good life  
Much of human life over the years  
Is devoted to career acquisition  
In oblivion of poetical wisdom  
Philosophy does not make it any easier, ok  
For apothecaries to remove a prostate gland;  
Apothecarical education is long, arduous and dear in cost  
Never temper it with apparent irrelevance  
But poetical wisdom soothes the tools  
Helps apothecaries to volite in dilemma  
Poetical wisdom is essential for apothecary's work  
Without it; apothecary tells a mother-to-be  
Your baby will be a dwarf dwarfishly  
The apothecary explains the mother's options yet in fault  
Since it takes more than just knowledge of genetics  
Since it requires an understanding of suffering,  
Of disappointment and puerperal attachment  
Apothecary tell a daughter but in sham; that  
Your mother's life support needs to be removed  
It takes more than just knowledge of physiology  
It too requires an understanding of emotional loss  
A casualty room apothecary goofs to avoid despair  
When faced with a baby battered nearly to death  
By its own zinjathropus father  
Such horror requires a faith in humanity  
That cannot be learned in the selfish education  
It's not just apothecaries absolute  
To benefit from a broader learning  
It is but entire humanity  
Studying drama would no help financiers  
Devise capricious financial parasites  
That doomed the world into financial mire

But, if they were familiar with Faust,  
They may have thought twice about  
The consequences of their vice,  
Being able to sing from Shelley's poems  
Will not help politicians get elected  
Carousing Ozymandias might make them more humble  
And thoughtful about their accomplishments  
Rupert Murdoch might not now be shaking his head  
And whining; how I wish I new  
Instead, he were to echo Shakespeare's words  
About how easy it is to be; done to death by a slanderous tongue,  
I sing this poem in a crouch in the twilight  
Around the world as my audience  
Behold poetic eyebrows of my comrades,

A generation of humanity familiar poetical kingdoms  
Of history, philosophy and literature is a wonderful vision  
Doubts not that reading Goethe  
And Shelley and Shakespeare guarantees wisdom  
You are correct, kudos to you,

Reading, by itself, won't make anyone a sage  
Experience is a pertinent Florence  
As Odysseus learns on his journey back to Ithaca,  
Important lessons can only be learned the hard way  
Through bitter experience, perhaps has a change,

Youth start out with sex, drugs, rock and roll  
With experience they eventually emotions decadence  
In calm appreciation that; nothing to excess,

Tragic exceptions like poor Amy Wine house;  
Only serve to prove the rule, there is a problem,

Ergo, Experience alone cannot guarantee wisdom  
Any more than reading books can  
The lessons of life are only available  
To those who are ready to learn them  
If wisdom is the goal, then humanity must walk 10,000 miles,  
To read 10,000 books  
Said 17th century Chinese philosopher, GU Yanwu  
Becoming wise requires more than set of adventures

But a cultured mind that is open and liberal  
Readily able to absorb the lessons that experience teaches  
Pasteur famously said that; Chance favours the prepared mind  
Our job as learning humanity is to take his words seriously  
Prepare mankind to learn from experience,

Humanity is to go beyond selfish education  
To learn colours of hope in the poetical wisdom;  
Life, death, tragedy, love, beauty, courage, loyalty  
All of these are omitted from selfish education  
yet, when it comes time to sum up our lives,  
They are the only things that ever go places,

Catholic priesthood ever admonishes the flocks;  
Thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return  
A salutary reminder of what we all have in waiting f  
Like the Preacher in the Ecclesiastes;  
We spend our years trying to find some meaning in our lives  
It is easy to fall into the bottomless pit  
Life is tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing  
But before humanity reaches Macbeth's conclusion,  
We must provide with the poetical glory  
Musing fortunately as all humanities is anxious  
There is a thirsty for poetical wisdom  
Which parochial selfish education cannot quench,

There ought to be a list of great poetical works  
From east, west, north and south of the world  
Globalectically Nursing poetic urge of the earth  
With which every piece of humanity should suckle  
In wisdom that Books have the power to convey wisdom,

From these poetical sources that humanity learn about love  
And loss, about memory and desire,  
About loyalty and duty,  
About our world and love-bound universe  
And about what it means to be a human being

Alexander Opicho

# Selfish Proffessor

Academic meanness in the blend of old age crisis  
Have over-taken the only professor in my country,  
He began with a colonial Maths diploma to his current air  
Of Doctorate in history of his ethnic pristine African village,  
He served all the universities as the chancellor of chancellors,  
Unto now to his octogenarian age dressed in full suits of bitterness,  
He is strongly jealousy to full scale of intellectual blindness,  
In full plumage of faith that none else went to school after himself,  
In the parochial mental realm of his foot steps on the sands of time  
Being the features and land-marks of education in the land of Africa,  
He hates other scholars with passion, but no iota of reason  
He feels them defective as their tribes can not produce a professor,  
His fear is that who will teach PhD. students after his death,  
He refers to his family as center of everything, none else can do  
Other than his glorious sons and daughters from his dear wife,  
Mrs. Professor speaks twenty four languages; Greek and Russian,  
A mere saucer to her strong linguisticised African mandibles,  
Who else on earth can have a wife of this sterling caliber?  
That made the Kalahari and Sahara deserts to have thunder.

alexander opicho

# Seven Men On The Coffle For The Grave

They are officials of the state religion  
They don't have Muhammad or Jesus in the piety,  
But the tentacles of their filthy sink deep  
Into the placental matrix of the revolving state  
The crudeness and repugnance of their faith  
Obviously and deeply funded by the state coffer  
From the jeopardized tax payers,  
Managed by their blameless adherent son  
Nourishing all with absolute power  
To put poor sons of the soil on the coffle  
In nemesis for their contrasted sanctimony  
Down to the common grave of seven men.

alexander opicho

# She Is My Otherness

And is true she is my otherness  
But not my alter ego as you may think,  
I am her strength, but she is my weakness  
I am her herculean device, but she is my Achilles hill,  
I am her weapon of life, but she is my boomerang,  
I am her riches but she is my poverty,  
I am her wisdom, but she is my folly  
I am her public dignity, but she is my public shame  
I am her solution, but she is my challenge,  
I am her peace, but she is my troubles,  
I am her light but she is my darkness  
I am her love but she is my punishment,  
I am her purity, but she is my filthiness  
I am her decency, but she is my indecency,  
I am her Napoleon, but she is my Josephine,  
I am her Adam, but she is my Eve  
I am her life but she is my death,

alexander opicho



## Silent Benefactors Of Koinange Street

He comes out of his house, off into his sleazy limousine,  
The pride and glory of American handicraft,  
Drives away past his main gate, guarded by a Luhyia national,  
The nation from which watchmen are mass manufactured,  
The gate is banged closed with a sharp emblem dominating;  
tafadahli umbwa kali, please fierce dogs are in don't dare enter,  
when no piece of a dog is in, hen pecking husbands perhaps,  
He drives away in low spirit, like the tail of a snake,  
Sharply contrasting his tiger thoraxed debates in the parliament,  
In defence of state corruption; Anglo leasing and her sisters,  
The wife has chased out our state officer, his sole Succor,  
of the night and chilly loneliness so nameless, in the streets of Nairobi,  
Is the epiphanous street of koinange, after Mbiu Koinange  
The colonial orchestrator of intellectual globalectics,  
He sired political immorality that sired social depravement,  
To rove his avenues as the state and money capitalist  
Convert beautiful daughters of the poor peasants  
Into defenseless protégés of class misfortune  
Roaming the back streets minus  
Any lingerie in their bosoms.

Alexander Opicho

# Solitude Of Power

Sombre loneliness in the abyss of power  
Where selfishness begets solitude,  
In which the powerful ones that be  
Eminently hang alone self-ostracized  
In a high catacomb of democracy  
From which is connived the foul whims  
Of dictatorship, the sole protégé  
Of deliberate exclusion, rendering mankind  
To beautiful menace of powerlessness  
A pedestal on which civilisations of Africa  
Substantially dangle in a stand.

Alexander Opicho

# Song Of A Circumcised Woman

Her name is Chelang'at, daughter of the Kipsgis  
She was married to a village chief at age of fourteen,  
After being chopped of a clitoris in a Maasai  
Ritual of FGM, chlitoridectomy or you name it for me,  
For the Maasai elders strictly marry circumcised virgins,  
What a ritual so pernicious that my nerves panic with fire.  
She gets into a marriage now, Male sided marriage,  
Where women and distaff are seen, but not heard whatsoever,  
It is her well rounded buttocks, sharply erect boobs  
Tight thighs and sweet sensuous moans to be made in bed  
That matters most, but not her thoughts not even human feelings.  
She starts of her day by morning glory on dot of the cock-crow  
Then she jumps of her bed as humanity wallows in silence,  
She goes straight for her broom then begins sweeping,  
And scrapping her house, the main house then the kitchen,  
No brassiere under her blouse or lingerie under her skirt,  
For you never can tell when the chief's cloud will accumulate,  
Into thunderous and windy rain with its aimless seeds to plant,  
Then carefully prepares porridge from millet and sorghum flour,  
Or Soya beans, ground nuts and simsim for the children  
To take before they leave to school, both her children,  
And those sired through out-growing by her husband,  
Then she goes at the cow shed to milk her native cows,  
Which she milks by dodging ceaseless kicks from the angst cow,  
She sings and whistles hymns for the cow to calm and stand balmy,  
But coincidentally her last-born baby, three months old boy,  
Named after the paternal grandfather wakes up in painless cry,  
Starts crying and groaning for attention, suckling,  
She shelves milking aside, and rushes to pick the baby up  
Not because of anything but lest its crying disturb her husband  
From sweet morning sleep, it is so bad, even punishable.  
She picks-a-back the baby, using a shawl as a cot,  
Comes back to the milking shed, to resume her work,  
Only to come to a surprise; the calf un-knoosed itself  
And has suckled its mother's udder dry, it is frothing  
At the mandibles; she picks two liters of milk to her house  
To the kitchen, starts cooking for her husband, two calabashes  
Of tea, over spiced with milk and Kericho tea leaves,  
As the husband is called to a treat of mellifluous tea,

She jumps at washing her husband's age-worn clothes;  
Brother-in-laws pass by but no, they run back to his cottage,  
Scoops and brings the grimed short trousers,  
to be washed by the in-law, as the woman belongs  
To the clan, to the entire community but not the husband,  
she washes all these stuff minus a tincture of qualm,  
Lunch hour knocks, she rushes to the kitchen and cooks,  
For the children are about to come from school, they must eat  
Eat on time, if not declare this woman a public disgrace  
Who can not cook for the community, forget of the children,  
Evening comes; she cooks again, her baby still on the back,  
The husband complains of the food being not delicious,  
Salt was not enough, she did not put in pepper; a stupid woman!  
She accepts her mistake and apologizes effusively, or else fire!  
She goes to mend the bed for the husband to rest,  
She puts the baby on the bed in sides the snoring man  
She goes out behind the hut to take a bath,  
The husband has not yet constructed a bathroom,  
For fear that evil neighbours can secretly plant there voodoo  
It can kill the husband and rob him a chance to savour wives and cows,  
She comes back to her bedroom drying herself up with a shawl,  
The husband goes up in libido; he forcefully shoves her to the bed  
He giggles desperately, he jumps on her bust, minus foreplay,  
No single kissing, pinching, nor fondling of the breast or even kissing her  
On the stunted clitoris, he penetrates her mechanically, like a block of stone  
He introduces himself deep and deeper into her defenseless body,  
Then he releases warm semen into her, before even she is part of him,  
He falls asleep like a log of wood, leaving her awake on a flame  
This rhythm repeats like a circa, on a pattern of regular basis,  
She endured and finishes one year without getting pregnant,  
The husband gets self-suspicious and irritated, very irked,  
As per why the woman on whom his cows were wasted is not receiving  
His very powerful seeds, to become pregnant, to carry his son,  
He beats her up, ruthless flogging and kicking, kicking her buttocks,  
Insulting and lambasting in heavyweight measure, down to ash pit  
She apologizes and promises to be pregnant in a fortnight,  
To which the man accedes; but...but...but let it be  
That you miss to be pregnant, I will chase you away,  
I will repossess my cows, I squandered on you  
In payment of your pride price; dowry  
To marry a reproductively better wife, gods  
Of fertility fails to honour her prayers,

Sterility goes beyond the stretched patience,  
Of the husband, mother in law and the clan,  
She is condemned to the fate she undeserved,  
She is chased away with no one to empathize her,  
Her baby on the back in a dirty shawl,  
In her heart she sings the silent song,  
To the famished daughters of Africa;  
Daughters, sisters and brethren in the African womenfolk  
Hail you; you are blessed among all the diversities of nature  
You are blessed for your peace and love in all of your times  
You are blessed for resilience and spiritual energy to soldier on  
By being a woman, wife, a girl, a mother and a grand mother,  
Peasant, a co-wife, illiterate, a villager and a school drop out  
In the African conditions which have no time for the women,

Daughters of Africa both at home in Africa and in the Diasporas  
In Americas, South Africa Cuba, Brazil, or the whole Caribbean  
, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Kenya, Uganda and white African space,  
Be blessed for your virtue of love and forgiveness  
That swells your hearts as you ever treat to oblivion  
Those who rape you whether in war or in peace  
Even in marriage, school, universities, hospitals,  
Farms, goatherds, kitchens, labs and in the offices,  
On the platter of polygamy, rituals and crudeness of culture  
Sly religions, and in the selfish farm labour where your spouse  
Gives you a remote encounter with brutality of bourgeoisie culture,  
Kudos to you, you always pick up the pieces and go for your stitches  
With no regard to whatsoever the number, like the appalling ones  
Like the man-made horrors of above six stitches  
Stomached by the rape victims of Congo wars,

You have always consolidated poor Africa from  
Smithereens of war and terrors sired by selfish male war,  
You have often mocked the cult of dictatorship on its face  
With no learning, you have enticed social inclusions as societal virtue  
You have snooked to tribalism, racism and class bigotry on the face  
Them the cultic vices that have cemented Africa's cult of dictatorship,  
Daughters of Africa stand up and make Africa the alter of holiness  
Fight for education as you entice humanity with your wholesome fibre  
As you have already restored Liberia to a national state in the song of Sirleaf  
As you did in your lovely mend to central Africa to a national family in the song  
Catherine

Fight on for art and poetry in Africa in the arms with Marriama Ba and Micere  
Mugo,  
Sire and Nurse African ecology unbowed in the spiritual realm of Wangare Mathai  
Restore and forge Africa forward to an open society you dear daughters,  
Say no to apartheid against gays, lesbians, women, children, and migrants,  
For the strength of your beauty in education and politics, my dear ladies  
Has a global testimony to the prime of your motherhood,  
A touch you certainly have for all our social spheres,  
in governance you preach inclusivity, in politics you  
Preach integrity, domestically you preach honesty,  
In science you preach love and care,  
In commerce you preach duty to man  
And duty to save nature,  
Duty to duty  
duty.

alexander opicho

# Song Of A Russian Barren Woman

Have you ever come to my country to Russia?  
It may be nay or yes, but Russia is a strange country,  
It is people are funny and lively, with strong sense for success,  
Those from Moscow are tall and confidently walking in a bounce,  
Those from hinterland Russia often display inferiority on the face,  
But conventional Russian has a keen nose for property and success,  
A scientist in Russia is a beacon of interest like a pastor in Africa,  
All Russians are somehow intelligent with humour and strong success motive,  
Like once the case of a Russian barren woman, in the city of Moscow,  
She was a Muzhik by class disposition, but proselytized into Bolshevism,  
By the then Bush fire of Vladimir Ilyanov Lenin through his song of workers,  
She was thus a dear comrade or comradess? Her Name was Sofia Ludwickfna,  
She had been barren, o no! Childless for generations and generations,  
Her marriage had been on-off and on-off due to this misfortunate pale,  
Of inability to bear a child at most a son to be name after Lenin,  
Every Russian man condemned her after a short while of marriage  
To public distaste whenever it was discovered that Sofia was barren,  
As usual, Russian men hinge their love manners on the native wisdom that;  
Bogy Vysoky Tsar Dalyko; meaning God is far a way but the tsar is near,  
But one day when Sofia had celebrated her menopausal day of 40th birthday,  
She realized that something like a lump is felt in her tummy,  
She rushed to the medic at the high street Moscow  
For clinical service lest the lump grows in to cancerous tumor,  
But to her stark surprise; the medic declared her pregnant,  
In fact two months pregnant, and nothing else,  
She asked if the pregnancy carried a boy or a girl,  
For she feared to sire a boy as it was only a peasant,  
That mated her in the fields during the previous full moon,  
But the medic declined a comment, as his technology was not fit,  
To establish the fetal gender, may be she better tries America or Germany,  
But any way, she walked home happy, whistling her best lyrical  
Perhaps a sonnet to the revolution and Vladimir Lenin,  
The ninth month came, and Sofia delivered peacefully,  
In fact a bouncing baby boy, with strong jaws like a Moscow Muzhik,  
It was a moment of her joy as the gods of Russia had remembered her,  
The baby grew and developed so well, it suckled and swallowed with sound,  
It kicked nicely and waved its spatulate hands; a young son of Russia,  
And indeed the joy of the baby made Sofia to grow fat and fat,  
She named the baby four names; Tsar Alexander Tolstoy Vladimir Lenin,

On one warm after noon, Sofia chose to have a nap under the jacaranda tree,  
To feel the breeze as her baby suckled, light slumber over took her nerves,  
Then she fell into a deep sleep, the baby was on her teats suckling and waving,  
Making soft nice sounds of thaa thaa thaaaaaaa!  
Sofia began dreaming; she saw a very huge African man,  
Utterly naked with bush hair on his deeply black Negro skin,  
He was not circumcised; he came unto her making stupid sound,  
Like wild Russian swine chasing a rhino, he came straight to her,  
She began fighting and kicking the Negro away,  
She kicked mightily in the style of Russian woman,  
But the Negro was strong; he began biting off her breasts,  
One by one, he was biting and making gnomish Negro abracadabra,  
She jumped at the Negro's kneck, she began strangulating him,  
She pressed tight and tight, the Negro began making stupid sounds  
Like a chimpanzee, again and again as she pressed hard into his Adams' apple  
Finally Sofia managed to kill the Negro, and then she woke up from her sleep,  
Only to realize it was not a Negro that she had killed, but her baby, it was dead!  
She was arrested by the KOSMOSOL and taken to the judge, accused for  
infanticide,  
She recounted the Negro story on her defense, the judge and all Russians were  
agog,  
They uniformly blamed the misfortune of Sofia on the increasing number of  
Negros in Moscow,  
The judge ruled that all Negroes to be thoroughly beaten and chased out of  
Moscow,  
To be confined in a more remote bushy area in the hinterland beyond the prison  
of Siberia.

alexander opicho



# Songs Of Freedom In Kenya

songs of freedom in Kenya are paradoxical of themselves  
they have become the songs of oppressive tyranny  
they are not songs that were sang by freedom fighters  
in the tropical forests of aberdares and Mabanga  
they are blissful carols of powers that be  
mouthed by the state poets in the deadly feats  
of political sycophancy fuelled by cult of betrayal  
and espionage, a real substructure of state dictatorship  
they are not the true songs of mau mau  
that were sang by Kimathi wa miciuri  
they are the songs of the top crust of the tribal  
and political powers that be in oblivion of  
the cultural revolutionaries that countermanded  
cultural Darwinism of European imperial gamesters  
they are not the songs sang by Elijah Masinde  
of Dini Msambwa that spirited up cultural aura  
of cultural dignity; which cautioned certainly  
an African against the cultural call of the white culturalizer  
the African to balk and turn his back  
and fart and spit scornfully at cultural trickster in the colonial ploy  
to dance for Dini ya Msambwa in the spirit of war and fires of war  
that is to be fought in preservation of democracy and cultural freedom.

Alexander Opicho

# Sovereignty In Loneliness

Sovereignty in loneliness is a threat to reason  
Where man guards the self from sanity  
And does harm in glory of absolutism  
Wards off piques by wand of axiomatics.

Sovereignty in isolation is swine of polity  
Mauling life from future and future from life  
Putting to prone those in a swaddle of innocence  
Children from parent, parent from themselves.

Sovereignty unchecked is the bane of humanity  
Killing the powerless to no redress yonder  
Preserving the killer in the umbra of power  
Teaching the victims to adore the oppressor.  
Sovereignty minus cultured is couth less  
Switching despair for justice  
And justice for paradox  
Propelling despotism to apex of all.

Sovereignty in Africa is a bastard child-ling  
Towering over offspring of the wedlock  
Suffocating democracy as poa constrictor  
Wringing life out of a maiden lamb.

Alexander K Opicho is a social researcher with Sanctuary Researchers Ltd in Eldoret, Kenya he is also a lecturer in Research Methods in governance and Leadership

Alexander Opicho

# Spam Poetry From Delusive Sudan

Dear Beloved potential victim to my foul intentions,  
How are you today and your family, I covet it most  
I am a citizen of Sudan but currently staying in Burkina Faso.  
My name is Miss Ngara Deng, 24 years old daughter of the richest Sudanese  
My wealth in prankstery is spilling over the tumbler of truth,

We originated from Sudan the confused kingdom of penchant tribalism  
I got your E-mail address/profile through my justifiable slyness  
in the internet search from your country of prank victims,  
In the national chamber of commercial fraudulence,  
When I was searching for a good and trust worthy person  
Who will be my friend even I con him to the apex of my efforts,

And I believe that it is better we get to know each other  
Better and trust each other so that I determine your degree of folly  
Because I believe any good relationship depends on your callousness  
Will only last if it is built on truth and real love of I frauding you,  
My father Dr. Dominic Dim who gave birth to me  
A universal queen of fraud an pranking  
He was the former Minister for SPLA contraband Affairs  
And Special Adviser to President Salva Kiir in regard to tribalism,  
As the main virtue of South Sudan.

My father Dr. Dominic Dim Deng, blessed be his name  
And my mother including other top Military officers  
And top government officials in this game of ours,  
Had been on board when the plane crashed  
On Friday May 02, 2008. May be Museven Knows  
After the burial of my father, all pranks were there,  
My uncles conspired and sold my father's properties  
To a Chinese expatriate and live nothing for me.

One faithful morning, gave a twist of fate;  
I opened my father's briefcase and found out the false documents,  
Which he have deposited huge amount of fake money in one bank  
In Burkina Faso with my name as the next of kin in prankster,  
I traveled to Burkina Faso to withdraw the money  
so that I can start a better prank life and take care of wiles.

On my arrival, full in arms as you know am a liar  
The Branch manager of the Bank, a Burkinabe  
Whom I met in person and desire he was my prey,  
Told me that my father's instruction, vicious ones  
To the bank was the money is released to me,  
Only when I am married or present a sexual trustee  
Who will help me and invest the money conning guys overseas  
I have chosen to contact you after my prayers and ploys.  
I believe that you will not betray my trust.

But rather take me as your own sister in crime  
Though you may wonder why I am so soon revealing myself  
to you without knowing you to be good in pranking,  
Well, I will say that my mind of a thief convinced me  
That you are the true foolish person to steal from.

More so, I will like to disclose much to your folly  
if you can help me to cheat the police by hiding in your country  
Because my uncle has threatened to counter prank me,  
The amount is \$8.4 Million and I have confirmed  
From the bank in Burkina Faso that am only lying,  
You will also help me to place the money in heavenly treasure  
In a more profitable swashbuckling venture in your Country  
However, you will help by recommending to me  
A nice University in your country from when I get a diploma  
In thieving and frauding,  
So that I can complete my studies in this marketable field

it is my intention to dupe you properly  
As you get trapped in my rackets;  
The balance shall be my capital  
In your illusive establishment  
As soon as I receive your interest in helping me,  
I will put things into action immediately  
In the light of the above of the nonsense  
I shall appreciate an urgent message from you  
Indicating your ability not to sense a lie  
and willingness to handle this transaction in foolish sincerity.

Please do keep this only to yourself as it is fortunes fool

You should contact with my prank email ID below;  
missngarad@  
Sincerely yours,  
Miss Ngara DENG

alexander opicho

# Spam Poetry From Hospital

From Princess Esther Fatouma,  
The future queen of lies and deception  
Dear ALLAH Elect, the most high,  
Who blessed me with the powers to cheat  
My luciferous pleasure to have contact with you,  
Based on the pathetic and critical condition I find mine self,  
Though, it's not financial problem,  
But my health you might have known  
That cancer is not what to talk home about,  
Though I don't know you, but your are my sweet victim  
And my contact with you was not by mistake,  
But by the divine favour of ALLAH the maker of I the prankster

I am married to Mr. Mohamed Sule, I love him dearly,  
My husband worked with Tunisia embassy in Burkina Faso  
For nine years before he died in the year 2008.  
We were married for eleven years without a child.  
He died after a brief illness that lasted for five days.

Since his death I decided not to remarry,  
When my late husband was alive  
he deposited the sum of US\$ 2.2m, waaa!  
Two million two hundred thousand dollars,  
in a bank in Ouagadougou the capital city of Burkina Faso  
It is a wonder why all this sonnetic fortune,  
In west Africa Presently this money is still in bank.  
He made this money available, minus chains  
for exportation of Gold from Burkina Faso mining.  
Recently, My Doctor told me some thing new;  
I am yet to visit the land of my ancestors, my husband  
That I don't have much time to live because of the cancer problem,

Having known my condition,  
I decided to hand you over this money  
To take care of the less-privileged people,  
You will utilize this money the way I am going to instruct herein  
I want you to take thirty Percent of the total money for your personal use  
While seventy percent of the money will go to charity  
Helping the orphanage and all those that are homeless,

And I pray that you are foolish enough to provide your bank details  
You would have converted yourself in to over parented orphanage.

□

alexander opicho

# State Goons Took Our Red Cockerel

They gate crashed to our home in the late morning,  
Dressed in the red-shirts, wielding clubs and machetes,  
Howling loudly that they are national party officers  
Protecting peace and development, that is never seen,  
Our country already is crushed to forlorn state  
Under the heavy lord of anti-human leadership,  
They shamelessly extorted money from my poor father  
Which they called compulsory party fees, for what?  
A political party whose name is as horrifying as leprosy,  
My father hadn't enough money, they took away in addition  
Our only one red cockerel which was learning to crow,  
It worked as our family clock on its crowing in the morning,  
We had too earmarked it for the next cock fight fete.  
Our family hopes for money hinged on its wining the prize  
The Proceeds with which hopped to succor ourselves  
By funding our mother's cancer treatment bills.

alexander opicho



# Stone Falconer

I want not to replicate the old gods  
In my decry of my love for my dear nyas,  
Her pristine love for me went aboveboard  
Follies of the princonx in their native demesness,  
As my efforts to love back are stretched taut  
My hands held forlorn in the snarling gyvies,  
Their cradle nothing but nativities fiat,  
Other than my luckless stone falconer's life lurk.

alexander opicho

# Sunday

the ocean in which  
bigots and sadist wash their linen  
prostitutes justify their treasure  
social ostriches bury their heads  
in the cultural sands  
of oblivion and limbo  
sunday morning  
the day on which  
i lost my virginity  
to the incontrite rapists  
from yonder.

alexander opicho

# Sunny Advantages

Morning here midnight there  
Winter chilling the temperate,  
Sharp heats of mid day in the tropics  
Putin's Blizzards in Ukraine a counterpoise  
To an elegant bivouac in Timbuktu.  
Sun's selfish rations to those underneath,  
Has too sent me to bed in ruthless darkness  
As others it wakes to pocket glory on the Wall Street

alexander opicho

# Swines Of Civilisation

## SWINES OF CIVILISATION

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Hypocrisy, sycophancy and snobbery  
Are the three swines of human civilisation  
All are social and power oriented  
Cradling from egomaniac fibre of human cowardice  
Complementing one another in to a social blend  
Of betrayal, despair and stagnation

Hypocrisy removes authenticity brick  
From the mall of civilisation  
Sycophancy add aghast deficiency  
To the mall of civilisation  
Snobbery removes justice and fairness  
From the mall of civilisation

alexander opicho

# Taking My Poetry To The Bottom Of African Latrine

Let me take my poetry to the bottom of African latrine  
As clearly directed by my colonial master,  
After he read and failed to sing my poem  
Which I wrote and troubdoured on the digital platform,  
Of social poem hunters dot commercial  
My poem's title was; ode to the heart of the racist,  
Which I sang as a melody of an anti racist  
Singing to echo the rights of humanity,  
Beyond the skinflint castle of the skin  
Without charm to offend any specific race,  
But a special dedication to the people living in Diaspora.  
My dear reader from anonymous country  
Neither England nor America of Canada,  
Read my poetry in feat of amok seizure  
With strong spasm to lynch to an African poet,  
His civilized comment was worst case of universal ignorance  
That crystallized into arsenal to condemn my poem  
By desperately demanding that I take my mauverick poem  
To the stark depth of fresh African latrine,  
His civilization left me bamboozled to my possible hilt;  
As his ghastly condemnation sent me to deep frenzy of  
wonderment;  
Why a learned comment must be abusive  
Why anti racism poetry must be ghastly condemned  
Why songs of racial freedom should be heinously decimated  
Why songs of home nostalgia  
In the bigotry ridden Diaspora abodes  
Must be taken to the bottom of African latrine?  
I beg your pardon my dear master,  
Allow me to take my poetry  
To the top surface of a white latrine.

Alexander Opicho

# Tanzfläche

Sie ist auf tanzfläche tanzen  
Die dame ich mit gekommen  
Ist auf tanzfläche tanzen  
Tanzen mit noch mahn  
Sie habe mcih vergessen  
Das von die verfuhr auf tanzfläche  
Es ist sehr bohse  
Es ist sehr entmutigend  
Weine habe machen ihr wahnsinnig

Was kann ich sagen?  
Meine dame habe mir vergessen  
Sie ist auf tanzfläche tanzen  
Tanzen ohne sie tanken über mich  
Ich gehen heime ohne ihr  
Es ist sehr entmutigend

Vernugen!

alexander opicho

# Tax Payer

Tax man! The tax man is coming,  
He is in company of the city Askari  
Armed with clubs and sten-guns  
In the militant spirit of field combat  
Reconnoitering to the point of rampage  
In full readiness to attack and wound  
The street hawker in Nairobi city,  
The dominant city tax payer is under siege  
He has no option; is either tax or death  
tax man! Tax man! Don't kill a hawker.

Alexander Opicho

# Tenth Defence Of Poetry Lecture

Because I am growing bald, I shall greet you all with my laurel on. Clio, the muse of history, has smiled on me, and continues to smile, I hope till I have delivered this Tenth Defence of Poetry Lecture. For that, I am grateful to Clio, and promise to slaughter a fatted ram in her honour the moment the task is done. So Clio, please maintain me your vessel till the task is done

1.□

Rotterdam, this poetic city, all the muses and patrons of creativity, please make it your residence for the duration of this festival. Calliope, your sister and muse of epic poetry, we are sure is hovering nearby, ready to give me the wings with which to soar to epic level. Erato, your sister, the one who has kept company with most of the lyricists and writers of love poetry, we pray should not desert them. We need love too as much as before. And fit lyrics, otherwise our ears will turn rock deaf. Euterpe too, should restore music into poetry. The music that was there till the wild Americans, following some French poetasters who had misunderstood the poetry of African wooden sculptures, had mangled it. Your empire would have been better off without the vandalism by Ezra Pound. Terpsichore, your sister, the muse of choral dance and song is still holding her own. Especially in our idyllic climes. Polyhymnia is in trouble. The sense of the sacred is lost or getting lost. Without any idea of the sacred – the one sacred, sacredness – how can poetry be written extolling the virtues of the sacred nature of Gods and men? Melpomene – the muse of tragedy, also is in trouble. Without a definition, an agreed upon definition of the sacred, of the honoured deed and thing, that which can be done or not done, used or not used, under certain circumstances, how can we have tragedy. The 'tragic' can only be defined in their truly religious sense. Without universal norms, without an agreement on what is good and bad, holy and evil, you get the functionaries' or cut-throats' ideas of the 'correct' and 'incorrect' way of executing a deed. No more 'right' or 'wrong', left-handed (pardon me, left-handed people) , and the 'normal' deed. It is the ambidextrous people who cut up Julius Caesar 'correctly' or 'incorrectly' according to the manuals written or unwritten. Debasement of the scientific method. Perhaps that is the tragedy of our time: the absence of an agreed upon definition of the tragic. The sense of the poetically tragic, according to me, is more important now, than the sense of the religiously saintly. The life of Oedipus teaches: Job's life revolts. As for Thalia, we are in the city of her greatest son: Erasmus. He who looked at life as a series of follies, and extolled the virtues of Folly! Nothing is more comic than a father of the church writing a volume telling his countrymen and the world not to take life too seriously: for all is folly, a comedy. That stance, I take it, is more preferable to self-conscious Dante Alighieri and his imperfect Divine Comedy, full of spleen. If one's love of God



entitles one to put one's foes into purgatory, then one goes there to gloat at their suffering, the meaning of comedy is overstretched. But, most certainly, when the tragic is not identified, then one swims in the world of moral uncertainty. So perhaps there should have been a make-shift muse for the tragi-comic. For, when each one of us strives for the tragic, the individually tragic, but his efforts are received or interpreted as comic then surely, between the intention and its production, and resultant reception, a new beast is born: the tragi-comic! If he is lucky.

Perhaps Urania, the muse of astronomy should inspire us to understand the nature of creation: the coming into being of the elements: air, water, light, earth; sky; stars, moons, suns. The seasons. In short, cosmology, the cosmic – with all that is astronomical included – and the environment. And man's puny place in it: man who elevates himself to such a height now that he prides himself on the products of his mind. The saltiness in his blood comes from the sea. He has a navel. But the midwives do not show him his umbilicus and its interconnections with the universe. Now that he has unmasked the Gods and found them the clever contraptions of wise men, creatures of poets of the past. Minds that had realized that the unblinkered mind, the unhampered intellect, is dangerous, even unto itself! So, as they say: the sacred was consciously created with God placed at the centre, precisely to keep man sane, and in his place. Straying from that conception constitutes the tragic.

2.

My dear lovers of poetry, the ancient Greeks in their mental period of cosmic exploration reached astronomical heights. They knew that man's intellect could be his eventual undoing. So it was better to tell man, pre-arranged, that on his own, he could not achieve much. Up in the air, on mountain tops, in ocean depths, etcetera, places far, high, deep, there live super-forces that would deign to help those who had creative ability, and whom they loved, to achieve and bring out in their names, under their control and protection exceptional products. In our department of creativity, I have already introduced the nine goddesses, or muses, who presided over the nine identified areas of creativity.

These nine muses, when they are not attending to urgent missions, like the current Poetry International Festival in Rotterdam, reside upon Mount Parnassus. They share it with Lord Apollo, a patron of creativity, especially prophecy. If he is pleased with you he will make your prophecies believed in like those of Tiresias. If not, you can prophecy your heart out and nobody will believe you, like Cassandra. Apollo is also the patron benefactor of creativity in music, poetry, the sun (as part of astronomy) and medicine. The God that inspired creativity had better also come up with medicine, to care for, or cure, the victims of the

ensuing sickness.

I also think the Greek mythical poets believed that imaginative creativity is too important to be left to Apollo alone, or the muses alone. Besides, the sun and prophecy are so be-wilting they should really belong to the man's sphere of action. See what it did to poor Cassandra!

2.□

There were also arenas – I do not know which were more beastly: gladiators facing hungry lions, or fellow humans? Perhaps the most ruinous were inspired humans battling it out mentally in the arena or gymnasia before taking to the field of Are. If you think the man with words is less lethal than the boxers, then reflect on these Roman generals: Pompey, Ceaser, Brutus, Cassius, Antony, Caesar! Or Cleopatra.

3.□

If you regard the above as poeto-genic, then you may credit the muse of tragic poetry with their conception. But since they are historical, I would claim them for Clio. The muse who gives the general's heart to pump extraordinary blood when he seizes the opportunity to decide and executive the historical deed. As to whether Clio's horse should be hampered or not, I leave it to those who have suffered under historical deeds to decide. The historical hero rides roughshod over the vanquished. In the eyes of the victims, the 'hero' should be sent to The Hague!

Now that we realize with or through the Greeks that our powers are not our own: What is there to be defended? What poetry have we produced which is worth defending? If I am wearing a laurel, because I am under the aegis of Clio, muse of history, history that ravages with the sword on the right hand, but on the left assists science in scientific creation of articles of war and advancement, should I not make a statement that will make sense historically? And what would that sentence be? Should it not be: Let us revisit the idea of poetic creativity as well as all inspired creativity according to the Greeks? And relate our predicaments with the Greeks to them or differ consciously because we have found different, and hopefully, better or more satisfying, rationales for artistry and creativity? If I did not trust your intellectual ability, I would have repeated the last sentence. Does this not call for an archeological digging down the ages to the stratum three thousand years back when the Greeks consciously constructed their ideological world; ideologically mythical, mythically religious, world? And then we will have, for the duration of our search, to believe in what the Greeks believed? Including what Christianity, Islam and Rationalism now dub 'superstition'. Otherwise we make William Shakespeare a laughing stock. If you do not believe in Othello's

magical handkerchief that his mother gave him, does Othello make sense? If you do not believe in walking ghosts, do Hamlet's ratings and killings make sense? We need to preserve some 'superstition' in order to understand the creatures brought into life by Mnemosyne's daughter, through fellow human beings. Precisely because we are still superstitious that is why the Catholic Church burns incense to keep the devil away. That is also why on the last day, Muslims go to stone the devil. So, we cannot dismiss Hamlet, whatever we may think about present day Danes, or Oedipus, whatever we think about present day Greeks.

Sometimes I sympathize with deeply religious people in the South of the United States, who dismiss evolutionism. For, unless you have a prophet to update creation according to the book of 'Genesis', how can you believe in both divine creation and evolution by Charles Darwin? Sometimes too, I sympathize with Indian Hindus who are told that man has landed on the moon. "Which moon?" they ask. "And what do those men want there, they who have not done much to us on this planet?" Perhaps we had ignored the departments of important Goddesses? Polyhymnia, for example, so that she has found no vessel to inspire updaters of 'sacred poetry' to update 'Genesis'.

Without a religious attitude, or belief there can never be a great creation. A creation that is alive, that has life that shelters life. That has an aura. As one of the sacred poets put it, if you have no faith, all you will make is noses; like a tin. And, as another moral poet had put it: the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. Mind you – just the beginning.

I had led you down the archeological path. We went excavating in the mind, layer after layer, into the depth, of mental artifacts as constructed by the human mind in Greece. I want us to stop at the strata where the master of masters, laureate of laureates, the all-seeing poet Homer worked, leaving us with two magical artifacts: The Iliad and The Odyssey.

I have been leafing through countless books but have never been rewarded with any intelligence concerning what happens after a poet has invoked the muses. Does he sit there, paper on the table, quilt in hand, and stare on the wall for the muse to come and inspire him? I know of Kukuruku head-hunters on the River Fly in Papua New Guinea who row their boats at night, holding a lighted lantern, and then call – or mesmerize – crocodiles to come for the killing. Is that what the would-be poet does to attract the muse's aid?

4.□

I know that Alexander Pope boasts that when he scarcely could button his trousers he was already babbling in numbers. But Alex was a child genius. And in

music – as well as rhyming poetry – you can have geniuses, child geniuses. Like Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In mathematics too, you can have precocious geniuses. Especially from the Indian sub-continent. For the majority of us, we have to give the muse an assistance. First, the Theban sphinx – like all sphinxes – posed the simplest question to all who thought they were clever. And it was death for the defeated. Oedipus came and found the riddle so easy, he answered it. The sphinx jumped into the sea and he was left to entangle himself in more complicated riddles. The creature that walks on four feet in the morning, two at midday, and three in the evening is man. It was not supposed to be a difficult question, but it was self-reflective: for he who had been introspective: man know thyself!

Then let Aristotle come on the stage to tell us the qualities the suitable personages for a tragic drama: Royal houses, high personalities, and all that. If he had not included 'tragic flaw', and 'overbearing nature' I would have thrown his notebook away.

I had invited you to go down to the strata when and where Homer composed The Iliad and The Odyssey. Both Homer, in his epics, and Sophocles in his tragic poems, were masters of character study. Since plays, and novels and epics have to move, events in them have to progress, there must be those whose natures and acts cause other or counter actions, or reactions. And the Greeks knew it. It was easier to start the ball rolling than to stop it. Sometimes you will require divine intervention, though, to bring the play to a halt.

Since I expect you to know your Iliad and Odyssey I will proceed by the seminar method. I shall take it but you will join me in this revision.

King Menelaus of Sparta, an ally of Agamemnon and his kingdom of Archaia, has a beautiful wife Helen. They both enjoyed entertaining their visitors. Then let a younger, more handsome visitor, Paris, come home, from the opposite hamlet. And the unsuspecting husband, who had no guile in his heart, leaves the two alone. Their chemistry begins to interact.

5.□

Helen, daughter of Zeus, in the guise of a swan, had conceived her with a mortal, was beautiful beyond compare. Does she operate by man's laws, or God's or swan's? Do you judge her by man's law? Anyway she agreed to flee with their guest. And this is

6. The first poetic act that started everything: Helen agreeing to leave her husband and run away with their guest Paris.

7.□

Paris is beautiful, young and capricious. Welcomed as a guest, he breaks the rules of hospitality and runs away with host's wife. Whose sin is worse: Paris for breaking hospitality's rule? Helen for breaking her marriage vows with a guest? Make your judgments as we go along.

8.□

King Agamemnon, of the Athenian state is Menelaus's ally. A king well-versed in state-craft. A ruler who was in firm control of his people, and their allies. The honor of the royal Achaian house was at stake. The wrong thing had been done. The right action had to follow: Menelaus's wife, Helen, had to be restored to him. Perhaps he was inspired by Clio, the goddess in charge. And he was conscious of the place of this act in future Greek history. He puts together an army for war.

For ten years they stay on their side of the sea. No wind came to take their soldiers across, towards Troy. When everybody was getting tired, something had to be done. The soothsayer reported that the God that controls wind needs appeasing for some wrongs done: The third major poetic act was done. Agamemnon sacrifices his daughter. The wind comes, and they cross over to Troy.

In earlier battles the Greeks are successful. They capture slaves, get booties, and distribute these amongst themselves. Achilles, Greek's master of the spear, slaughtered the most. A beautiful girl captive, Cassandra, belonged to him by right. But King Agamemnon appropriates her for himself.

He is king and gets the first of everything. Achilles says no. The conquest came through the strength of my arms.

In subsequent battles, the Trojans slaughter the Achaians. Achilles withdraws and sulks in his tent. Achilles stays in his camp nursing his grudge. Patroklos his friend, and perhaps homosexual lover, dons Achilles's armour, takes his arms and enters the field. He meets with a lot of initial successes. But Achilles' armour is too heavy for him. The Trojans discover who he is and kill him. Patroklos had made a poetic decision: "Ours is more important than mine".

Because his friend had been killed, Achilles gets up, puts on his armour and goes to defeat the Trojans. Achilles knew that he was immortal, except for a portion of his heels. He also knew that he was destined to die early. (And like Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.) But he was prepared to blaze the firmament like a meteor, and redden the sky. When he went to fight he was already sacrificing himself. For Achilles, me and mine are more important.

After he had killed Hector, he tied him on the back of his chariot and dragged his corpse through the battle field. This was sacrilege. Neither God, nor man likes it. Let its owners go and bury it with all rites due the dead. Greeks honoured this; many African peoples know this. You dishonor the dead, you are already mad. And your doom is near.

3.

The Trojan citadel did not fall because Achilles had killed Hector or after Achilles had killed Hector. For Homer, or the Homeric composers there is something more than the King's power: military might of his fighters. But the strong fighter is not the end of everything. Otherwise Achilles' success in the field could have been enough. There is a third source of strength: stratagem, cunning. The walled city of Troy had to be breached. And how was this to be done?

Odysseus, the crafty soldier who had pretended madness in order not to go to this war, till they brought his baby son Telemachos and put him on the path of the plough. If Odysseus who sowed salt was truly mad he would plough his son into two. He did not do so.

The final fight in Troy now fell into the hands of the man full of tricks. Odysseus devised the making of the Horse. The Trojans, who throughout the epic are referred to as 'breakers of horses', 'trainers of horses' fell for this trick. They never even thought of opening the horse first outside their wall.

The war ends. Menelaus gets his wife back. Justice is done. Paris is compensated by getting the distinction of killing Achilles, the Greek hero. King Agamemnon returns home with his prophesying wife Cassandra. A prophetess who can see her death coming but is powerless to do anything about it. Then another poetic act takes place. Queen Clytaemnestra the mother of the sacrificed daughter had taken a lover. And the two of them await Agamemnon and Cassandra to kill.

After the sack of Troy, the remnants of that city sail away to Rome to found the Rome Empire. Aeneas, the Trojan version of Odysseus, carries his ancient father Anchises on his back, to become a founding father.

Odysseus, on the other hand took a tour of the Mediterranean islands and littorals. When he finally arrived at home, he found that his wife had also been very crafty putting off those men who do not go to war but stay at home enjoying comforts given by the wives whose husbands are away at war, or presumed dead. He and his son Telemachos, and their shepherds put to death all these men. Meting out a poetic justice. The Odyssey is the travelogue route every tour director in Greece should market.

Poetry: whether you are a born poet, a favoured child of the muses, or whether

you aspired to writing poetry, trained yourself and were rewarded with a portion of poetic inspiration, I am sure you have to keep yourself in practice. Or the muse deserts you. It is said that African royal drums crave to be beaten, to be taken to the dance arena to be played. If they have waited for a long time unbeaten, they beat themselves! If that happens then one has to hold a ritual dance very quickly. Or somebody will die. So that the drum will be played. For a week, at least.

Perhaps compulsiveness is the nature of the muses and their charges? Perhaps the inspired poet cannot help being compulsive, headstrong, outspoken?  
Wrapped up in his madness!

There is the poet. And the poetry-laden action. Can you be a poet without the ability to recognize this opportunity? Could The Iliad have been composed if:

(a) Paris had not taken the opportunity to seduce his host's wife? Turn it another way, had there not been a Helen who broke mores by making herself available to their host? In case she started it all? Because that moment, and the ensuing elopement, are the poetry-laden mothers of all the latter developments leading to the sack of Troy.

Did Menelaus have poetry in his heart? That important royal person suspected nothing because he was incapable of straying. Condemned to have a beautiful wife, was he not the perfect character to be cuckolded? King Agamemnon did his duty putting the army together.

(b) The poetry-laden moment had not come when he had to kill his daughter in order for the wind to blow. The leader of the nation had angered his wife so much so that on his return he was killed by her for having killed their only daughter. Isn't it that every action that is anathema to Mother Earth, has to be paid for? Sooner or later? And the knife of Damocles hangs above the master bed? Ready to descend. Choosing whose hand to thrust it?

Killing in war, was Achilles's forte. But for the Greeks of that time, your strong arm is in the service of your king, of your country. The king picks first, of all the booties.

Patroklos, a mortal pretender to the throne of Achilles took to the field. Amongst us poets, who are the Achilles? – or the Mozarts? And who are the Patroklos? The Sallieris? Those who do what they can, but know that they do not belong to the first league? And have to search carefully for the most opportune poetry-laden moment for us to get a bit of that glory?

Achilles or Mozart, Keats or Shelley. They flower early. And die early too. Perhaps just as well. Or they become tedious Poloniuses like Alexander Pope, or Lord Alfred Tennyson. If one was not sure of one's place, one sought death by going to fighting places like Greece then, or Iraq now. Lord George Gordon Byron,

sought early death. After being crowned as the poet laureate of all philanderers. He who had the fatal heel, or was it tendon? – when he went to fight to revenge his friend, already knew he would return in his shield. (Dead Greek soldiers were carried out of the field of war on their shields) . That, to be his last fight, made him drunk. Drunk with blood. And only the putting on of the armour was the shortest moment. The rest of the deed was a spectacle. To be sung. To be remembered. To be written poems about. The sulking of Achilles. The last war of Achilles.

The dragging of the corpse of Hector all over the war arena is testimony of his madness. And over – passing the mark of propriety. Granted you were in a war field. Killing people. But there are some conventions, conventions enshrined in Conventions in our and other times, that you honoured. For the sake of humanity, if not the Gods. Even if you did not believe in Gods. By all means turn your back against the Gods if you what to. But turn your frontal attention fully to human beings. For that, the Gods will forgive you.

Then comes the novelist, master plot-maker. Between the English plot-maker Charles Dickens and the Russian, Fyodor Dostoevsky, I do not find it easy to who to liken Odysseus's Trojan Horse plot to. Because it has comical moments, I yield it to Charles Dickens. Dostoyevsky's plots are too dark.

Did it ever cross your mind that the Trojans could have inspected the horse before hauling it inside? And the soldiers inside would have been killed? There are proverbs against seeing a gift horse in the mouth. So let's have the Trojans, 'trainers of horses' get their mammoth toy – the Wooden Horse. Left behind by their departed enemies. Trojan fascination with horses was their national Achilles' heel.

4.

Perhaps a good place for me to stop. And make some concluding observations. The best poetry is the folk epic. And the folk epics of the world, especially The Iliad and The Odyssey (by Homer) : the Indian Mahabharata, the Finnish Kalevala, and the German Nibelungenlied stand out as needing study and response to by every human generation in every culture and every language. They are not the creations of one person, nor of one generation. They bear the weight of collective creativity of a people about the place of man in the world. So that it is no lie to say they are the mother – Mnemosyne – of all the other muses, all other or later creations. Beginning with Calliope, the champion of epic poetry.

I cast my eyes left and right, forward and backwards and do not see a new epic poem for our time. I, today's favoured son of Clio, find it difficult to defend



partial poetries. Where are the all-embracing poems? The poems that will put man in his place, between the Gods and his weaker nature? Between man and animals? Man that walks on fours, twos, and threes? Forgive me Desiderius Erasmus, if I am out of tune with my fellow singers, out of time in these fast-poem times. Excuse me, if I try to be serious, even I, cannot help seeing the comical character I am cutting. Excuse me if I end up Praising Folly in Rotterdam. Once more. But if humanism is my love, do I do wrong if I try to direct our gaze to caged humanity? And indicate to my compatriots of the world of poetry the value and importance of earlier higher attempts at characterizing man? Drawing attention to the achievements of our superlatively creative historical forebears so that perhaps we shall feel compelled to grace our times with products that emulate theirs? And create products that are relevant for our times and times to come?

August members of Poetry International Foundation,

Fellow Poets

Lovers of Poetry

Ladies and Gentlemen

Poetry must be defended. Even the uneven poetry that we now produce must be defended. So that poetry remains alive. So that we aspire to become better poets. Epic poets. Able to produce the poetry that demands to be defended.

Thank you Clio. For having kept company with me. I shall now go to look for the sacrificial sheep.

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alexander opicho

# Thankyou

saying thank you is not expensive  
be thankful be thankful be thankful  
be thankful for gift of life  
be thankful for gift of poetry  
be thankful in your  
for there are wells from which  
you unknowingly drink  
the fires you unknowingly warm  
when no tincture of your effort  
went into the formations  
be thankful and let your ontology  
be religion of thank you  
thank you  
thank you and thank you so much

alexander opicho

# The Cockroach On Its Back

On its back,  
The cockroach,  
In a jacket of red wings,  
Slender legs,  
And bulging abdomen,  
Like the tummy of African statesman,  
Its legs wallowing in despair,  
In the air,  
Stamping the spread eagled,  
Hind and forelimbs,  
Of the poor anthropod,  
Kicking and waving,  
A cry for the succor,  
To be freed from ebola,  
Or breaking the HIV tether,  
Or un-doing strong bonds of poverty,  
Three districts under leprosy,  
In the domain of the bull's eye,  
Where lesbians and gays swallow raw fate,  
Its salient manifestation,  
Then the cockroach kicks silently,  
Anticipating for salvage,  
But when the domain owner comes,  
He steps with full weight,  
His foot dressed in military boots,  
From the previous legacy of Che Gue Vara,  
On the belly of the kakerlag at Berlin Wall,  
Bursting its stomach but hopscotch,  
Spilling the white stuff out,  
Of poverty and mental dilemma,  
Amid hopelessness in future and history,  
As terrorism mires tomorrow,  
When China reigns today,  
At mercy of contemporary panjandrums,  
Moving from white to black  
And from black to face book,  
Killing those who fall in commercial love,  
As if money is the penis for nuptial night,  
But only to go forth ignobled,

Without making momentous affinity,  
In the realm of ill fated cockroach back-dom,  
Sending Mafousian Egypt to Swedish table,  
Without scorn and regard for true African blood,  
Where will I apologize?  
If the Hitler bug  
Enters my head and heart,  
To blind my logical eyes,  
Only to open wide  
The senses that see and feel  
Religion and race; O! Al Qaeda!

alexander opicho

# The Disillusioned Snob

Today he is shy and spiritually low,  
Looking pithy in his sub masculine glance,  
The charm of self praise has lost spark,  
Fondly hating himself for meeting reality,  
De-snobbing the ego into narrow based self awareness  
Feeding his heart on positive misfortune  
of a disillusioned snob.

alexander opicho

# The Gunmen Of Africa Are Not A Song Of The Caged Bird

They began without notice, in the city of Mombasa  
By the Al shabab shooting baby Osinya in the head,  
Killed the mother, leaving a slug stuck in Osinya's head  
Killing and mauling many others macabrously,  
Killing for no other reason, but tribe and faith,  
Their victims confess different religion and ethnicity.

They had initially lynched the West Gate Mall  
In Nairobi, killing the aged and seasoned darling  
Of African poetry and true fountain of peace  
The dearest Kofi Awonor, in full watch of his son,  
Confirming a trail of the ghastly curse of fate and death  
That totted him arduously from his home in the west  
Of the tropical gulag that makes the land of Africa  
From where the terror maestro; Boko haram reign scot free  
Mayheming, Killing, raping, and kidnapping harmless virgins  
Killing For no other reason but tribe and faith,  
Their victims confess different religion and ethnicity.

They have now killed fifty peasants in Mpeketon town,  
Raping them in circles to puncture their virginity  
and brutally kidnapping those that are not raped,  
Using the AK 47 and the Ak 74 to shoot and kill,  
Without reason nor course but failure of mind  
Botched down by authenticity of holy diversity  
Heavenly packaged in God's idea of tribe,  
Uhm! An African man with a gun is a brute of brutes,  
Giving an African a gun is simple mess of the world  
In to helter-skelter poise tilting peace higgledy-piggledy,  
Killing one another like animals premised by Charles Darwin  
As overtly seen in the warring Congo and CAR,  
Where Africans kill one another in a stupid dint,  
To ape Rwanda or no! To outshine the Jewish Massacre  
In the Ammonium chambers of fuehrer Adolf Hitler,  
This stupid Africans baser than wild beasts,  
Who told you that your greatness will come  
from killing your neighbours; the fellow peasants?

These African men are the modern homoguerrillus,  
Which one call cheap war making man  
They and kill! kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill,  
For no other reason but faith and tribe,  
Their victims confess different religion and ethnicity.

Gunshots of the gunmen in Africa are not  
A song of the caged bird, no whatsoever,  
They are cowardly maneuvers of the weak  
As the weak and cowards rarely forgive,  
They arm themselves to the teeth  
With deadly weapons from Russia or wherever  
Only to shoot and kill the old and malnourished  
Peasant women, killing the likes of baby Osinya  
Shooting a suckling baby to prove your heroism,  
These African men are really a Whiteman's burden,  
They kill their fellows from cockcrow to chick roost  
For no other reason but tribe and faith,  
Their victims confess different religion and ethnicity.

alexander opicho

# The Hand That Takes A Bribe

Cursed is the hand that takes a bribe, along with the one that induces,  
The hand that takes bribe comes from a hole in the human heart,  
The one that gives a bribe extends from a warp in the human head,  
The hand that takes bribe can not care for the poor folks,  
Inasmuch it have no muscles to defend its own rights,  
It is dominantly black in the skin, sometimes scarlet or even white  
But Melanin of corruption has domineered its complexions,  
As the poison in the bribe makes it darker like the African Mamba,  
Glittering, deep black in the skin from the mighty of its serum,  
Suffocating the poor with the vicious traps of poverty  
Condemning moneyless teenagers to ruthless immorality abyss,  
Blind to the talent and right of life in the reason of being young,  
Praising the law when backward-spelled to conserve Machiavellians,  
Happy in a song and dance when the rich gets drunk  
From sweat and blood of the poor; wretched of the earth,  
Or proud of political buffaloes of the wild civilization,  
Chasing each and all other soul from the personal turf  
In avaricious scramble for space from which its corrupt elbows,  
Can bend and wallow in the filthy mire to take a bribe.

Alexander Opicho



# The Heart Of A Beggar

the heart of a beggar is hard  
it is made of stones and nails  
it is not shaken by repulse  
its pulse come rarely  
it has glorified the beggar  
in his noble art of begging

alexander opicho

# The Heart Of Landlord

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

I wonder what makes up the landlord's heart  
For it is merciless, capricious and poisonous in fibre  
It manufactures terror like a Chinese toy factory  
For only to be administered where none is needed,

Most selfish and mightily crafty in primal setup  
It is the heart of the landlord all over world  
It derives pleasure from agony of the tenants  
It is maximally sadistic to no match of creation,

It derives joy from harms like rent hike  
And terrible evils as lien on beggar's property  
Where misfortune of tenant brews such all  
The wine of the land is the blood of the poor

Cursed be the womb which sired the landlord  
And yes be it the milieu that nurtured him  
For they gave the world a gnome of generations  
Feeding on human sweat like vampire of vampires.

alexander opicho

# The Leopard Feast

As if the it is not the leopard  
That has forepaw herculean  
In the game of hunting and preying,  
With reservation the leopard eats  
Saving for tomorrow with punctiliosity  
In the wary of wisdom about plundering,  
That is not all about physical mighty  
Not shrewdness of the mind  
Nor flexibility of the heels  
But respect for frugality as a virtue of the strong.

alexander opicho

# The Next Queen Of England Must Be An African

All black virtues and white vices to day  
Point to the reality around the British Empire  
Or the famous Great Britain  
Or the British Commonwealth  
If not the English commonwealth  
That its next monarch must be an African  
Truly an African without streaks of cosmetic Africanity  
Deeply black in colour, Negro in race and African in blood,

The monarchy of England should not be confined  
To the parochial and Provencal English blood  
Falsely named the royal blood  
What a misnomer? For science and religion  
Has nothing in history like the royal blood  
But only brutal probability of genetics  
Ever and ever will befall humanity,

The royalty of blood is only a smokescreen for racism  
Or inter European apartheid or apartheid in universality,  
The empire of British Commonwealth, Gambia included  
Is not about the royal blood of charlese, Elizabeth nor Victoria  
It is all about world class cultural inclusivity  
Of all the pillars of the English culture,

English commonwealth is of culture, language, attitude and geography  
This has to be known devoid of racial biase  
And this is the great English empire;  
It is a billion African English speakers  
Its five hundred million American English speakers  
It is a million Australian English speakers  
It is a hundred million Indian English speakers  
These are the bricks that mould the English commonwealth  
Not queen Elizabeth and her son the cuckold of Egyptian mangy dog,  
It is the nation of Uganda which is hundred percent African,  
No Caucasoids nor Asians but its mother tongue is the British English,  
Uganda is crazy; its peasants speak English like Cambridge scholars,  
It's the Nigerian Afro -cinema that promotes spoken English  
With the muscle only inherent in the stampede of cultural imperialism,

The royal family is not royal at all in the informed understanding  
Or else which family is not royal, show one me please  
And I will show you folly of the day  
Who wants not to be royal, why not all of us,  
Crudeness of culture is the pedestal of reserved royalty  
Inclusivity is the contrasting mother of cultural strength  
Thus, all English speakers are the royal family  
Of the British Commonwealth,  
They don't need royal blood  
They already have full amour of the royal culture  
Of the English linguistic or mental civilisation,  
Please Queen Elizabeth listen to me carefully  
Listen with your wholesome body and soul to this song  
The song of freedom echoing cultural modernity;  
Give to us, we your children of the commonwealth our rights  
Include us in our hard earned monarchy,  
I also want to be the king of England  
I want to fill that royal palace with my dark skin  
I want to speak and write English poetry inside the palace  
The royal palace of England whose  
Whose Golden floor and pavement are s  
Reeking the blood of colonialism  
The wood and gold in the palace  
Was taken from Africa without any pay  
During colonial robbery with violence,  
Give me my historical rights to be the king of England  
Then my four African wives; Lumbasi Opicho, Namwaya Opicho, Nangila Opicho  
and Chelangat Opicho, the most beautiful of all from the heroic Kipsigis  
Will be the four queens of England, queens of the English commonwealth  
Lumbasi for Scotland, Namwaya for England, Nangila for Wales and Chelangat  
For the begotten Ireland,  
I have all the virtues in my blood to be the English king  
If it's military, Shaka the Zulu is my uncle  
If it is wisdom, Nelson Mandela is my uncle  
If it is intellect Kwame Nkrumah is my father  
If it is culture Taban Lo Liyong and Okot p'Bitek are my brothers  
Whereas Leopold Sedar Senghor is a son of my father from another mother,  
If it is beauty Cleopatra the Egyptian whose beauty killed the Roman king is my  
mother  
If it is science my witchcraft is superior in technology to silicon computing  
If it is sex, ask your daughter in law Princess Diana  
Now what am I missing to become the next English monarch?

alexander opicho

# The Parable Of A Good Yellow Man

one time in the land of poverty and starvation  
where hunger loomed like the spirit of God,  
Even Itself starved itself often on the thin vials  
of the black stomachs, colonies and esophagus,  
of these poverty crashed men and women  
denizens of this land ever wondered why,  
hunger and challenges where their stuff?  
they had nothing at all to stake the selves,  
mothers were beggars as fathers did,  
pangs of hunger even made them dark  
in their skins with excess melanin,  
These conditions made their foster mother  
to yap her white beak cacophonously,  
in the ecstatic syndrome of colonial glory  
she was happy as they suffered, day in and day out,  
she even made the possibility food  
for these foster children of hers an illusion,  
she forced them to speak her tongue  
as a magical secret to have enough food  
they tried the tongue but they could not make it  
because prime motive was colonial tricks,  
not salvage of any standard nor measure,  
the foster mother came again with a new ploy,  
that she could give them food or Ebola drugs  
if only their men had to marry fellow men  
and their women must marry fellow women,  
they tried and they shrank in numbers  
a new opportunity for the foster mother  
to become metaphysically a colonial mother,  
Only to loot the minerals, wood, land and slaves  
slaves taken on vicious green card lottery boat,  
then their chanced a yellow man, but not as foolish  
as the one Dalai Lama, the poet of prolixity  
He empathized with the black poverty,  
he felt for the Nation of this beggars,  
he cried Woooooo! these people are suffering!  
This poverty is pathetic and sorriest!  
he took all the Ebola patients and hunger victims  
to the herbal medical clinic nearby

He also gave the beggars of that nation  
iron horses on which they ride as they beg  
hence the saying that; Behold the last wonder,  
kings are walking of food and slaves riding  
kingly horses.

alexander opicho



# The Temptor And The Tempted

THE TEMPTOR AND THE TEMPTED

A PLAY

BY

ALEXANDER K OPICHO

## THE CASTE

1. Chenje – Old man, father of Namugugu
2. Namugugu – Son of Chenje
3. Nanyuli – daughter of Lusaaka
4. Lusaaka – Old man, father of Nanyuli
5. Kulecho – wife of Lusaaka
6. Kuloba – wife of Chenje
7. Paulina – Old woman, neighbour to Chenje.
8. Child I, II and III – Nanyuli's children
9. Policeman I, II and III
10. Mourners
11. Wangwe – a widowed village pastor

## ACTING HISTORY

This play was acted two times, on 25th and 26th December 2004 at Bokoli Roman Catholic Church, in Bokoli sub- location of Bungoma County in the western province of Kenya. The persons who acted and their respective roles are as below;

Wenani Kilong –stage director

Alexander k Opicho – Namugugu

Judith Sipapali Mutivoko- Nanyuli

Saul Sampaza Mazika Khayongo- Wangwe

Paul Lenin Maondo- Lusaaka

Peter Wajilontelega- Chenje

Agnes Injila - Kulecho

Beverline Kilobi- Paulina

Milka Molola Kitayi- Kuloba

Then mourners, children and police men changed roles often. This play was successfully stage performed and stunned the community audience to the helm.

## PLOT

Language use in this play is not based on Standard English grammar, but is flexed to mirror social behaviour and actual life as well as assumptions of the people of Bokoli village in Bungoma district now Bungoma County in Western province of Kenya.

## ACT ONE

### Scene One

This scene is set in Bokoli village of Western Kenya. In Chenje's peasant hut, the mood is sombre. Chenje is busy thrashing lice from his old long trouser Kuloba, sitting on a short stool looking on.

Chenje: (Thrashing a louse) these things are stubborn! The lice. You kill all of them today, and then tomorrow they are all-over. I hate them.

Kuloba: (Sending out a cloud of smoke through her tobacco laden pipe) .

Nowadays I am tired. I have left them to do to me whatever they want (coughs) I killed them they were all over in my skirt.

Chenje: (Looking straight at Kuloba) Do you know that they are significant?

Kuloba: What do they signify?

Chenje: Death

Kuloba: Now, who will die in this home? I have only one son. Let them stop their menace.

Chenje: Remember in 1968, two months that preceded my father's death, they were all over. The lice were in every of my piece of clothes. Even the hat,

handkerchief. I tell you what not!

Kuloba: (Nodding) , Yaa! I remember it very well my mzee, I had been married for about two years by then.

Chenje: Was it two years?

Kuloba: (Assuringly) yes, (spots a cockroach on the floor goes at it and crushes it with her finger, then coughs with heavy sound) we had stayed together in a marriage for two years. That was when people had began back-biting me that I was barren. We did not have a child. We even also had the jiggers. I can still remember.

Chenje: Exactly (crashes a louse with his finger) we also had jiggers on our feet.

Kuloba: The jiggers are very troublesome. Even more than the lice and weevils.

Chenje: But, the lice and jiggers, whenever they infest one's home, they usually signify impending death of a family member.

Kuloba: Let them fail in Christ's name. Because no one is ripe for death in this home. I have lost my five children. I only have one child. My son Namugugu – death let it fail. My son has to grow and have a family also like children of other people in this village. Let whoever that is practicing evil machinations against my family, my only child fail.

Chenje: (Putting on the long-trouser from which he had been crushing lice) let others remain; I will kill them another time.

Kuloba: You will never finish them (giggles)

Chenje: You have reminded me, where is Namugugu today? I have not seen him.

Kuloba: He was here some while ago.

Chenje: (Spitting out through an open window) He has become of an age. He is supposed to get married so that he can bear grand children for me. Had I the grand children they could even assist me to kill lice from my clothes. (Enters Namugugu) Come in boy, I want to talk to you.

Kuloba: (Jokingly) you better give someone food, or anything to fill the stomach before you engages him in a talk.

Namugugu: (Boks, at both Chenje and Kuloba, searchingly then goes for a chair next to him)

Mama! I am very hungry if you talk of feeding me, I really get thrilled (sits at a fold-chair, it breaks sending him down in a sprawl) .

Kuloba: (Exclaims) woo! Sorry my son. This chair wants to kill (helps him up)

Namugugu: (Waving his bleeding hand as he gets up) it has injured my hand. Too bad!

Chenje: (Boking on) Sorry! Dress your finger with a piece of old clothes, to stop that blood oozing out.

Namugugu: (Writhing in pain) No it was not a deep cut. It will soon stop bleeding even without a piece of rag.

Kuloba: (To Namugugu) let it be so. (Stands) let me go to my sweet potato field. There are some vivies, I have not harvested, I can get there some roots for our lunch (exits)

Chenje: (To Namugugu) my son even if you have injured your finger, but that will not prevent me from telling you what I am supposed to.

Namugugu: (With attention) yes.

Chenje: (Pointing) sit to this other chair, it is safer than that one of yours.

Namugugu: (Changing the chair) Thank you.

Chenje: You are now a big person. You are no longer an infant. I want you to come up with your own home. Look for a girl to marry. Don't wait to grow more than here. The two years you have been in Nairobi, were really wasted. You could have been married, may you would now be having my two grand sons as per today.

Namugugu: Father I don't refuse. But how can I marry and start up a family in a situation of extreme poverty? Do you want me to start a family with even nothing to eat?

Chenje: My son, you will be safer when you are a married beggar than a wife-less rich-man. No one is more exposed as a man without a wife.

Namugugu: (Looking down) father it is true but not realistic.

Chenje: How?

Namugugu: All women tend to flock after a rich man.

Chenje: (Laughs) my son, may be you don't know. Let me tell you. One time you will remember, maybe I will be already dead by then. Look here, all riches flock after married men, all powers of darkness flock after married men and even all poverty flock after married. So, it is just a matter of living your life.

(Curtains)

SCENE TWO

Around Chenje's hut, Kuloba and Namugugu are inside the hut; Chenje is out under the eaves. He is dropping at them.

Namugugu: Mama! Papa wants to drive wind of sadness permanently into my sail of life. He is always pressurizing me to get married at such a time when I totally have nothing. No food, no house no everything. Mama let me actually ask you; is it possible to get married in such a situation?

Kuloba: (Looking out if there is any one, but did not spot the eaves-dropping Chenje) .

Forget. Marriage is not a Whiff of aroma. My son, try marriage in poverty and you will see.

Namugugu: (Emotionally) Now, if Papa knows that I will not have a happy married life, in such a situation, where I don't have anything to support myself; then why is he singing for my marriage?

Kuloba: (Gesticulating) He wants to mess you up the way he messed me up. He

married me into his poverty. I have wasted away a whole of my life in his poverty. I regret. You! (Pointing) my son, never make a mistake of neither repeating nor replicating poverty of this home into your future through blind marriage.

Namugugu: (Approvingly) yes Mama, I get you.

Kuloba: (Assertively) moreover, you are the only offspring of my womb (touching her stomach) I have never eaten anything from you. You have never bought me anything even a headscarf alone. Now, if you start with a wife will I ever benefit anything from you?

Namugugu: (Boking agog) indeed Mama.

Kuloba: (Commandingly) don't marry! Women are very many. You can marry at any age, any time or even any place. But it is very good to remember child-price paid by your mother in bringing you up. As a man my son, you have to put it before all other things in your life.

Namugugu: (In an affirmative feat) yes Mama.

Kuloba: It is not easy to bring up a child up to an age when in poverty. As a mother you really suffer. I've suffered indeed to bring you up. Your father has never been able to put food on the table. It has been my burden through out. So my son, pleased before you go for women remember that!

Namugugu: Yes Mama, I will.

(Enters Chenje)

Chenje: (To Kuloba) you old wizard headed woman! Why do you want to put my home to a full stop?

Kuloba: (Why) why? You mean you were not away? (Goes out behaving shyly)

Chenje: (In anger to Namugugu) you must become a man! Why do you give your ears to such toxic conversations? Your mother is wrong. Whatever she has told you today is pure lies. It is her laziness that made her poor. She is very wrong to festoon me in any blame.... I want you to think excellently as a man now. Avoid her tricky influence and get married. I have told you finally and I will never repeat telling you again.

Namugugu: (In a feat of shyness) But Papa, you are just exploding for no good reason, Mama has told me nothing bad.....

Chenje: (Awfully) shut up! You old ox. Remove your ears from poisonous mouths of old women!

(Enters Nanyuli with an old green paper bag in her hand. Its contents were bulging) .

Nanyuli: (Knocking) Hodii! Hodii!

Chenje: (Calmly) come in my daughter! Come in.

Nanyuli: (Entering) thank you.

Chenje: (To Namugugu) give the chair to our visitor.

Namugugu: (Shyly, paving Nanyuli to sit) Karibu, have a sit please.

Nanyuli: (Swinging girlishly) I will not sit me I am in a hurry.

Chenje: (To Nanyuli) just sit for a little moment my daughter. Kindly sit.

Nanyuli: (Sitting, putting a paper-bag on her laps) where is the grandmother who is usually in this house?

Chenje: Who?

Nanyuli: Kuloba, the old grandmother.

Namugugu: She has just briefly gone out.

Chenje: (To Nanyuli) she has gone to the potato field and Cassava field to look for some roots for our lunch.

Nanyuli: Hmm. She will get.

Chenje: Yes, it is also our prayer. Because we're very hungry.

Nanyuli: I am sure she will get.

Chenje: (To Nanyuli) excuse me my daughter; tell me who your father is?

Nanyuli: (Shyly) you mean you don't know me? And me I know you.

Chenje: Yes I don't know you. Also my eyes have grown old, unless you remind me, I may not easily know you.

Nanyuli: I am Lusaaka's daughter

Chenje: Eh! Which Lusaka? The one with a brown wife? I don't know... her name is Kulecho?

Nanyuli: Yes

Chenje: That brown old-mother is your mother?

Nanyuli: Yes, she is my mother. I am her first – born.

Chenje: Oh! This is good (goes forward to greet her) shake my fore-limb my daughter.

Nanyuli: (Shaking Chenje's hand) Thank you.

Chenje: I don't know if your father has ever told you. I was circumcised the same year with your grand-gather. In fact we were cut by the same knife. I mean we shared the same circumciser.

Nanyuli: No, he has not yet. You know he is always at school. He never stays at home.

Chenje: That is true. I know him, he teaches at our mission primary school at Bokoli market.

Nanyuli: Yes.

Chenje: What is your name my daughter?

Nanyuli: My name is Loisy Nanyuli Lusaaka.

Chenje: Very good. They are pretty names. Loisy is a Catholic baptismal name, Nanyuli is our Bukusu tribal name meaning wife of an iron-smith and Lusaaka is your father's name.

Nanyuli: (Laughs) But I am not a Catholic. We used to go to Catholic Church

upto last year December. But we are now born again, saved children of God. Fellowshiping with the Church of Holy Mountain of Jesus christ. It is at Bokoli market.

Chenje: Gbod, my daughter, in fact when I will happen to meet with your father, or even your mother the brown lady, I will comment them for having brought you up under the arm of God.

Nanyuli: Thank you; or even you can as well come to our home one day.

Chenje: (Laughs) actually, I will come.

Nanyuli: Now, I want to go

Chenje: But you have not stayed for long. Let us talk a little more my daughter.

Nanyuli: No, I will not. I had just brought some tea leaves for Kuloba the old grandmother.

Chenje: Oh! Who gave you the tea leaves?

Nanyuli: I do hawk tea leaves door to door. I met her last time and she requested me to bring her some. So I want to give them to you (pointing at Namugugu) so that you can give them to her when she comes.

Namugugu: No problem. I will.

Nanyuli: (Takes out a tumbler from the paper bag, fills the tumbler twice, pours the tea leaves into an old piece of newspaper, folds and gives it to Namugugu) you will give them to grandmother, Kuloba.

Namugugu: (Taking) thank you.

Chenje: My daughter, how much is a tumbler full of tea leaves, I mean when it is full?

Nanyuli: Ten shillings of Kenya

Chenje: My daughter, your price is good. Not like others.

Nanyuli: Thank you.

Namugugu: (To Nanyuli) What about money, she gave you already?

Nanyuli: No, but tell her that any day I may come for it.

Namugugu: Ok, I will not forget to tell her

Nanyuli: I am thankful. Let me go, we shall meet another day.

Chenje: Yes my daughter, pass my regards to your father.

Nanyuli: Yes I will (goes out)

Chenje: (Biting his finger) I wish I was a boy. Such a good woman would never slip through my fingers.

Chenje: But father she is already a tea leaves vendor!  
(CURTAINS)

### SCENE THREE

Nanyuli and Kulecho in a common room Nanyuli and Kulecho are standing at the table, Nanyuli is often suspecting a blow from Kulecho, counting coins from sale of tea leaves; Lusaaka is sited at couch taking a coffee from a ceramic red kettle.



Kulecho: (To Nanyuli) these monies are not balancing with your stock. It is like you have sold more tea leaves but you have less money. This is only seventy five shillings. When it is supposed to be one hundred and fifty. Because you sold fifteen tumblers you are only left with five tumblers.

Nanyuli: (Fidgeting) this is the whole money I have, everything I collected from sales is here.

Kulecho: (Heatedly) be serious, you stupid woman! How can you sell everything and am not seeing any money?

Nanyuli: Mama, this is the whole money I have, I have not taken your money anywhere.

Kulecho: You have not taken the money anywhere! Then where is it? Do you know that I am going to slap you!

Nanyuli: (Shaking) forgive me Mama

Kulecho: Then speak the truth before you are forgiven. Where is the money you collected from tea leaves sales?

Nanyuli: (In a feat of shyness) some I bought a short trouser for my child.

Kulecho: (Very violent) after whose permission? You old cow, after whose permission (slaps Nanyuli with her whole mighty) Talk out!

Nanyuli: (Sobbingly) forgive me mother, I thought you would understand. That is why I bought a trouser for my son with your money!

Lusaaka: (Shouting a cup of coffee in his hand, standing charged) teach her a lesson, slap her again!

Kulecho (Slaps, Nanyuli continuously, some times fisting her cheeks, as Nanyuli wails) Give me my money! Give me my money! Give me my money! Give me my money! You lousy, irresponsible Con-woman (clicks)

Lusaaka: Are you tired, kick the ass out of that woman (inveighs a slap towards Nanyuli) I can slap you!

Nanyuli: (Kneeling, bowedly, carrying up her hands) forgive me father, I will never repeat that mistake again (sobs)

Lusaaka: Ah in-corrigible, slut!

Kulecho: (To Nanyuli) You! Useless heap of human flesh. I very much regret to have sired a sell-out of your type. It is very painful for you to be a first offspring of my womb.

I curse my womb because of you. You have ever betrayed me. I took you to school you were never thankful, instead you became pregnant. You were fertilized in the bush by peasant boys.

You have given birth to three childlings, from three different fathers! You do it in my home. What a shame! Your father is a teacher, how have you made him a laughing stock among his colleagues, teachers? I have become sympathetic to you by putting you into business. I have given you tea leaves to sell. A very

noble occupation for a wretch like you. You only go out sell tea leaves and put the money in your wolfish stomach. Nanyuli! Why do you always act like this?

Nanyuli: (Sobbing) Forgive me mother. Some tea leaves I sold on credit. I will come with the money today?

Kulecho: You sold on credit?

Nanyuli: Yes

Kulecho: To whom?

Nanyuli: Some to Kuloba the old woman

Kulecho: (Tapping her hips) Nanyuli! My first born! My daughter! Why should you at your age make such a blind move of selling on credit to beggars of that fashion?

Nanyuli: I did not know, please, forgive me.

Kulecho: Get up; go sell the remaining tea leaves. Make sure that you come back in the evening with my money.

Nanyuli: (Stands up, still sobbing, takes the tea leaves paper bag and tumbler then walks out) thank you Mama, I will do.

(CURTAINS)

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

In Chenje's hut, Chenje and Namugugu, they are killing the rats; each has a stick to hit rats. House items are higgledy – higgledy all over, making the house to look untidy.

Namugugu: (Running after a big rat around the room, aiming to hit it, but misses at each trial) . It is here! It is here! Papa, it is huge.

Chenje! (Aiming to hit the rat) Kill it! That small demon has shredded my trouser! Hit it!

All: (Chasing, the rats, around the house as an attempt to kill one rat ends up un-covering another) they are many.

Namugugu: these devils, let's beat them all to are so bad. They have eaten our flour even. They don't have respect.

Chenje: (Sweating, panting, and looking for a sign of a further rat) today we must kill all of them. They have done me havoc.

(ENTERS NANYULI)

Nanyuli: (Knocking at the door)

Hodii! Hodii! Hodii!

Chenje: (Rushing at the door to look) oh! Come in my daughter. Welcome. Come in and sit down.

Nanyuli: (Entering) Thank you.

Chenje: (Showing her where to sit) Rest here my daughter. Don't mind, our house is in disorder, we have been killing the rats since morning.

Namugugu: (Coming forward to greet Nanyuli) How are you?

Nanyuli: Am very fine maybe you yourself?

Namugugu; we are all fine God has given energy today we are killing the rats.

Chenje: (Also greeting) how is your mother, father and your brothers at home?

Nanyuli: They are all fine

Chenje: That is good

Nanyuli: Why are you killing the rats like this?

Chenje: My daughter, look! (Brings out a lacerated trouser and shirt) They have all made me clothe-less. They have wreaked havoc in this house. You can't keep flour! Not only had I to mention; cooked vegetables.

Nanyuli: You don't have a cat?

Chenje: No my daughter, the cat we had over-matured and became a fox, it preyed on all of my chicken. Including chicken of my neighbours. We decided to put it in a sack, with a mill-stone around its neck and dumped it in the whirlpool of river Kuywa.

All; (laugh loudly) that cat! Eh! Was very bad.

Chenje: Even failed whether to keep the cat again or not

Nanyuli: You can buy rat-Kill poison or a rat trap. They also help in killing the rats.

Chenje: Yes, I will buy my daughter. The problem is money. Nowadays, it is very hard to get money. And when you get some, you still do nothing, a lot of money but it will only buy for you very few items.

Namugugu: It has loosed ability to exchange with many items.

Nanyuli: Yes

Chenje: So it is better to have real items than even having money.

Nanyuli: Now, how will you get real items without buying them by use of money?

Namugugu: By the way

Nanyuli: Now, I want to go....

(a huge rat dives into her skirt, jumps out of her skirt and scampers to drop into unlidded pot of water) woo! This rat, the raaat! (Jumping up)

Chenje: Hit! Hit it!

Namugugu: Oh has dropped into water, our pot. One cannot drink water in this house.

Chenje: (To Nanyuli) I told you my daughter, the rats are devils, and they can send one to shame just like the real Lucifer.

Nanyuli (still shaking) let me go, where is Kuloba the grandmother? I just came to find out if she needs more tea leaves.

Namugugu: Oh! Bad luck, she is not around. She went for funeral, our relative died.

Nanyuli: Pole" I don't know. Who died?

Chenje: A grandmother to the husband of her aunt. She was married to a clan of mother to her husband comes from among the clan of Baenkele. She is to be buried today at Chwele village.

Nanyuli: Am sorry, I thought she's around.

Namugugu: (To Nanyuli) did you pick your money for tea leaves?

Nanyuli: No, I had come to pick the money today.

Namugugu: But unfortunately the grandmother is not around.

Nanyuli: No problem, I will come back another day when she is back.

Chenje: Yes my daughter, she will come back after two days. You know she must stay there for three days.

Nanyuli: Yes, let her stay to comfort and commiserate with them. It is good to empathise with people in their moment of bereavement.

Chenje: It is good you know and as well you understand.

Nanyuli: Now, grandfather, let me go, I will see you again.

Chenje: Thank you my daughter, (to Namugugu) escort my daughter out of the compound, lest she be eaten by a rat.

All: (Laugh)

Nanyuli: It is true; (to Namugugu) please see me off.

Namugugu: (Laughs) Ok, I will

(Exits Nanyuli and Namugugu) .

## SCENE II

Kulecho, Child I, II and III, in the common room of Kulecho, Lusaaka her husband at the table taking coffee. Kulecho is taking millet Porridge, she drinks as child I, Child II and Child iii looks on appetitively.

Kulecho: (To child I) you merciless hyena, when will you learn how to look at people. How do you look at my cup of porridge, as if you have never eaten ever since your were born?

Child II: (Crying) I want my Papa. Tell Mama to take me to my Papa. Papa will pick for me an avocado from the tree. I will eat. I want papa...

Kulecho: (To child II) Shut up your mandibles. You are making noise to me (Sips porridge) do you also have a father? I wonder.

Child I: (To Kulecho) please grandmother, please Kukhu\* please lend me your porridge, let me just have a sip at your cup, please!

Kulecho: (Snooking) Ng'oo! Unless you discipline your rapacious stomach. You will die begging. There is no porridge to be wasted on a beast like you.

Child I: Please old-grandmother let me sip. My Papa will come today, he will

bring you a nice present, please, kukhu let me sip.

Kulecho: (Laughs mockingly) . Your papa will do what? Come? That ugly peasant, if he comes here it is because he has timed my food, he will never bring me a present the way good men do to their mothers-in-law.

Child III: (Crawling towards Lusaaka) Kofii, Kofii, I want Kofii, kuka lend me Kofii I want Kofii.

Kulecho: (Slaps at a naked buttock of child III) where are you going. Sit in one place and calm: stop crawling from place to place like a pregnant rat. Stupid pumpkin!

Child II: (To Kulecho) stop whacking our child. You are a big person and you are also whacking the buttocks of our baby. I will report you to my Mama.

\*a Bukusu word for grandmother

Kulecho: Remember to tell her to rove around with her foundlings or else I will still whack you!

Child II: But she roves around on selling your assignment, selling your tea leaves the wares of your trade.

Kulecho: (Slaps child II) be disciplined. You potential thug! I cook for you always and you have such a dirt heart against me?

Child II: (Sopping) don't hit us like this, just take us to our Papa. Tell Mama to take me to Papa.

Lusaaka: (Laughs) these kids have strong appetite for everything. Very voracious kid.

(CURTAINS)

### SCENE THREE

Nanyuli and Namugugu walking at a slow pace on a foot-path, cutting a cross the bush. Shrubs and twigs form a canopy over the foot path.

Nanyuli: How far do you want to escort me?

Namugugu: Until you cross the river to the other end.

Nanyuli: That is very far for you, you will get tired.

Namugugu: No, I will not.

Nanyuli: Do you know that it's bad to over escort a visitor, she may never have a chance to re-visit you again.

Namugugu: But I want you to visit us again.

Nanyuli: (Jokingly) I will not come.

Namugugu: Why?

Nanyuli: Your father's rats will eat me.

Namugugu: I will chase them away, they will not eat you. Just come again.

Nanyuli: So what will your father put on? The rats have eaten his shirt and a pair of long trouser.

Namugugu: He is lucky; he has another pair of long trouser, and a shirt.

Nanyuli: The better.

Namugugu: (teatfully) how old are you?

Nanyuli: (Laughs and looks at Namugugu, stops walking to respond) why? Do I look very young?

Namugugu: You are neither old nor young

Nanyuli: But?

Namugugu: Beautiful and intelligent

Nanyuli: So what?

Namugugu: So I want you to come back that I can sent you somewhere.

Nanyuli: Where?

Namugugu: Let me assist you to carry the tea-leaves paper bag as we talk.

Nanyuli: (gives away the paper bag) so tell me, where do you want to send me?

Namugugu: Ok, me..... I am not married.

Nanyuli: Let me cut you short before you continue, I just want your mother to pay me my money, I don't want to know whether you are married or not.

Namugugu: Please, if I have offended you. I kindly ask for your mercy.

Nanyuli: No, you have not offended me whatsoever, continue.

Namugugu: Let us stop walking so that I can tell you what I want (they all stop walking)

Nanyuli: Now tell me, but don't waste anytime.

Namugugu: You are beautiful, intelligent and very clean hearted, so I want you to come and stay with me.

Nanyuli: As what?

Namugugu: I will be your husband and you will be my wife.

Nanyuli: Eh! This is news.

Namugugu: Why?

Nanyuli: Do you know that I am a virgin?

Namugugu: You mean you are a virgin?

Nanyuli: Yes, I am, and I don't imagine a worthless man like you breaking my virginity. You. Such a lout to deflower me? I don't think.

Namugugu: Virginity is nothing in one's life, what matters is type of life you live after loosing your virginity.

Nanyuli: You are a liar, virginity is very important to a girl.

Namugugu: I thought a good husband is better than virginity.

Nanyuli: Ok, you are right. It is a dream of every girl, every woman even a prostitute to get a good husband. But my question is, are you a good husband?

Namugugu: I don't know, but try me.

Nanyuli: There was a rumour in this village you were in Nairobi. Now, what were you doing in Nairobi?

Namugugu: Looking for a job

Nanyuli: You did not get one?

Namugugu: Yes, I did not.

Nanyuli: Even to be a night guard?

Namugugu: Yes, even a house boy.

Nanyuli: Have you been tested for aids, HIV?

Namugugu: No

Nanyuli: Why?

Namugugu: Because I have never seen a naked woman since my birth.

Nanyuli: Even in Nairobi?

Namugugu: Yes, you can't see nakedness of a woman in Nairobi unless you have money.

Nanyuli: Ok, what is your Christian name?

Namugugu: Victor

Nanyuli: Victor Namugugu Chenje?

Namugugu: (Laughs) yes my dear.

Nanyuli: Victor, convince me, you have never played sex since you were born?

Namugugu: No, I have never

Nanyuli: Which means you don't have any disease?

Namugugu: Diseases are many I may not have Aids or HIV but I have another.

Nanyuli: Like?

Namugugu: I am not a doctor.

Nanyuli: But, you have never played sex?

Namugugu: No

Nanyuli: Then I have accepted, you will break my virginity as I break yours.

(Takes tea-leaves paper bag)

Namugugu: When?

(CURTAINS)

#### SCENE FOUR

In Chenje's house, Kuloba, the old woman sweeping the floor, Chenje listening to one battery small sized transistor radio.

Kuloba: Move this way, I want to sweep over there.

Chenje: (Carrying a radio and fold chair along) you could have waited until tomorrow, why do you like sweeping the house in the evening.

Kuloba: Because by the evening the house is always dirty. And you see we cannot sleep on the litre.

Chenje: You will never become rich. If you keep on sweeping the house in the evening like this, you will never own any cow nor will you have a cob of corn in your barn.

Kuloba: Why? .... Because of sweeping my house (laughs) I am now old and I know that people accumulate riches through hard work and parsimony of saving not by having the floor of one's house to be littered overnight.

Chenje: No, one has also to observe taboos. You cannot offend ancestors and

expect any prosperity

Kuloba: (Standing up) listen, why is it that the people of Nandi community enjoy shedding innocent blood of other tribes, when at the same time each individual Nandi man has more heads of cattle and gallons of milk than a Bukusu man can?

Chenje: There are different spirits for different tribes, may be the first parents and ancestors of the Nandi people were also reasonless warriors, shedding blood of innocent foreigners.

Kuloba: Let me alone, I want to cook for you an ox-tail today, but I don't know where my son, Namugugu is?

Chenje: Namugugu escorted our visitor. Since then he has not come back.

Kuloba: Who was it?

Chenje: Lusaaka's daughter, a girl who hawks tea-leaves from one door to another in paper bag and a tumbler.

Kuloba: He escorted that one (muses by thinking to herself) let my son not make a mistake of marrying that girl.

Chenje: Why?

Kuloba: Why should he marry her?

Chenje: She is strong and beautiful

Kuloba: That alone is not enough, that girl has a very black hearted mother. I cannot help imagining Kulecho to be a mother-in-law to my son.

Chenje: What you mean?

Kuloba: I mean that Kulecho is the mother to that girl who came here in my absence. And by all measures Kulecho is an evil woman. She is a she-devil; she has never given cooked food, even a boiled maize cob to any other person other than her husband Lusaaka.

Chenje: I never knew she was a mean selfish lady like that.

(CURTAINS)

## SCENE FIVE

Behind Lusaaka's house. Under the eaves, it is a sunny morning. Nanyuli with her children; child I, Child II, and child III.

Nanyuli: (Whispering to child II) don't shout; eat this bread without making any noise.

Child I: Mama, we were not given anything to eat, Kukhu ate alone as we watched. Let us also eat now (bits bread) .

Child II: (Swallows) Kukhu keeps on slapping us. She often tells us that there is no Papa for us. She also slapped our child hard on its buttocks our child was naked.



Nanyuli: Eat without talking. You will talk after eating (takes out bread from her bust, breaks a junk for child I and child II) . Eat a whole of it quickly before you are found.

Child I: Thank you Mama. You are good. But out grandmother is bad.

Child II; (sings with joy) Bread, bread, you are nice bread, you are my friend

Breadyyy! Breadooo!

Nanyuli: Now eat, don't talk, you will talk later.

Child III: (trawdling) pa! Pa! Pa! Pa.

Child II: Mama, our child wants Papa. Will you take us to papa?

Nanyuli: Have you finished your bread? Make sure you finish your bread. Don't tell Kukhu, that you ate bread.

Child II: I will never tell her.

Child I: Even me, I will never.

Child III: Pa! Pa! Pa! Pa! Pa.

Kulecho: (calling off-stage) Nanyuliiii! It's time to go selling tea-leaves.

(CURTAINS)

### ACT THREE

#### SCENE ONE

In pastor Wangwe's house, at the sitting room, an old Bible on the table, the door is closed and the window is half closed making the room to be poorly lit. Wangwe is alone.

Wangwe: (In sololiguy prayer) : Oh God I thank you for your love. You have redeemed me from the uncleanness of this evil society. God I thank you again. Almighty your name is blessed because you have blessed me with knowledge of your word, while your word is life God. God I pray that you redeem this community of the Babukusu people from the evil cult of circumcision and eating boiled beans and maize – whenever they are at a funeral place. O God I pray that these people of Bokoli village, these Babukusu people stop worshipping their ancestors by sacrificing the bulls on the graveyards. God instead they should begin bringing all they have to the Church as an offering God. I also pray that they stop practice of witch-craft. Because God, they like bewitching their sons and daughters who have white collar jobs and good people like us pastors who are your servants O God! And also the nouveau riches, God. God you have sent your son Jesus Christ to be my companion since my wife Maria died two years ago O God. Blessed be your name. But God I now pray that you deliver me from the curse of wife-lessness, loneliness and childlessness, by giving me another

wife God. Give me any lady, whether a virgin or even a widow God I will appreciate. God I also pray for a business lady like Nanyuli who is young and beautiful, please God make her love me by even coming today to sell tea-leaves to this house. O God I want to pray that .....

Nanyuli: (Off stage knocking) Hodii! Hodiii, Hodii pastor is you in! Hodii

Wangwe: (Still praying) O God let me say Amen to let your flock come into the house of your servant God (Open his eyes, goes to the door) come in, come in please.

Nanyuli: (Enters) Pastor your ears have a problem, I have knocked your door until the skin began peeling off my knuckles, you were not responding why?

Wangwe: (Was talking to God my sister; you know prayer is our weapon against spiritual foes.

Nanyuli: (I don't knew you were in prayer, I could have not disturbed.

Wangwe: (Don't mind, just feel at home.

Nanyuli: (Fidgeting paper-bag in her hands) today I felt like paying you a visit. Just to come and bring you the greetings.

Wangwe: (I) my sister God bless you a lot for that kindness.

Nanyuli: (I) also wanted to find out if you need some tea leaves.

Wangwe: (Yes) I need. Is a tumbler still going at ten shillings of Kenya?

Nanyuli: (Yes), prices have not changed

Wangwe: (You) will give me two of them. You know with me I have a lot of visitors who take tea.

Nanyuli: (Taking out a tumbler to measure tea-leaves for Wangwe) Pastor where can I put it for you.

Wangwe: (Bringing a tin container) Just pour it here please.

Nanyuli: (Pouring tea-leaves in a container that have been brought by Wangwe) let me add you more pastor, I know you have a lot of visitors.

Wangwe: (God) bless you a lot (goes to keep a tin container and comes back with coins) have this today (hands out) I will clear the balance next week my sister.

Nanyuli: (No) problem, I know you are a preacher you cannot let me down.

Wangwe: (Yes), with us the servants of God, we cannot harm the flocks given to us by God in any way whatsoever.

Nanyuli: (It) is true

Wangwe: (The) only problem my sister is that I am very lonely. Since my wife died two years ago am very lonely. God has not yet given me a companion.

Nanyuli: (You) will get I am so sure you will get because you are a pastor. A lot of girls dream of being a pastor's wife even for a single day.

Wangwe: (Amen). Let me believe that what you are speaking is the revelation from God.

Nanyuli: (I) am telling you, it is not difficult to get a wife. Nowadays girls have no

otherwise you can marry even two of them in a single day.

Wangwe: **B**ut I just need only one, because I am a servant of God. I am focused on righteousness.

Nanyuli: **L**et me ask you pastor,

Wangwe: **Y**es, go ahead and ask.

Nanyuli: **W**hich type of a lady do you want now? Must she be a virgin with sharp rigid pointed breasts, a divorcee or one who gave birth to a baby just from her mother's house?

Wangwe: **J**ust want any because she will be an image of God.

Nanyuli: **E**ducated or not?

Wangwe: **A**ny, just like Prophet Hosea, who betrothed a heavy-weight prostitute.

Nanyuli: **B**lack beauty or brownish in the face?

Wangwe: **B**rown and beautiful just like exactly the way you are.

Nanyuli: **(L**augh) But Pastor me I am not beautiful.

Wangwe: **F**orget, I know you cannot see yourself; you are brown and beautiful like an Ethiopian Queen the wife of King Solomon, just like the historical Cleopatra.

Nanyuli: **P**astor I don't believe you. A lot of men have misused me. If I was beautiful then I could have retained one.

Wangwe: **L**et me tell you sister, those men are evil. They don't know the truth, which is Jesus Christ. And always evil men are fond of abusing beauty. They mishandle beauty so that they can disapprove God by arguing that beauty foreshadows tragedy or it is a harbinger of bad luck. But I as an anointed servant of God. I know that beauty is the glory of God. I assure you, as beautiful as you are, if you can accept to love me I will respond with a thousandfold love.

Nanyuli: **P**astor you are funny.

Wangwe: **A**m not. I am myself and representing God.

Nanyuli: **W**hy is it that men claim that beautiful women are fateful not intelligent and give birth to children who grow up into people of no consequences?

Wangwe: **T**hose men have not read the Bible (waving the Bible) so whatever they claim is not Godly truth.

Nanyuli: **P**astor are you serious you can love me a thousand-fold?

Wangwe: **Y**es sister, I can love you beyond all possibilities of the devil.

Nanyuli: **T**hen, I am happy, Ok, Pastor if you can love me, I want you to lend me something. Will you?

Wangwe: **I**am very willing to, just say what it is.

Nanyuli: **B**ut you will not get annoyed. Will you?

Wangwe: **I**will not.(Coughs to clear his voice) , with us servants of God, We are always above emotions of getting annoyed.

Nanyuli: **D**o you know that I have three children. In fact three sons?

Wangwe: **Y**es I know one time we shared it with your mother.

Nanyuli: Now, the father to one of my sons is joining me here today, there is something I want to discuss with him from this house of yours. In fact we shall discuss in your full presence. So I want you to accept him here. He could not come to our home because my mother is too hostile to him. Please will you kindly agree with that?

Wangwe: There is no problem with that, let him just come. Because he is just a man like me and he is also the image of God the same way I do.

Nanyuli: Then am very thankful if you can be as kind as that extend.

Namugugu: (Off-stage) knocking) Hodii! Hodii, Pastor is you in?

Nanyuli: (To Pastor) Please he is the one, let me bring him in (goes at the door) come in. Today it is the pastress who is around not the pastor.

Namugugu: (Enters) How beautiful you pastress! (Takes Nanyuli in his arms, as Nanyuli takes him in hers. Pastor Wangwe jealously looks on) .

Nanyuli: (Still in arm) you are elegantly warm my dear.

Namugugu: Thanks.

Wangwe: You really love one another, you people.

Nanyuli; we are only trying to love one another pastor

Wangwe: (To Namugugu) let me now shake your hand (shakes) how are you doing today?

Namugugu: Very fine pastor, how about you?

Wangwe: Am always blessed; am in the realm of God's love

Namugugu: It's good

Wangwe: How come I don't know you?

Nanyuli: But Pastor with (point to Namugugu) him he knows you very well. He knows both your length and width.

Wangwe: (Showing surprise) don't tell me!

Nanyuli: He does, anyway let him introduce .....or no, let me introduce to you my visitor pastor.

Wangwe: It is all right you can go a head.

Nanyuli: He is Victor, he is Kuloba's son, but I don't know his father's name.

(Then to Namugugu) This is pastor Wangwe, he works for God, if Jesus can come now he will fly to heaven with him and I mean it.

Namugugu and Wangwe: (laugh)

Wangwe: Because I am an anointed servant of God, I request that I introduce myself to the visitor in a holy way.

Nanyuli: Yes you can, but Pastor! Please, please and please don't ask him any personal question.

Wangwe and Namugugu (all laugh)

Nanyuli: Will you pastor forget and then ask him personal questions?

Wangwe: I will not I swear.

Nanyuli: Then that is good.

Wangwe: (Laughs) Ok, brother, my full names are Pastor Wangwe Chwichwisia.

My baptismal name is Habakkuk. So I am Pastor Habakkuk Wangwe Chwichwisia. I don't have a tribe or a clan. But I was called by Jesus Christ into salvation; I used to be of the clan of Bakobelo. We have our stronghold in Uganda. In fact we own a whole district. But when I got saved by love of Jesus Christ, God sent me to Kenya. So I came to my cousins. These people of the Babukusu. You know my clan of Bakobelo belongs to a tribe of Bamasaba in Embale district of Uganda. And the Babukusu and the Bamasaba are one and the same. That is why there is a mountain called Mount Bukusu in Masaba-Gishu district of Uganda. The Babukusu are good people. They welcomed me to Kenya. They also love the gospel of Jesus Christ. That's why I have stayed in Kenya as a servant of God for the past five years. This is my house and my home, God blessed me with an acre of land here. So I welcome you with an entirety of my heart.

Namugugu: Thank you pastor.

(Enters Paulina)

Paulina: (Knocking sound offstage) Pastor! Pastor! Hodii!

Nanyuli: (Expressing awe) O my God, that woman has found me here! I am now finished. She is as poisonous as a black female snake.

Paulina: (Offstage) Hodii! Who has kept you in door today pastor? Hodii!

Wangwe: (Goes at the door to usher Paulina in) Come in old lady, you are welcomed.

Paulina: (Walking in) O! You have visitors? I wanted you to pray for me. I really have a backache. I will just come back. I cannot disrupt your visitors. Let me go (exits)

Nanyuli: (To herself) this is an oversight of my life. I will live to remember. I wish I knew I could not have stayed such long only Paulina to get me here.

Paulina is a very bad old woman. She can do anything to please her impish heart regardless of the agony she makes others go through.

(CURTAINS)

## SCENE TWO

Two days later. It is late morning in Chenje's house, Paulina is seated, Chenje and Kuloba standing, attentively listening to Paulina.

Paulina: As old as we are and the long we have stayed together as neighbours, I don't want to speak to both of you with a tongue in my cheek. I want to be as straight in my speech as a parrot so that I can save the future of this home from a looming disaster.

Kuloba: Paulina you were baptized once by Padre Antonio Luigi of our  
In our katulika parish of Chebukaka, you were married once  
and as  
a daughter of your father; please compose yourself and Just  
say out

Whatever the devil it may be.

Paulina: What has gone wrong with your only son? You call him Namugugu what is wrong with him?

Chenje: Why?

Paulina: Don't ask me why. Because what will happen to him is what I am afraid

of and I pray in the name of baptismal card; let my eyes not live

long to see it happening.

Kuloba: Paulina, you are seventy-five years, and I am seventy years. We are all old ladies now. My son Namugugu has been sick for the past ten years. He is often sick with latent fits of epilepsy. That is why he was never accepted by any employer in Nairobi. So if you have seen him falling in a bore-hole somewhere or swimming in a pond, please just be brief and tell me.

Paulina: Even myself, I had never known that your son is an epileptic. Neither is he swimming in a pond fluvial with water. But he is swimming in a more dangerous pond.

Chenje: Paulina, tell us, what is wrong with our son. If you delay more than this Kuloba will break into loudest wails that you will not help to quench.

Kuloba: Tell me what it is. Whatever the horror.

Paulina: I saw your son sitting one inch a part from Nanyuli the tea-leaves vendor.

Kuloba; the tea-leaves vendor!

Paulina; yes, that daughter of Kulecho the wife to Lusaaka

Kuloba: Nanyuli! Where?

Paulina: Yes! Nanyuli, Kulecho's daughter. I saw them.

Kuloba: Let them sit even a half an inch a part, but she will never get married to my only son Victor. She will never, she will never!

Chenje: Where did you see them?

Paulina: In Pastor Wangwe's house. May be he might have already wedded them.

Chenje: That is not dangerous the way you had resisted to pre-empt. Young people can socialize and play together in any way. We can do nothing a part from praying for them.

Kuloba: (To Chenje) praying for who and for what?

Chenje: Please, don't go fast like that. Give it chance to be tested against reason. Winds of rumour always carry you away like a paper in a gale

Kuloba: You can say all wisdom out of your old head. But I cannot use my mouth to pray for Kulecho's daughter to be married to my son. I condemn all that!

Nanyuli cannot be my daughter in-law.

Paulina: (To Chenje) Old man listen, she is right, no man on earth can manage

being Kulecho's son-in-law.

Chenje: Why? ... She is also a woman in marriage.

Paulina: Kulechoi is a very obstreperous woman. She can deal with a son-in-law the way a ravenous old hyena deals with a tail of ewe. To be brief; she is a woman eat man type of a person

Chenje: Paulina, you will not convince me. She rather be a woman eat man species other than being a woman – eat – nothing.

(CURTAINS)

### SCENE THREE

In Lusaaka's house, Lusaaka and Kulecho at the table taking tea.

Lusaaka: The government has agreed to our Union for salary increase.

Kulecho: I don't believe, no government of Kenya will ever increase teachers' salary.

Lusaaka: We thank God this time round, it will increase.

Kulecho: How much money will you be added on your salary.

Lusaaka: Around one thousand.

Kulecho: How I wish you get it.

Lusaaka: We shall.

Kulecho: If you get it. That money are saying, shall you accompany me so that  
We pay my parents a visit together?  
(Enters Paulina)

Paulina: Am lucky I have got you taking tea. It means I have not been gossiping you.

Kulecho: (To Paulina) Welcome. Karibu saana. Have a chair.

Paulina: Thank you.

Lusaaka: (Shaking Paulina's hand) how is you?

Paulina: Am very fine, but my heart is disturbed.

Lusaaka: Why?

Paulina: Every time I see something bad happening to people I know I do feel  
bad. Especially something filthy and bad happening to a  
teacher like

Lusaaka.

Kulecho: What has happened to you daughter of Namanda?

Paulina: It is something very bad that I don't have any energy in my Mandibles to speak it out.

Kulecho: Now, daughter of Namanda what shall we do to help, just persevere and talk it out, however bad it may be.

Paulina: The thing is very dirty, even I am afraid of it passing out through my  
Mouth.

Lusaaka: We have an adage from our foremen of Babukusu which says that; deny someone food but not a word of mouth. So dear daughter of our land just Persevere and talk it out.

Paulina: Is your daughter Nanyuli gone bananas? Or is she serving a spell of an evil curse? Is this girl bewitched? Kulecho you have to go out there

and walk. Just go and walk with wise people because of this daughter of yours. Your daughter Nanyuli.

Kulecho: Why?

Paulina: (To Kulecho) I am asking you old girl, is Nanyuli a mad woman nowadays?

Kulecho: I don't know unless you tell me what has happened.

Paulina: With all shame and problems Nanyuli has made you to undergo, she has never learned a lesson?

Kulecho: Young people can never learn lessons. They can only do if flogged on buttocks.

Paulina: I was flabbergasted some hours ago but am now very annoyed to have seen whatever I saw.

Kulecho: You saw Nanyuli doing what?

Paulina: (Stressing) I found her in arms of Chenje's epileptic son.

Kulecho: In arms of Chenje's son?

Paulina: Yes, even she may already be carrying a pregnancy of that epileptic beggar.

Kulecho: But now, where are my tea-leaves I gave her to sell?

Paulina: I don't know, may be she gave it out freely to be loved.

Kulecho: One day I will kill that sheep-headed slut.

Lusaaka: (To Paulina) where did you see her?

Paulina: In Pastor Wangwe's house.

Kulecho: Which Wangwe?

Paulina: Pastor Wangwe Chwichwisia the Ugandan widower.

Lusaaka: Let her come I will talk to her.

Kulecho: (Violently) you will not, I will just chop off her sharp pointed breasts that make her confused.

Paulina: There is no problem for a girl of her age to look for a husband. But where I am offended, she is courting a wrong character. That son of Chenje is not healthy. He is a world class epileptic; Chenje himself is a beggar ever crushing lice with his fingers. Kuloba is as dirty as a female swine. Such people should not be allowed to mess with a teacher's daughter just in a reasonless lull of marrying her.

Kulecho: Nanyuli is an eyesore. She defaulted school; she has given birth to three sons with three different peasant boys as the fathers. I started tea-leaves



selling business for, I have never seen any proceed; now she is already playing bush sex with an epileptic like Chenje's son. She is really doing badly.

Lusaaka: (To Kulecho) wait for her to come then talk to her as a parent.

Kulecho: I'm not free to declare myself her parent. Let her just bring my tea-leaves and the money she has sold and carry away her sons to the farthest end of the earth.

Paulina: I'm very annoyed (exits)

(CURTAINS)

#### SCENE FOUR

On stones around a Waterfall point, Namugugu and Nanyuli are sited, enjoying a breeze of the sunny rainless evening, in a feat of compassion ogling one another.

Nanyuli: I have fallen in love with you. I don't help to imagine without you Victor.

Namugugu: Maybe you are cheating but myself I want to assure you that the bottom of my heart belongs to you Loisy.

Nanyuli: I'm serious, even if our love goes through babbling river of challenges I will swim against all turmoil to remain your love.

Namugugu: I know our love is founded on a back-drop of restless waterfall, but I am sure God is for us.

Nanyuli: (Holding Namugugu) Are you happy to be with me?

Namugugu: Very much happy.

Nanyuli: Imagine you will break my virginity tonight, How do you feel.

Namugugu: I feel electrified. Let us even go home now.

Nanyuli: Let us wait until darkness falls, I feel shy to walk into your home in broad daylight. Your mother will look at me in wonderment.

Namugugu: Let us just go now. You don't have to fear my mother's eyes.

Nanyuli: You just hold me in your arms till darkness falls then we shall go.

Namugugu: But remember that I am your husband from now (takes her in his arms) and forever, please don't run away and leave me lonely.

Nanyuli: Look here Victor, it is only death to separate you from me, and I will stick to you my husband just like a tick in a cow's udder.

Namugugu: It is sweet to hear that.

Nanyuli: Will you love me along with my problems?

Nanyuli: What are your problems?

Namugugu: What are your problems?

Nanyuli: Victor let's not talk of our problems, instead let us talk of love.

Namugugu: Indeed my dear. Believe me you are the queen of my heart. Your

warm beauty urges me to kill all men in the world.

Nanyuli: You better forgive men and kill all women in the world.

Namugugu: Why all women?

Nanyuli: Because love in the arms of a beautiful girl is weakly protected from harms of vicious women.

Namugugu: No, I believe beauty, like power in the arms of the owner is weakly protected from evil barbs of men.

Nanyuli: But will you love me dear

Namugugu: Yes I will do.

Nanyuli: Will you harm me to-night.

Namugugu: No, I will pamper you

Nanyuli: Eh! How and you will break my virginity?

Namugugu: I will do it slowly as you will allow. But I will make sure that you are enjoying to your maximum.

Nanyuli: Please make sure am satisfied.

Namugugu: I will

Nanyuli: Take me to your house now. Let us forget about waiting for darkness to fall.

(CURTAINS)

#### SCENE FIVE

At Chief's Camp. Situated at Bokoli village market. Policemen playing chess. Policeman I playing against Policeman II. Policeman III, standing, looking at them, burning cigarette in his hand.

Policeman I: Wait, this is a King. It can jump and conquer yours

Policeman II: No way, you will defeat me; you better defeat your grandmother but not me.

Policeman III: I am broke I just pray that some fool comes to report a crime now so that I can crease my elbows.

Policeman II: You took a bribe yesterday. You mean you are already broke?

Policeman III: Yes I am, can money be enough with our type of life in Kenya?

Policeman II: Stop blaming Kenya when you take your money to buy Chang'aa the illicit brew.

All: (Laughs)

Policeman III: It is true I took a lot of Chang'aa yesterday.

Policeman I: Look, there is a man with a woman coming; they may be coming to report a crime.

Policeman III: God let them come; they may buy me supper today.

(Enters Lusaaka and Kulecho)

Lusaaka: God evening all of you officers.

Policeman II: We are fine and you?

Lusaaka: We are also fine.

Policeman I: You cannot be fine and come here unless you are cheating us.

Policeman III: Who is this? Is she your wife? She looks brutish like a cattler rustler.

Lusaaka: She is my wife.

Policeman II: But also a cattle rustler

Lusaaka: No, she is not.

Policeman I: Then a chicken-stealer

Lusaaka: No a good Christian.

Policeman II: Why did she accept to be your wife if she is a good Christian?

Policeman: Tell us, what is your problem?

Lusaaka: A person I know has stolen my daughter.

Policeman III: Where did you keep your daughter before she was stolen?

Lusaaka: No, but a beggar I know stole my daughter.

Policeman II: How old is your daughter

Lusaaka: Twenty five years old.

Policeman III: She eloped away

Lusaaka: Yes, to an epileptic beggar.

Policeman III: Old man stop being stupid and talk sense. How did you know that someone is an epileptic and you are not a doctor?

Policeman II: Even epileptics have a right to marry and make children.

Lusaaka: He ran away with my daughter and tea-leaves.

Policeman I: Old man is you crazy? Where were the tea-leaves?

Kulecho: Officers listen, tea-leaves were mine, it is my own business, I only gave her to go and sell. But instead she became a sell- out to elope with that man.

Policeman III: So your daughter was selling tea-leaves or hawking tea-leaves?

Kulecho: She is supposed to walk from house to house asking for people to buy the tea-leaves.

Policeman I: So?

Kulecho: She has eloped away with my tea-leaves and money. So officers help me get back, my tea-leaves and my money too.

Policeman II: How much were you paying her as wages?

Kulecho: She never brought home any money.

Policeman II: Please try to get my question, how much were you paying her?

Kulecho: How can I pay her when I am her mother?

Policeman I: But you are the mother, can you get back your money directly without coming here, Ok?

Kulecho: She is married to a bad person.

Policeman II: How?

Kulecho: That ma, I am taught he is a beggar, epileptic and has been staying in

Nairobi for the past two years.

Policeman II: Those are not crimes. They are life situations. They can befall anyone even a police officer. Like I can be a leper, elephantiasis or epileptic no one is an exception.

Policeman III: (Showing the newspaper) Read here old man, it is written in this paper that; speaker of parliament of USA, Newt Gingrich is an epileptic. ....tell us now your problem.

Lusaaka: My wife wants her tea-leaves and money to be recovered.

Policeman III: He is her daughter, may be she has inherited from her mother who can tell.

Policeman II: Old woman you are not a good Christian as your husband has said. You are supposed to thank God when your daughter gets married. Why are you reporting her to the Police?

Kulecho: She has abandoned her children to me.

Policeman II: How old are the children?

Kulechoi: The first boy is eight years, the second boy is four years and the last one is still suckling, is one year.

Policeman III: How much money do you have now, so that we can help you to write a statement?

Kulecho: I have five hundred shillings Kenya money.

Lusaaka: I also have five hundred shillings Kenya money.

Policeman III: Bring it here (Lusaaka and Kulecho both give policeman III, the bank notes) .

Kulechoi: Help me officer to arrest these people.

Policeman II: Now listen, the only crime established is that your daughter has committed a crime of child neglect. We are going to arrest her only for that.

Policeman I: The boy who married her is whose son?

Kulecho: He is son of Chenje, his mother is called Kuloba.

Policeman II: What about the boy?

Lusaaka: He is called Namugugu

Policeman II: Chenje, I know him, I also know his home.

Kulecho: He has a ruffian thatched house with full of rats and  
cockroaches.

All: (Laugh in a loud gurgle)

Policeman III: You can now go back home when we arrest him we shall inform you or even come here tomorrow to find out if they will be already arrested or not.

Kulecho: I will appreciate if you arrest him plus the woman as early as tomorrow.

Policeman I: By the way, how is your daughter called?

Kulecho: Daisy Nanyuli, she is brown, having spaced teeth. Her bust hold sharp pointed breasts. Officer I tell you, you may think she is a girl, when the truth is that she has three sons with three different fathers.

All: (Laughs)

Policeman III: Anyway, we shall arrest them by tomorrow

(CURTAINS)

ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

In Chenje's house, Kuloba is peaced at the fire-yard cooking, smoke fuming a whole room, Namugugu and Nanyuli talking undertone, Chenje looking on.

Kuloba: I am now happy that my son has gotten a wife. I now have a company.

Chenje: It is good. If one gets a wife he of course gets a good thing.

Kuloba: (To Nanyuli) come here, move near and get some warmth from the fire.

Nanyuli: (Moving) thank you Mama.

Kuloba: (To Nanyuli) do you enjoy eating ugali and pumpkin leaves that is stewed with cow's milk?

Nanyuli: (Fretfully) yes I do Mama.

Chenje: No it's a taboo let her not feed on any milk nor on any other animal product until we pay her parents pride price.

Kuloba: Those values have gone a way in a whimper, let my son's wife eat anything that comes her way in this home.

Namugugu: Mama! You can even slaughter a hen for her.

Chenje: No! No! let me tell you, my daughter in-law is still in a honeymoon. We have not officially met and talked with her parents to solemnize her marriage, she cannot feed on a hen not only to mention eggs?

Nanyuli: (Laughs) Even I myself am allergic to meat. I strictly use greens. The only meat I can eat but even very little of it is smoked tilapia fish.

Kuloba: Oh! You mean it?

Nanyuli: Yes am a vegetarian. Just like other sisters of mine. We don't eat cow's meat.

Chenje: Where did you inherit that spirit from?

Nanyuli: Why?

Chenje: Because I grew up with your grandfather he could eat meat like a pregnant vulture. He was a ravenous meat eater.

(Enters Policemen each having, a sten gun)

Policeman I: All of you down! Don't try to run!

Policeman III: (Slapping Namugugu) your eyes are as big as those of a bull-frog.

Policeman II: (Thveighing a slap towards Nanyuli) who told you to get married without coming along with your three sons?

Kuloba: (Screaming) don't beat my son like that again!

Policeman I: (To Kuloba) you noisy harridan I will arrest you for obstructing

the police officers on duty.

Chenje: (To policemen) my sons is kindly tell me where we have a  
Mistake?

Policeman III: That is a good question old man. But I will answer you through  
actions (handcuffs Namugugu and Nanyuli together) these two are lawbreakers.

Chenje: My son, what law have they broken?

Policeman I: (To Chenje) Mzee shut up your mouth or I will teach you how to  
be an old man. Preserve your questions, you will ask them to the trial  
magistrate.

Kuloba: (Wailing) don't take my son to prison, He is already epileptic he will die  
from there. Oh! Forgive him.

Policeman II: (To Kuloba) Old woman, being an epileptic is not a leeway to  
break the law (laughs)

Chenje: (To policemen) Please my sons tell me what their fault is (pointing to  
handcuffed Nanyuli and Namugugu)

Policeman II: (To Chenje) Mzee, this son of yours is a very stupid epileptic. He  
is imposing his testicles to each and every person. He has eloped a way with this  
concubine. She has run away from her children. Three sons. One of them, the  
youngest one is still at a breast feeding stage. A suckler.

Policeman I: (To Chenje) therefore they are jointly arrested for having broken  
the law. They have committed a crime known as child neglect. They will come  
back after three years in prison. Either they will be sentence at Kodhiak or  
Kakamega Maximum labour prison.

Namugugu: (To policeman I) please forgive me sir; I was only tempted, I never  
intended to do all these.

Policeman III: Keep quite you useless, miscreant. Never talk to law-enforcers  
about temptation. Tempted ones are more sinful than the tempters. Stand up we  
go! The useless temptor and the tempted, walk! You wobbling temptress!

Kuloba: Officers! Let me give you a cockerel so that you can leave my only son.

Policeman III: Old-woman we did not come here to pick bribes in kind of  
chicken.

Policeman II: We can take your cockerel but there is no key to unlock the  
handcuffs. It is at the police station.

Policeman I: Off we go! (Pushing out Nanyuli and Namugugu, policeman II,  
Pushing them out)

Policeman III: (To Kuloba, stressing) bring that cockerel to the police at Bokoli  
village market police station. Make sure you come incognito (exits)

Kuloba: (Wailing to herself) my only son. What has happened again? Since I  
was born I have seen always people getting married without being arrested.  
Since the earth was created a honeymoon has never been in prison. What a bad  
lack, what a curse hangs in the clouds of your head. You try to get my son, only

to go up in handcuffs. But if it was another person from this village, nothing bad could have happened. What is the source of this entire evil machination?

(CURTAINS)

## SCENE TWO

Its early morning, at Bokoli village market, inside a police cell, Nanyuli and Namugugu shouting between themselves. Each in a separate cell. Their respective cells are separated by a wall.

Namugugu: (Shouting over the wall) Loisy why did you not tell me that you have children and a suckling baby?

Nanyuli: (Shouting over the wall) why did you not tell me that you are an epileptic?

Namugugu: Epilepsy is misfortune I am not ashamed of it.

Nanyuli: Bearing children is a blessing from God I am not ashamed of it.

Namugugu: You have to be ashamed for cheating your way into a marriage.

Nanyuli: You have to be self dignified as a married epileptic?

(CURTAINS)

## SCENE THREE

At the police station, under the shade of pines-trees. Kuloba, Kulechoi, Chenje, Lusaaka, Policeman I, II, III, Child I, II, III, Namugugu and Nanyuli are brought out from the cells. They are still on handcuffs.

Policeman I: (To Nanyuli) look at how your children are as small as rats.

Kulecho: (to policeman J) Officer, don't just talk. Be flogging that woman.

Policeman II: Let her take the children we want to take her to court.

Child II: (to Nanyuli) Mama, I am hungry; Kukhu never gave as any food since you went.

Kulecho: (To child II) ask your mother to show you your father.

Policeman I: (To Kulechoi) you said each of these child has its own distinct father?

Kulecho: Yes, the girl is no joke.

Policeman III: (to Namugugu) we are just waiting for your father to come, and then

we take you to court

Namugugu; (shy and not confident) thank you afante I will appreciate.

Lusaaka; (to Namugugu) but my son, are you ready or are you willing to take this

daughter of mine to be your wife?

Namugugu; Yes Papa am very ready to stay with Loisy as my wife

Lusaaka: will you take the children

Kulecho; why not! if you cut the tree you must also cut the branches.

Policeman I: (to Kulecho) listen madam (then to Namugugu) will you take your wife

and along with her children?

Namugugu: Yes

Kulecho : (to Nanyuli) give me my money and my tea leaves!

Nanyuli ; this afante (pointing to policeman III) took the money and the tea-

leaves. Plus the tumbler.

Policeman III: (to Nanyuli) don't point that useless finger at me! Will you go and stay

with your husband? Are you ready?

Nanyuli; yes

(Enters Paulina)

Paulina; Bad news honourable police officers!

Policeman I: announce it

Paulina ; Chenje is dead, either the rats killed him or if not starvation. But his wife

Kuloba is claiming that you the policemen killed him through the rudely

shocking manner in which you arrested his son; Beatings! Insults Handcuffing! Jabbing! I mean! Officers! I mean that old woman

Kuloba,

even she is my age-mate, but she has totally smeared you officers the real

mud of the year!

Namugugu: My father dead! ?

Policeman I: don't ask us that question, we don't work in the mortuary. You take your

wife and your children to your house. And we don't want to hear any

nonsense from you. (to policeman three) remove the handcuffs from

their hands. Let him go home with his family. He is now married before

the government. Yes, the government of Kenya. Let him go home with

his wife and her three children quickly.

Kulecho; (to policemen) let them give me my money, please officers, help me to

recover my tealeaves, I want my money and my tea leaves!



(CURTAINS)

alexander opicho

# The Year Of Great Deaths

THIS YEAR 2013; IS THE YEAR OF GREAT DEATHS

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This year alone world society has lost more than ten great intellectual and political leaders. They have been lost to death in a deeply wounding manner. Human society has indeed been robbed. It is so sad. Three of the leaders have been Nobel laureates and the rest are leaders of intellectual, moral, political and spiritual stature in their respective capacities.

It began without any stampede in early part of the year some where March when Chinua Achebe, a Nigerian and Francis Davis Imbuga a Kenyan, both succumbed to early deaths caused by stroke. Rendering not only the citizens of world of literature, but also African society as well as global intellectual communities to the most desperate bereavement. Thereafter, within short while of the subsequent days, The Venezuelans president and Marxist intellectual, Hugo Chavez also succumbed to death caused by throat cancer. Even though the Pravda, the daily circulating paper of Russia contended that Chavez was poisoned; it is dismissible as only a Russian stand attributed to ideological hangover, because the Pravda also made similar allegations in relation to deaths of Yasser Arafat, Pablo Neruda and Frantz Omar Fanon, but it did not go a head to establish the factuality of this very allegations.

What we know is that human life is in most cases contested for by the three spiritual forces of fortune, fate and death. As decried William Shakespeare in his Romeo and Juliet. This time round in the year 2013, the angel of death has dominantly reigned with its untimely consequences in form of fangled early death of our leaders. Herman Melville will remain classical in his concern in the Moby Dick about death that; O death! O death! Why are you untimely?

Sadder is when the Al shabab terrorists killed the Ghanaian born global literary citizen Kofi Owonor. Kofi Owonor the poet and author of This world my brother was among the people killed in Nairobi during the terrorist attack at the Westgate mall. Of course he had come to Kenya to celebrate in literary festival organised by a society of publishers in Nairobi. This is an eventuality of some month ago. In September 2013, the Irish born literary Nobel prize poet; Heaney Seamus died. He died prematurely when the world society most needed his service to literature and his literary service to human society.

A couple of some weeks ago again the world loosed two prominent artists,

political leaders, human rights crusaders and intellectuals. These are none other than Doris May Lessing and Tabuley Rosseuru. Lessing was a white African living in London, literature Nobel laureate and a feminist as well as an anti apartheid crusader. She is known for her firm stand against communist utopia, championing for the courses against dehumanizing human behaviors like racisms, but mostly Lessing is known for her great literary works like; the grass is singing, Golden Note book, Dann and Mara as well as so many other works. Whereas Tabuley was an African Congolese, a musician, a businessman, once a husband to Africa's most beautiful songstress Bellia Belle. He was the composer and the vocalist of African Rumba music. His song Bina Mudan which we in Africa always pronounce as Simbukinya was actually an artistic and cultural bombshell. Tabuley has been a politician, who enjoyed a gubernatorial position of the city of Kinshasa for ten years (two terms) .

Most disastrous is the currently trial-some moment for the world community as they all commissarriate the death of Nelson Ila died early decemder 2013 at his home in the Johannesburg city of South Africa. The death of Mandela is an open sore to the society. It is a window for social, political, intellectual and family abyss in Africa. It is indeed a sad moment. But what can we do? For it has already happened. We can only swim in the consolation inherent the wisdom of the Babukusu people found in the western part of Kenya that; Mis-brewed wine behooves volunteer carousers. And truly, I have personally joined the world community to commit a poetical kamikaze in volunteering to drink this sour wine of god give us and our leaders in their diverse capacities long live. Amen.

Alexander Opicho

# There Is African Chic Who Loves Me

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Old school hawa yu?  
A u lavd as I do?  
There is a lade  
Who loves me now  
But doesn't show  
Coz of work and jobs  
As she partially and cordialy  
Gotta play it coola  
With mine dear bossa

alexander opicho

# There Is Power In The Name Alexander

There is power in the name 'Alexander'

By

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Spiritual scholars of Christian Science have a concept that there is power in the name. They at most identify the name Jesus and the name of God, Jehovah to be the most powerful names in the spiritual realm. But in the world of literature and intellectual movement, art, science, politics and creativity, the name Alexander is mysteriously powerful. Averagely, bearers of the name Alexander achieve some unique level of literary or intellectual glory, discover something novel or make some breakaway political victories.

Among the ancient and present-day Russians, most bearers of the name Alexander were imbued with some uniqueness of intellect, leadership or literary mighty. Beginning with the recent times of Russia, the first mysterious Alexander is the 1700 political reformist and effective leader, Tsar Alexander and his beautiful wife, tsarina Alexandrina. The couple transformed Russian society from pathetic peasantry to a middle class society. It is Tsar Alexander's leadership that laid a foundation for Russian socialist revolution. Different scholars of Russian history remember the reign of Tsar Alexander with a strong bliss. This is what made the Lenin family to name their son Alexander an elder brother to Vladimir Ilyanovsk Ilyich Lenin. This was done as parental projection through careful choice of a mentor for their young son. Alexander Lenin was named after this formidable ruler; Tsar Alexander. Alexander Lenin was a might scholar. An Intellectual and political reformist. He was a source of inspiration to his young brother Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, who became the Russian president after his brother Alexander, had died through political assassination. However, researches into distinctive prowess of these two brothers reveal that Alexander Lenin was more gifted intellectually than Vladimir Lenin.

Alexander Pushkin, another Russian personality with intellectual, cultural, theatrical and literary consengences. He was a contemporary of Alexander pope. He is the main intellectual influence behind Nikolai Vasileyvich Gogol and very many other Russian writers. He is to Russians what Shakespeare is to English speakers or victor Hugo is to French speakers, Friedrich schiller and Frantz Kafka is to Germany readers or Miguel de Cervantes to the Spaniards. Among English readers, Shakespeare's drama of king Lear is a beacon of English political theatre, while Hugo's Les miscerables is an apex of French social and political literature, but Pushkin's Boris Godunov, a theatrical political satire, technically towers above the peers. For your point of information my dear

reader; there has been a commonplace false convention among English literature scholars that, William Shakespeare in conjunction with Robert Greene wrote and published highest number of books, more than anyone else. The factual truth is otherwise. No, they only published 90 works, but Pushkin published 700 works.

Equally glorious is Alexander Vasilevich Sholenstsyn, the, the, the author of *I will be on phone by five*, *Cancer Ward*, *Gulag Archipelago* and the *First Cycle*. He is a contemporary of Leo Tolstoy, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Alfred Nobel and Maxim Gorky. Literary and artistic excellence of Alexander Sholenstsyn, the, the anti-communist Russian novelist was and is still displayed through his mirroring of a corrupt Russian communist politics, made him a debate case among the then committee members for Nobel prize and American literature prize, but when the Kremlin learned of this they, detained Alexander Sholenstsyn at Siberia for 18 years this is where he wrote his *Gulag Archipelago*. Which he wrote as sequel five years later to the previous novel *Cancer Ward* whose main theme is despair among cancer patients in the Russian hospitals. This was simply a satirical way of expressing agony of despair among the then political prisoners at Siberia concentration camps. In its reaction to this communist front to capitalist literature through the glasnost machinery, the Washington government ordered Chalice Chaplin an American pro-communist writer to be out of America within 45 minutes.

Alexander's; Payne, Pato, Petrovsky, and Pires are intellectual torchbearers of the world and Russian literary civilization. Not to forget, Alexander Popov, a poet and Russian master brewer, whose liquor brand 'Popov' is the worldwide king of bar shelves?

In 1945 the Russians had very brutish two types of guns, designed to shoot at long range with very little chances of missing the target. These guns are; AK 47 and the Molotov gun. They were designed to defeat the German Nazi and later on to be used in international guerrilla movement. The first gun AK 47 was designed by Alexander Klashnikov and the second by Alexander Molotov. These are the two Alexander's that made milestones in history of world military technology. The name Alexander was one of the titles or the epithet used to be given to the Greek goddess Hera and as such is taken to mean the one who comes to save warriors. In Homer's epical work; the *Iliad*, the most dominant character Paris who often saved the other warriors was also known also as Alexander. This name's linkage to popularity was spread throughout the Greek world by the military maneuvers and conquests of King Alexander III. Alexander III is commonly known as Alexander the Great. Evidently; the biblical book of Daniel had a prophecy. It was about fall of empires down to advent of Jesus as a final ruler. The prophecy venerated Roman Empire above all else. As well the, prophecy magnified military brilliance, intellect and leadership skills of the Greek, Alexander the great, the conqueror of Roman Empire. Alexander the great was

highly inspired by the secret talks he often held with his mother. All bible readers and historians have reasons to believe that Alexander of Greece was powerful, intellectually might, strong in judgment and a political mystery and enigma that remain classic to date.

In his book *Glimpses of History*, Jawaharlal Nehru discusses the Guru Nanak as an Indian religious sect, Business Empire, clan, caste, and an intellectual movement of admirable standard that shares a parallel only with the Aga Khans. Their founder is known, as Skander name skander is an Indian version for Alexander. Thus, Alexander Nanak is the founder of Guru Nanak business empire and sub Indian spiritual community. Alexander Nanak was an intellectual, recited Ramayana and Mahabharata off head; he was both a secular and religious scholar as well as a corporate strategist.

The American market and industrial civilisations has very many wonderful Alexander's in its history. The earliest known Alexander in American is Hamilton, the poet, writer, politician and political reformist. Hamilton strongly worked for establishment of American constitution. Contemporaries of Hamilton are; Alexander Graham Bell and Alexander is the American scientist who discovered a modern electrical bell, while Fleming, A Nobel Prize Laureate discovered that fungus on stale bread can make penicillin to be used in curing malaria. Other American Alexander's are; Van, Ludwig, MacQueen, Calder and Ovechikin. Italian front to mysterious greatness in the name Alexander spectacularly emanates from science of electricity which has a measuring unit for electrical volume known as voltage. The name of this unit is a word coined from the Italian name Volta. He was an Italian scientist by the name Alessandro Volta. Alessandro is an Italian version for Alexander. Therefore it is Alexander Volta an Italian scientist who discovered volume of electrical energy as it moves along the cable. Thus in Italian culture the name Alexander is also a mystery.

Readers of European genre and classics agree that it is still enjoyable to read the *Three Musketeers* and the *Poor Christ of Montecristo* for three or even more times. They are inspiring, with a depth of intellectual character, and classic in lessons to all generations. These two classics were written by Alexander Dumas, a French literary lived the same time as Hugo and Hugo was writing the *Hunchback of Notre Dame* Dumas was writing the *Three Musketeers*. These two books were the source of inspiration for Dostoyevsky to write *Brothers Karamazov*. Another notable European- cum -American Alexander is Alexander Pope, whose adage 'short knowledge is dangerous,' has remained a classic and ever quoted across a time span of two centuries. Alexander Pope penned this line in the mid of 1800 in his poem *Better Drink from the Pyrene Spring*.

In the last century colleges, Universities and high schools in Kenya and throughout Africa, taught Alexander de Gama and Alexander Haley as set- book writers for political science, literature and drama courses. Alexander de Gama is a

South African, anti-apartheid crusader and a writer of strange literary ability. His commonly read books are *A Walk in the Night*, *Time of the Butcher Bird* and *In the Fog of the Season's End*. While Alexander Haley is an African in the American Diaspora. An intellectual heavy-weight, a politician, civil rights activist and a writer of no precedent, whose book *The Roots* is a literary blockbuster to white American artists. Both La Guma and Haley are African Alexander's only that white bigotry in their respective countries of America and South Africa made them to be called Alex's.

The Kenyan only firm for actuaries is Alexander Forbes consultants. Alexander Forbes was an English-American mathematician. The lesson about Forbes is that mystery within the name Alexander makes it to be the brand of corporate actuarial practice in Africa and the entire world.

Something hypothetical and funny about this name Alexander is that its dictionary definition is; homemade brandy in Russia, just the way the east African names; Wamalwa, Wanjoi and Kimaiyo are used among the Bukusu, Agikuyu and Kalenjin communities of Kenya respectively. More hypothetical is the lesson that the short form of Alexander is Alex; it is not as spiritually consequential in any manner as its full version Alexander. The name Alex is just plain without any powers and spiritual connotation on the personality and character of the bearer. The name Alexander works intellectual miracles when used in full even in its variants and diminutives as pronounced in other languages that are neither English nor Greece. Presumably the -ander section of the name (Alex) ander is the one with life consequences on the history of the bearer. Also, it is not clear whether they are persons called Alexander who are born bright and gifted or it is the name Alexander that conjures power of intellect and creativity on them.

In comparative historical scenarios this name Alexander has been the name of many rulers, including kings of Macedon, kings of Scotland, emperors of Russia and popes, the list is infinite. Indeed, it is bare that when you poke into facts from antiques of politics, religion and human diversity, there is rich evidence that there is substantial positive spirituality between human success and social nomenclature in the name of Alexander. Some cases in archaic point are available in a listological exposition of early rulers on Wikipedia. Some names on Wikipedia in relation to the phenomenon of Alexanderity are: General Alexander; more often known as Paris of Troy as recounted by Homer in his *Iliad*. Then ensues a plethora; Alexander of Corinth who was the 10th king of Corinth, Alexander I of Macedon, Alexander II of Macedon, Alexander III of Macedonia alias Alexander the Great. There is still in the list in relation to Macedonia, Alexander IV and Alexander V. More facts of the antiques have Alexander of Pherae who was the despotic ruler of Pherae between 369 and 358 before the Common Era. The land of Epirus had Alexander I the king of Epirus about 342 before the Common Era and Alexander II the king of Epirus 272 before the



Common Era. A series of other Alexander's in the antiques is composed of; Alexander the viceroy of Antigonus Gonatas and also the ruler of a rump state based on Corinth in 250 before the common era, then Alexander Balas, ruler of the Seleucid kingdom of Syria between 150 and 146 before the common era. Next in the list is Alexander Zabinas the ruler of part of the Seleucid kingdom of Syria based in Antioch between 128 and 123 before the common era, then Alexander Jannaeus king of Judea, 103 to 76 before the common era and last but not least Alexander of Judaea son of Aristobulus II the king of Judaea. The list of Alexander's in relation to the antiquated Roman empire are; Alexander Severus, Julius Alexander who lived during the second century as the Emesene nobleman, Then next is Domitius Alexander the Roman usurper who declared himself emperor in 308. Next comes Alexander the emperor of Byzantine. Political antiques of Scotland have Alexander I, Alexander II and Alexander III of Scotland. The list cannot be exhausted but it is only a testimony that there are a lot of Alexander's in the antiques of the world.

Religious leadership also enjoys vastness of Alexander's. This is so among the Christians and non Christians, Catholics and Protestants and even among the charismatic and non-charismatic. These historical experiences start with Alexander Kipsang Muge the Kenyan Anglican Bishop who died in a mysterious accident during the Kenyan political dark days of Moi. But when it comes to the antiques catholic pontifical history, there is still a plethora of them as evinced on Wikipedia; Pope Alexander I, Alexander of Apamea also the bishop of Apamea, Pope Alexander II, Pope Alexander III, Pope Alexander IV, Pope Alexander V, Pope Alexander VI, Pope Alexander VII, Pope Alexander VIII, Alexander of Constantinople the bishop of Constantinople, St. Alexander of Alexandria also the Coptic Pope and Patriarch of Alexandria between then Pope Alexander II of Alexandria the Coptic Pope and lastly Alexander of Lincoln the bishop of Lincoln and finally Alexander of Jerusalem.

However, the fact of logic is inherent in the premise that there is power in the interesting experience I have had is that; when Eugene Nelson Mandela Ochieng was kidnapped in Nairobi sometimes ago, a friend told me that there is power in the name. The name Mandela on a Nairobi born Luo boy attracts strong fortune and history making eventualities towards the boy, though fate of the world interferes, the boy Eugene Mandela Ochieng is bound to be great, not because he was kidnapped but because he has an assuring name Nelson Mandela. With extension both in Africa and without, May God the almighty add all young Alexander's to the traditional list of other great and formidable Alexander's that came before. Amen.

References;

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Alexander Opicho

# There Is Slavery In Mauritania

There are black slaves in Mauritania  
Indentured Patel Slaves in India  
Black Slaves in Mali  
Black Slaves in Nigeria  
Black Slaves in Niger  
White Slaves in Russia  
Muslim slaves in Senegal  
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

Today, November 2013  
There are black slaves in Mauritania  
Serving the white Berbers  
Toiling from morning to late evening  
Working under desert sun like soulless beasts  
With no single pay, with no human dignity  
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

Let us all go slowly and slowly to fight  
In the Islamic city of Nouakchott  
To demolish evil monuments of slavery  
With our entire human might let us fight  
With our blood, sweat and soul  
Fight slavery the human vice in Mauritania  
Free them all black slaves to freedom  
Black moor, black Africans, Afro-Mauritanians  
From the shackles of slavery to white Berbers,  
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

There are women in slavery in Nouakchott  
Herding camels and goats, donkeys and mules  
Black women Raped in the field alongside animals  
Enslaved women Raped in the field as children look  
Black women Raped in the field as goats and sheep watch  
Black women of Mauritania are in deep tribulation  
All their pregnancies a protégé of white rape  
No child of love, wedlock or out of romance  
There are black slaves in Mauritania

There are a million black slaves in Mauritania

Some know of their fate some know not  
Their doom of chattel slavery  
Where man is sold away like a wooden spoon  
Away to a willing buyer a slave is sold  
Away to a fellow slave master man is donated  
As a wedding gift or a birthday token  
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

When a white Berber king dies  
The journey before him is long and arduous  
The journey to heaven is long indeed  
He can't go alone he needs a hand  
Two live slaves are buried along with him  
The slave master the white Berber  
To provide hand and service to the master off to heaven  
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

In the city of Nouakchott Muslim enslave Moslem  
Against the holy law of Mohammed,  
As long as they are black Africans and moors  
Islam is neither fortress nor succor for them  
Against the racist urge for enslavement  
White Berbers the rich of Nouakchott  
Enslave Black Muslim and half Black Muslim  
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

It is true god of Christians and Allah of Moslem  
Owe apology to enslaved black humanity  
God and Allah should apologize to Africanity  
God said, Jews can kill a non Jewish slaves is no sin  
Albeit, killing a Jewish slave is sin  
Jews only to be slaves for seven years  
That, slaves venerate your masters  
That, non-Jewish slaves are in life slavery  
Their sire slaves of the master  
Jewish slaves give birth to children  
Non-Jewish slaves give birth to slaves  
Allah said, Muslim can enslave all non Muslims  
O! Africa! There are black slaves in Mauritania.

Liberated slaves of Mauritania go back  
In the sand dunes and dents of slavery

Teach your folks both master and slaves  
The fruit of freedom from religious utopia  
Tell the slaves to ignore the Quran and the Bible  
For these are none other than handmaids of slavery  
Stupid bliss, blind faith, O! Archaic pusillanimity  
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

Let the slaves read and teach others to read  
Fanon Omar the son of Algeria  
Walter Rodney son of Guyana  
Aime Cesaire son of the north  
Ousmane of Senegal the wood of Islam  
Amilcar Cabral the verdant cape  
Malcolm X and Paul Freire, pedagogy of slavery  
Marcus Garvey and The black souls of W Dubois  
There are black slaves in Mauritania

For me and my house I stand for freedom  
For me and my house I stand for human dignity  
For me and my house I stand for diversity in humanity  
For me and my house I will never enslave a fellow human being  
For me and my house I better serve Marxism down to my infinity  
Other than flirting with christo-islamic glorification of slavery  
Slaves in Mauritania have tyranny of numbers over the Berbers  
Stand up and fight the few slave drivers in Mauritania  
There are black slaves in Mauritania.

alexander opicho

# They Derive Pleasure From My Agony

They refused to give me what is due to me  
They maliciously withheld and usurped  
all that is genuinely mine  
Lest I may be happy and easy going  
And they made me a pauper  
Tortured me with economic despair  
Before my children and my wife  
From which they all derived pleasure  
Indeed they suffer from stark sadism.

alexander opicho

# Tod

O tod! O Tod! menschenlich schrei  
warum eine du vorzeitig?  
du jungerauen toten im ihr ruhmestunde  
Jungefrau du toten im die susse du sie liebe und leider  
tod! du habe sehr bose eifersuchtig  
meschen du gesondert von ihr palast  
du sie nicht gute besucherin  
warum besuch Doris Lessing dies ruhmestunde von ihre  
wann im dienst der literature  
hals uber kopf du habe immer veruteilen familien

alexander opicho

# Tonguistic Victimhood

Languages are elastic realities of ages  
Going beyond political and historical chauvinism  
That selfishly blends into exclusive nations  
The European languages we slavishly speak  
In diversity of the world is a virgin testimony,  
Ostensible Afro-American cultural civilization  
Are mere protégés of transplanted tongues  
In forlorn position of knowledge  
That derides cultural Darwinism  
Unto this last that Language  
is born and grow from the native soil,  
Nurtured by facts of history in timbre of altruism  
Where misfortune of history raped my stature  
Planting unknown and unnamed language  
In my virgin soil of pristine times  
My conscience not yet passively accepting  
The changing misfortunes of the transplanted English  
As they are at current times  
The negations of vicious cultural Darwinist  
Condemning me a victim of tonguistry.

alexander opicho



# Top Lesbian Ode To Oral Sex

The flame in my flesh burns tor like  
Above conventions of average humanity,  
Propelled to hatred of their opposite  
By the pristine charm in the streaks of culture,  
Their Florence comes from the glory of orthodoxities  
In the time long fibres of religious pockets,  
Islam, Christian, Hinduism and all that steadily  
And firmly in piety aver perfection of Godliness,  
Forgetting the flame of same sex with oral spice  
In the God made flesh of the dear lesbian daughter,  
Spell binding the equivalent in blossoms of the gay,  
Provoking hatred from the threatened heterosexists,  
But the oral sex of a lesbian is an apex of human pleasure  
Surpassing all on earth and in heaven, as no human barricade  
Of whatsoever caliber will cull lesbian's feelings  
From the glorious power in the genitals on kiss of lips,  
As the tongue of the chic wag from side to other  
Touching fountains of sexual glory in cement of sameness  
Throwing threats of law and black order to dustbins  
And trash yards of anachronisms as the power of LGBT  
Engulfs the young world into in its protégé,  
Shamelessly tethered on the sensual tentacles  
Of maximum gusto in the prick of oral sex with a dear 'less'  
In tune with all rhythms of the times  
Remaining strange to the conservatives,  
Ever seeking pleasure from where pain hails  
Living gloomy life on a brink of melancholia,  
Worry not lesbian daughter you are powerful,  
In one away or so, rise up and walk tall  
You have power in your oral sex,  
Oral sex! Oral sex! Oral sex of a lesbian!

alexander opicho

# Toxic Valentine

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Here is a toast for valentine  
Valentine in all seasons perennial  
Where angst of money for love  
Cradled utopian capitalism,  
It is once again in the city of Omurate  
In the south most parts of Ethiopia  
On the borders of Kenya and Ethiopia  
Where actually the river Ormo enters Lake Turkana,  
There lived a pair of lovers  
With overt compassion for one another  
The male lover was an origin of Nyangtom,  
A cattle rustling Nilotic kingdom  
While the female lover was a descendant of King Solomon  
The Jewish children which King Solomon aborted  
Because their mother was an Ethiopian African  
They now form substantial part of the Ethiopian population  
Their clan is known as Amharic, they speak subverted Yiddish,  
These lovers were good to one another  
Sharing secrets and all other stuffs that go with love.

Both the lovers were fatherless  
They had lost their fathers through early death  
They only had the mothers, who were again sickly  
Their mothers coughed a whole night with whoops  
And when in the wee of the night, when temperatures go low  
The mothers breathe with wheezing sound  
Like peasant music from African violin,  
They didn't eat with good appetite  
They always left irritating chunks on the plates,  
But they all puked mucus from their mouths  
And of course with a very sickening regularity.

The menace of sick mothers intervened with love freedom  
Among the inter-compassionate lovers  
They did not have time for real active love  
I will not mention recurrent missing of ceremonies

Fetes that are bound to go with valentine day  
The lovers were bored to their teeth  
They don't knew when gods will come to unyoke them.

Especially the male lover, was most perturbed  
His mother looked sorriest  
With a scrofulous look on her old aged African face  
She looked like a forlorn erstwhile cattle rustler  
She ever whined in pain like a trapped hyena  
Her son the male lover even began apologizing  
To the female lover for such environmental upsets  
Hence an African proverb that;  
No love is possible with impaired judgment.

One day in the wee of the night  
With no electricity nor any source of light  
Darkness engulfing each and every aspect of the city  
Confirming the hinterland of Africa  
The female lover woke up from the sleep  
And she never heard the usual wheezing breathes  
That her mother often made in such hours,  
Feat of suspicion gripped her  
She jumped out of her bed to where her mother was  
On feeling her, she found her dead, cold like a black member  
She was already past the rigor mortis stage of death process  
African chilliness had frozen her like a poikilothermic creature.

She wept but not in the uproarious groan  
In that instinctive Jewish shrewdness  
She did not announce nor inform her lover of her mother's death  
She only washed and groomed the cadaver of her mother  
She made a headscarf around the head of dead mother  
She even placed reading glasses on her face  
On her mother's dead torso she wrapped a dress  
The most expensive of all bought from Egypt,  
In the same wee of the night  
She carried cadaver of her mother on her shoulders  
The way a poor Nigerian farmer would carry a stem of banana  
And walked slowly by slowly for a distance of a hundred kilometers  
Down slope into Kenya towards the city of Todanyang in Turkana County  
Todanyang was a busy city, but silent and minus people in the night  
The king of this city was called Lapur the son of Turkanai

And the law that Lapur passed in this city was archaic  
It was; an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a Jew for a Jew  
A pokot for a pokot, a samburu for a samburu  
It was simply the law with nothing else  
Other than clauses of measure for measure  
And clauses of tit for tat instantaneously administered,  
On reaching the market she placed her mother standing  
Being supported on a sign post at the bus stage  
In pose similar to that of an early morning traveler,  
She sat a side like a prowling spider awaiting foolish fly  
They way an African vixen exposes its red anus  
And when the hen comes to peck  
It traps and closes the head of the hen  
Deeper into its Anus,  
At that bus stage there was a hotel  
Owned by a Rwandese refugee  
From the foolish clan of the Hutu  
He had ran away from the genocide  
In his country, he was also the perpetrator  
And thus he was a runaway from the law cum hotelier  
His name was Chapuchapu, meaning the quick one,  
When Chapuchapu opened the hotel for the early customers  
The female lover walked into the hotel  
With innocence on her face like all the Jews  
She placed an order for two mugs of coffee  
And two pieces of bread  
When Chapuchapu had placed food on the table  
The female lover shrewdly instructed Chapuchapu  
To go and hold the hand of the woman standing at the sign post  
To bring her into the hotel for morning tea,  
Chapuchapu in his unsuspecting charisma  
With a mad drive to make money that morning  
He dashed out as instructed with his foolish notion  
That the customer is the queen, which is not  
He grapped the standing cadaver with force  
On pulling her to come along  
The cadaver tumbled down like a marionette  
Everything falling away; headscarf and glasses  
Chapuchapu was overtaken by awe  
The female lover was watching  
Like the big brother in the Orwellian satire,1984.  
When the cadaver of her mother fell

She came out of the hotel  
Screaming like a hundred vehicles  
Of St John Ambulance  
And two hundred Kenyan vehicles of fire brigade  
And three hundred Kenyan cash transfer vehicles,  
She was accusing Chapuchapu for being careless  
Careless in his work that he had killed her mother,  
Swam of armed humanity in Turkana loinclothes  
Began pouring in like waters of Nile into Mediterranean  
Female lover improved the scale of her screaming  
Chapuchapu like a heavyweight idiot was dumbfounded  
Armed people came in their infinite  
Finally king Lapur arrived on his royal donkey  
That his foot soldiers had only rustled  
From Samburu land a fortnight ago,  
The presence of the king quelled the hullabaloo  
The king asked to find out what had happened  
Amid sops the female lover narrated how  
Chapuchapu the hotelier had killed her mother  
Through his careless helter skelter behaviour  
The king sighed and shouted the judgment  
To the mad crowd; an eye for a.....! ?  
The crowd responded back to the King  
In a feat of amok value;  
For an eye you mighty Lapur son ofTurkanai,  
The stones, kicks, jabs began raining  
In volleys on an innocent Chapuchapu  
Amid shouts that kill him, he came here to kill people  
The way he killed a thousand fold in Rwanda.

The sopping female lover requested the king  
That his people wait a bit before they continue  
Then the king waved to the people to stop  
Chapuchapu was on the ground writhing in pain  
When the King asked the female lover what was the concern  
She requested for pay from Chapuchapu not people to kill him  
Chapuchapu accepted to pay whatever the price that will be put  
Female lover asked for everything in hundreds;  
Carmel, money, Birr, sheep, goats, donkeys, cows  
Name them all they were in hundreds  
Chapuchapu and his family were saying yes to every demand  
And they rushed to bring whatever was said

The payments exhausted Chapuchapu back to square zero  
The female lover carried everything away  
The cadaver of her mother on her shoulder  
She disappeared into the forest  
and buried her mother there.

When she arrived home she found the male lover  
He looked at her overnight change in fortune in stupefaction  
He didn't believe his eyes, it was a dream  
Sweetheart, where have you gotten all these?  
Questioned the male lover  
Sweetie darling there is market for dead women  
At Todanyang in the Turkana County of Kenya  
I killed my sickly mother and carried her cadaver  
As a trade ware to Todanyang  
Whatever I have that you are looking at is the proceed,  
Can my mother fetch the same? Asked the male lover  
Of course yes, even more  
Given the Africanness of your mother  
African cadavers fetch more than the Jewish ones  
At Todanyang market,  
The male lover was now overtaken  
By strong urge for quick riches  
Was not seeing it getting evening  
That day for him was as long as a whole century  
He was anxious and restless more tired of a sickly mother  
When evening fell he was already ready with the butcherer's tools  
He didn't have nerves to wait till the wee of the night  
As early as eleven in the evening he axed his mother's head  
Into two chunks of human skull spilling the brains in stark horror  
Blood streaming like a rivulet all over the house  
The male lover was nonchalant to all these  
He was in the full feat of determination  
To kill and sell his mother to get the proceeds  
With which he could foot the bills of valentine day.

He stuffed the headless blood soaked torso  
Of his mothers cadaver in the sisal bag  
He threw it to his bag  
And began going to Todanyang  
The market for human dead bodies  
He went half running and half walking

With regular whistling of his favourite poem;  
Ode to my Jewish lover  
He reached Todanyang in the wee of the night  
No human being was in sight  
All people had gone as it was late in the night  
He then slept in the open with dead body of his mother  
Stuffed in the sisal bag beside him  
Wandering night dogs regularly disturbed him  
As they came to bite at smelling curdled blood  
But he always scared them away.  
As per the male lover he overslept till five in the morning  
But when he woke up he unhesitatingly began to shout  
Advertising his ware of trade in foolish version;  
Am selling, the body of my mother, I have killed,  
I killed her myself, it is still fresh, come and buy,  
I will give you're a bargain price,

When the morning came  
People began crowding around him  
As he kept on shouting his advertisement  
Also Lapur the king came  
He was surprised with the situation,  
He asked the male lover to confirm  
Whatever he was shouting  
The male lover vehemently confirmed,  
Then the law of an eye for an eye  
Effortlessly took its course  
Lapur ordered his people, in a glorious royal decree  
To stone the male lover to death  
And bury him away without ceremony  
Along with his mother in the sisal bag  
In the wasted cemetery of villains  
The same way Pablo Neruda  
Had to bury his dead dog behind the house,

On hearing the tidings  
About what had befallen her lover  
The female lover had to send out a long giggle  
Coming deep from her heart with maximum joy  
She took over the estate of the male lover  
Combined with hers,  
All the animals and everything she took,

She made her son the manager  
The son whom she immaculately conceived  
Without any nuptial experience in the usual Jewish style  
And their wealth multiplied to vastness  
And hence toxic valentine gave birth to capitalism

Alexander Opicho



# Tribalism, Listen!

I don't know how much the world is tired  
Of hearing again in this year that  
Still tribalism and negative ethnicity  
Is Gog and magog with Africa, I mean Africa  
The second largest continent in the world  
After Asia, being seconded by Americas,  
Her only cultural overture is tribalism and tribes  
Large tribes swallowing small ones  
Small tribes making desperate moves  
Like bush virgin in the lethal fangs of the python,  
Large tribes swallowing political fruits as the small ones  
In despair look, being choked by forlorn appetite,  
Tribalism, listen! Leave Africa alone; stop messing up the African youth  
Tell the Dinka and the Nuer of the southern Sudan to put down the arms  
The arms made in the old Russia, the AK 47,  
Tell them to go to Russia not to buy  
Arms but books of poetry and literature  
To buy Dead souls of Nikolai Gogol and  
Brothers Kamarazov of Fydor Dostoyevsky,

Tribalism, listen! Am tired of introducing myself  
By my clan, I don't want to be known by my clan  
I want to be known by my work; I am a poet  
I sing and chant the African incantations of freedom  
I do not perpetrate feelings of tribal terror  
It is never my work to cement ethnicity  
Tribes are good but tribalism is evil, or satanic or impish  
Or gnomish or macabrous or ghastly insidious,  
As its hatred is the most heinous.

Alexander Opicho

# Tummy Tax

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Kenya; the begotten daughter of your poor mother  
Whose children starve and stave hunger in their tummies  
Wallowing in mire of food destitution and diverse others  
Wondering where to get victuals from as you have none to tax  
Kindly look at your state officers the tummies are bulging  
Occupying space all over, suffocating neighbours to the fringe  
Tax the commonplace tummies of your state officers  
For them are plenty enough to give you revenue  
In combat against hunger unto your children

alexander opicho

# Turkana Is Not All About Poverty

Our mouth customs has gone beyond our control,  
Every time we talk about Turkana nation,  
We always goof to label it a den of poverty,  
By failing to see the vice of human backlogs,  
That has worked most to stultify human hopes  
Down to a false pale that Turkana nation is all poverty.

A nation that arms its daughters and sons in entirety  
With the vogue models of AK 47 and 74'S  
Enjoying money worthiness to a whopping!  
Media with which they brutally rustle neighbours' cows  
Leaving them in forlorn cry like lame childlings  
Such nation can't be labeled a poverty reference.

Nation in which a naked elder in a loincloths is matchlessly animal rich  
Owning hundreds of Carmel and goats, sheep and cows in similar fold,  
Enjoying pure sex in marriage with virgins, whose breast are sharply pointed,  
Marrying them in pairs out of polygamous morality in the chriso-paganity,  
Where each man is a king and each woman an akuju; Turkana goddess of  
beauty,  
All youth confident of animal wealth, then it is total sphinx of no secrete  
To label Turkana nation a land that is all about poverty.

Land of sand tunes fit for use in modern architecture,  
Replete with deadly desert scorpions, watchdog against women stealer,  
Diamonds and gold form its hills of Lapur and Pelekechi,  
Its underground waters huge than masses of Indian Ocean,  
Lake Turkana being deeper than Lake Tanganyika, full of Fish like helluva,  
In the sunshine that generates solar power in fathomless units  
Desert snakes jumping here and there in chase of Locusts,  
On the seashores at Todanyang and Loewarang towns,  
Antelopes there are foolish that they don't fear dogs  
While chicken are condemned to be wild birds  
For the Turkana don't eat birds lest they degrade in dignity  
Foolishly calling such land to be example of poverty  
Is like putting your economics education in higgledy-piggledy pose.

A turkana woman is a beautiful woman, indeed a paragon of femininity  
Slender and narrow at the waist with a humongous bossom,

Her legs are sizeable and long, forming a curve between her thighs,  
Her neck stands straight on her thorax, forming a shape of flag post,  
Warm on touch and sensuous on each kiss, with her eyes full of compassion,  
Her arms strong on each assignment, hence her gun management power,  
She screams on an orgasm like the swine in a slaughter house,  
Sending up the chills of gusto up the spine of the sex partner,  
When in the apical realm of love at scenic Eliye Spring,  
How can a nation full of such wonderfully virtuous daughters  
Be declared in foolishness benchmark of poverty and human despair?

Walk tall Turkana, stand and walk tall, for you are the virgin of Africa  
Your oil wells are gift of providence; it will put green foods on your table,  
Walk to school and learn anything, learn the languages of the world,  
Through which you will caution the lazy talkers of this country,  
For them have labeled you as black sheep of the Kenyan family  
When it's their folly and vicious governance  
That has betrayed Turkana towards its destiny.

alexander opicho

# Tyrrany Of Tomfoolery

There comes a time when tyranny of numbers,  
Evaporates into tyranny of idiosyncrasies,  
Especially when the ethnic tyranny tyrannizes  
Voice of reason the matrix of humane inclusivity,  
When the malice in the enormity of clan numbers  
Worships brutality of foolishness that purtains  
In the group of the over sized ethnicity  
To cement the tyrannical tomfoolery.

alexander opicho

## Verses Of Caution To An African Girl

Listen my dear daughter, to my first song of caution  
Earmarked for you my wonderful sire, come and listen,  
That tall old man with white hair all over his head  
Standing over there is not good; he is gnomish in the mind  
Be careful with him, he is not human in the heart  
But a mermaid of Yoruba poetry, just like Thespis of Greece  
Even the pecuniary psychopomp of Sweden gave him an accolade  
His heart is selfishly full of avarice; he wants everything for himself,  
Don't recite him any of your poetry, lest he spells an abyss  
Against your juvenile poetic talent, he will fool you with a gift;  
A white sheep or a scarlet goat for your birth day anniversary  
Please don't take it or anything else from him, as nothing from him is genuine  
But only machinations of evil spell aimed at mahyeming your talent  
Finally to decimate your girlhood and life, this is my caution  
For you dear little African girl.

Listen my dear little daughter, to my second song of caution  
That short man in a Muslim gear loafing yonder, is suspect  
The Muslim beret on his head is merely a smokescreen to aghastly behaviour  
He is in no way an avatar of god of love and humane piety  
He is a terrorist working with Boko Haram and Algaeda  
He is an Alshabab that is bombing young girls in Mombasa and Nairobi  
All over Kenya he has killed the young people; his long egret-white sari is not for  
holiness,  
It is merely a nefarious sanctum of grenades, other tools of work in terrorism  
trade  
His loudly prayers, body movements and pocket bursting monies are only a stunt  
To have you kidnapped into death conduit, once you goof to join his courts,  
His sanctimony is a total picaresque film, (s) heroes of terror the centerpiece  
And thus, this is my caution for you dear little African girl.

Listen my dear daughter, to my third song of caution  
Those tourists thronging our streets are deadly sex pets, they also skulk rape  
Their handsome outlook is not a stamp to any good conscientiousness  
They derive pleasure from poverty and sex tourism; they yearn to see a girl in  
poverty,  
Often rarely will they help an African girl, out of milieu of beggarly squalorism,  
Instead they go straight for the purse between your thighs,  
Regardless of the legacy they leave out of this lewdness, they are showy,

They regret not in their Byronic broadcast of HIV and fatherless urchins in the  
poor streets  
Foundation for their further poverty tourism, this is my caution for you dear little  
African girl.

alexander opicho

# Violent Death Is The Bane Of African Writers And Artists

Homage to the late poet; Kofi Owonor

By

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

In one Sunday Nation article, Professor Ali A Mazrui analyzed the inter-politicality of The Jaramogi Odinga family and The Kennedy family by arriving at a difference that the Odinga's have curse of long life but the Kennedy's have a curse of early death through violent and untimely mode of i made these analogies in reference to violent death of John F. Kennedy and the subsequent Chappaquiddick bridge arly, the salient difference between a European and American or a Japanese and African writer or African artist is that most of African writers die early in the mid of their lives through violent death but in contrast American and some European writers die peacefully and comfortably in their old age. Early and violent death is the dominant bane, fate and misfortune that now and then besmirch an African writer. This position is in recognition of a fact that my child-hood American popular literature writers in the name of Mario Puzzo author of the God Father and Robert Ludlum an author of several anti soviet spy series like; Borne dentity, Borne Ultimatum and Icarus Agenda plus very many others like The Matlock Paper had just to die recently in their late eighties. The most surprising of all is Phillip Roth whom I read at the age of twelve years while in my primary four. Now I am forty years and this year 2013 Phillip Roth is still alive and active to the American literary civilization that he has been touted by the Ladbrokes as a probable candidate for Nobel Prize in literature. But sadly enough on 22 September 2013 in Nairobi the black angel of early death has carried ahead its foul duty by claiming the life of Africa's most honorable literary scholar Professor Kofi Owonor during the helter-skelter of Alshabab terrorist lynch of the upscale West Gate Mall in Nairobi.

Actually this essay is meant to be a deep felt homage to the late Kofi Owonor, Killed by Islamic terrorists in Nairobi. However, the essay also goes ahead to decry the violent and early deaths of several other African writers. The deaths which have almost turned Africa into a literary dwarf if not a continent of artistic bovarism. Kofi Owonor, who peacefully and honorably came to attend Story Moja Literary festival to be held in Nairobi, was violently shot by the Islamic



fundamentalist terror group known as Al shabab. Whose gunmen lynched the Mall in which was Kofi Owonor and his son. The terrorist were sending out the Muslim catchword on which if one fails to respond then he was known not to be a non- Muslim on to which he is shot or held hostage for ull enough, Kofi Owonor was not was an elder, an Africanist, a scholar, a poet, a realist, a rationalist, a Christian, a religious non-fundamentalist and a literary liberalist. He could not respond with any tincture of religious irrationalism to the question of the terrorist. He was shot dead and his son injured. Too sad. This is actually the time when Christian positivism goes beyond rigidity of other religious affectations in its classic assertiveness that the devil kills the flesh but not the soul. And indeed it is true the devilish terrorist killed Owonor's flesh but not his literary soul. They are such and similar situations that made Amilcar Cabral to observe in his *Unity and Struggle*, in a section on Homage to Kwameh Nkrumah to rationalize that the sky is too enormous to be covered by the palm of a sadist nor to be vilified by the spitting of the filthy ones; Truly, like Nkrumah, Kofi Owonor was the sky of African intellect never to be covered by the brute of the cannon from the parrel of a Muslim terrorist.

Kofi Owonor is not alone neither are we alone. You, my dear reader and I we are not in any historical nor literary solititude. In Africa God has blessed us with the opportunity of the dead relatives in the name of the living dead. We are not the first and the last to grief. Owonor is not the first and the last to dance with fate. Even Ali A. Mazrui in his literary expositions of 1974 otherwise published as the trial of Christopher Okigbo. A novella in which Mazrui cursed ideology as an open window into the moving vehicle that let in a very bad political accident to Nigeria in the name of Biafra war which claimed life of Christopher Okigbo at the Nzukka battle front. This was one other sad moment at which Africa lost its young literary talent through violent death.

Reading of African literary biographies in all perspectives will not miss to make you attest to this testimony. Both in situ and in able African American writers like Malcolm X, and Dr Luther King all died through violent death. Even if in the recent past, the Daughter of Malcolm X revealed to Sahara Reporters, Nigerian Daily, that Louis Farrakhan was behind the assassination of her father, wisdom of the time commands us to know that it was evil politics of that time that made Malcolm X to die the way international politics of today in relation to crookedness which was entertained during the formation of the state of Israel that have made the son of Africa professor Kofi Owonor to die.

An in-depth analysis into the life and times of African writers and artists will show that the number of African cultural masters who die violently is more than the number of those who died normally in their old age. Some bit of listology will show help to adduce the pertinent facts; Patrice Lumumba, Steve Biko, Lucky Dube, Walter Rodney, Tom Mboya, J M Kariuki, Che que Vara, Ken Saro Wiwa, Anjella Chibalonza, and Jacob Luseno all but died through violent death.

Lumumba died in a plane crash along with Darg Hammarskjöld only after penning some socialism guidelines. After writing I write what I want, a manifesto for black consciousness Steve Biko was arrested and tortured in the police cells during those days of apartheid in south died violently while undergoing torture in police cells. Lucky Dube was fatefully shot by a confused thug. Walter Rodney who was persuaded by his student who is now the professor Isa Shivji at Dare salaam University not to go back to his country of Guyana, desisted this voice and went back only to be assassinated in the mid of the rabbles that domineered Guyanese politics those days of 1970's. This happened when Rodney had written only two major books. How Europe Underdeveloped Africa, being one of them. Tom Mboya was shot by a hired gunman in down-town Nairobi, some one kilometer away from the West Gate Mall, at which Kofi Owonor has been shot. Mboya could have written a lot. Even more than Rudyard Kipling and Quisling. But fate or bad luck had him violently die after he had only written two books; Challenges to Nationhood as well as Freedom and After. Both of them are classically nice reads until today. He had also submitted sessional paper no.10 to the Kenya government which was a classical thesis on Africanization of scientific socialism.

J M Kariuki, Che and Saro Wiwa are all known for how they violently died. Powers that be and terrorists that be, expedited violent death against these writers. Thus, brothers and sisters in the literary community of Africa and the world as we mourn Kofi Owonor we must also let Africa to unite in spiritual effort to rebuke away the evil spirit that often perpetrate terror of violent death which especially claim away lives of African writers.

#### References

Ali A. Mazrui; Trial of Christopher Okigbo

Amilcar Cabral; Unity and Struggle

Alexander Opicho

# Violent Death Is The Bane Of African Writers And Artists II

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non-Muslim on to which he is shot or held hostage for long enough, Kofi Owonor was not an elder, an Africanist, a scholar, a poet, a realist, a rationalist, a Christian, a religious non-fundamentalist and a literary liberalist. He could not respond with any tincture of religious irrationalism to the question of the terrorist. He was shot dead and his son injured. Too sad. This is actually the time when Christian positivism goes beyond rigidity of other religious affectations in its classic assertiveness that the devil kills the flesh but not the soul. And indeed it is true the devilish terrorist killed Owonor's flesh but not his literary soul. They are such and similar situations that made Amilcar Cabral to observe in his *Unity and Struggle*, in a section on Homage to Kwameh Nkrumah to rationalize that the sky is too enormous to be covered by the palm of a sadist nor to be vilified by the spitting of the filthy ones; Truly, like Nkrumah, Kofi Owonor was the sky of African intellect never to be covered by the brute of the cannon from the barrel of a Muslim terrorist.

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Alexander Opicho

# Vladimir Putin Is A Global Fact, It Is Obama Who Is A Weakness

In response to the United States versus European Union deliberations on Ukrainian- Russian stalemate that were concluded on 25th may 2014 at Brussels, in which President Barrack Obama looked at the Putin's political behaviour in global set up of the postmodern era as a weakness, I beg to take my position within my capacity as global citizen, to go contrary to this stand of Barrack Obama by positing that President Vladimir Putin is a fact of global urgency, but instead it is Obama who suffers from universal class intellectual deficiency often observed as insensitive rhetoric but branded as unmatched eloquence.

Firstly, let me give the sequential enumerations of facts which validate my position and hence this discourse. Barely the facts are; Ethnicity, Islam, terrorism, Guantanamo prison, Sino-African relations, Arab-springs, politics and human psychology and American political culture as state and an international citizen.

President Obama has always refused and rejected his ethnic connexion with Africa, he always refer to Africa as the land of ancestors. This is a stand that has most irritated Africans. Both in Africa and in the diaspora. Obama never learned a simple pre-industrial wisdom that every man needs ethnic identity for positive reasons. Because as per now Obama still stands as a Kenyan and as well as an American. This connotes a political fact that he is neither a complete Kenyan nor an absolute American in terms of political emotionalism. The empirical position of all these abode in the fact that there are a thousand and one Americans who feel politically belittled to be led by a first generation African American. Thus, a leadership fact has to be identified in this juncture by inferring that, their voter consciousness as Americans is not fit to be crystallized as emotional resource to be enjoyed by Obama politics. In a sharp contrast Vladimir Putin has acquired substantial political strengths from positive recognition of Russian ethnicity. Putin recognizes Estonia, Crimea, Georgia, Serbia, Moldova and all small and poor lands around Russia in terms of ethnic connection to Russia. He calls these lands as the dear burial grounds in which Russian military heroes were buried. In a comparison, America has a lot of racial connection with Africa, but president Obama has earnestly worn blinkers on this. He only looks at Africa skeptically as a land of injured civilization in which terrorists abode. He has been wrong. African folk wisdom has a lesson that, you may not need your tribe in peace, only to need it in war.

Why did president Obama masquerade as a Muslim when he was vying for his first term? Moslems feel that he duped them only to turn around and kill their

leaders. In Islam it is a heinous sin to pose as a Muslim when you are not one. President Obama mobilized the plotting which had to occasion the killings of Muammar Gaddafi and Osama Bin Laden. These two incidents fuelled high strength in anti-American feelings among the societies of the Arab world. Reasons are that both Gaddafi and Bin Laden deserved fair trial the same way Henry Kissinger was not tried when he perpetrated macabrous mass killing in Vietnamcong war. Muslim community least expected financial and ideological funding of the political hullabaloo known as the Arab Spring, through which heroic Moslem leaders were killed, to come from Obama government. But the contrary was surprisingly a fact. The meaning of this is that, in this tussle of show of mental mighty between Putin and Obama, All African and Arab states are behind Putin, China is behind Putin. Maybe it is Tanzanian and Ghanaian presidents who are in Obama camp, but not the Moslems in Tanzanians and Intellectuals in Ghana. The perceived rationale for this positioning inter alias is that the Number of North African Moslems in Guantanamo prison is the highest of all the detained terrorist suspects.

China is all over Africa today; African schools are teaching Chinese languages with passion more than they do with English language. The University of Nairobi in Kenya, has established the most prestigious Kungu Fu tze institute. Students in this institute are more self-confident and hopeful than those in schools of English and literature. China has designed a special business city for Africans, known as the chocolate city. Africans are more dignified in this city than their counterparts in es in Chicago of today still taste a vestigial pepper of negative racism on daily basis. All these conditions have graduated into appalling status from George Bush high school to Barrack Obama state University. These at times confirm the Russian Joke that Barrack Obama is an avatar of George Bush without a Nobel Prize. A political condition not evident during the Reagan and Clinton administration. Obama did not benchmark the shrewd equation of Vladimir Putin; good politics is equal to putting people at center stage.

Psychology of politics has a theory that being eloquent is not a connotation of political effectiveness. It may be sheer rhetoric. This is not a necessary variable for effective policy formulation and implementation. History of politics also has a testimony in confirmation of the same. The French society goofed when it fell victim of Napoleon eloquence, same to the Germans when they became emotional captives of Adolf Hitler due to the razor sharp garrulousness of Adolf Hitler, which he adopted when selling Nazi values to German voters. In Africa Tanzania is the poorest country without hope of initiating any development this century. And all this is a preposterous protégé of utopian communalism planted through eloquent tools of prosaic socialism wielded by the articulate Julius Nyerere. The American society has also gone into annals of history to have collectively failed in its political choices as a national society by succumbing to rhetorical but policy insensitive conference management knack of the one

Barrack Obama. These have happened in a capitalist conduit in which capitalism is killed by its success, just the same way which ignorance is never murdered but at most commits suicide.

Alexander K Opicho, is a social researcher at Sanctuary Research agencies Ltd., in Eldoret, Kenya. He is also a lecturer for Governance Research Methods.

alexander opicho



# Warum Spektakel

warum ein spektakel  
du meine vatter und mutter  
meine tochter und kinder  
warum spektakel  
wo stile ist tugend  
warum spektakem  
wo respekt ist tugend  
warum spektakel  
wo ausdauer und beherrlichkeit  
sie tugenden  
warum spektakel  
wo geduld ist tugend  
warum spektakel! warum spektakel

VERGNUGEN!

alexander opicho

# Was Ist Weltanschauung Von Sie

Meine weltanschauung is nullsnobismus

Nullsurrealismus

Nullheuchelei

Nusllsadismus

Nullegoismus

Nullvortel

Nullbigoterie

Nullbettleren

Nullverliebt

Nullkarussellen

Nullbrutalität

Nullrasismuss

Nullhabigier

Nullkapitalismuss

Nullsentimentalität

Nullpessimismus

Nullbdaeletue

Was ist weltanschauung von sie?

Vergnügen!

alexander opicho

# We Are All Parisians

Condolences,  
Commiserations with you  
Dear and Lovely people of Paris,  
Worthy and estimable sons of France,  
We all curse these trial-some moments,  
The black dibbler has bored a hole,  
In the innocently garden of peace;  
The beautiful and comely city of Paris,  
Dear Europe, I sing this dirge with pain,  
With the agony of loss in my heart,  
I commit these elegy to the lives lost,  
They are martyrs of virtue and peace  
Killed for no other reason but intolerance,  
To diversity in faith and otherness in race,  
Or perhaps habit of deliberate unreason,  
That brutally kills un-armed civilians,  
Having no business with Islam nor Israel,  
Sincerely these gun-men of Islam are not  
Whatsoever, the song of a caged bird,  
They only kill for fun, from Toulouse to Paris,  
From Mombasa shooting Baby Osinya in the head,  
To Nigeria's Boko-Haram raping young girls in dint,  
Of blackmost sexual terrorism in the name of religion,  
Ergo, their ullage is now purlicue narrow,  
As time has come for humanity to stand up,  
To fight the squab like fountain of terrorism,  
To demystify the gun among the youths to shut out  
Terrorism, a protégé of hypocrisy in Islam,  
A pious tribute paid by vice to virtue,  
By killing the peace loving Parisians,  
A Cultural cradle of poetry, art and rhetoric,  
As if killings at Charlie Hebdo never quenched,  
Their stupid blood thirsty state of Islam,  
They have condemned my noble soul to swear,  
That I better die than to be cowed into Islam,  
Because any religion that kills for intimidation,  
Of the survivors into minion proselytes,  
Contradicts the virtues of the times,  
It better goes to the abyss of hell,

And ride on a mosquito's back therein,  
To leave man and humanity alone in peace,  
Lo! The global doomsday in Paris Massacre  
Loudly Echoes the words of Kennedy in my heart;  
Ich ein bin Berliner and we too say; Nous Son Parisiane,  
We are all Parisians.

alexander opicho

# We Are Dying Tommorrow

My self my wife and my two children will die tomorrow  
Lucky, my first born daughter died last month  
I and my wife we had Aids viruses  
We have no immunity to take us forth  
We are all dying tomorrow

My wife is thin like a ghost  
I breathe with sound like a train  
My kids look ugly like ghouls of Loudon  
Drugs are all over my room like alchemist's domain  
O! Surely my children are dying tomorrow

Let man of honesty come forth and say  
Not only my succor but world in total  
Tell the world of who really made HIV viruses  
Tell the world of who can cure HIV aids  
But I and my family we are dying tomorrow

alexander opicho

# We Repair The Broken Eggs

We; I and them  
Swiftly knowing to do  
The cockroach and  
Stuck-here dance of the bush  
With our ears and windows of sight  
Tightly in tension about surfacing foe  
From the colubrine quarters to hoick  
Us off, to nothing like the earth beneath  
Our feet, callow hind-limbs the upper mast  
Of our poor souls the solely sole of the land  
We repair the broken eggs of chicks and staff;

Mending sick fortune into un-fated space of time, to  
Pampering babble-rabble free the seed of freedom  
In the womb of slavery thriving on hope and dreams  
A soath on the red wound in the face of eggs-broken  
The shells, the sweet center, the germ, the gist  
And the fluid broken in the un-armed jacqueries,  
A duty for us; me and them to give a mend

I fear to kibitz them that reign though feisty  
Like a punctured paparazzi in a profuse sweat  
Ever busy in the lazy duties of desire and mime,  
When the broken eggs have shells for acupuncture  
From ovary to ovule to zygote to embryo to agony,  
No one to chant them magical words of repair from  
Shards, shreds, smithereens, shambles and grains of nadir  
To the zenith of a weekly weakling phoenix in land of clay,  
For us; I and them to give reparation mend to sick egg-shells

We make God barren, angels devils and heaven hell of power  
With tyranny of nothing but as the McGuffins in the realm of times  
As we move, migrate, mate, micturate and il-lavation there-on,  
Painting geographies our eugenics, shrinking property-maniac's atlas  
Into fear without flight and tragedy, they stand yodeling at our thron  
But the conches as comrades to our pumpkin uprooting chants  
Out-swivel the hands that fold to hide morsels of bread  
From the hungering mouths, loins and dry anus  
Shying the duty to mend the broken eggs,

alexander opicho

# We Sow Future Calamities

WE SOW FUTUTRE CALAMITIES

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

We sow the seeds of future calamities  
In our capricious commissions and omissions  
We put ourselves centre stage with ego  
Not minding how much we mar  
The future comfort in our mad scramble  
For power and material glory  
A wham Pam Pam in which we are carried  
Far much away to verge of self-destruction  
Cutting the woods to glow fire of selfish fame  
Balancing our character on the tri-vicious  
Pillars of sycophancy, snobbery and selfish hypocrisy  
Looking at the clouds with scold not knowing  
Is the cradle of deep blue suits and fibres  
In its sympathetic micturations on matter below  
The nonchalant oceanic human locomotive soles  
Our deeds are full of vagaries as we jostle  
To change the world before we change ourselves  
The tired world is soon to change the capricious humanity

alexander opicho



# What Is Love?

Alexander K Opicho  
(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

As its social phenomenality  
Grows with zeal and verve  
Humanity of love befits  
Beautifully Elaborate explanation  
To enable both young and the elderly  
To have clear and useful  
Knowledge and insight  
Of what is love;  
Shakespeare in the prime  
Of his bardness decried it  
A foul protégé of individual beholder  
Christ confused it for self-immolation  
In the succor of the universe  
Leo Tolstoy thought that  
It was minimal ownership of land  
Umberto Eco in his scriptorium  
Declared it man's impaired judgment  
Kenyan cubidmaestros deem it human foully  
To create a leeway to keep change of a Casanova  
Mahatma Gandhi called it caste blindness  
Mandela called it zero apartheid  
Both in Luther King sang the song  
Of nonviolent revolt  
But me I will boldly clash  
With the precedent civilizations  
To call love foolishness of a man  
And shrewdness of a woman  
As for both man and woman the very love  
In un-fangled in truth that it can't pay bills.

Alexander Opicho

## When His Wife Died

He loved Stella Perita, his dear wife, taller than he did,  
From across River Nzoia, the daughter of Lubonga  
The great fisherman and infamed hunter of his time  
That used to kill the leopard with his bare hands.  
The ears of Lubonga's brothers and clansmen  
were keen for his fate, as he relinquished Perita  
His tallest daughter to Kitui wa Khayongo.  
Kitui loved his wife Perita without reservation;  
He did everything for her, from washing everything  
to being blind to each and every of her faults,  
He forgave her ceaselessly all the adulterous acts,  
She gave birth to bastards and bastards, but he gave no damn.  
He washed her every time of the week she took a bath,  
He toweled her dry after each bathe, and avoided sex with her  
Lest he makes her dirty with his peasant's sweat and semen,  
He economized his eating greatly, so that he creates a reserve for her  
When the starvation comes in the month of May, when food is scanty,  
She ate and ate until she developed cancer of over- eating,  
And when she died Kitui moaned and mourned,  
Like a croaking bull frog in the swamps during the winter, for two years,  
He grieved such long as his brothers and neighbours skulked in a giggle.

alexander opicho

# When Is An African Landing On The Moon?

Russia landed Yuri Gagarin on the moon,  
As America aped through Neil Armstrong,  
And Russia vowed for a lunar Military base,  
A blend of bitter-Sweet music to American ears,  
China is soon landing the man on the moon,  
And her tone of determination is a testament,  
But when is Africa and Arabs landing on the moon?

Politics and discipline was the base for all,  
As Russian talent thrived in good governance,  
Both Kennedy and Khrushchev ruled with passion,  
The people bathed in inclusivity for resources treat,  
But pity and shame to Afrinca's Presidents,  
Their big dream is to remain life presidents,  
For o another reason but political masochism,  
tyrannizing the citizens to feed tribal sycophants,  
a dream conspicuously black for the current times,

Pity and Shame to Arab Terrorist leaders,  
You use oil power to massacre the peasants,  
In Nigeria, Kenya and in all fronts of Islam,  
Better use your oil power to land on the moon,  
A virgin place for your gospel of Islam,  
Rather than crying for lost lands in Palestine,  
Those lands are so tiny like a dog's tongue,  
Go to the moon and get a whole continent,  
Where Islam wont suffocate from technology,

Wake up Africa, wake up from your slumber!  
Don't sleep now like a drunkard dead wood,  
Shame on you! you adore Christianity and Islam,  
A punch of tomfooleries that wont redeem you,  
Get sober and remember Egypt before Islam,  
And military science of Shaka before Christ,  
Curse Standoffish Islam, it fucked Ptolemy of Egypt,  
Curse Annent Christo-paganism, it has fucked Africa,  
Capitalism not piety took Armstrong to the moon,  
Communism not Islam took Gagarin to the moon,

I pity you Africa for your political thoughts,  
Your revolutionary sons become dictators,  
Once on power they go senselessly tyrannical,  
with volcanic libido for ruling ever and ever,  
Without contriting self-intellectual bankruptcy,  
Their aims; a tintinnabulation of discombobulation,  
None of them knows there is space on mars,  
Africa are you waiting to be taken to moon,  
In a slave rocket and slave lunar rover,  
The way you went to America in a slave-ship?

alexander opicho

# Where Are The African Natives Of Australia?

My questioner is the first born of Europe,  
Mr. England the royal son of Europe  
Who chewed and still chews  
Fortunes from the colonies  
With the mighty of hyena mandibles  
When its canine teeth penetrate  
Rotten pork in the helm of day's starvation.

My questions come to you England and your brothers;  
The European immigrants who left their home  
To usurp land in the African territory of Australia,  
Then with all imperial might you decimated  
The human race of Africans, which you called a dog's name;  
The filthy, uncouth, loathsome, oafish, and worthless aboriginals,  
Which you deemed humanity so useless that deserve not to own any country  
As God was so idiosyncratic to give such heavyweight buffoons  
Like the African natives of Australia such a fertile land,  
Why did you kill my brothers in Australia?  
And you replace them with your sons and daughters,  
To shamelessly occupy land which is not their ancestral home?  
You ravenous Europeans who will heal you from the bug of colonial syndrome?  
Before you answer, wisdom of time commands European settlers to quit  
Australia,  
To bring to an end ignominious civilization of colonialism.

Alexander Opicho

## Where She Takes Her Money .....

I give her money everyday  
To buy whatever she requests  
Of which she does not buy  
Only to ask for another money again,  
Where she takes the money  
Is what I don't know.

alexander opicho

## Who Killed The Minister?

He was found lying dead, in the fresh pool of blood,  
Oozing from diverse punctures over his muscular body.  
His eyes wide open, as if he must look to die  
Hairs of his head freckled erect in plasma dye.  
His shoes a distance away, gorging in mud,  
Redolent of his demise struggle with killing the mad.  
His deep blue Brazilian made suit, waning in a whiff of freedom,  
That came to sweep out of Kenya a cult of thralldom.  
Several Packets of Viagra spilled over and nearby,  
Inspiring apt quizz; did lethal sex happen to pass by?  
He had only given democratic legs and hands to his government,  
Amid virtuous selflessness and people-centrism his prime indent.  
A polity virtue which irked corrupt cacotopian powers that be,  
To lethal turf of politics; imaginative vices dominant on human bay.  
Packaged in the apex of local beauty of the nation,  
Her stowaway; sorriest death of the law in the reign.  
Leaving all of us agape in remorseful and foolish quixoticity;  
Dudes in the political caucus, who killed the minister?

alexander opicho

# Who Will Heal You From Your Bug Of Racism?

You reasonless hate in manner devoid of vogue,  
Coz you are threatened by my skin color,  
Utterly refusing to appreciate my melanin humanity  
Your faith lulls you that I am a Tarzan,  
Dwindling away from humanity,  
My poetry to you is only bombshell  
Of dangerously vulpine civilization,  
You solace yourself in your miss-audience to me,  
Wistful in your hearty that your detest for me  
Will become a force enough to counter my being,  
You are very wrong my brother,  
Goofing in full measure of your idiosyncrasy  
In its present grammar of dance banquet,  
I only pity you as none will ever be able to heal you  
To free you from your silly bug of desperate racism

alexander opicho



# Why African Men Have Good Daughters Than Sons

I have been reading the old copy of Saturday Nation, a week end edition of the daily nation in Kenya. It was published some weeks ago. It has some enticing feature stories that have made me to reflect on a certain family values in Africa. The three feature stories I have been reading are; Lupita Nyong'o stellar performance in the movie, 12 years a slave, in which she emerged a top American actor, attracting in the same course the most coveted Oscar prize, I have also read in the same paper the shooting literature star of Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, an American based Nigerian writress, who had had her last book Americana win the American Booker Prize, and lastly, I have also ready a very captivating account of Wanjiku wa Ngugi's spellbinding debutante in her book, the fall of saints. Wanjiku account was written by Proffessor Evans Mwangi a Thiong'o literary scholar based in Newyork. Mwangi being a Ngugi wa Thiongi'o, scholar wrote this article because Wanjiku wa Ngugi is also a daughter to the world famous Kenyan novelist, Ngugi Njogu wa Thiongi'o.

In each of the three above cases, emanates a significant observation that the fathers to the respective ladies are great men in their respective capacity, and that the ladies mentioned are now obvious heirs to the family names, family intellectual domain and family selling point respectively.

Lupita is heir to proffessor Peter Anyang Nyong'o, Adichie is an heir to the African literary heritage of proffessor Chinua Achebe, and While Wanjiku is a promising successor to Proffessor Thiongi'o.

These are actually a crystallization of strange unfolding that time has now challenged old mindset among African societies. The mindset in which Africans have not been counting girls as family value has been there up to today. If an African man tells you that I don't have a family it means that he is expressing three connotations; he is not married, he is married but he does not have a children, or he is married but his wife have only been bearing him girls, because if anything; an African man is only responsible for siring sons, daughters are a mistake of the wife.

This typology of family civilization got to its peak in the mid of last year, when the Luo council of elders, hailing from Siaya County of Kenya, where Baraka Obama is rooted, expressed their open puzzle over Baraka Obama as per why he can't take his time to have sons. They are now organizing a delegation that will go to America to counsel President Obama over the matter that he needs to re-organize his posterity strategy other than thinking in terms of Sasha and Malia. What I mean is that Africans don't believe if at all family interests can be carried forward through a daughter. They don't believe if a girl can be an intellectual or command any wisdom that can go places. But realities from a historical experience that great African men don't sire great sons but instead they sire

great daughters must make this society of male chauvinists to have a mental paradigm shift in relation to child valuation and recognition. To accept a social déjàvu that daughters have a big capacity to carry forward the family name than the previously mistaken notion that they are only sons who can do this.

Facts on the ground range from the case of Julius Nyerere, Kwameh Nkrumah, Malcolm X, Frantz Fanon, Richard Wright, Tom Mboya, Masinde Muliro, Nelson Mandela, Mutula Kilonzo, and Francis Imbuga just to mention a few African heroes. Justification of this list showing Africa's reversal of Prospero complex abodes in the facts that; Susan Nyerere is currently the most outspoken in the Nyerere family. Similarly, Nkrumah's daughter is currently a politician in Ghanaian parliament and very promising politically. Betty Shabazz X was recently reported to have put Louis Farrakhan on the spot over the murder plot of her father the late Malcolm Ile Fanon Mendes is the director of human rights activist organization known as Frantz Fanon foundation. This is the organization which recently recognized Mumia Abu-Jamal with a prestigious prize. Mumia Abu-Jamal is an African-American writer and journalist, author of six human rights focussed books and hundreds of similar spirited columns and articles. He has spent the last three decades on racially biased Pennsylvania's death row. And now general population in America and in the world knows that Mumia Abu-Jamal was wrongfully convicted and sentenced for the murder of Philadelphia Police man, Daniel Faulkner. His demand for a neutral trial and unconditional freedom is enmassely supported by heads of state, Nobel laureates, human rights organizations, scholars, religious leaders, artists and bioethical scientists. All this is nothing other than universal singing of the tune in the poetic writings of Frantz Omar Fanon entitled Facts of blackness, through his daughter Mireille.

And equally enough, those of you who have delved into posthumous family conditions of Richard Wright must have appreciated stellar performance of proffessor Julia Wright in respect to the genetic legacy of her father. Dr. Susan Mboya is currently living in South Africa and she is serving the society in the same tandem her late father Tom Mboya discharged anti-colonial service to the people of Kenya, Africa and world in de Muliro has Mrs. Namwalie Muliro and Mutula Kilonzo has Kethi Kilonzo. The point is that, just like all of other heroes in Africa, these two great politicians have their daughters; Namwalie and Kethi as the heirs to their political legacy.

This phenomenon is not unique to Africa. But it is a universal genetic condition. The study of genetics has a concept that inferior genes of the mother are passed through an X chromosomes in XY to the sons, while superior genes of the father are passed through an X chromosome of the XX to the daughters.

Just but to wind up my story I want also to counsel The Luo council of elders that president Obama, their son who lives in America does not have misplaced values in projecting his posterity through Sasia and Malia. Personally I am aware that as per now there is no any African boy at age of Sasha Obama that has ever read

Yann Martel's *Life of Pi*. But in stark contrast the international media reported Sasha Obama to have vividly read this book until she commented to Baraka Obama that, 'daddy, this is a very good book'. And of course this is how an intellectual is made.

alexander opicho

# Why Currents Gods Are Creating Men Who Are Women Vis-À-Vis

Hey over there you gods of the earth and other planets  
Your creature like I, a human mold suffices knowledge not,  
As you mightly rove all over the sphere and share domains amongstst thyself  
To reign over the whitenes, Jewry, negritude, sinotude plus yakeetude of  
mankind,  
Enjoying your ethereally eyeview onto the earth at your creations,  
Permit me to shoot up a question to you over there in your deitly realm  
Be you jehova of the jews or amadioha of the igbos, god of the english or  
anything dogmatic,  
What happened to your clay mud and tools pertinent in trade of human sexual  
creation,  
So that you of late on umpteenth scale have created men who are women  
And beautiful women who are aggressive mefolk and then ubugitous earthwise?

What has gone heywire with your human architecture, when sex organs and  
feelings

Are center stage beckoning for their traditional orientation?

Is homoeroticity your new creation technology ?

Or it is man recreating himself?

Don't you have enough clay?

If material matters do you honourable deities

Come to Africa, chief Mugabe bob will guide you to copper-belts

Of chimurenga fields were clay is beyond any control,

In such quests you will go back to goldenly old

Human sexual creation topography

That will glorify your deitiness

In the old manner of hetereoeroticity.

alexander opicho

# Why Did You Abort My Baby?

I loved you on your assurance of loving me too  
I kissed you as you kissed me in turn  
I showered you with the gifts and series of treats  
I courted you on the shores of Zanzibar island  
We hovered around and hopped in choppers  
To give a toast of debutante to our love  
I swell your account with all currencies  
I paid your University fees and hostel costs  
I financed wholesomely the wedding of your sister  
I did all whatsoever you wanted from in time  
You got pregnant and promised me a baby  
Only you turned around to abort my baby  
The second week I lost my job  
Babie you are very bad.

alexander opicho

# Why John F. Kennedy Committed Suicide?

Some times tremors of foolish wise thoughts,  
pass man's mind like waves of earth quakes  
across the muscles of unsuspecting earth,  
to day one of the type has visited my brain,  
i ask myself why John F Kennedy committed suicide,  
with all the resources and riches in America of Kennedy's time,  
The FBI, CIA, NATO and the shrewd Mozart, the security masters  
of the world's vogue all guarding the Kennedy the president,  
how came that the public imbecile had claim on his life,  
money overflowing like the waters of River Congo,  
into insatiable Atlantic basin is the simplest measure  
of American riches that Kennedy headed at his time of demise,  
full backed with intellect matchless muscle from study of history,  
eloquent like the weaver birds of Uganda in the city of Mbale,  
sending all packing in the likes of Nehru, Nyerere and Nkrumah,  
perhaps subdueable in single phase to the mighty of Castro,  
how comes that a madman killed Kennedy in the fullness of the day,  
was it the invisible hand of the Ku klux Klan, Synagoque of satan or Freemason,  
the death of Kennedy is none other than beautiful suicide  
or the active curse of fate, misfortune and violent death.

Why Nkrumah died out of power was political society,  
his knowledge of the world set African pace,  
towering mentally above all else in the chronicles of consciensism,  
he stood like a tor on the African mountains against Senghor  
Why Colonel Afrifa putsched Nkrumah is none else  
other that suicidal politics played at helm of power.  
why Tom Mboya died is suicide of suicides  
to believe that reason can overwhelm ethnic sentiments  
in a tribal consciousness of country like Kenya  
in time of Kenyatta,  
to foolishly conceive that Kikuyu can assassinate a Kikuyu  
was Luo foolishness of that particular century,  
it is Mboya who bought the gun that shot him dead,  
it is Mboya who bankrolled his own assassin  
he brought to the world political suicide of the century.

Alexander Opicho

# Why Lie

Why lie my dear?

It is bad to lie

Coz

If you lie on Monday

You are forced to lie on Tuesday

If you lie on Wednesday

You are forced to lie on Thursday

If you lie on Friday

You are forced to lie on Saturday

If you lie on Sunday you are forced to for a week

If not your lies will be discovered.

Why lie?

If you lie in the right

You are forced to lie in the left

If you lie in the front

You are forced to lie in the hint

If you lie on the top

You are forced to lie on the top

If you lie in the periphery

You are forced to lie in the centre

If not your lies will be discovered.

Why lie?

If you lie to women

You will be forced to lie to men

If you lie to elders

You will be forced to lie to the youths

If you lie to the beggars

You will be forced to lie to the donors

If you lie to the seeing

You will be forced to lie to the blind

If not your lies will be discovered.

Why lie

Lies are social uranium

They have minimum ethics

There is no utility of a lie

A lie is violence

It is a social boomerang  
They make the liar a slave  
As he must keep on lying  
Or else his lies will be discovered.

alexander opicho



## Wine's Hostage To The Prodigals

He stands in his house that is young than he does  
His room is miserable like protégé of a teenager,  
In contrast to his septuagenarian age ring,  
He hates his house with juvenile energy  
Not knowing what to do with such hate of loss,  
In blurred memory of his estranged wife,  
Not able to discern the current age of his daughter,  
That had accompanied the distaff on the day of separation,  
He lulls his nerves to slumber, away from such menace of a thought,  
By walking slowly to the den of wine, like Mermeldov in hands of Fydor,  
He sinks down in a chair, plants himself deep into a tumbler of Whisky,  
The only fortress into which the poor prodigals take refuge,  
Running away from duty of ethics that spans across life of man,  
As he wants not memory of his erstwhile risky sex with a punch of whores,  
From which he condones his exposure to deadly malady,  
He wants not his memory of overdrawing his account,  
In faithful service to master wine, against the sub-current  
Of wisdom that the carouser labours but labours for the brewer,  
He wants not memory that his moral duty got punctured,  
And hence self-exile in to slavish duty to wine  
The only hostage to the whole rounded prodigal.

alexander opicho

# Witchcraft Don'T Work Against An Englishman

In Kitale  
A town in Kenya,  
Lived an English man  
His name was Lord Hitchcock  
He owned over a thousand acres of land  
He took for himself  
During colonial times  
He had hundredfold of workers  
Hitchcock had very beautiful wife  
She was called Queen Victoria,  
They had two sons;  
Hitchcock junior and William,  
He had a passion for work  
He always woke up at cock-crow  
Only to retire back at chick roost  
Natives of Kitale had respect for him,  
They secretly envied huge udders  
That his five thousand fresian cows had,  
They also loved him,  
For he killed the flying snake,  
That had terrorized natives for years,  
Hitchcock just pointed a long stick  
At the flying snake,  
The stick which looked like cooking wood,  
Then smoke and thunder came out  
Only to see the snake coming down  
Tangling like a rope  
And fell down in a thud!  
It is when the natives gave him a new name  
Mango wa nandemu; meaning the snake killer  
Natives also had an issue with him;  
He likes putting mucus in his kerchief  
And then put it back into his pockets  
Instead of throwing it a way  
Direct from the nose,  
His nose were slender and long  
They wonder why he could not used it  
In proper thrusting away of the mucus,  
Men folk on his farm were always day dreaming

Of any chance to have sex with Queen Victoria  
As the women folk too fancied of William  
Marrying their daughters,  
His favourite worker was Onyango,  
The Luo man from shores of the lake  
He liked Onyango most  
Even he promoted him  
To be a tractor driver  
Other than cleaning the cowsheds,  
The gossip was that maybe Hitchcock was full,  
Or not circumcised like Onyango  
Hence is passionate preference Onyango,  
But no, they don't knew,  
The germ was in Onyango's workmanship  
Onyango worked like a donkey,  
Onyango also had a beautiful daughter  
Her name was Ilingling Atineo Nyarpondo,  
But workers on the farm called her Atieno,  
It is Hitchcock who broke her virginity  
A secret which queen Victoria knows not,  
Hitchcock just popped in at Onyango's shack  
One after noon, after Lunch  
He found Onyango, Atieno and the mother,  
He didn't talk a lot,  
He only ordered Onyango and his wife  
To go out and hang around  
For him to have Word with Atieno  
Onyango walked out minus haste,  
The wife followed suit, after cautioning Atieno  
Not to disappoint the Lord; Hitchcock,  
A minute never passed,  
Before the Lord took Atieno into his arms  
He carried her to Onyango's bed  
And effectively penetrated her,  
Sweetness gripped both of them  
Hitchcock on his orgasm  
Began to moan like an aphrodisiac animal;  
Atienoo! Atienoo! Atienoo!  
In turn Atieno also screamed  
Like a caged monkey;  
Lord! Lord! Lord!  
We are on my father's bed,

Onyango and His wife  
Were out keeping sentry  
Lest Victoria finds Hitchcock  
In the act of deflowering the virgin,  
When he finished,  
He called Onyango and the wife in  
Then he warned them  
To keep the mouths shut,  
Or else he ejects them from the farm,  
And indeed they kept mum,  
Hence the friendship  
Between Onyango and Hitchcock,

Hitchcock never like two of his workers,  
Josef Sasita and Wavukho Masafu  
He didn't like Sasita because of one reason;  
Sasita brought along his brother to work  
His brother was called Kalenda  
When Hitchcock was taking the master roll  
He asked Kalenda to say his names  
Of which Kalenda said his two names;  
Kalenda Sasita,  
Of which Hitchcock never understood  
As these two names are a Kiswahili sentence  
Meaning it is lunch time at end moth,  
Hitchcock understood Kiswahili very well,  
He thought Kalenda was implying for a pay  
And Lunch Allowance  
When he had only worked for three hours  
It was not lunch time neither was it end month,  
Hitchcock was overtaken by anger  
He slapped Kalenda with all energy in his arms  
Kalenda fainted and collapsed like a dead bird,  
Sasita thought the lord had killed his brother  
He began wailing, he boxed Hitchcock  
More than five hundred jabs  
in a couple of minutes,  
Then Sasita got off on his heels,  
Running away at a speed of a kite,  
But unfortunately he was arrested  
By a white police and brought back to Hitchcock,

Hitchcock flogged Sasita two hundred strokes,  
And ordered Sasita to resume his work,

Hitchcock's detest for Wavukho  
is due to nothing else  
Other ceaseless malingering,  
Wavukho always takes  
a minimum of an hour  
Every time he visits the toilet,

So Onyango is the only guy on the firm,  
A boon to which Ndiema, farm worker,  
Is very jealousy of,  
Ndiema believed Onyango is using charms  
Or love potions or Voodoo to lure the Whiteman,  
Otherwise how can Whiteman love a black worker?  
With such passion in the way Hitchcock loved Onyango,

One day Ndiema approached Onyango  
He asked him the secrete behind his fortune  
Onyango became sly and lied,  
He told Ndiema that it was only magical charms  
He was given by his late mother,  
That made Hitchcock's heart to swell with love  
For him and his family,  
Ndiema believed on the first hearing,  
He became selfish and begged Onyango,  
To give him the charms also,  
So that he can also enjoy the Whiteman's love  
Onyango accepted to assist but at a fee,  
A fee which took Ndiema salary of two months,  
Then Onyango brought Ndiema a penis of an Alligator,  
He told Ndiema to put it in his underpants,  
Every time he goes to work,  
Ndiema complied,  
That morning Ndiema woke very early,  
He walked to his work station  
Very happy and confident  
Sure of enjoying the Whiteman's love  
Given the voodoo under his pants,

At ten in the morning Hitchcock called Ndiema

To join him in repairing the maize miller,  
Ndiema was a hand boy, a toto,  
Ndiema was to hold the engine  
As Hitchcock tightened the nuts  
But the engine was oily with grease,  
Ndiema's hands slipped every time  
Hitchcock tried to tighten the nuts  
Hitchcock got irritated,  
Especially by the papyrus cowboy hat  
Ndiema was wearing,  
Hitchcock cautioned Ndiema to be serious  
By tightly holding the engine,  
But when Hitchcock began tightening  
The engine again,  
Ndiema's hands slipped  
And the engine moved away,  
Hitchcock punctuated this with a nemesis;  
He jabbed Ndiema with an art of Olympiad boxer,  
It was one tremendous fist  
The fist of the century,  
When Ndiema wanted to cry  
His five teeth jumped out  
And when he said I am sorry my lord  
He woffled; iywi mwu sovwi lodwi  
Hitchcock clicked and walked away,  
Ndiema walked home  
With a humongous gap in his bucal cavity,  
Ndiema reached home and went to bed  
His wife, Chepsuwet was already aware  
She only prepared porridge for him  
As he had no teeth to munch solid food,

When Hitchcock reached home  
He found his two sons in a strong fever,  
They were panting like desert dogs,  
He asked them what was wrong,  
Both boys began shedding tears  
In torrents like river Euphrates and Tigris  
Flowing across the Garden of Eden,  
What is the problem?  
Hitchcock roared,  
The big boy then featfully responded;

We were given sugar cane to chew,  
We were given by Ndiema the farm worker,  
It was yesterday in the evening,  
That is why we are sick,  
Ok,  
Hitchcock nodded his head,  
He took his whip, made of wires and rods  
With a sting at the end,  
He jumped on his horse  
And shot off to Ndiema's place  
At the speed of forty five kilometers per hour,  
He found Ndiema trying to swallow some porridge,  
Come on Ndiema! Roared Hitchcock in full voltage  
Of ire, anger, fury and mad petulance,  
When Ndiema came out  
Hitchcock pulled out his whip  
He flogged Ndiema terribly  
They were strokes and strokes  
Strokes fell on Ndiema's back  
With a sharp sound like a thunderclap  
Ndiema cried like a baby,  
Begging for lord's mercy  
Chepsuwet looked on in fear,

When Hitchcock jumped on his horse  
And went away clicking, frothing in anger  
Like the waters of river Nile  
Departing Lake Victoria to Egypt,  
Ndiema was on the ground  
Writhing in pains from the flogging,  
He sobbed and sobbed,  
And finally he mumbled;  
Witchcraft don't work against an Englishman,  
His wife Chepsuwet did not understand.

alexander opicho

# Women And Wine

Women and wine corrupt the soul of a simple person

Women and wine corrupt the soul of simple person into thinking that wild sex and drinking is a measure of mighty when it is simple a matter of women and wine having sex needlessly and having wine non nutritionally.

alexander opicho



# World Health Organization Has Poisoned Tetanus Vaccine!

W.H.O has poisoned the vaccine  
against fertility of African girl  
African boy mother and father  
it his now hovering around  
the third world geographies  
using its satellite mouths and arms,  
ringing alarms over the coming tetanus  
only to trap the ignorant one  
into its infernal of injections  
for nothing but permanent sterility,

WHO has no sympathy  
for the folks in the poor world,  
Nicaragua, Mexico and Kenya  
being already depopulated  
by ills in history  
it still goes ahead  
to inject sterility  
into their bodies  
while pretending  
to be in war on tetanus,

wars, slavery and deliberate castration  
of the captured slaves  
for fitness to royal gladiator  
has already made Latin America  
and her sister Africa  
to suffer fate of the times  
in the curse of underpopulation  
then still WHO is insidious  
in her racist moves  
to depopulate the poor world  
through her imperial arsenals  
in the name of vaccinations  
against imagined tetanus  
is a sly ploy in single,

W.H.O is sterilizing daughters  
of Africa and the poor world  
in the age width of 15 to 50  
a sure bracket for fecundity  
for no other reason  
but global Afro-phobia  
or universal racism,  
or who knows the whole deal  
other than the orchestrator  
of the anti-human orchestra,

Ebola is already foot loose  
on its deadly mission  
to wipe out the Negroes  
as the imperial powers that be  
are armed to the teeth  
to confine it in Africa  
the way they have already done  
to confine cancer and impish HIV  
in poor Africa,

W.H.O leave Africa alone  
to sire and sire,  
to fill their land  
for a half of Africa  
is under dearth of emptiness,  
five million square miles of Mauritania  
has less than ten million people  
a thousand square miles of Turkana  
has a hundred thousand turkanas,  
Sahara desert is sparsely populated  
Namibia and Botswana are cursed  
with the spell of humanilessness,

the penis has no other work  
but to plant the human seed  
the womb has no other work  
but receive the human seed  
while the vagina  
has a royal duty  
to germinate the human seed  
and these are Godly duties

as the breast of a woman  
feeds the seedling  
at no cost,

W.H.O leave us alone  
to be lame and crippled  
late us be wounded  
with gangrenous wounds  
Like the herpes ulcers  
that opportune on HIV,  
for Tetanus you are fearing  
is not terrible as HIV,  
we better have wounds  
and children  
other than being barren  
in danger of foreign reign,

W.H.O you are in arms  
with your fellow bigots  
to legalize and empower  
Homosexuality in Africa  
this being a strategy enough  
to jab the ribs of African humanity  
a deadly sucker punch  
off the right pedestal  
of tyranny of numbers,

W.H.O have you ever seen  
an African burial of the barren?  
listen I tell you, I am aware  
you know not,  
burying of the barren and the sterile  
is the most black ritual  
most pale in the world,

give birth Africa! give birth  
give birth to twins  
in the prime of your childhood  
before you go to cities  
give birth, and give birth,  
children and only children  
are the glory of our poverty,

children pulled China out of poverty  
they are pulling India out of poverty  
as France is stranded on which way out  
as it gambles and gambols in stupidity  
with free money for the second child,

W.H.O! I know you are foolish as a stone  
but I will leave you with pearls of wisdom  
from the Bukusu people of Kenya,  
that; even if you are foolish  
Foolish and stubborn like a stone  
but I am as hungry as a hyena  
i am sure you have heard.

alexander opicho

# Worriless

WORRILESS BRETHREN THINGS WILL CHANGE

by

Alexander K Opicho

(Eldoret, Kenya; aopicho@)

Worriless brother, desert ennui sister  
Things will change, change to your bonanza  
Problems come and go  
But life is exercise in acupuncture  
Never fear we are all with you  
I know a hunchback who healed  
A beggar who prospered  
A woman who became a man  
And a man who became an angel  
Vagabonds transcending to property magnates  
Barrens and sterile forming nations  
Like the phoenix the dead rising from the ashes  
The beggars riding horses as the kings walk on feet  
Worriless brethren things will behave

alexander opicho

# Worrying Over Broken English In Africa, Is Much Ado About Nothing

This year has had plethora of public worries in Africa over broken English among the young people and school children. It first started in the mid of the last months in Nigeria, when the Nigerian government officials displayed public worry over the dying English and the strongly emerging slang known as pidgin English in Nigerian public offices and learning institutions. The same situation has also been encountered in Kenya, when in march 2014, Professor Jacob Kaimenyi, the minister of education otherwise known as cabinet secretary of education declared upsurge of broken English among high school students and university students a national disaster. However, the minister was making this announcement while speaking in broken English, with heavy mother tongue interference and insouciant execution of defective syntax redolent of a certain strong African linguistic sub-cultural disposition.

There is a more strong linguistic case of broken English in South Africa, which even crystallized into an accepted national language known as Afrikaans. But this South African case did not cause any brouhaha in the media nor attract international concern because the people who were breaking the English were Europeans of non British descend, but not Africans. Thus Afrikaans is not slang like the Kenyan sheng and the Nigerian pidgin or the Liberian krio, but instead is an acceptable European language spoken by Europeans in the diaspora. As of today, there are books, bibles and software as well as dictionaries written in Afrikaans. This is a moot situation that Europeans have a cultural leeway to break a European language. May be this is a cultural reserve not available to African speakers of any European language. I can similarly enjoy some support from those of you who have ever gone to Germany, am sure you saw how Germans dealt with English as non serious language, treating it like a dialect. No German speaks grammatically correct English. And to my surprise they are not worried.

The point is that Africans must not and should never be worried of a dying colonialism like in this case the conventional experience of unstoppable death of British English language in Africa. Let the United Kingdom itself struggle to keep its culture relevant in the global quarters. But not African governments to worry over standard of English language. This is not cultural duty of Africa. Correct concerns would have been about the best ways and means of giving African indigenous languages universal recognition in the sense of global cultural presence. African languages like Kiswahili, Zulu, Yoruba, Mandiko, Gikuyu, Luhya, Luganda, Dholuo, Chaka and very many others deserve political support locally as well as internationally because they are vehicles that carry African

culture and civilization.

I personally as an African am very shy to speak to another fellow African in English or even to any person who is not British. I find it more dignifying to speak any local language even if it is broken or if the worst comes to the worst, then I can use slang, like blend of broken English and the local language. To me this is linguistic indicators of having a decolonized mind. It is also my hypothesis that the young people who are speaking broken English in African schools and institutions are merely cultural overtures of Africans extricating themselves from imperial ploys of linguistic Darwinism.

There is no any research finding which shows that Africans cannot develop unless they speak English of grammatical standards like those of the United Kingdom and North America. If anything; letting of English to thrive as a lingua franca in Africa, will only make the western world to derive economic benefits out of this but not Africa to benefit. Let Africans cherish their culture like the way the Japanese and the Chinese have done, then other things will follow.

alexander opicho

# You Name It

In the wee hour of the African night  
When the light from the full moon  
Shone brightly clear on each creature  
Even the scorpions, making them visible  
As Africa is more near to the moon  
Than any other planet of the universe,  
I was outside in the cold night shivering under the eaves  
Anxiously leaning on the wall of a ruffian thatched hut  
Music blowing cacophonously from inside the hut  
From which the village disco dance was taking place  
In the obvious ceremony in punctuation of elder's burial,  
Congolese music was blowing to apex of its might  
As foot-falls of dancers sounded up to where I was  
As the disco orchestra hailed the son of the chief  
For artful holding of the female dance partner  
in majestic tune with the romantic song  
Pangs of jealousy terribly burned my chest  
I mused the warmth which the chief's son was enjoying,  
I began walking away towards my home; against all odds  
As my home was in another village across the river,  
Hyenas are all over the way, but I did not fear  
My fear was the infamous Night-runner; Muyomo Omutabani,  
He is famed to be a terrible wizard of the foul,  
But I rationalized it away that; I'm a man and I will die once  
I kept on walking and walking, nearing the river  
At which the sound of croaking marshland land frogs got high and high  
This informed me that the river terrain is save, no impending danger  
I crossed safely on a log of wood lying across the river banks,  
From no where, I saw a blurred stall of dry banana leaves at my side  
Numerous black cats surrounded the stall, all moving in a cheeky style  
The stall also yelled shallow chicken cluck,  
The scene was scary and deadly impish to my nerves  
It triggered my feared, sending me a half mad with emotions  
I took off on my heels, in flight with an Olympic speed  
Running towards home, not knowing whether to cry or not  
But I resolved not cry, just to run as I kept mum  
As my crying would only rattle snakes and hyenas from their sleep,  
I gazed back the stall was running after me even in a more maneuver  
It is when I realized that the running battle is between me and the wizard



Muyomo Omutabani the village wizard of the foul, some times with the crow,  
Diverse chicken cackles strongly chirped from the running stall behind me  
Not only to mention the hell like mewling sounds of very many cats,  
I ran faster than I have ever did till I got home  
The running stall never got up with me  
I had to run faster to safe myself from the ever nearing stall  
The rumor had it that the touch of Muyomo would make one sterile,  
So I ran and ran to safe myself from the curse of sexual impotence,  
But I was not lucky neither was I better  
New version of fate was waiting for me in my own cottage,  
Which I came face to face with in a stark countenance  
After I had kicked open the metallic door of my cottage,  
That I quickly had to shut for me to curtail my pursuers out,  
I wanted to jump into my blanket for total safety  
My blankets made of sisal fabrics,  
But moonlight coming in on to my bed  
Through a hole in the ruffian roof held me back  
It was shinning on the ball of coils of something black and glittering,  
It was the largest snake that I have ever seen in my experience  
It was at on my bed; at the middle of the bed!  
Waning sounds of the mewling cats were still faintly heard  
From outside my cottage which I had shut myself in  
I was divided mentally with no name to label my situation,  
Please you name it.

alexander opicho

# Zorn

Zorn! zorn! zorn!  
Du sie heime von feigligs  
Du sie nicht kumpel von tapferkeit  
Du immer mehr toten  
Aber du kahn nicht tragen  
Noch eben lohn fur  
Die beerdigung kostens  
Zorn! irrtum ist von mutter

vergnugen

alexander opicho