

Poetry Series

brian odongo
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

brian odongo(24-09-1994)

Personal Details:

Name: Brian Odongo

Sex: Male

Date of Birth: 24-09-1994

Parents: Gordon Odhiambo
Jael Achien'g

Marital status: Single

Religion: Christianity (Seventh day adventist)

Academics:

2001-2008: Manyatta primary school

Grade: A-

2009-2012: Kisumu Boys High School

Grade: A

2014-present: University of Nairobi
School of Nursing Sciences

Work Experience:

2013 (March-November) : Student teacher at KIsumu Boys High School.

2014-Attachment at kenyatta national hospital

Intrests:

Poetry

Evangelism

Playing musical instruments

Public speaking

A Rose Bruised Before Its Bloom

She slept still on the bleak bed
Her fragile frame was forever fixed
The sullen smile on her frown face
Crowned her earthly end
An emblem of victory gained in demise

The somberness of the ominous knell
Ushered in the undertaker for his task
To amass his masters latest loot
Fallen along the weary long way
A rose bruised before its bloom

The lamentations of the little lass
The groan of the grey gentleman
The solemn sympathy of a stranger
The clergy's confession of her circumstances
All a label of a life led in liaison

The strongly sealed sepulcher
Bears the remains of her mortality
The epitaph on it concise as her life
A testament of her times to lingering legs
On rock engraved on hearts chronicled forever

The worms that merry on corpses
Shall soon party for their spoil
That skin so tender shall decay
From this world she carried eternal hope
And though she is dead she shall live

brian odongo

An Adventure

My heart yearns for an adventure
For a strange and rare venture
Oblivious of the tons of dangers
For in adventures I ain't a stranger
For I would relieve childhood years
That I spent with my little peers.

An adventure in distant lands
Where the children play with wet sands.
And dolphins jump out of water
When the noon sun makes the ocean hotter.
Where the fisherman yaw his boat
To capture all the salmon afloat.

An adventure by the oasis in the Sahara desert
Where Tuaregs sit by the cactus to eat dessert.
And watch as scorpions prey on lizards
To feast on their gizzards.
I want day sun to warm my smooth skin
And the night cold to shiver my crude chin.

An adventure cuddling cold snow on my hand
Where the icy pillars in their majesty stand.
And make a cave of snow
Strong to stand when wind blow.
Then I will scare the polar bear
That my cave like a paper wants to tear.

An adventure on the corn field
When in summer the flowers yield
When the butterflies pollinates the corns
And the farmer weeds out the thorns
I want to watch the corn spring to life
When the early rain is rife

An adventure across the sky in a plane
And watch as daylight slowly wane.
I want to leave a route on the sky
That in the future I would still ply.

Then immortalize my name in the cloud
That dark clouds in their anger cannot shroud.

An adventure deep in the amazon woods
When the purple squirrel burrow for food.
Where the monkey sway their tails
And rotten leaves litter narrow trails.
I want to watch the ants builds their mounds
As the ripe mangoes fall on the ground.

An adventure that will lead to places
Leaving on all its paths my traces.
Permanents prints that will last
Even when my life like history is past.
And my adventure would be told as a tale
That like time will not stale.

brian odongo

Find Love

I know not where I shall find love
By the foots of the steep mountain or on the plains of clove
Where the oak trees shed their green blades on the brown grass
Perchance by the deserted road where lays the heap of trash

I know not when I shall find love
During spring when 'April showers bring may flowers'
When wintry chilling cold bites the pale earth
When the woods glow in amber in the hearth

I know not how I will find love
Through divine appointment or by shove
Whether from a recent friend or a foe of past days
May be from stranger met by the labyrinthine ways

I know not why I will find love
Whether possessed passions will cause me to move
To seek the friendship of some lovely lass
Or May be just another ritual of life to pass

Whether in known or unknown places
Whether in familiar or strange faces
Whether time is constant or flies like a dove
I one day shall find love

brian odongo

I Shed Tears

Yesterday with my hands on my chin I shed tears
Hot huge round drops after many years
For my heart was abundant of darkness as night
And nobody could understand my plight
The tears roughly flowed down my cheeks
Like rushing water from a creek
It tasted gall on my dry lips
Though I wiped it, it still made trips
I therefore allowed it to flow at its pleasure
For my wounded heart knew no measure
After time on its own it dried
Though my spirit it had tried
I shed tears for loves sake
When I found out she was fake

brian odongo

Music Of The Stars

The dark night clouds are starlit
As though to mock the moon
That arises at each twilight
To take the mantle from the sun
All united in an assignment
To light the dark auditorium below
The radiant stars gloriously move
Age to age whispering its adventures
It's the music of the stars
Singing of the past, present and future
Singing of a past heard in legends
Singing of a present felt by all men
Singing of a future obscure to mortals
It's the music of the stars

The inaudible lyrics of the stars
That needs neither lute nor lyre
To arouse the heart with its ancient rhyme
That chime that is older than any note
Like a spell enchants the audience
Its glory inspires the astronomer
Its music moves a poets' hand
It's the music of the stars
Singing to the 'deaf' mortal
Singing how his life is brittle
Singing how his life is ' little'
It's the music of the stars

The music of the stars:
Its melody wanes towards daybreak
Like a script come to a timely end
Its rhythm diminishes
Like the beats are fleeting from dawn
Its harmony dis-accords
Like the harpers string is breaking
It's the music of the stars□
Singing a comforting ballad to the seafarers
Singing a solemn hymn to the wayfarers
Singing a loyal anthem to the soldiers

The day ends the vigil from the celestial stage
The morning stars continues the refrain
It's the music of the stars

brian odongo