

Poetry Series

Barrack Manono
- poems -

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Barrack Manono(01/06/1990)

BORN IN THE WESTERN PROVINCE APPROXIMATELY 400 KM WEST OF NAIROBI.PURSUED POETRY SINCE I WAS YOUNG IN PRIMARY POETRY FOR FUN AND ALSO PERFORMS SPOKEN NTLY A STUDENT AT KENYATTA UNIVERSITY, NAIROBI PURSUING ISM D LAST BORN IN THE FAMILY OF FI HOBBIES ARE, SINGING, DANCING, SWIMMING AND PLAYS PIANO.

A Raining Day

Before he shone me a light,
He showed me at night
Before I crossed the bridge
I jumped over a ridge
He gave me a car
But my foot was with a scar
Walked without shoes
Now it's time choose

I had time seat
For I stood in the heat
Then I laughed hard
After I cried loud.

Atleast I ate good
I slept without food
My stomach so empty
Right now at seventy

Glomy floomy hood
God got me in the mood

I was shouted at
Leave it no tit for that
We forgive and forget
Is the rule I bet?

War is over let so peace
The sound of a bullet to cease
The gun in the sand
battled for bible in the hand
Every blood drop that socked the soil
Will turn to gold and oil

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A Rainy Reason

Rainy season

Its a raining season
I'll move out for a reason
Built my house on the bank
But no water in my tank
I felt so blank
When my boat got sunk
And my life so stunk

My life got stuck
My life got stuck
I'm moving out
Coz the rain is about

Look at the waters
Roaring without borders
I'm hear alone
My every treasure gone
Trees broken
House walls shaken
My farm like an ocean
Covered in a water cushion
What a destruction?

My life got stuck
My life got stuck
I'm moving out
Coz the rain is about

The road was impassable
To drive impossible
a four wheel couldn't drive
I couldn't do anything to survive
I became a fish
Roaming like a lion the bush
Beautiful now ugly life
I'm alone without a wife
Lemmi dive for atleast last five

My life got stuck
My life got stuck
I'm moving out
Coz the rain is about

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I Left A Note

Barrack Le'Manono

I LEFT A NOTE

I might come in casket
Inserted in a basket
Divided with a bracket
Pondered like a biscuit

Go check in the pillow
That's where it's hidden
My word not sweeten
my pain in a swallow
My mind will wallow
It is an expected harrow

I know might come back
maybe wrapped in a sack
Or i die in the dark
get eaten by a shark
will i come on a rack?
will i come so whack?
Bitten when I disembark
Jaded faded to work.

But I pray
A silent prayer I say
God guide my kids as they play
Shine upon their way
God my lord,
My wife you in your fold
When my life will be told
My strength will be my shade
When my life fade
Like a river that hade.

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