

Poetry Series

Collins Gachomo
- poems -



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Collins Gachomo()

Collins Gachomo is a writer and an animal production expert originally from Eldoret, Kenya. He has a Diploma in Dairy production and processing from Dairy Training Institute, Naivasha. He has been practicing poem writing from his high school level though not an area of expertise but just a part-time writer and he has a dream of becoming the best poet in the world.

When he is not writing poems, Collins spends most of his time reading, cooking, hanging out with friends, and catching his favorite Broadway shows. An admitted sports fanatic, he feeds his addiction to football by watching Mombasa Olympic Ladies Football club on weekends afternoons.



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Lost In The Desert

Makena and Wanjiku, brave and bold,
Lost in the desert, their story untold.
Parched and tired, they trudged for days,
Through towering dunes and endless plains.

The scorching sun beat down on their skin,
Their thirst for water grew from within.
They searched for shelter, but none was found,
As the desert stretched for miles around.

They stumbled forward, through sand so high,
And watched as mirages danced in the sky.
But hope remained, alive and strong,
As they sang and laughed and hummed a song.

At night they huddled close for warmth,
And whispered secrets beneath the stars.
They dreamed of home and loved ones near,
And prayed for the end of their desert fear.

Days turned to weeks as they wandered on,
Until a glimmer of hope appeared with dawn.
A distant city, a shimmering sight,
Their salvation from this endless plight.

Makena and Wanjiku, brave and true,
Survived the desert, their spirits anew.
Their tale a lesson, of strength and strife,
And the power of hope to sustain in life.

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Do Lips Have Powers?

Oh, the power of lips, it's quite a surprise,
How much they can say with just one little rise.
A simple pout, a kiss, or a smile,
Can brighten a day, or make it worthwhile.

With lips we express love, passion, and more,
They're tools of seduction, that we all adore.
Words may falter, but lips never do,
They can speak volumes, without a sound or two.

A whisper on the neck, a nibble on the ear,
Exhilarating releases, we cannot steer.
The power of lips, oh, it's quite a feat,
They can be tender, passionate, or even sweet.

So let us be mindful of this mighty tool,
And use it for good, and never as a fool.
For the power of lips, can make or break,
And have an impact, that's hard to shake.

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The Submerged Island

In the land of Ajira,
There sat an island so serene,
But fate had other plans,
For a glacier lurking unseen.

Slowly but surely, it crept ashore,
Until the island was fully submerged,
The people of Ajira had to flee,
As their homes were now submerged.

The once vibrant land was now cold,
A frozen tundra so bleak and bold,
The people mourned and shed a tear,
For their beloved island was no longer here.

But life moves on, they say with a sigh,
And the people of Ajira had to try,
To rebuild their homes and their lives anew,
And find a way to survive and push through.

So they banded together, hand in hand,
And slowly but surely, they reclaimed their land,
And although the glacier left them in dismay,
The people of Ajira lived to see another day.

For in the face of tragedy and strife,
They showed a resilience and an unwavering light,
That still shines bright even to this day,
A testament to the human spirit come what may.

Collins Gachomo

Confused Goat

There once was a goat so confused,
He didn't know which path to choose.
He wandered around in circles all day,
Trying to find his sheep friends to play.

He asked a butterfly which way to turn,
But she flew off without concern.
He went to a frog for some advice,
But the frog just blinked twice.

The goat was feeling quite down,
When a wise owl perched on a nearby branch, brown.
The owl said, 'Follow your heart, my friend,
The path you choose will be the right bend.'

So the goat closed his eyes and took a leap,
And found his sheep friends in a herd of sheep.
From that day on the goat was no longer confused,
His heart had guided him and he was amused.

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Last Surviving Man

In a world without women, nor a child to hold their hand,
Lived the last surviving man, on a desolate, lonely land.
With no one to converse, he talked to the wind,
Asking himself why fate had been so unkind.

The trees whispered and the ocean roared,
The man marveled at how he had explored,
Every corner of the earth, every land and sea,
But with no one by his side, what good was it to be free?

Memories of fondness and affection flashed before his eyes,
Of laughter, love and companionship, in a time that had died.
The last surviving man, with a heavy heart and breath,
Wished for nothing more than the sweet release of death.

Yet fate had one last cruel joke to play,
For the man found a babe, alone and astray.
With renewed purpose, he picked up his life,
Nurturing the child, helping it thrive.

In a world without women, nor a child to hold their hand,
Lived the last surviving man, with a new family grand.
With joy and love in their tiny abode,
The last surviving man found his truest abode.

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Yes I Do But Who?

Should the choice be Peter or Andrew,
To whom shall the bride say 'I do'?
Both men do her heart pursue,
But which one shall her love imbue?

Peter is witty and kind,
With a heart gentle and refined.
His love for her he does not hide,
And for her, he'll always provide.

Andrew is strong and brave,
In her life, he'll be her protective wave.
He'll stand by her through storm and strife,
And together, they'll create a happy life.

Both men have their merits and charm,
But only one can be her arm.
Whichever she chooses, will surely bring delight,
For in love, all that matters is what feels right.

Collins Gachomo

The Sweet Journey Of Education

Akoth's daughter Shantel,
Excels in secondary without a single dentel.
She's now off to join university,
Where she'll study with fervor and avidity.

She's worked hard to get to this stage,
And her success knows no boundary or age.
She's ready to soar like an eagle in flight,
Her future is bright, like a beacon of light.

Akoth's heart swells with pride,
For his daughter's achievements can't be denied.
He knows that with her dedication and passion,
She'll achieve all her goals and make a lasting impression.

Shantel's eyes gleam with anticipation,
As she steps into a new phase of education.
With her head held high and her spirit unbroken,
She'll thrive in university and leave a trail unspoken.

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An Inferno In Marikiti Market

Inferno at Marikiti market
Was a sight both dark and tragic
Flames licked up the open stalls
People ran, they screamed and bawled

The smell of burning wood and flesh
Filled the air with mournful breath
Merchants wept, their goods alight
Firefighters worked with all their might

Sirens howled, engines roared
As the inferno raged and soared
Smoke billowed, ash fell like rain
Nothing but destruction, pain

But amidst the chaos and the gloom
Hope ignited like a spark and bloom
People coming together to aid
Working, caring, and unafraid

Together they battled the flames
Hoping to stop the inferno's claims
And though it took a heavy toll
Marikiti market remained whole

For though the inferno had its way
People refused to give in and sway
Through their courage, the market thrived
A testament to the human drive.

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The Nation Of Snobbery And Oppression

In Ajira where the people dwell,
There's a story that I'll now tell,
Of race snobbery and oppression,
That's caused them so much aggression.

Discrimination reigns supreme,
In Ajira it's no just a scheme,
It's a way of life that's cruel,
A tool that the privileged use as a tool.

Those who differ are looked down upon,
Their culture and customs all but gone,
Their cries for mercy going unheard,
As their rights and identity are blurred.

From generation to generation,
This mistreatment is a form of damnation,
For the people of Ajira to face,
A life without justice nor grace.

But we must not let hope fade away,
For change is always on the way,
We must stand together and be strong,
So that the oppression no longer prolong.

And from the ashes of the past,
A new world will be born at last,
Where all races and cultures unite,
And together we'll shine a bright light.

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The Transition

Akoth's daughter Shantel, now in her teens,
Is navigating through life's tricky scenes.
Adolescence a time of growth and change,
A period of life that can be quite strange.

Shantel seeks her own identity,
As she blooms into maturity.
Her parents watch as she spreads her wings,
And time flies by so fast it stings.

Shantel's heart beats fast for her first love,
A boy who fits her like a glove.
Her mother warns of heartbreak and pain,
But Shantel thinks it's worth the gain.

Akoth's daughter walks a fine line,
Between what she wants and what is fine.
She learns to make her own decisions,
And to face life's tough conditions.

Shantel's journey is just beginning,
As she finds herself and starts winning.
But with every rise, there may be falls,
And her parents will be there, through it all.

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The Busy Expatriates

Expatriates came from far and wide,
To colonize the state of Ajira with pride.
They built their homes and settled in,
Claiming the land as if it was their own kin.

The locals watched with fear and dismay,
As the expatriates decided to stay.
They brought their customs and their ways,
Ignoring the traditions of Ajira's old days.

The expatriates established their rule,
Leaving the locals feeling like fools.
They took the resources and the wealth,
Leaving the land in a poorer state of health.

But the Ajirans did not falter or fall,
They stood together, tall and strong, standing tall.
They fought for their rights and their land,
Taking back what was rightfully in their own hands.

In the end, the expatriates left with nothing to gain,
The locals reclaimed what was once theirs to retain.
Ajira blossomed, thriving anew,
Thanks to the courage of the Ajiran crew.

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Like Mother Like Daughter

In Kenya's land, there's a mother and daughter pair,
Akoth and Shantel- a match so rare,
Like mother like daughter, they say,
And indeed, they slay!

Akoth's beauty is ageless,
Stunning looks that are breathless,
And like daughter, Shantel takes after her,
A beauty that makes all heads stir.

Their bond is strong,
Building it has taken years long,
And just like each other, they're fighters,
One for the other, they're life's writers.

Akoth is kind and giving,
Shantel too, in her loving,
Glimpses of them, you won't find any hotter,
A pair blessed, that couldn't be better.

Like mother, like daughter,
Their love we'll forever remember,
A bond that's so divine,
Their love, like gold, will forever shine.

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Shantel's Journey Of Success

Akoth's Daughter Shantel is a star,
Her brilliance shines both near and far,
With hard work, she scored high marks,
The future now shines bright like sparks.

Her family's pride in her can't be contained,
Their joy and happiness can't be explained,
Shantel's future is filled with possibilities,
Her dreams can now become realities.

Her KCPE exam success is just the start,
A bright future is now within her heart,
With focus and determination, she'll go far,
And shine brighter than any twinkling star.

Congratulations, dear Shantel, on your triumph,
Your efforts and commitment have borne fruit,
May you continue to work hard and dream big,
And achieve success that makes your heart sing.

Collins Gachomo

The Bright Side Of Shantel

There once was a girl named Shantel
Whose school success was truly swell
She studied hard every day
And always tried in every way

Her teachers praised her work with glee
For she won many awards, you see
Her knowledge grew with each passing year
And she never gave in to any fear

Her mother, Akoth, beamed with pride
For Shantel's success she couldn't hide
She watched her daughter soar so high
And knew the future would be nigh

For Shantel's hard work paid off well
And she now excelled in primary school
With her future bright as the sun
She'd just begun her journey won.

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The Smart Little Kid

Shantel was a little girl,
With a heart as pure as a pearl,
She joined Baraka pre primary school,
And proved that she was nobody's fool.

Her mother Akoth smiled with pride,
As Shantel walked by her side,
She knew her daughter was destined for greatness,
And would achieve success without any lateness.

In class, Shantel learned to read and write,
And her confidence grew with every sight,
Of her achievements and the friends she made,
In Baraka pre primary school's lovely shade.

Days turned into weeks and weeks into months,
And Shantel's love for learning never slumped,
She excelled in math, science, and art,
And never once did she let down her heart.

So let's salute Shantel, this smart little miss,
For her efforts and hard work, we cannot miss,
We hope she thrives and reaches for the stars,
As she continues her journey that will take her far.

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The Expectant Akoth

Akoth's due date is drawing near,
In two short years, a daughter dear,
A precious bundle, a gift from above,
Born of the purest form of love.

Kelvin's heart beats with joy and pride,
A loving father by Akoth's side,
Together they await this little one,
The miracle of life has only just begun.

They've dreamed of this for quite some time,
A family of three, so sweet and fine,
Now their wish is coming true,
A little girl to love and cherish anew.

So let them prepare and decorate,
A home for this angel, so lovingly great,
And when the day finally comes to be,
They'll hold their daughter, so perfectly.

Welcome to the world, little one,
May your life be full of love and fun,
May you know that you are cherished and adored,
By your parents and all those who surround.

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'Yes I Do', They Both Said

Akoth and Kelvin, two hearts entwine
A love so strong, a bond divine
They pledged their lives, they said 'I do'
A promise made, forever true

The sun shone down on their special day
Friends and family gathered to say
Congratulations to the happy pair
May your love always fruitfully bear

The bride walked down, a vision so fair
Kelvin was struck, he couldn't help but stare
They exchanged vows, sealed with a kiss
A moment of pure and utter bliss

Now as they embark on this new journey
May their love only grow and always burn brightly
With each passing day, may their bond endure
Akoth and Kelvin, forevermore.

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Marriage Proposal

Akoth was out on a stroll,
When Kelvin made his proposal bold.
Her heart filled with joy and love,
She accepted, like a gift from above.

The ring on her finger sparkled bright,
As they embraced in sweet delight.
Their future together, full of hope,
A love that will help them brightly cope.

Friends and family all gather round,
To witness the love that they found.
Akoth and Kelvin, forevermore,
Their love will shine, forever pure.

As they walk down the aisle,
Their love, like a blooming smile.
Heart to heart, hand in hand,
Their love will withstand every demand.

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The Solved Broken Heart

Akoth and Kelvin, what a pair
They seemed so happy, but then, despair
A break-up came, they went their own way
But Akoth missed him every single day

She finally mustered the courage to call
And when Kelvin answered, she felt so small
But his voice was kind, and his heart was true
He still cared for her, he missed her too

So they met up for coffee one afternoon
And talked about everything, like they used to do
They laughed, they cried, they even kissed
They knew they had to try again, to make a new start, not missed

Now, Akoth and Kelvin are back together
Stronger than ever, in fair or foul weather
They learned that sometimes we have to let go
To find our way back to the person we know

Love is a journey that's never quite done
It's something we work on, not won
But when we find someone who makes the journey worthwhile
We hold onto them tight, and never let go with a smile.

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A Great Love Story

Akoth met Kelvin at a bar,
He smiled and flashed his guitar.
She was captured by his charm,
Soon they were arm in arm.

They talked and laughed all night,
In each other's company, it felt just right.
They knew they had something special,
A connection so strong, it was incredible.

Days turned to weeks, and weeks to months,
Their love blossomed like wildflowers in bunch.
Kelvin proposed and Akoth said yes,
Her heart was filled with endless happiness.

Now they are walking down the aisle,
Their love story is nothing but a smile.
Together forever, in sickness and health,
Akoth and Kelvin, a match made in heaven, nothing else.

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An Escape From The Flock

There once was a goat in a flock
Who dreamed of wandering about the block
One day he slipped away
And wandered without delay

The other goats thought he was lost
But he was free, without any cost
The grass was greener on the other side
And the goat felt free, his spirit untied

He roamed the fields and hills
A life of adventure, with no frills
But he realized something as he grazed
Being alone was not all he craved

For though he enjoyed his newfound liberty
Being away from his flock, was not his destiny
So one day he made his way back
To his siblings, without any lack

They welcomed him back with open arms
Realizing they had not lost their charm
The goat learned that freedom is nice
But together, they thrived, that was the spice.

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Her Love Story

Maureen had two suitors, both equally fine,
But her heart was divided, causing her to pine.
Tom was kind and funny, with a smile so bright,
While Jack was adventurous, always up for a fight.

Maureen couldn't decide, she was torn in two,
Her heart was fractured, it felt so untrue.
She spent her days pondering which man was her choice,
But her heart and mind couldn't seem to find their voice.

Tom wrote her letters, he penned down sweet rhymes,
While Jack took her dancing, he swept her up in his chimes.
Maureen's love triangle was a complicated mess,
But she knew in the end, she had to confess.

With a heavy heart, she chose one suitor to keep,
Her heart took over, she took a deep leap.
Maureen's love triangle had come to a close,
With her heart in place, she was ready for love's sweet dose.

Collins Gachomo

Akoth's Unforgettable Memories

Akoth had a marriage that was broken,
Her heart felt as if it had been choked in,
A love she thought would last forever,
Ended up leaving her with pain that felt like a fever.

Every day she tried to be strong,
But the sadness in her heart was too long,
She remembered the days of pure bliss,
And wondered how it came to this.

Akoth couldn't help but feel the sorrow,
Of a love that was supposed to be tomorrow,
She tried to move on with her life,
But it seemed as if happiness was out of sight.

But Akoth knew that time would heal,
The pain that she now feels,
As she looks towards a brighter day,
Hoping that happiness would come her way.

For Akoth knows that her heart will mend,
And love will find her again in the end,
She will stay hopeful and believe,
That a new love will one day relieve.

Collins Gachomo

The Gossip Mistress

Wanjiku's salon, a place of chatter
Gossip flows, it doesn't matter
Whispers, giggles, and sneaky glances
The salon's patrons take their chances

Wanjiku shares all the latest news
From politics to celebrity views
Her clients listen with eager ears
As gossip spills and disappears

There's talk of breakups and new love found
Secrets shared, and scandals unbound
No one's safe from Wanjiku's tongue
Her salon's the place where rumors are sung

But no one minds, they love the thrill
Of being in the loop, it gives them a thrill
Wanjiku's salon is the place to be
For all the latest celebrity tea

So if you're looking for the latest scoop
Or just need to be in the gossip loop
Head down to Wanjiku's salon in the town
And join in on the chit-chat that goes around.

Collins Gachomo

The Tales Of Peter And His Co-Wife

Peter and Sarah, his co-wife,
Their story was one of strife,
For they had to share one man,
And each day was like a battle plan.

It was a tale of love and hate,
Between two women with the same fate,
But Peter was the one they shared,
And that's where the trouble flared.

Sarah would cook and clean with grace,
While Peter would often try to embrace,
But then Peter would look at Sarah,
And for Peter, she was his real star.

Through the ups and downs they went,
Each day full of drama and torment,
Yet they managed to stay together,
Through all the drama and bad weather.

Their tale is one that's often told,
Of two women and a love so bold,
For Peter was a man of great desire,
But for two women, his heart was on fire.

Collins Gachomo

The Songs Of Love

In sweet and gentle melodies,
The songs of love we sing with ease.
With heartstrings strummed by Cupid's bow,
Our love for one another flows.

The notes we play, they dance and soar,
A symphony we both adore.
In perfect harmony, we find,
A love that's true and unconfined.

The lyrics that we sing aloud,
Are like a promise, firm and proud.
To cherish, love, and hold so dear,
Our love will always persevere.

And as the music carries on,
We know our love will never be gone.
For in each verse and every rhyme,
Our hearts will beat in perfect time.

So let us raise our voices high,
And sing the songs that never die.
For in our love, we find our peace,
And in our music, sweet release.

Collins Gachomo

The Shoes Stranger At Marikiti Market

One day at a beauty shop,
I met a man selling bikini,
For money he wanted to swap,
But I really wanted some vodka martini.

'Got any vodka martini? ' asked I.
'For that's how I'll spend my money.'
'No vodka martini here! ' said the guy.
He seemed to find it quite funny.

'We've got some lovely shoe,
I'll give you a very fine price.'
'I'd rather have some queue.'
The man blinked rapidly thrice.

The man seemed exceptionally dress,
And his manner was strangely amused.
He wasn't what I would call express,
Great disdain he noticeably oozed.

Like others, he thought I was odd,
Some say I'm a bit shoes.
Still he gave me a courteous nod,
As if he thought I was plenty diffuse.

So in search of my goal I departed,
But before the beauty shop could I leave,
The man came running full-hearted,
'I can help you I believe.'

'Bikini, vodka martini, you shall find.
Shoe, queue, you can get.
You must now open your mind,
And get down to marikiti Market.

So to marikiti Market I decided to go,
In search of the vodka martini I craved.
The winds it did eerily blow.
But I felt that the day could be saved.

There were stalls selling pants,
Crop tops in many shades.
There were even stalls selling nantes
People were scattered from many trades

I was greeted by a peculiar lady,
She seemed to be rather amused
I couldn't help thinking she might be quite shady.
I wondered if she was at all diffused.

Before I could open my mouth,
She shouted, 'For you, I have some vodka martini! '
I headed towards her, to the south,
Past some shoe and bikini.

'But how did you know? ' I asked,
'Do you want them or not? ' she did say.
Silently, the vodka martini she passed.
Then vanished before I could pay.

As I walked away I hard a crackle
Or was it, perhaps, a hushed cackle?

Collins Gachomo

Shanelle's Torment - The Villanelle Of The Love

Shanelle couldn't stop thinking about the love
It was just so lovesick and erotic
But she could never forget the belove

That morning, Shanelle was shocked by the foxglove
She found herself feeling rather psychotic
Shanelle couldn't stop thinking about the love

Later, she realised that the love was above
She thought the situation had become rather hypnotic
But she could never forget the belove

Brian tried to distract her with a dove
Said her mind had become too antibiotic
Shanelle couldn't stop thinking about the love

Shanelle took action like a glove
The love was becoming too chaotic
But she could never forget the belove

Shanelle declined thereof
Her mind became dangerously despotic
Shanelle couldn't stop thinking about the love
But she could never forget the belove

Collins Gachomo

The Mighty And Heavy Flower

Whose flower is that? I think I know.
Its owner is quite sad though.
It really is a tale of woe,
I watch her frown. I cry hello.

She gives her flower a shake,
And sobs until the tears make.
The only other sound's the break,
Of distant waves and birds awake.

The flower is mighty, heavy and deep,
But she has promises to keep,
Until then she shall not sleep.
She lies in bed with ducts that weep.

She rises from her bitter bed,
With thoughts of sadness in her head,
She idolises being dead.
Facing the day with never ending dread.

Collins Gachomo

A Jungle Of Fear

On the verge of collapsing
The wales around vibrates the oceans
The vessels along the coastline begins breaking
Later i hear a strange sound of abrasions

Gazing at the blue sky filled with a cloud of smoke
Foot steps along the dark forests filled with Assassins
Heat develops underneath my skin suddenly i get a stroke
And in my mind i think of an abduction

A gun filled with bullets fires across the ocean
Moving waves of water filled with blood
My heart palpitates rapidly and scared to sail through the ocean
Along the shores of the ocean blood dericanates on the spud

The burning spears loaded with fire gets into the thick bushes
In the bush a lonely cat sheds tears with pain
Plunging to anxiety and later abridges
Suffering gets instilled with pain

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In The Dark

Behold i see a burning spear
Over the edge of the hill i can't persevere
My watery eyes filled with tears
Oh my wish i had chandeliers

Lightning strikes one of the trees
As the red smoke appears on the mountains
My body shakes to the breeze
My heart runs as i inhale the carbons

Suddenly i hear a hissing sound
Snakes sounds coming from above
An acquifer releasing water from underground
Temperatures go down making me to find a glove

My eyes get closed breathing heavily
Something touches my legs as it moves
My heart pumps alot of blood abnormally
Ocean waves comes with speed and with Mangrooves

Collins Gachomo

Writings Of Love

Besides me there is a pen and book
The book contains amazing writings of love
Sweet words like a dove
As i write on it, i think of an amazing look
It can be you my love

As i concentrate on the pages with writings
i think of a touch of your skin last night
as the writings look like the voice that sings
This is called love at the first sight

Behold is a book written your name
a pen printed your photo on the desk
as i go through the pages of love i hear your name
Oops its only imagination from the book on top of the desk

The desk is full of red roses
besides the book of love writings
something pinches my heart that looks like bee stings
Alas! its only a call from you after listening your voices

Collins Gachomo

True Love

Again i'm sitting besides a picture frame
Behind me is a huge wallpaper of you
Creation of a facial structure of you are all over the walls in my room
Dreaming of me and you in a paradise island riding a horse full of red and pink roses
Exchanging vows and smiles as we see the beautiful nature from above
Focusing on the blue skies as we read our pages of life
Going through our daily pages of love and creating an empire between us
Honesty and love between us is always special
In every way i couldn't allow our love to fade
Just simple words i have to tell you
Kinda magical words that'll make
Everything between us sweet and special
Love you deeply that can be felt by your veins as we hold tight
My heart is filled by your love
Non can destroy it but only you can make and repair it whenever it torn apart
Ooh! My love your feelings goes through my veins
Pointing out my major arteries as it pumps oxygenated blood full of your love
Quit anything but never erase my name from your heart
Right side of my heart your name will always be printed
Something rings on my mind like your sweet voice of love from your sweet lips
To you i hope you will always be next to me
Until death us part
Very happy as we cuddle underneath the water full of white roses with blue lights
singing love songs for ourselves
What a joy to my heart as your soft skin touches my hip
X-tremely aroused by love from your sweet body and a firm figure
Yes my love we are meant to be one
Zillions of sweet words i have for you, may all be a dream come true

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