

Poetry Series

David Munene wa Kimberly
- poems -

Publication Date:

2018

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

David Munene wa Kimberly(06th January 1986)

Born in Kalimoni Hospital in Thika District (formerly Kiambu District; now Kiambu County) in Central Kenya, as the fifth born in a family of six, poetry is a passion and not a profession.

Currently, I am the volunteer Programs Manager for the Catholic Youth Network for Environmental Sustainability in Africa (CYNESA) headquartered in Nairobi, Kenya.

I owe my inspiration to my only eternal love, Carol (my Perfect Aphrodité) and the providence of God through nature, situation and circumstance.

Daddy to the adorable Raphael Munene and Nicholas Macharia.

If only I could publish one, then I would...

Adults Like Children

The cry of a child
Should be taken as mild
But that of an adult?
Is like overwriting a cult!

Hate that you would be adult by nature
In appearance and stature
Yet you hold up childlike culture
You feed us with folly like agriculture

Punching holes, here and there
Amongst your colleagues; peer-to-peer
You love pain with others so near
Without shame and/or fear

Grow up, not only your rear
Grow in manner without sneer

David Munene wa Kimberly

Africa

I weep for Africa
I dance for Africa
I ululate for Africa
And sing;
And write;
And good tidings bring;
And recite;
for Africa

Africa has no replica
It is unique than Toyota Celica
But why do they call you dark?
Is it perhaps because you have black?
May be they perceive you to lack
In everything good and luck
But you never to me suck
For you have in the provision position stuck

I hovered my blindness
and with my eyes sightless,
History unveiled before my sight
And I saw you in my transcendent flight
I saw them coloured hands
Picking from your lands
Brutally, ruthlessly, gluttonously
But they that picked,
Have your name now cursed

The law was forced on your people
With whips and lashes aiming to cripple
For the success of the bourgeoisies
Coerced to shipping beyond the stormy seas
Now your children hate and loathe the law
That which to them became a flaw
Forcing their dignity so low
Like does a greater devil to a smaller devil
Never will they rise to their level

Every time your children:

Raise an idea valid;
Until by the coloured raised, it remains invalid
Can you blame them then,
When they come up with an invention
It is delayed, derailed, until it's an innovation
If not termed by the 'successful thugs' a protocol violation?

I smile when your sun shines
And your children hop
And like young calves skip
Whilst in the frost the coloured scorch
Cursing their nature, which they scotch
If only you'd for them care
You would the warmth and shine share
But you bear the scars
They inflicted on you with chars

But Africa, sweet lovely Africa
Your dusty terrains rugged
Have the foxes tails wagged
And the antelope and deer
Find your jungle so dear
Your waters unpolluted
Your villages joyfully populated
You have resources
Yet they are combated by advanced forces
You haven't an army strong as theirs
How would they let you build one with their fears?

Peace abundantly looms
And across it fills the rooms
Until their invasion,
You hadn't known aversion
But now you tear your own
And lifelessness fills your lawn
Out of shame you need to shake up
And for your future's sake make up
For I shout from afar like a trumpet, 'Wake UP! '

David Munene wa Kimberly

Africa And Africa's

Have seen little of history unfold
I know that one thing will always be
Africa will be,
But what is Africa's may never be

White man came
Green lands began to dry
So did rivers and streams
Even oceans and seas

Whatever the white man sees
Seems to vanish from Africa
Like dews do in his singeing summers
When he sees peace... there! Gone

The white man said he'd in Africa invested
In actual sense he had Africa infested
Looting without shame
Claiming England is Object; Africa its subject

There was gold, grandpa says
We fight over our own
Lacerate throats and disembowel ours
Man in white fuels it dressed in black

We choose our way
Dos, don'ts, and embargoes stay
When we invent, they endear us
Purporting supervision, yet looting

What is Africa's one day will be
And shall remain African and Africa's
What should unite Africa is Africa's
It will never split Africa into Africas

David Munene wa Kimberly

Africa Built The World

For the World unwillingly
Africa toiled not sparingly
Like locusts in a leafy field
Africans worked without sunshield
The nations of progress
Are the showcase of African process
At heart is success
Away from thought is 'to mess'

Look at the super power
Could have been lower
Were it not for the African back
Scorching in the sun – so black
Scotching under the lash
Never crying of situations harsh
Africa has lit up the World
But Africa is not proud

Ancestral power built
Comfy beds of quilt
But never they lay in them
Were nipped at their helm
Just like new tea leaves' buds
Built they huts of muds
Whilst boss bossed beneath wood
Never the African pain understood

Made the spear
Chased the deer
Prepared the cuisine
Savoured fire's pin
But never the broth
Brought by they forth
Very well commended
With kicks and blows – beheaded

Built the train
In hot drops of rain
Sweat blood

Slept sad
Woke up insane
Hoisted their vane
Piled the firewood
As Johny just stood

July chill set in
Bwere with foot carrying pin,
Detained for 'evading' them
'Pretending' he was not strong
Chest bare, but for hair
Cold floor rot his rear
Passed on a cripple
Dumped in the falls' ripple

Now Johny says Bwere is his debtor
Bwere believes he is the creditor
Johny 'writes off' Bwere's 'loan'
Bwere yawns his bowels torn
Fathoms not who owes who
Or even who owns skies so blue
Bwere's pain; Johny's gain
So who harvests after the rain?

David Munene wa Kimberly

Africa Day

Today is Africa Day,
I am not sure what to say
Even as I, with my forehead, lay
And kneel down to begin to pray
Whether Africa knows it is its day
That I know not today

I am not sure how,
Burundi will celebrate
Congo will ululate
South Africa will participate
South Sudan will integrate
Somali will operate

That Africans do not own it,
Renders Africa Day a long slit,
Cutting across a rugged skirt
Used as clown costume in a skit
African women away the day knit
And men and children care not a bit

Even I know not how to
I found out on Google too
And the trending like sky blue
Even as many of us remain blue,
Indifferent to that which is true,
Across the nations exceeding fifty-two

David Munene wa Kimberly

African Master

Sits cross-legged no more
Postpones every error to after life
His is nothing like strife
'cept his bowels galore
He is the African master
And nothing should matter
Bullies wife with blow
Hushes slave to grave
Like does to chicks adult ave
Owns tracks of land
In ha more than fingers of hand
Doesn't know how far it goes
If the river and river should burry
His hand soft like skin of goose
Yet his acts are soggy and bloody
Amass; amass; amass
Thief as much from the mass
No links with poverty
Father grabbed for son
Now son holds on like to sky, sun
Eons pass he is still the one
Monotonous in routine
Polygamous from the skin
"Do this" – his order
"Don't be silly" – to his elder
For he is the African master
Till death to him does justice
And his seed shall suffice

David Munene wa Kimberly

Africanize Africa [sestina]

That Heaven must be this far
When Africa needs it desperately
Whilst Africans are for blood hungry
For none other than black blood
Drawing machetes and pulling triggers
With a lot of sense that is nonsense

There is just too much nonsense
The reason Africa is this far
Injustice sires and hatred triggers
Selfishness and egocentrism infecting desperately
Promoting for no reason bad blood
Always eating ravenously, yet ever hungry

Time needed for feeding the hungry
Is utilized in debates full of nonsense
Provoking each other and drawing blood
Without realizing how far, far is far
Virulently taking on each other desperately
Planting bombs and pulling triggers

The deafening sound after pulling triggers
Frightens life out of the weak and hungry
Fighting for power persistently yet desperately
And crippling African power with idiotic nonsense
Seeking allies from overseas and far
Thirstily in a crazy rush for fellow blood

In our departed ancestors' blood
There is a cry that shame triggers
But Africa is ever too busy and far
To heed that cry so hungry
Occupied in futility and nonsense
Whilst our ancestors plead desperately

Voices from black cemeteries try desperately
Urging Africa to stop spilling its own blood
But Africa mistakes the voices for nonsense
Charging further with warring triggers

Whilst African children still hungry
Depart to grab and kill from near to far

Black insurgents pulling triggers desperately
Their nonsense is pushing peace away too far
Blood is spilling while Africa remains hungry

David Munene wa Kimberly

Alien

In an unfamiliar grounds one is grounded
When naturally you are talkative,
Now you are by newness surrounded
You feel that vocal cords are inactive
Silent is all you are when talking
Everyone is past you walking
You are not there when you are there
Only your shadow is to you so near
That is if the light is kind enough to be here
You are an alien and no one will of you hear

You are usually aglow and you know
You began to grow and later to glow
Now all that shine feels unable to flow
The vivo that so fast shows is now so slow
This unfamiliar grounds are dungeons
You hate the incarceration but fear lingers on
The birds that are melodious are now legions
They make noises so deafening; you want them gone

I'd rather listen to the ugly croaky crows
At least with them we share unfamiliar similarities
And just like these crows, you seek not charities
They speak a language you know and hear
You can't understand these topics due to fear
The aspect that has borne a short-lived phobia
One that can only be termed as human-phobia
An alien to all; even to the global sun

The atmosphere has a firm grip on your conscious
You tend to be Roman, but of this Rome you are vicious
Usually are wanted and with others,
Abnormally, you are unwanted and on you loneliness gathers
You are heartless, for none is to you heartfelt
It's like on you love is so deceitful
This love that as believers you shared
To the mouthpiece of the annointed one you stared
So full you were, that a face of welcome you wore
Immediately the summon was gone, so did the wind your face blow

Unknown to no one, you aren't known to anyone

David Munene wa Kimberly

Am Not Sorry

Where is your only heart?
For I, its custodian,
Have deliberately, brutally, hurt it flat
And no remedy will you obtain

Trouble is impishly you:
Trusted me too much
Religiously, Believed in me so much
Had for me no match

Look at you:
Dejected;
Rejected;
Objected

David Munene wa Kimberly

Apprehensive

A man shaken
Perhaps not yet beaten
Paws shake like tree-tops
Roving in the winds like small cops
Extended urge to leave work
Hastily before the day's dark
Exit from the back door
Nearly knocking head on floor
Similar to suicidal thoughts
Indeed brain races like there are clots
Varying urge to throw up
Evidently, his wife broke the mucous cap

David Munene wa Kimberly

Arabic Sestina

What happened to the peaceful Arab?
What is wrong with the Arab World?
Where is the serenity and tranquility?
Why do they fill the streets with placards?
Are they now bunches of fluffy feathers?
Blown away by the slightest of winds?

Heard `em say that change is in the winds
That for as long as you are an Arab
Cries for newness must ruffle your feathers
Causing you to show it to the World
Expressing messages to the media on placards
Squandering any sign of tranquility

The Arabs were an exemplar of tranquility
That soothed the world like do summer winds
With oil-written love on romantic placards
Honoured and privileged to be an Arab
Respect commanded from the entire World
Especially poor nations with plucked feathers

The Pharaoh's have plucked their feathers
Getting tired of the ancient tranquility
Bored of being a pyramid show to the World
Disgusted by the presence of cool winds
Upset by the power vested in one Arab
Whose throne they show red cards on placards

The message is clear on the placards
They are messing with one bird's feathers
Who to them should now be just an Arab
Whose palatial presence threatens tranquility
Scaring away the phobia-ghosts in the winds
Sharing the ghosts with a selected world

What if there was a way to heal the world
Without cutting trees to make many placards?
Without tossing ugly scenes to the Holy winds?
Or hurting the peace with angry feathers?

Seek oh ye not to destroy the tranquility
That binds an Arab to an Arab

The World suffers ruffled feathers
With winds of fury blowing from an Arab
Whose Arabic placards threaten usual tranquility

David Munene wa Kimberly

As If ... You/Others

You speak of jaundice as if you are its sole catalytic spice
And talk of malaria as if you are plasmodium the protozoa
Minding the business of others as if you are its essence
Living the dreams of others as if you are a tributary
Insulting others for insulting others as if you are others
Making signs for men your age as if you are an adage

The life of another meets its purpose in time
If that it does not, then it cannot be prime
Yours cannot have been to that of others' sublime
While yours gathers dust minus cognition to rhyme
Remain not a ladder for others to climb
For they will reach out as you depreciate to a mime

Your purpose not achieved under eternity's interruption
Implies you were killed before maturity to fruition
For they that live, live to and for absolute completion
As makers of shadows in their own illumination
Sulk not while you still have teeth - abomination
Your efforts, success and purpose - destination

David Munene wa Kimberly

Baby Angel Denice

One month was all Denice needed
One month to leave grown hearts beaded
With a love incorruptible yet unfathomable
Such a tender impact; softness so remarkable

One month to put endless smiles
Those that will walk us thousands of miles
Taught all in that one month
That there is a lifetime in a month

We mourn the one month
For it is human and dearth
May be for another one month
Yet celebrate Denice's life for many a month

Dear, you will not lie with the dead
Eternity is what you have made
Now that you our memories adorn
Indeed in such a short alibi,
Child, your presence is a lovely epidemic
Embedded in us like to gambler the roulette

David Munene wa Kimberly

Beauty Untold

Beauty untold, mystery still fold
Actually it's told, for not yet is it old
It's gold that goes through no fire
It's depth that craves no higher
The consequence could be dire
If comparison is by a liar,
Compliment could make it realise
That it is beauty indeed

Fit to turn on the heat
Though calm and serene maintains the beat
High profile is not her bit
Recognition is hers not to keep
Selflessness runs no deep

David Munene wa Kimberly

Beyond Belief

Beyond belief
Lies so much relief
That wipes away all grief
When our conscience still harbours
Friendship and love without labours
Like wetness of sap in a stem,
Promises the worm inside life

David Munene wa Kimberly

Black Ain'T Dull

Sitted in the dark,
Adan of colour black
Feels like one in a closet stuck
He is condemned; he is black
But Adan ain't dull

Adan sulks when upset
Immediately he is judged
To have been dull from the onset
'Ancestors of his must have plunged
His plight into this pit'

Why do they shout,
That Adan looks hungry,
When he is only angry?
Yes he is hungry
But more so angry
At you who took his bowl of pastry
And now give it to him 'kindly'
In pretense of charity

Adan is black
His complexion doesn't lack
His ways are Heavenly luck
He mourns wearing white
For 'tis what he affords by his plight;
What he has on sight
For corpses have nothing
But the casket and everything

Black ain't dull
It shines like the nape of a seagull

David Munene wa Kimberly

Black Cemetery

Trot through the shades over there
Where so pure and clean is the air
In the silence of our hearts
We are aware of the presence of peace
For beneath our bare chests
Our serenity is not on lease

Black souls hover around
Proud that their genes walk on the ground
Our ancestors proudly lying
Every step of ours, they watching
Casting dreams and thoughts galore
That we may never through evil stroll

Leaf over here, leaf over there
And voila! The suns' rays put to snare
The canopy fanning our black peace
Sheltering the dark souls from scorching displeasure
Lest in their rest they turn
For whence they do our peace will run

This is not just any place
My grandpa here; your great ma within trace
They that reinstated our expelled grace
We cannot their memory put to disgrace
Shed for our sake
Never let go of our cake

Foreigners say that it is all silent
Aliens fear this is too ambient
Our ancestors' slayers evade
Their perpetrators fear this place's shade
But only we hear what our ancestors say
Whilst we walk through the black cemetery

David Munene wa Kimberly

Break, Recess: She Stayed Away

For need beyond comprehension
She takes and needs a recess that causes tension
In respect it's accepted lest we contradict the sensation
"Not long", she has stated; trust is taken by she by mention
"Beyond the break, think not"; aye there'll be adhesion
Wish it was that easily done as said in satisfaction
Withdrawal is the policy; break is the regulation
Wonder is no longer mystery, mystery is insinuation
Science told me not to; withdrawal draws aggression
Respect, respect, hers I respect decision

Bearing the big flamy eye
All was kept from my sky
Never had I ever seen my conversation die
I in reality will keep off and never try
My mind whirled; and tumultuously yet easily like a pie
No caveat emptor so I never saw it nigh
I had to not accept, but this was by no means a lie
She needs exemption, from others and I

Why didn't she see that I am free;
Now that 'I met her' I love in a spree?
Doesn't she see how high, if love it is,
She has me on its tree?
Is morning a thought borne of a night;
Or will it without her now remain a decree?
Vowed she did, never will I her lose;
Does she with that still agree?
Wonder ceases not of whether from she,
This is dessert, main course or entrée

David Munene wa Kimberly

But Where Is God In All These? !

When you get sick and are healed,
we think it's 'coz our physician is too experienced
When we have enough to harvest,
we think that we ploughed too well
When we sleep peacefully and ache-free,
we think it is coz we own comfortable beds
When we eat and are full,
we think it's coz we cooked deliciously
When we lose our loved ones,
we think they never took good care of themselves
When we have wars everywhere,
we think it is coz we have the military everywhere
When we live long, it's all 'coz:
we ate healthy,
never smoked or drunk alcohol,
never had premarital sex
and that we were too obedient to our parents....
But where is God in all these? !

David Munene wa Kimberly

Butterfly Haiku

Two butterflies of the same colour
Perching on a grass reed flower
Do they know the hour?

David Munene wa Kimberly

Changes Everlasting

They occur when we least expect
Easy to accept; difficult to accept
All change... change that shoves
That which cushions like gloves
Change brought us here
Change is what will keep us there

David Munene wa Kimberly

Child Of Africa [sestina]

A black child born without scar
In a home delivery if hut is home
Without the need for a nurse
Smirked on the bottom to kick life
Whose first cry called for ululations
In – the woman; out – the man

Turned too soon from boy to man
His bravery measured by inflicted scar
Of victorious encounters worth ululations
Fighting war from away and from home
Defending property by risking life
In the effort to his father's nurse

Raised hardly knowing how to nurse
Never shedding another tear – a man
Living the whole of his life
Healing wound and keeping scar
Rarely taught how to keep a home
Wishing he could celebrate with ululations

The man loves female ululations
Yet he would never a girl-child nurse
Argues she is soonest to leave home
She will be property to another man
Nursing that other man's black scar
Like there was no dad in her life

The black child knows that life
Is full of a zillion ululations
Some out to leave many a scar
Than any herb could ever nurse
The child knows its duty is to man
That which man should call home

The child is acquainted to any home
Provided there is only one life
Has to be different from no black man
Lest his character earns him no ululations

Scaring away many a worthy nurse
Blemishing his plight with an indelible scar

Africans don't go home without ululations
Every one was born to nurse life
But for man, all is worthless without a scar

David Munene wa Kimberly

Christ Vs Herod On Palm Sunday

When He set off for the journey
He knew it wasn't about the money
Unlike a bee, He wasn't after honey
For the Sun would have shone like yesterday
But it chose to shine no different today
Even the universe in its global form knows it's Sunday
But whatever the day has come to bear, it's Palm Sunday

Of sense and non-sense was the feeling
Unknown to the known there was no billing
Of the spur of the moment none expected a healing
Nobody expected to, on the moment do a stealing
What was important was the renovation
Of the soul and replenish the mine like a revolution
Everything was open on one end yet in motion
There was no one meant to halt at a station
They all gave Him a standing ovation

Without a sense of competition
He chose to enter like one in opposition
Both of them had a different division
And so each of all had a vision
One on this side, the other on the other
One commandeering, the other saving another
One heckled and ululated at, another honoured and revered
Someone for rank; a humble one where hope is banked

David Munene wa Kimberly

Consider... Please Consider

Consider this message worth not reading
Consider this writing worth not legibility
Consider this characters a-from-space coding
Consider the message worth not deciphering
Consider this timing worth unrecognized
Consider too poor the message authoring
Consider the effect of it worth not feeling
Consider this interruption very disillusioning
Consider this thought very uncouthly daring
Consider this nightmare worth not dreaming
Consider that tear worth not dropping
Consider this... please consider all these a loser's wording
Consider this as a prodigal friendship guilty of escaping
Consider; but consider that the persona has had never a friend as you.

David Munene wa Kimberly

Country Music Nostalgia

I recall a gypsy woman
Whom everyone considered a coward of the county
And Reuben James who walks pieces on my mind
When come early morning I'll be satisfied
Wearing my coat of many colours
Thence, teardrops will be pennies,
Fate will make Amanda a gentleman's wife,
When you took the right time to leave me Lucy

David Munene wa Kimberly

Cow - Haiku

Jump over the cow
Face the udder as row winds blow slow
As milk Spills down glows

David Munene wa Kimberly

Cry Nay

Cry nay, cry nay
For whence you cry,
Your lachrymose wells will try to dry

Try yay; try yay
For whence you try
Not to cry; you look fly

Fly nay; fly nay
For whence you fly
When you land you'll look gray

Gray yay; gray yay
For whence it's gray
The sky will cry

Cry nay; cry yay
For whence you cry
You like a donkey bray

Bray yay; bray nay
For whence you bray
Yo' humanity give away

Away yay; away yay
For whence away
No one will cry

David Munene wa Kimberly

Dead Bodies, Reveal!

Rise up oh dead bodies
You whose corpses were never found
From your living spirits issue command
That your bones gather and re-form
That thy flesh reform
Into haunting and new form
To from the hiding places walk
And let us know how far you are
How far they ferried you
Believing that you were rotting dead
Reveal! Reveal! Reveal!

Remember you did not make it,
Not even as a statistic,
To the government and private records
You are missing persons at times
Departed souls with unknown identity
Some of you are waited upon
By the living that cared for you
But they that made you corpse
Reminisce you dead than alive
Reveal! Reveal! Reveal!

Oh dead bodies of ancient times,
Who shall your justice deliver?
For even justice systems have no systems?
Did you not deserve a eulogy?
Was not your stature worth mourning?
Did you have no land or kiln?
Could they not afford fundraisers?
Was it impossible to morgue you?
Or are you just past wind?
Won't you cry with me for you?
Dead bodies lying astray,
Reveal! Reveal! Reveal!

David Munene wa Kimberly

Deaf? Not Her Feelings

She stood there and watched
Hoping her eyes heard
What she saw they saw
Only that they heard and she didn't know

They laughed so loudly
Of a situation so funny
She too laughed
Not because she knew what had been bluffed
Just that they too laughed

He asked to dance with her
On a dance floor in a par'y afar
She heard not, But took the hand
She's used to her interpreter's hand
That's why she kept stepping on him

They really interceded
On her behalf they pleaded
She didn't know when to Amen
They thought she was arrogant
She didn't close her eyes with the other men
Neither did she open them after Amen with the other women
Only she was naturally ignorant

Once in a congregation,
She turned around her shoulder
And found a finger dropping from her direction
She smiled back, embarrassed
Like a kid who in church just on herself pooped
As they all laughed at her

She is deaf; her ears are deaf
But her notion and conscience are enough
To hear the unspoken
She gets hurt too when downtrodden
Seemingly ignorant, less outspoken
She did not choose to not hear

She wishes she would hear
Just help her with her nature bear
Instead of purporting to jeer
Like lil' morons at her being
She's like you and I - a complete human being

David Munene wa Kimberly

Deafening Silence

Some silence is deafening
Some silence feels vengeant and weakening
Some silence is like a thundering
That cuts throught the skies roaring
From whence had proceeded a lightening
Such silence has reason reasoning
But whose meaning deciphering
Is a task more than daunting

Heark! The silence speaks
In decibels at their peaks
To hearts that care to see its beaks,
Moving with artistic and professional leaks
In hushed tones through which loneliness sneaks
It could perhaps last for weeks
And no doubt painful than zillions of pricks

Such silence dear Queen
Is like to a kid beginning to wean
Or a saint committing a newly-found sin
Like taking a comedy actor through a horror scene
The end of this is to pluck out this pin
If you dropp may, me a line - silence won't win
Unpluck this from my heart and skin
For your silence is an unbearable, purposeful sting

David Munene wa Kimberly

Defiler's Death

Tell her she can come out
Into the limelight from trauma's prison
Convince her that it is safe
Promise her no one will shout
No one will ask for a reason
Prove to her this is no gaffe
Encourage her that there's a future
That she can pick lilies and daisies
Plus play hide and seek
To be sought by the right seeker
For the bastard is gone;
Gone to never ever return
Gone to where judgment has no mercy
The mercy she so needed,
From that late bastard when he defiled her

David Munene wa Kimberly

Despise

Devoid of the deficiency in my environs
Regardless of the impoverishes in me
My soul, my heart, my mind yearns for ye
Like blown up in the skies nylons
That beg of gravity to do them honors
So they could usual ground touch and see
Yet end up hanging loosely on trees
So is my essence when you my means despise

David Munene wa Kimberly

Digital Death

Of a black Kenyan boy, the dream is shattered
His vision into a world other than local battered
The deadline set by forces unknown to him
A mandatory migration ideology crushes his dream
They call it digital migration or digital birth
He knows it is a condemning digital death

Daddy only got analog through SACCO loan
Before paying, the analog has begun to groan
Like a huge fall into the hall of shame
The boy is back to never watching game
Albeit this is supposed to be visionary health
He knows it is a condemning digital death

What will the analog box now become?
Daddy can't lower into pocket any other arm
For his is torn and account reads overdraft
Whenever thoughts strike mind about graft
The man believes he has been conned of breath
He knows it is a condemning digital death

David Munene wa Kimberly

Dirge In A Sestina

Death is prevalent in my continent
I am rarely in any other apparel but black
The hymns are barely short of dirge
News seldom report anything to celebrate
Visitors don't stay for long
For long is too long to stay

If this be the way it should stay
No one will inhabit this continent
Save for the malice that has been here long
Yearning to devour anything black
Seeking to have no one in the land celebrate
The freedom won through many a dirge

The soloists' voices croak in the dirge
Albeit they never in requiems stay
They were soloists made to celebrate
The beauty and fortune on this continent
Thanking God for creating them black
And preserving them this long

With skirts slapping winds all day long
Different levels of anguish in the dirge
Swollen eyes battered by a fellow black
Much is done to ensure peace doesn't stay
On our beloved, once-calm continent
Is there any reason to celebrate?

Baked a cake to my birth celebrate
No sooner had I held it for long
Than a man of my country and continent
Sunk my mood into a remorseful dirge
Evacuating me from my place of stay
Wishing me into the cemetery of the black

My own brother with a skin black
Hurls a machete at me as I celebrate
He makes at my place a forced stay
Eminent greed blinding love for so long

Forcing a blessed land into an eternal dirge
Branding itself the dark continent

Being black has been shamed too long
And Africa forced to celebrate with dirge
But death won't stay in my continent

David Munene wa Kimberly

Disgusting Kenyan Peace

Hate the doctrine of Kenyan peace
Preached like a piece of lease
With intention to oil and grease
The foreign perception infected with fleas
Fleas tainted with extraterrestrial tease

These peace pleas appear eventful
Like Fourth March must be colorful
To appease many a colonial fool
Glaring with a chewing mouthful
Of coffee and at hand a teaspoonful

Why do you teach and preach peace:
As though we cannot have it with ease
As though it is as rare as a colubird's hiss
As though it is more complicated than a kiss
As though Kenya has never known peace?

David Munene wa Kimberly

Don'T Cry My Friend

Super gorgeous girl,
who when you tear drops,
comes to you to you lull?
Or who sets the props,
And jeers at your tears?
If only distance would let me into this day,
I would wipe them away today.

David Munene wa Kimberly

Don'T Hate Me

Don't hate me
Don't hate me please
I am not the failure you see
Just a feature in your failure's grease

Slide not on my floor,
Then curse my front door
For this I made
Without your marmalade

I eat what I earn
And for more I still yearn
Sometimes it is bran
That I borrowed from my gran'

So pity not me as well
Am to you like grass to well
I sip and drain
For life I have to gain

Why would you cry?
Instead, give it a try
We aren't wrong
Just a lil' less strong

Your smile fades at mine
Why won't you reflect mine shine?
You wish it were yours
But wishing only wastes your hours

The story of my life
Should never be strife
Jus' `cause beneath the sun
'Tis father like son

David Munene wa Kimberly

Don'T Lose Hope Venkatesh

Venkatesh, Venkatesh
If I could write in Hindu, I would
To pierce your soul like nail does wood
Invoke hope to never vanish
You are a masterpiece of perfect creation
See, the sun lights up just for you?

Doesn't the moon, and the polaris,
Long just for nights
So they could light up your axis?
Don't lose hope, face of brights,
Even strings have hope
To one day be a rope!

David Munene wa Kimberly

Doubt

Oh doubt, where is your heart
That pierce it I may, and make you hurt?
Would you not know I do not flirt?
Beneath it all, lies me under my shirt

David Munene wa Kimberly

Down The Aisle

She walked down the aisle
By him indeed she walked

By him indeed she walked
Down that aisle of ail

Down that aisle of ail
Venom held her by the tail

Venom held her by the tail
Hands of the bridesmaid serpent

Hands of the bridesmaid serpent
Seducing her groom after honeymoon

Seducing her groom after honeymoon
All night igniting lethal passion

All night igniting lethal passion
A one-night, thank-you stand

A one-night, thank-you stand
Ruined hers life of eternal trust

Ruined hers life of eternal trust
Her lachrymose dried up tears

Her lachrymose dried up tears
Mounting the swelling of fears

Mounting the swelling of fears
Ire brought her the knife

Ire brought her the knife
She stabbed `em like chickens

She stabbed `em like chickens
Herself too in eternal Achilles' heel

Downpour In Town

Rains reign in town
So heavily falling down
In speed than rocket's
Every man pockets
Could not believe how much,
How much they muttered curse
When blessing had come down at last

On skyscrapers and automobiles
On those who hadn't paid the parking bills
The flowerpots in town are sheltered
And no food-garden has been nurtured
Then I know why they curse
Those tongues just from Mass
As they thronged the stops of a delaying bus

Then thought of the village
Where when the rains fall with rage
The maize plantations dance jovially
And every being celebrates cordially
The cows low; cocks crow; sweet winds blow
All of and about the blessing know

The village is muddy
No one curses though its Monday
Like rays of newly-born vision
The eyes of the villagers accomplish their mission
Whilst those of the townees cry foul
Forgetting they ate, thanks to the fall

If only the rain wasn't as defiant
Then not once would it be termed deviant
By tongues that wish it never came
On the tar of town that townees blame
For being unable to suck each drop

Rain is no favourite
Rain has no favourite
Let it rain

Bless it when it on towns rains
Just as does when it in villages reigns

David Munene wa Kimberly

Dusts Of Africa

These dusts of Africa
Have in the World no replica
Unique, lovely dusts

We on them dance
Our joys and sorrows at every chance
Carrying them with the whirlwind like locusts

When the rains fall,
They rise in stardom call
Like elevated satellite masts

Our seed playfully on the dusts rolls
Emerging whites with black souls
With laughter that blasts

Stained our feet
Inhaled by donkeys' bleat
Pandora from high up for them lusts

Hail African dusts!
Hail the African dusts!
Wherein will lie our lasts!

David Munene wa Kimberly

End-Month Bank Queues

Here we are all
Queuing in the banking hall
Short and tall
Accounts likewise - short, tall
Hoping queues will not stall
Like they do at the shopping mall

Teller-to-teller
Teller-to-customer
Teller-to-cashier
In the views rear,
Many wish were near

End month; check.
In has come the paycheck
Time for us to cause havoc
As we its wealth wreck
In ways diverse like a peck
Our accounts we'll soon uncheck.

David Munene wa Kimberly

Ers

Cheers of fears
We toast amidst jeers
As our deathbed nears
We are sojourners and peers
Nothing our pains clears
None dries their own tears
The cries of others my heart hears
As mine aorta raptures and tears
They continue to haunt us the bears
Those separating our ears
Replacing our matter gray over the years
With realms and realms of jinx arrears
And what is beheld by our dears
Escapes our grasps like scared deers

David Munene wa Kimberly

Evil, Oh Lord [villanelle]

It is I oh dear Lord that turned away
Your goodness is perfect and enough
No wonder Hell stands in my very way

You chose and made each and every day
That I may enjoy this life that seems rough
It is I oh dear Lord that turned away

In my quest for freedom's elusive ray
I dug my very tomb in grounds tough
No wonder Hell stands in my very way

I chose to be good only when I would pray
Sinking into moths-infested and rotting tuff
It is I oh dear Lord that turned away

Shame has become my mate of play
Fiddling with my life like a Cartesian graph
No wonder Hell stands in my very way

Now I will come back to never run astray
Evil won't crash me like cigar stuff
It is I oh Lord that turned away
No wonder Hell stands in my very way

David Munene wa Kimberly

Failed

I have tried
I have given up
My throat dried
Where there was no tap
My ego cried
Betwixt soul and body was a rift-like gap
Nothing my rising implied
Was down; away from the last lap

Giving in; not an option
Had to succumb
Like does to knife little lamb
Had no victory portion
So judge me not
Mine was broken – pot
Failing left me dumb
Failure left me numb

David Munene wa Kimberly

Fashionista Peace Trends

I fear that this peace we so preach
Most are out of touch and cannot reach
For it now is a fashionistic trend
Of pretense of innocence by fiend and friend
For even greetings have become peace
Yet we only had to wait for war to notice

I fear that the campaigns are after funding
And their initiatives driven by branding
For peace to me is now like a commodity
And love is neglected like nerd in a sorority
Call me now all you want
For prophets of doom you never want

I fear that this peace we so preach
Is yet to with our hearts hitch
For we speak of it from the rooftops
As though we never had these rooftops
The TV and radio force peace prescription
Yet the citizenry thinks we've won

I fear that the campaigns are a misunderstanding
For they are out of fear and trending
It is the fashionista peace trends
Clouding our skies that have definite ends
Whose Armageddon is on fourth
Only to reincarnate as latter-day broth

I know not your position or premise
But I fear yours is not a promise
For you follow the peace crowd
A machete in your bosom wound
Sharpened with anticipation for the worst
You fashionistically trend with unrest

Critics and cynics alike
You row in one boat along one dike
Yet you lie expectantly in wait
Like triggers and coals at night

Aiming already, shooting nay
Hot already, kindled nay

David Munene wa Kimberly

Fathoming Man

I seek to so deeply fathom
That which man is in his dome
Yet constantly the little foxes
Eat the roots of my efforts like axes
Call they sleep or distractions
All stand in my way as trivial obstructions
The more they are, the lesser I am
They leave an itch at the root of my left arm
Transform my progress into retrogression
Consequently wounding my aggression
Man will never learn enough about man
As man is too mechanical a machine to man

David Munene wa Kimberly

Female Chauvinism

Does it have to be so?
What if there actually existed
A state that is more twisted
Where all was up-bottom
As opposed to bottom-up
A village in which women spoke
And men had no right to speak?

I only wrestle with imaginative creativity
As to what a female chauvinist society,
Full of men who had no place, but piety
Would be like in the modern day

Picture a man with a valid point
But because he is,
Only she can speak
Simply because she is
A male point; invalid
A female point; sacred
And men would do nothing about it

What if the world in which man resides,
Is unchangeably a woman's world?
What if the world in which woman resides,
She actually decides who gets cold?

I have seen women agonize
As men forcibly organize
About how to antagonize
And fail to, the female rationale recognize
Citing foolish issues like body size
Killing the very wombs that concretize
Their capacity to fully masculinize

A woman republic
Where a woman speaks in public
And it chills the male pubic
Is worth challenging this paradox archaic

David Munene wa Kimberly

Flower

Stole the moment and hour
Kissed the eye
Her life seasonal, Earth beautifies

David Munene wa Kimberly

Fluorescents Of The Skies

I wallow in the mystery of history and worry
Of what need do deeds that piss capture a story
And make a shake that ripples the lake of jolly?
Fall off to the bluff of deceit with failure without receipt,
I commend and tend to offend me not
Lest in pretense of offence, affluence of past tense relives in me to clot
Ta oh hot bright ball dangling precariously on the walls of the canvas above
For having let the grass in the past pass, consequently having wrong revolve
In conspiracy with the cold white circle, your successor,
To chase away what today has for a predecessor.

David Munene wa Kimberly

For Coat Of Arms' Sake!

We must not glorify sin
By effortlessly nullifying goodwill
We must not vilify peace
By focusing on an instance of turbulence
I have seen us do much better
Than pray about terror
For we stress not on error
Rather its solution and correction

We are a delightful nation
That works hard against inflation
We must be sensitive with our own
Without focusing on their insensitivity
We are not too proud to beg
But only to God do we acknowledge
They want us in panic and shock
We meet them with courage round the clock
With a firm gait and a strong handshake

We are human enough
To not focus on their inhuman stuff
They seek publicity,
We greet them with pity
They have killed our own
But they remain unknown
How can we then allow ourselves,
To appear worthy of pity?

We have won before they fought
We are winners when we confront
Life is what we care most about
That is why of death we are concerned not
Their heinous Lilith-like breed is sterile
We are a multiplying godly genus
We celebrate life as they glorify death
We are Kenyans for coat of arms' sake!

David Munene wa Kimberly

For My Friend Jazz:

The piece of art that met my part
Is a masterpiece like none other in art
It forms a part of me now,
Apart from it not being part of what I know
Amazing it is, more so blazing
A sense of belonging, as if me grazing
Cherish this art, relish this masterpiece
Jazz is the art, God is the artist.

David Munene wa Kimberly

Forgive Me; Am Mad

David is not bipolar
Neither is in David a repeller
David is just mad; forgive the rebel

And who hath offended David
Is it not ye the one so about David avid?
Forgive David. He gets mad with rapid

Forgive David; he is mad
Forgive David; you drove him mad
Forgive David; he will be glad

Like David the psalmist
David is a passionate optimist
He is mad at your ideas pessimist!

David in your eyes was your hero
You; David's sheroe
Forgive David; He is mad!

David Munene wa Kimberly

Friends We Are

Friends who don't fear shame
Friends who take each others' blame
Friends who kindle many a friendly flame
Friends who walk friendships that are lame
Friends as these are like team players in a game
Friends focused on the game's victory the same
Friends we are; we share the same name
Friends is the name - a name so tame

David Munene wa Kimberly

From My Casket

I peeped;
Through the glass
Whilst no mourner leaped
As black dominated daylight
Like does the sight of shining brass
I was the only one in white

Hey! Whose suit am I wearing?
Whose tie am I bearing?
Did someone just buy me this?
Are you sure that's the village miss;
The one who never let me come to her close
Why isn't she giving me the usual insult prose?
Even dear Reverend is here!

Was that me in the eulogy?
Full of praise in character analogy?
Who wrote it anyway?
Am convinced they knew not my surname
Yet the confidence in the voice uttering my name
Has negligible or no shame
Why are you so kind?

Was that a scream;
Or am I in a dream?
My aunt flew in?
She never did for my birth day!
Alas! My casket creates a movie
Even deserted pap' is here
Embraces; instead of battering ma

Roses
Gerberas
Tulips
I did love them
Couldn't afford them
Someone pluck one for me
Place it on my nostrils
Like does a lover in valentine thrills

I broke my foot
You came to loot
Put me down! Hypocrite
I Can carry me now outright
Where were you?
All of you?
I was always here
I never saw you there!

I will peep and shush
Won't react in a rash
Emotion has left me in a rush
The elegance of my casket
To me is just a basket
Wish I were cremated
For in life I was discriminated
But now I peep
I peep into your two-facedness
As you 'mourn', 'grunt' and 'wail'
From the (dis) comfort of my (b/c) asket

David Munene wa Kimberly

Gloom Nay, Aye?

Of faces transforming into phases
Riding inside faces of vases in unknown places
A race against a pace the place cannot keep up with
Is the life that the living known and unknown breathe
Hidden beneath and underneath is beauty
Wisdom in the dome lets out the thought of being fruity
Is the sun out only to rise and set?
Maybe it is for the new flower to bloom denying the upset,
any chance that may chance bloom to change to gloom
A life full of bloom is without gloom in any room

David Munene wa Kimberly

God Swept Nairobi

Yesterday in my alibi
God swept Nairobi
Walking from work
On pavements where papers stuck
Obliviously dropping one too
On the Earth beneath the sky so blue

She too with me dropped
She had a chewing gum unwrapped
God must have had enough
As we foolishly at our peril made a laugh

The omnipotent changed blue to black
Before we had a clue it was dark!
His anger in the thunder roared
His presence in the lightening shimmered
Like desert sands in hot sun simmered

I saw the paper fly
Soaring so very high
Into the office I had cleaned
On my bosses desk it leaned
God must have thought,
'Spotless office, filthy street? '

Never saw his broom
As the wings of winds went vroom
Tucking the sands from
Koinange to Biashara street
Never saw His hand in the pit
Whe' He the garbage slept

Sprinklers from Heaven - on
Began to the tarmac adorn
'ore we got shelter,
Or put on a sweater,
As ev'ryone ran helter skelter,

God swept Nairobi

David Munene wa Kimberly

Good Retaliation

If I punch and you retaliate,
Then you and I enter battlefield
Soon, it will be a failed state
With nothing but swords to wield,
We both lose many a mate
For this we cannot shield

But if I smile and you retaliate,
Then you and I bless, exit battlefield
Soon, we will have a happy state
With nothing but love to wield,
We both gain many a mate
For this we can shield

See, it at times is good to retaliate
We are sowing fraternity in any battlefield
Now, we celebrate diversity in any state
With everything good that we can wield,
We are not late to be each other's mate
For this is our only shield

David Munene wa Kimberly

Green Grass

On this green grass
That shines like brass
Covered with dew like do boobs in bras
I will lay my head
Like a broken spearhead
And presume I am dead
For I have not a tongue
To taste the World's evil harangue
My ears are sealed
Liken to those of the deceased
My eyes are blinded
Bat-like and wrongly sided
But when I reincarnate
My sword good resuscitate

David Munene wa Kimberly

Grounded Patience

On a morning divine,
I will love you divinely
In the heart of thine,
I beg of patience grounded finely

David Munene wa Kimberly

Heaven Through Hell Discovered Kenya

Unheard of, native and primitive
Amidst the bushes from across the deserts
Submerged in the soggianness of wetlands
Green pastures for the wild and domestic alike
No rail; no trail
A land of its own class; on its own

Oblivious of the neighbourhood
For abundance sustains solitude
Unknown to the surroundings
Just birds and warthogs... and dik diks
Somewhere in the universe
Were left these fields untilled

Rivers unpolluted
Mountains unclimbed
Peace and ambience unperturbed
Cold fought against with fire
Canopies evergreen shielding from higher
Like insulators do electrical wire

Grapes and guavas were free
Of beef and game were made the meals
No treatment for waters or digging of wells
For impurity was foreign like light skin
Remedy and medicine – voodoo and roots
Dispute by elders resolved; friendships endeavoured

Till the sea spat on the land,
White butterflies on black sand
Grabbing to develop for own good
Snatching and cutting down the wood
Plotting protectorates and territories
Whilst the rest are class time stories

Song and dance turned to dirge
Soup and sweat bore black blood
Sooner than later a mixture of both
Happy to be, happy to see

How sweet the freedom would be
Heaven through Hell discovered Kenya

David Munene wa Kimberly

Heaven Too Far

That Heaven must be this far
When Africa needs it desperately
Whilst Africans are for blood hungry
For none other than black blood
Drawing machetes and pulling triggers
With a lot of sense that is nonsense

There is just too much nonsense
The reason Africa is this far
Injustice sires and hatred triggers
Selfishness and egocentrism infecting desperately
Promoting for no reason bad blood
Always eating ravenously, yet ever hungry

Time needed for feeding the hungry
Is utilized in debates full of nonsense
Provoking each other and drawing blood
Without realizing how far, far is far
Virulently taking on each other desperately
Planting bombs and pulling triggers

The deafening sound after pulling triggers
Frightens life out of the weak and hungry
Fighting for power persistently yet desperately
And crippling African power with idiotic nonsense
Seeking allies from overseas and far
Thirstily in a crazy rush for fellow blood

In our departed ancestors' blood
There is a cry that shame triggers
But Africa is ever too busy and far
To heed that cry so hungry
Occupied in futility and nonsense
Whilst our ancestors plead desperately

Voices from black cemeteries try desperately
Urging Africa to stop spilling its own blood
But Africa mistakes the voices for nonsense
Charging further with warring triggers

Whilst African children still hungry
Depart to grab and kill from near to far

Black insurgents pulling triggers desperately
Their nonsense is pushing peace away too far
Blood is spilling while Africa remains hungry

David Munene wa Kimberly

Hurray! African Woman

I admire the African woman
Her bare foot is rare like Imperial Roman
She has gait classy than peacock's
Her forehead like a simmering rock's
She on her head has firewood
But she stills talks to the neighbourhood
On a back a basket of arrow roots
Still from her bust her baby 'loots'
Love for hubby overwhelms her
Yet religion and God is her star
Without a watch around her hand
Dinner is on time after tilling land
Spirit of hers is unmatched
Gets inspiration from her roof thatched
Juggles ten; drops none
In the eyes of her man,
Always number one
Without reward or even award
Her chores help her focus forward
Honoured to be charming,
Has mastered the art of intriguing
The perfection of beauty
Our source of African unity
Hurray! The African woman
The face of the African Sun

David Munene wa Kimberly

Hurt Mothers

Give me a heart O Lord
Such as that of a mother
Please, please dear God
A heart of a hurt mother

Like pricks and thorns grow
On stems in hedges yet don't prick
They sway with stems when winds blow
Never do they hurt their own stick

A heart that hurts I already have
But compared to a mother's,
This of mine has burning nerve
In a hurt mother's heart, tenderness gathers

David Munene wa Kimberly

I Am Catholic

For I am Catholic, cut out to the core
Remolded through catechism; head to toe
No apologies should I make,
'cept for re-crucifying Christ
Especially in what I fail to do

For I am Catholic,
I shall this declare through new media
To give friends and follows an idea
Of what universality implies
And on whom a Catholic youth relies

For I am Catholic,
I shall the sign of the cross make
In public and private forums
I shall every prayer begin with the sign
Every prayer I shall end with the cross

For I am Catholic,
I shall confession attend
Pouring out my heart to the anointed
Accepting reconciliation with Christ
For this is how His mercy clears my sinful mist

For I am Catholic,
I shall respect all faiths,
Proclaim the sovereignty of the Trinity,
Propagating ecumenical unity
Encouraging spiritual prosperity

For I am Catholic,
I shall celebrate, not attend Holy Mass
For Christ is in the Eucharist,
I shall revere His body and blood
And from mockery and blasphemy steer clear

For I am Catholic,
I shall express indebtedness to Virgin Mary
Consistently praying the rosary

Imploring her intervention day and night
To her son as they did in Galilee

For I am Catholic,
I shall charitably treat humanity
Defending righteousness from absurdity
For service to the very man next to me
Is service to God, Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam

For I am Catholic,
The papacy I shall question not
And the clergy I shall revere most
I shall not debate about my faith
Until I learn at least an eighth

David Munene wa Kimberly

I Shall Celebrate You, Gilbert

I shall celebrate you, Gilbert
I shall celebrate you
Even under the darkness of grief
I shall celebrate you
With unwavering conviction despite disbelief
I shall celebrate you
For you have not been taken away
I shall celebrate you
For you shine even under skies grey
I shall celebrate you
For whom you have become
I shall celebrate you
And relish thy great charm
I shall celebrate you
For you are a living beyond death
I shall celebrate you
For I recall your strength
I shall celebrate you
For you smiled at the irate
I shall celebrate you
Even if this is a tribute for you, Gilbert?

David Munene wa Kimberly

I Will Ask

I will ask; yes, I will ask!
Why did she die,
Yet the murderer we still mask?

I will ask; yes, I will ask!
Why is she a single mother,
Like her children had no father?

I will ask; yes, I will ask!
Why do they clinch the Nobel,
For pacifying their self-made Babel?

I will ask; yes, I will ask!
Why do they award,
Leaders who earned not the reward

I will ask; yes, I will ask!
Why do we applaud the artist,
And never the pianist?

I will ask; yes, I will ask!
Why are we fathered and mothered,
Whilst our own we have murdered?

I will ask; yes, I will ask!
Why am I writing this,
Instead of holding my peace?

David Munene wa Kimberly

I Will Pay The Taxes

I refuse to be like you
Mine is a way righteous and new
That is why I will pay taxes

To fuel my nation to stardom
And stop the making of bomb
That kills the peace romp

You who chew it like gammon
My payslip is the curse flag
You will surely face its demon

My nation needs me dearly
To build it not just yearly
To make it outstand clearly

Songs of patriotism
That to you sire paroxysm
Are to me shields minus qualm

If you refuse to pay taxes
Don't lobby me into ancestral curses
I will pay the taxes!

David Munene wa Kimberly

I Wonder

Blue is my favorite color and white competes against it. How about you?

Forget the colors, do you love singing or listening to music?

What's your favorite kind of music?

What's your favorite song?

Would you love your man, even if they had a bad voice, to sing for you?

David Munene wa Kimberly

Idlers' Paradise

Empty minds of pride and gait
Who shall for you open the gate?
So you perceive freedom
And intelligence of dome
For the far you see
Is no far than the folly sea
The near you perceive
Is no near than deafness can receive

You dream of glory
For no one do you feel sorry
Like thorns tearing flesh
You are insensitive when you thresh
Your haven is ignorance
For you give knowledge no chance
Your glances are squinted
And feelings stunted
Your glory
Is purely gory

How for food you wish
Yet you never learn how to fish
Your privileges fill up your bowels
And the your scotch drains our wells
We work no harder that you do
Only we don't remain constant like sky-blue
We invent and innovate
When it is spoilt we renovate
But you will never graduate
From folly to better state

Hark! O ye that spill grain
Grain that left backs with sprain
Without raising a finger
Or even colluding with the harvest singer
To motivate they that toiled
You have come and spoiled
What you never for moiled
Granted an Armageddon is coming

No matter how much it will be raining
When the firing comes
You will not be saved under any terms

David Munene wa Kimberly

If You Should Read This Poem

If you should read this poem
And forget about the poet
Verily I assure you dear reader
That the poem shall remember you
When glaciers scotch bare foot

But should you walk on bare foot
And want the world to remember you
Make sure that dear reader
You ne'er forget that you are the poet
The only persona in this poem

You authored this poem
And indisputably remain the poet
For this is your life, dear reader
For which the world will remember you
Even when glaciers scotch bare foot

David Munene wa Kimberly

Ignatian Spirituality

Spirituality is a way
To connect with God without stray
Doesn't have to be when you pray
You who is made of divine clay
Like Ignatius O' Loyola discovered
In a hospital bed wounded and tired
Bored
With no literature he was fond of,
Had to read the available,
Like forced medication of cough

Dominic and Francis, him inspired
Torn he between seducing a woman - lusting,
And that of serving God - everlasting
Thence for the everlasting he aspired
Within himself he discerned spirits
Ignatius, like calves hop, escaped pits
Thence that self-scrutiny formed,
Yes, formed - The Examen

David Munene wa Kimberly

In Love

I called you perfect Aphrodite
Not that you were any perfect
Love for you made Proverbs 10: 12
Only you knew too well
Verity behind Proverbs 15: 17
Enduring all and becoming a Proverbs 5: 19

I wronged you repeatedly
Not once, you taught me that Proverbs 17: 9
Lovingly, you showed that Song of Solomon 2: 16
Obviously, Song of Solomon 8: 7
Verily you Songs of Solomon 8: 6
Ephesians 5: 33 I shall adhere to

Indeed, I shall endeavor to follow 1 John 3: 18
Nearing perfection as 1 John 4: 18
Love you until you gasp Song of Solomon 1: 2
Over the years my lover has been like Genesis 29: 20
Vanity it is not to practice Ephesians 5: 28
Everlastingly appreciating 1 Peter 3: 7

I will, for you, live Colossians 3: 19
Never forsake you for I know 1 Corinthians 7: 3-5
Loathing others according to Proverbs 5: 20
Only you will I Proverbs 31: 29 and be Proverbs 5: 18-19
Vehemently confessing Song of Solomon 4: 7
Endlessly I know our Hebrews 13: 4

David Munene wa Kimberly

In The Eyes Of The Runners Up

I see tear glands swelling
In his ears are the noises of grief
And the deafening winner's clap
I see dear plans crumbling
In his eyes, nobody can hold his brief

In the eyes of the runners up,
I see despair and dreams failing
In his ears are praises for the 'thief'
And the bitter will to from sleep snap
I see dreams long prepared shattering
In his eyes, the race was not stiff

In the eyes of the runners up,
I see red and white fading
In his ears are jubilations with niff
And the pain of a quest with warp
I see death as beauty without shuddering
In his eyes, reigns fluctuating ill motif

In the eyes of the runners up,
I see celebration as disappointing
In his ears are sounds of haunting strife
And the absence of my color on the map
I see, but cannot hear the blubbering
In his eyes, consolation is a troublesome wife

In the eyes of the runners up,
I see that am best placed conceding
In his ears are memories cutting like knife
And the within-me contention kills my nap
I see that legal tussles are only grueling
In his eyes, stay the hell out of my life!

David Munene wa Kimberly

Influenza

It ain' jus' influenza
It also is an influencer
Whence we dance from its cancer
Throats dry and fevers high
Like when you lose your bronchi
Choke! Choke! Choke!
As though you by nose inhaled coke
Cough! Cough! Cough!
Is result riotous enough

Arteries sip and swallow blockade
Voice box (mmm! mm! mm!) has a barricade
Nothing sweet to tongue as marmalade
Jus' throb and throb in the upper glade
Lost taste of sweet wine
Bitter is better likened to root of vine

Sleep dangles on my lids
Threaten they to close in rocket speeds
Standing aye, yet dozing still
Lying aye, yet sleep doesn' my conscience steal
Suffer, writh and wriggle,
fidget and more wiggle
like a midget reaching out for flying eagle

No cure; just goes away
In its own time of day
The supplement;
Jus' a suppressant
Virus just as deadly,
Leaving hosts so weakly!

David Munene wa Kimberly

Inside A Slum

Inside a slum
There is no bump
But Traffic is awkwardly slow

But the traffic is awkwardly slow
Trench for road, throng like bees flow
Inside a slum

There is no bump
And drunkards will anywhere slump
Into sleep on the trench

Into sleep on the trench
The zonked one speaks French
Inside a slum

I dare call it slum
But it is home for them
Inside a slum

Wares sold everywhere
Of live human without underwear
But it is home for them

Upgrade! Upgrade! Says the government
They start nowhere on involvement
In the slum

It no longer is a slum
There's life! It's a habitat
For human race inside a slum

David Munene wa Kimberly

Jasmine

In the marks that are to me pillars

Is a love that has endless rivers

Those that run down my soul like healers

Relieving me the fear of any killers

She is the truth I never knew

Hers I taste everyday anew

She's Jasmine, the flower that is thorn-less

The one that will look up and swallow all rain

This that grotesques the colored tulips and roses

Jasmine is she whom my heart knew before my eyes.

David Munene wa Kimberly

Jazz: The Victoria (Oz) Wow

Victoria, dear Victoria, don't you see in you's a Victoria?
Raised to dazzle and muzzle Victoria, with the puzzle of her beauty Gloria?
Who sees no need to think "am cuter", albeit in beauty she's a cutter?
Is it a matter that, my lips should your beauty utter?
With privilege and honor at my age, I know this beauty off stage
Oh prisoner; make me one; never ever to make her rage.
Awesome in sight, in light she dwells from her insight
Beautiful radiant rose in bloom, blossom bloom, accept your plight!

David Munene wa Kimberly

Jubilantly Jubilated

I have witnessed the jubilation
And heard many a ululation
The frenzy and the craze of optimism
Engulfs every alleyway beyond criticism
For when we win, the country wins
Although this victory is to some hot pins
That sting on recollection of opinion polls
And the tyranny of number calls

Women and men shove and push
Bitter neighbors hug in a mad rush
A drunkard refuses to stagger
A sober one adopts a stagger
Market women adorn red and white
This dawn surely looks bright
Handcart pushers chew their sweat
Marikiti refuses to sell; it is great

I look at the sleeping pupil
And the pulverized people
I see normalcy amid a duel
For Kenya wins through an individual
Even better, I read hope and belief
Instilled in all through the 'ibelieve'
The ascension to power we celebrate
The dissension from rivals we appreciate

We cannot mock the less successful
We are only bound to be grateful
For celebrating a win implies a battle
Hence a competition that made us rattle
We are one, if only we choose to see it as so
We are many, for we flock the streets as so
Without fear of contradiction, jubilant
And without negativity, blunt

Wisdom surpasses pride
Sagacity seeks a competent guide
The support you show now

Wish would infectiously blow
To those down now, for they are ours
No extent of sour grapes can take yours
For eight birds and a reject pursuing a worm
Weather storm knowing only one wins the prom

David Munene wa Kimberly

Karisa, Wangari, Michuki And Karume

Now I know what heaven requires
This I learnt in a black, blackish week
The gospel about the humble and the meek
The passing on of one man who my soul inspires
And that of another whose memory will like glue stick
Also, one man whose vibrancy made graft creek
In-charge of the government local though not as weak

I know as well what bliss doesn't yearn for,
Not for men who perform as four
Or for women who only assume the front form
Seldom for hypocritical international pacifiers
Rather for a local governor like Karisa
Or a change driver who fuelled affirmatives in his maisha
Like one Michuki whose footstep made retrogressions quiver
Once in a while, a Karume whose progress would never waver

Governance in Heaven badly needed to keep it clean
From mother Kenya it found a local government champ
Karisa cleaned heaven and restored the local lamp
Then heaven realized clean fell short of green
God needed someone to sustain the eternal springs
From Kenya Wangari came, soaring minus wings
Gabriel needed to guard Wangari from what the adversary brings
Only a Kenyan Michuki could silence the foe with his stings

Yet without any sagacious investments,
Heaven would be a retirement home without cents
The realization provoked the need for Karume
A true darling and a wizened murume
Who could purchase all Konza could offer in one cheque
Thus, the local governance restored sanity,
Eden could go back to green instantly,
While firm actions courted words immediately
And golden chariots began shining glamorously

Heaven could not do,
Without Karisa, Wangari, Michuki and Karume

Kenyans Triumph!

You know you have lost it all
For you have nothing to lose
You thought terror would Kenyans divide
It united the analogue-digital divide
We stumble, but not easily fall
You are one of the common flus

You are one of the common flus
That only intimidates fools
We have in our government faith
So unshakeable, even if an eighth
We trust in our security forces
To win the battles without bloody pools

To win the battles without bloody pools
For the battle belongs to the soldiers
But the victory is our God's
In whom we trust for He rules,
With fervor and favour
That is why we are to none, second

That is why we are to none, second
You cannot therefore defile our land
For you are failures and we, winners
So you actually thought you won, huh!
You have lives to give up,
We have lives to live up

We have lives to live up
Whether Arabic we decipher or not
You are useful I dare say,
As the worst examples of mutation
And failed evolution
Oh ye fairy, hairy, doomed cowards

Oh ye fairy, hairy, doomed cowards,
Imagined a Christian hating a Muslim
In our nation of untold, unmatched radiance?
We are all happy they had a chance

To live up to the Kenyan dream
We are not overcome by grief

We are not overcome by grief
For we share an oasis of hope
We are a divine class
An untouchable mass
With indisputable oneness
Forever Kenya, and ever Kenyans

Some Tell that Lot

Someone tell that lot
We are happy they are here
For we convert criminals to saints

Someone tell that lot
We are pleased they killed some
For we have 50+ angels we hadn't yesterday

Someone tell that lot
We are glad they claimed irresponsibility
For our leaders have exhibited responsibility

Someone tell that lot
We are amazed by their cowardice
For we knew no native cowards

Someone tell that lot
We are impressed they are a lot
For we are only one

Someone tell that lot
We are grateful they invaded
For we expected it anyway

Someone tell that lot
We applaud their absurdity
For we are of sound mind

Someone tell that lot
We are captivated by their mercilessness

For we have touched the core of mercifulness

Someone tell that lot
They are skiving to hold on longer
But we are living up to be stronger

Someone tell that lot
That they are just some lot
But we point fingers not

David Munene wa Kimberly

Late House Girl

In those eyes was hazel
Such as in any special damsel
The voice melodious
Chin upheld – glorious
Like the feeling of notoriety
That grippeth a saint's posterity
The gait in her walk startled reality
And she from others created disparity

Never had she a chance
Like others of her sex in the urbans
Her hair always covered in turbans
Dilapidated torn turbans
Hers heart ugly wasn't
Ice-like it isn't
For her dignity withstood
The tests of times in the hood
A mere village girl
Our simple house girl

Standing tall yet humble,
Walking small without a stumble
Her manners a rock
Such discipline was her character's lock
The image of womanhood
Phenomenally visible to the neighborhood
Just outstandingly good
Like keenly prepared baby-food
The touch of class she lacked
Was block upon which she her power stacked

Worked so hard
Never got mad
Her pay so meager
Dad and mum never eager
To review her contractual terms
Yet she worked to dislocation her arms
She never said no
When sent would always go

Not because she had clothes to show
She always sung whilst in the waters
Even when scolded on not-hers matters

I will always recall
That day when I came from school
I placed to her a call
To request that she makes me choc
Only to find on the main door a lock
After no one had answered my knock,
I called out and called out
No one heard my shout
I was left perplexed
Until some red liquid flowed
The sole of my shoe it flowered

Police took her body away
Must have been far away
Coz I never saw her again
She hangs on my brain
Twenty years on
Like the very first song
I learnt in school nursery
Miss her like a bird does an aviary
Her case of murder never resolved
It has around the bigwig revolved
Who had attempted to her morals defile
But she stabbed herself in guile
'Ore the bastard made his immoral call

David Munene wa Kimberly

Laudato Si', Mi' Signore

Be praised, my Lord
For being this bold
To speak to our hearts so cold
About evils we personally hold
And with our acts have extolled
Valuing them more than gold
Our morals we have sold

Be praised, my Lord
For your servant you have told
We need to our hearts remould
According to your word
And grace untold
For the salvation of our world
As your servant has implored

Be praised, my Lord
For your bold servant
And for us your servants
That are just but remnants
Of your unending grants
Through animals and plants
That man recklessly haunts

Be praised, my Lord
For you constantly remind
Every constituent of mankind
To be just and kind
To the fore and the hind
Even as our lives unwind
Through darkness of blind

Be praised, my Lord
For making me a steward
Inviting me to steward
That which you reward
Mother earth with from mud
Despite acting mad,
Making you constantly sad

Be praised, my Lord
For expressing your stand
About the works of your hand
Seeking of us nothing grand
But actions at hand
To heal both sea and land
By Francis' encyclical we stand

David Munene wa Kimberly

Learnt Hurting Me

You have learnt how to hurt me
Repeatedly without perpetual apologies
You love disrespecting me in the boardroom
And respecting me in the bedroom
You scold me with a shout
And 'apologize' in a whisper
My love for you is my worm
Eats me from the inside of my aorta
Chokes me from within my bronchi
I still pump and exhale shamelessly

I fear that I am slowly learning
How to live with your hurting me
Aye, I admit to being a slow one
A daft, you may even say
But when this lesson concludes
And I have reviewed the notes
I may never ever unlearn
For your curriculum will never evolve
Beyond my capacity to learn
And your syllabus shall be obsolete

When that time comes
I will love how you hurt me
Embrace your hurting me with passion
Consummate the love with immunity
Aye, I shall respond nay
To the pain tearing me apart today
For where your respect for me commences,
There my love for you sincerely does
And where your disrespect starts,
There my 'foolish' love shrivels

David Munene wa Kimberly

Life Is Long

Life is long
Long enough to ensure I am not alone
Long enough to love self and clone
Long enough to dream and dream on
Long enough to accomplish my dreams on
Long enough to renew me to don
Long enough question my wrong
Long enough to make self strong
Long enough to conquer self
Long enough to create an infinitive shelf
Long enough to listen to the gong
Long enough to feel every throng
Long enough to be long
Long enough to live long

David Munene wa Kimberly

Little Man; Biggie's Dream

What is another man's victory or loss
That little man of some meager status
Should overlook the value of life in another
Or the treasure in good relations with the other
Oblivious of the fact that the 'actual' victors and losers
Find spaces in their greed to work as collaborators
In killing the little man's breed whether Kikuyu or Luo
In quest to safeguard their status quo?

Little men scramble to cheer and jeer
Like migrating wildebeests do in fear
What startles sanity is that little men,
Have no shame in counting to ten
The times they have fallen down
When trying to their littlemates drown
In pursuit of a dream not theirs
A dream unto which they cannot be heirs

The little men have heard all about peace
From the traps of the tumultuous biggies
Who in the limelight preach it loud
And in the darkness dime the little man's crowd
To strike at competition and win without contest
So that the little man has something to protest
And feel the guilt unfaithful, adulterous fools feel
As if such will their empty bowels fill

Ever seen hyenas hunting for lions?
Ever heard pony pursuing for stallions?
Has shame ever seduced electrifying fame?
Have Kenyan athletes ever lost to European lame?
Then why do little men sit by their caskets mocking death?
How long will little man inhale chaotic breath?
Little men have countless fights that cause you fright
Little man, let biggie fight his fight

David Munene wa Kimberly

Lonely

I have been through this path
Cause me much pain as wrath
I remember stepping on this ground
Without causing a mark I went round
Yes, I did; only thence I was not alone
It felt I was right to have been born
Thence I was not a tomb
I had for chattering enough room
Now I walk on this path a lone
I am just a ranger of my own
It's being alone and feeling lonely

Traffic I have gone through 'ore
When I had in me for another a store
Like a fountain that ceases never
I'd not have had enough ever
I wish I did that moment savour
For thence I'd still find favour
The traffic wasn't all that noisy
But now it is not all that rosy
I never heard the hooting so loud
Actually I was deaf; never heard it sound

David Munene wa Kimberly

Lose It I

Ooh sweet senses turned sour
Bring back to me senses this hour
Back and forth I rock and all blocks
These that barricade my path with rocks
Oh what do you sense with all these nonsense?
See it in my face, sense is lost in its essence
Laughter surmounts to tears
And tears to to fears
Why does virtue yield vice and hot tears over the years?
Look at this state, this state that I state I am in
It causes me to lose focus and senses go loose like a fling
I used to laugh from my heart and cry out of need
Now sense, I have lost, I cry in the streets and laughter has from me fled
I talk less sense and to many nonsense for all is about my lily
This spring and all-seasons'-time lily that mine senses on it rely
I never walk alone, I do albeit talk to me
Along the dusty roads that seemed too narrow for me,
They now are broader and the brooder of boredom
The reason I talk to those out of sight and hear her talk in my dome
Why there's hope, I don't know; or I might be on dope
Fire in the bosom could burn to blossom
The life under fire is higher than the bosom

David Munene wa Kimberly

Luciferous Amateurs

Of human Psychology
Is always relativity,
A difference,
An inference

Meet new Jack
Insists on sitting at the back
Like does a horse rider
Though the front's wider

Church pews
Class rows
Nothing news
Everyone insists not on front rows

Take Pat for instance
Walks into board meeting
From the CEO a distance
She takes her place in the sitting

Only place we bustle for front
Political front;
Inhuman front
Like amateur Lucifers, evil front

David Munene wa Kimberly

Man Moves On His Broken Heart

Situations that bring into being the foreseen
Can only be credited for their being seen
When man has chosen another way to begin
His journey is either a step or a fly
Man must not from his fate or karma away shy
Has to face the very hardest times of any day
Sometimes he'll not even remember to appreciate the ray
If the hard way is the only way,
Man clears the rough terrain and moves without delay

Attachment is a problem that man with deals
Hanging the jacket as you head home on heels,
You have to let the man in you let go and lose touch
With the norm and routine to even detach
Bearing the very spelling of a quitter like an ugly patch
Out of the gates to the unknown, man must match
The world out of your cocoon could be promising
So promising that your past you won't be reminiscing
Never refuting the very fact that you could be into Hell stepping
Or finally crack the password to heavenly locks after bruising

Oh happy days! Oh happy days! Happy, happy days indeed
Those awaiting this man who's in dire need
How far from happy days man may not know
Just hoping he gets closer by day; albeit slow
The happy days that will once make man's face glow
And when they come, winds and tempests won't blow
For they will have adhered to Christ's very law
Endurance and painful perseverance for some time
Will introduce base in his acid life like lime
But happy days will hopefully be; before this man's prime

David Munene wa Kimberly

Mentally Challenged

She was a woman of plight
A heart of pure delight
Too many saw in her light
But now she is challenged;
Badly mentally challenged

Psychiatrist is to blame
In my diaries his name,
I have listed in red for shame
He intoxicated her brain
With zoloft after a minor marital strain

She had not been betrothed
From beauty not as yet dethroned
She was always neatly clothed
Hitherto, her body never wear loathed
But now she is mentally challenged

Her face is worn by many
From her race to any
From retards to the brainy
Courtesy of psychiatry solace in money
Now she is to the garbage a honey

She has sired countless
One son for her psychiatrist
Another for a strange motorist
And the list is endless
Just because she is helpless

Can't wait for Armageddon
See how they are dealt on
Refuse I to share Hell with those;
Those that wrote her insanity's prose
Though I should be cast into such disgrace!

David Munene wa Kimberly

Met Her In A Dream

In a place I'd call nowhere,
With people I'd call nobody,
I didn't recognize them.

It seemed more like an airport - in the lounge
All over a sudden it begun to flood;
Of the ladies from the opposite direction
One lifted her dress thigh-high
I couldn't help but look- I am a man, aren't I?
She gawked at me; I smiled back shyly.

{Flash forward} I was hugging her tightly...
Before I could look into her face,
It was all over; to the winds in a race
So so so slyly

David Munene wa Kimberly

Mind Not The Scotch

Man bending over
Root on ground he pulls
Unearthed by Earth Mover
Chinese; he pulls
Bare hands hurt
He is still in his hat
Though sun scotches all
Even I beneath moving hall
Twists the root
Turns the Root
Finally he is able to uproot
Smiles as he wipes against his boot
Which lets out a whispering hoot
Counts his fortune; sets on foot

David Munene wa Kimberly

Mine For You

I choose to love you `cause it's divine; you are divine

Mine for you is a love divine

I chose to have you `cause having you is one of a kind; you are one of a kind

Mine for you is a love of its own kind

I promised you my heart `cause I do not mind; you are always on my mind

Mine for you is a love always on mind and I don't mind

I will to give you the perfect of me; you are the perfect one for me

Mine for you is a love of perfection

I listen to you for your voice is music; you are lovely music to my heart

Mine for you is a love musical to the heart

I cannot stand seeing you with another; you were created for no other

Mine for you is a love for no other

I dream of you and my heart throbs; you are the throb in my pacing heart

Mine for you is a love that lives to throb the heart

I console my spirit by holding you; you are consolation to my desolation

Mine for you is a love of consolation

I kiss and make love to you on cloud nine; you drive me loopy with your passion

Mine for you is a love like cake iced with passion

I swore to you eternity without reservation; Malachi knew you are my eternal reservation

Mine for you is a love eternally reserved

David Munene wa Kimberly

Moments Indecisive

Moments as these mark endings
Such are the times where endings bear beginnings
Surely the heart of jealousy is a consuming inferno
One that the soul kindles of negative hunch like a 'no'
Man deserted is one whose presence isn't welcome
Woman out there riddles the mind with unbecome
What a pathetic silence the loser deals with!
It truncates the actual room for accommodation in width
When such is the situation, affection tastes like filth

In the company of silent loud noise
The heart loses the usual upright poise
When the walls lock you out and the noise deafens,
Rock music metallicly fills up the room; muscle stiffens
I may never go against thought, but thought may
In a frightening, fright and flight suffer dismay
Just bear in mind that what you do in any day,
The heart that's on the receiving end is made of clay

An excuse is reason and reason is an excuse
The reason caused by the season of reason is misuse
Play on! Play on; just bear in mind the dancers
Are you entertainment or one of the total cancers?
You certainly will suffer a dry dance floor,
If by any chance you don't get thrown out of the door

When I can't complain, doesn't mean I have no complaint
Whenever I never hurt you; just remember am no saint
Just 'cause you didn't sustain colour, doesn't mean you are paint
What is the quickest, surest, most accurate way to know you?

David Munene wa Kimberly

Mother Theresa's Home (Kiamaiko)

Inside there is no filth
Just a lil'o stealth
No stench like outside
Just seemingly peace on the inside

Things go on as in a palace
Everything in the right place
And all had enough space
To play and think as they please

But Alas! Very few enjoy
The peace to begin a foy
Although each had a toy
The girl lost his to the big boy

How beautiful the children!
They laughed and smiled often
Until you hear of their omen
Their parents did their beauty abandon

The women in the home
Have almost lost their dome
They never know the comb
And some of them weirdly groan

Such a sight moves
Pharaoh's soul to teary groves
What is in the World's gloves!
That he who has least loves?

If you can, decipher
If you can', refer
When you can, infer
When you can', don't defer

David Munene wa Kimberly

My African Song Is Pain

My song is pain
Pain in me is like rain
Pain is my song
Have sang for so long
A dirge that defiles my lip
A dance that dislocates my hip

How I mourn for the pot
That which never cracks when hot
Which cools water for our thirst
Regardless of which of us came first
Her beauty of black
Now represents lack

From the same pot we ate
And the pot smiled at its fate
We dipped hand-after-hand
Till the pot sat on the sand
Now we shoot from afar
And think no one is with us at par

Selfishly we grumped
Now the pot is crumbled
We have authorised our death
Its spirit is ever within our girth
Look! Our foes watch!
Hark! Our enemies laugh from one couch!

For how long shall we injure the pot?
Stop this selfishness Africa!
You only put your rear on a hot spot!
Don't imitate America
Else my song will always be pain so hot

David Munene wa Kimberly

My Easter Grief

That I feel the pain Christ felt when I wasn't there
Yet I feel not the pain that I inflict on my neighbor when s/he's here

That I am going to be feasting
Yet the street families will have no one to them be visiting

That I have a job I don't like
Yet the my MPs want a pay hike

That I find fault in the Pharisees and Sadducees – whom I never met
Yet I am burdening others with faults I have set

That I think Pilate should have stood his ground
Yet I almost worship my superiors when they are around

That I feel Peter never meant his words when he promised to die for Jesus
Yet I have denied him discipleship without expecting a reverse

That I feel Barnabus should never have been released
Yet I want forgiveness when God is displeased

That I feel the apostles were just cowards
Yet I have escaped physical pain and ran on soul destruction towards

That I am so concerned about the global economic crisis
Yet I don't mind the global injustice that by day rises

That I am worried about global warming
Yet I have deforested and polluted without warning

That I don't have this or that
Yet the little I have can't share even with a rat

That I am about these and much more a bit worried
Yet I don't do anything to keep myself from getting worried.

David Munene wa Kimberly

My Father's Beard

Love the way he held his beard
Stroking it as it on his palm veered
Like Abraham's moustache

Stroking it as it on his palm veered
Those going to his mouth cleared
But when the breezes blew they again neared

When he held me beneath his beard
I was in love with how its sharpness pierced
My forehead after he had it plucked

My Sister and I ran
To be the first to round
Our small arms, all him round

To be the first to round
Our foreheads to his beard surround
So he would on them his beard ground

We shoved and pushed,
We pushed and shoved
He would then both of us hold

His beard was enough
To tickle and make us laugh
Like do young drank fools about bluff

My father's beard though now white
If only he'd rub it just above my headlight!
But he says I have my own and I can do it right...

David Munene wa Kimberly

My Only Love

You soar beyond the horizons
Are hotter the ins of a blue gas-flame
There cannot be a flower cuter than you
Nor a smile warmer than yours
There can never be another you
That is why you are my only love!

David Munene wa Kimberly

My Other At Another's

I suffer intense blood boil
Amid July's cold turmoil
Whenever I next to you stand
For you make my man stand
In ways he or I cannot understand

They call you another's
And at times the others
But only you my heart gathers
Like rain waters in gutters
For you are at the house of another
Yet your heart is my other

David Munene wa Kimberly

Name

For what is a name
That mine is said to be shame
Though it has characters the same
As those in a kingly name?

They sought for my name
As I tried vying in the presidential game
But I was forced to remain the same
Because I hadn't the name

Over and over sidelined – my name
Picking garbage and blame
My ambitions they always tame
'Cause I haven't the name

So now I fight for my name
Not to change or make it lame
But so that without blame
We all play – same game; same name

David Munene wa Kimberly

Ndicho The Terminus 'Wacko'

He is always there
Sleeping like a mad man
Walking in a wacko's gait
And opening the bus gate
You'll think he owns the terminus
Flexing and showcasing his staminas
He wears a monstrous face
Never smiling, at times loudly laughing

But today he went too far
Frightening a man older than Pa
Shoving and obstructing a young woman
Demanding more than earned
Threatening the Hell out of his colleague
Insulting the Chinese in the local lingo
Alighting from the recklessly
Like a shrug skunk from a hive

Heard someone call him Ndicho
He who behaves as randomly as a weasel
Think his case is too mental
That not even Mathari can contain
But the law that should his madness detain
Stands as an onlooker staring derision
This one 'wacko' will terrorise this terminus forever
Oh! But then there is death...

David Munene wa Kimberly

Only Good

I see a great nation
And hear good people
I focus on celebration
Overlooking every ripple
They call me an ostrich
Yet am positively out of reach

I see a concerned president
Although my vote took no precedence
I easily lose count
When I think of leadership less pretense
They say I speak and write gibberish
Yet I appreciate and not just wish

I applaud the strength of the opposition
And will call no non-president president
For that would be useless emotion
With little if any good intent
They say they know my surname
And that this defines my shame

I am hearty and passionate,
About our own Vision 2030
For this alters the state of our state
And will overlook pigs so dirty
They say I am just awful
Yet all I am is hopeful

I see the thriving elephant population
This reassures me the rhino is safe
It means there is not too big an ambition
Especially when no one thinks poaching is a gaffe
They call me ecologically and policy illiterate
Yet I believe righteousness shall evil obliterate

I listen to family
As they brand their mornings classic
I appreciate living happily
But drama they embrace like valued antique

They say I am too ignorant
Yet all I do is focus on the important

I am only too aware we cannot evil weed out
As I celebrating evil, values it more
I mute at evil and about good, shout
Convinced that good, hushed winds shall blow
They brand me unrealistic and frail
Yet a hurricane's epicenter is tranquil

David Munene wa Kimberly

Orthodox Land Unorthodox

My land is unorthodox
A mirror of the entire World
A minor reflection of the invisible Bliss
A land where survival is not by might
Where rains fall in scorching sunshine
And people walk in both dark and light
Where concubines bequeath more than wives
Yet homes are run by wives with iron knives
Obesity is wealth; malnutrition a style
Where all goods could be wrong
All wrongs heavenly good all at once!
Alas! Heaven and Earth in one place!

Our cultures mix perfectly with alien cultures
Introduce your foreign lingo today,
Tomorrow we sell you your lingo's dictionary
Our women taste your food once
Sunrise finds them with a recipe better than yours
Degrees earned on the streets;
Titles of lands grabbed in political heats,
Outshine those produced legally
Ours is an art better than Chinese'
Deny us visas but locally we still treat you like Jesus
No grudge; the World leaks our soles
But our meals never fill up bowls

Life's hustles, hurtles, tussles and bustles
Begin before dew perches on our hairs
Long before the sky's daily virginity breaks,
Marikiti is cut and pasted in Gikomba
Before the sky's cervix closes, all markets are mobile
In parking lots, roads and pathways, kitchens and cafés
We love congestion; we have congestion
From schedule to planning to timing
Don't call them slums! They are our homes
They are not traffic jams! We are socializing
Please! That is neither nepotism nor tribalism
We are blessing our ancestral generations
You judge our way very harshly

Yet you know not a thing
That this is our style; our way

Religion is key; liberal faith is inevitable
Even pagans worship – if only the note's colour
Whatever day... or night you prefer,
Walk around: clapping, drumming and yoga
Loud praises and silent pleas
To numerous deities – practically common
Or to almighty God – theoretically common
Hideouts, churches, temples and mosques
Planted like lightening needles in estates
Wonder how much of taxes the government exempts
By letting those coffers go untaxed
Especially for noise pollution

Omniscient God, bless this nation
Let the rest of you give us a standing ovation
For if our people were to hoist our flag,
Several would be everywhere
Next to Osama or even by Oprah
Lucifer would turn leaf to find us in Hell
God knows if flags go to Heaven,
Ours would go hoisted like in the London marathon
He'd only ask, "why green and not Masai Mara's dust",
"Why lions and not wildebeests? "
Patience is not our virtue – American once and for all
We do not make mistakes – they are experiences
No trial and error – just trial in this era

We've got the whole world in this land
We've got the whole world in this land
We've got Muhammad and Jesus – in this land
We've got the Jew and the Nazi – in this land
We've got Osama and Obama – in this land
We've got the donors and borrowers – in this land
We've got justice in injustice – in this land
We've got warlords and refugees – in this land
We've got the harvest and the hunger – in this land
We've got the dust and the mud – in this land
We've got the whole world in this land

Our Bows, Arrows And Spears

Our bows, arrows and spears
Were never meant to cause tears
We only used them on deers
Never the source of fears

You drew your gun,
We came to watch without plan
Trigger pulled straight into head
One fell and we laughed

We thought that he was joking
Or perhaps the blurt was frightening
Awaiting his waking up,
Blood oozed as he took a nap

We realised you weren't smiling
We took to heels with you trailing
A couple others you downed
And those you caught you drowned

Later we learnt the reason
Surmounting to more than treason
The land of our ancestors
You ploughed with your tractors

We prayed to our gods you would change
Instead, you needed our blood in exchange
Evicted us to the forests
Stole our simple human interests

We had to draw our spears
And use them as military gears
We never intended to murder
Only you insisted on being harder

Our bows, arrows and spears
Now meant to cause you tears
Not longer used on hunting deers
Became the only source of your fears

David Munene wa Kimberly

Our Friendship Ain'T Fateful

Late out of state without absolute hate,
I decline to incline my fate into failure's plate
I perceive not me able to be for you that great
Yet you make perfect of me, even in my state
Looking down upon me not, yet looking upon me without hate
Of how it came to being is a mystery that revives history in slate
Oh how I hate the thought I could lose my current state
In hate I'd sulk to ever cross a path that seals this fate
Can destiny and fate really drag me away? I doubt; they're late

David Munene wa Kimberly

Our Friendship Oath

A breeze could cease
It could hiss, sneeze or snooze
A blaze may blaze and raze
It may embrace and raze a graze
I will neither cease nor raze
snoozing the sneezing the blaze
In which our friendship I glaze

David Munene wa Kimberly

Pain-Phobic

You said I could endure
But I am not sure
For though I am willing to fight
I fear pain's sight
So much that I cannot hurt
Neither stand by to be hurt

Thank you for the gun
The ammunition
The grenade
But I haven't attained that grade
That cuts proudly with blade
Call me not a coward
For looking backward
At the enemy you shot;
Whose life you cut short
Like do vexed tigresses
When prey transgresses

Aye, we all came to war
We all are soldiers at par
But ours are different:
The reasons
The reasoning
You came to carve a hero
I came to offer the hurt a pillow
Your gun is your strength
Mine's a weakness at length
You came to fight
I came to make it right
You seek victory
I feel sorry
That we haven't peace as yet
No wonder I am pain-phobic

David Munene wa Kimberly

Passion

The heights of passion
Heighten the heights of action
Deepening the height of destruction
And destructing the actions of construction
Subtraction is not an option of action
Friction might in passion be fiction
Oh passionate passion for a person
How do you impersonate with irritation?

An action that's outta fashion
Like bungalow outdone by mansion
You see not the scenes of sin
As a scene you see that make sin
How then is passion of a person,
supposedly causing him destruction?
That flames ignited consume a fraction,
Of actions with poor contraction
The furnace is ooh so in construction
That all within is by coercion
For wealth and riches are a situation
But passionate passion is a person
cold and hot, never faces reduction
Always in action headed for production

For passion, it's not about mass action
Inasmuch as there's a match in tension
Tense tension that's never past tense
A present that is continuous tense
But the one that fathoms its essence,
None other can decipher its presence
What is power without any passion?
Whatever zeal is if passion is outta action?
Whoever prominence makes to sense,
Wherever eminence is in essence
Who quenches the unquenchable passion?
What action cautions the act in passion?

Show me what overwhelms the overwhelmed
Tell me who is in the helm of the dead?

The dead that death has on laid a wreath?
What is death if passion takes no wrath
Who is life if in passion there's strife
Strive in strife has become contention
But passion in strife there's still a connection
Oh passion! Passion! Make me a person
Of action, passion and assertion

David Munene wa Kimberly

Pinch Of Heart

Heart in a painful pinch
Soul and ulcer fervently itch
What has been known to be
Remains nowhere for me to see
Screams aghast from the inside
Throng of vex in my veins ride
Pain to me is now bona fide

Even the mercy of sleep
Cannot soothe the anguish of weep
Like broken glass bleeds skin,
The shame of her acts is to death akin
No one ever hurt me like this
But silence will allow me to:
Cry without weeping
Weep without wailing
Wail minus hurting
Hurt minus screaming
Scream less sounding
Pain to me is now bona fide

Wife, if correction yields such quarrel,
And suggestion out of me a scoundrel,
Thence I shan't be corrected
And no idea to me should be suggested
Will remain and partake ideal
Nothing will for me strike a deal
The death of my heart's pinch
Will surely prolong my illness an inch
Pain to me will now not be bona fide

David Munene wa Kimberly

Please Say It

My heart you have made teenage fragile
It no longer is as agile
The thought of you not saying it pricks my bile
And stress on me comes in a pile
I cannot imagine without you for a while
Your not saying it is vile
And causes my heart derogatory rife

Please say it
Please mean it
Please say you love me too

David Munene wa Kimberly

Politicians

You have sung all along
Yours is a familiar song
'Will do, will do'
But in deed never do
At least you change the rhythm
With which you catch our breathing
Liken to dogs so cunning
Hiding with grass reeds in suns' burning

On times of glory and fame
You show us nothing than shame
But rise like tides and flames
Consuming our hearts with names,
Mighty slogans and stupid games
Every time we hit campaigns

Don't sing to me any more
Your voice is pathetic!
Do what you say galore
For you have not a single lyric!

David Munene wa Kimberly

Prat The Untouchable Brat

His name has been Prat
He will always be... Prat
Since he was young he's been a brat
Or at least perceived to be a brat
Regardless of the value of his discipline carat
To some, he will always be a rat

You see, Prat was born in India
His family untouchable; from glory not near
Prat didn't choose to be untouchable
His ma's womb from caste detachable
Like a rotten idea in a saintly conference,
Prat is perceived as loathsome and without chance

But Prat is doomed from womb
He is cursed from infantry to tomb
He was untouchable born
He will untouchable die - till perhaps reborn
Of which chance is slimmer,
Than grass-reed thinner

Prat fights for his right
Society sees his wrong
They even feel his life's oblong
A bother condemned to stain societal plight
Like does a storm-borne cloud hovering,
Grotesquely, persistently on the blue skies

Who will save Prat?
Who will redeem his humanly plight?
Who will; when his own people are disgusted?
Perhaps death; death, which he hopes
Will take him soonest
And raise him up the caste

Please die Prat; die... die
For only whence you in the crypt lie
Will you be Prat and not Prat the brat
And society will never see in you a rat

David Munene wa Kimberly

Praying With The Scriptures

Scriptures are the word of God
When word is displayed – read
When word is read – listen
When word is listened to – sinks

However the two differ
From contemplation to meditation
One is immersion; the other relation
Both vital as we prayer offer
Thus defining our position or opposition

When praying with the Scripture
You could read and capture
Or comprehend and imitate
Pick character and then be
E.g. woman caught – adulterous

How then do I that?
Choose passage and have I sat
In comfort with willingness to listen,
Quiet down thyself and slowly,
Yes, slowly but gradually,
Surrender

Surrender to be in His presence absorbed
The Most High
Read the passage as His Word
Like there's not any other that exists
Relate in contemplation to the end
You live the life of passage

Contemplative prayer is more,
Of listening, believing and being aware
That the presence – His, ain't rare
In a World full of voice and noise
Left, right and centre, we have no choice

And now the experience
That which came after the silence

Nothing exercised or on silence showed leniency
Contest and protest against the pretest
Friend shared that it was a tough test
How it sunk never to be forgotten
Saw some scripture, differently in perspective
Wish church did it everyday – Never rotten

David Munene wa Kimberly

Present Past

Deaths in the past
Are known by skeletons
Broken hearts
Are seen by depressions
But ye have evaded all

Though you are dead
And we ne'er saw your skeleton
Hearts are broken
But none has a depression
We have evaded all

Yester behind
Today and future on mind
We treasure your memory
Like do armies the armory
Though you have evaded us all

Haven't tears to cry
Our lachrymose dry
For pollution invokes our tears
Stenches and gases provoke similar tears
But our hearts haven't evaded all

Suns that shine
Beneath green leaves of pine
Forming carpet-like canopies
Keep you till then
When we shall share the same pen

David Munene wa Kimberly

Questions Of Ease

For they that dance their minds
Without shaking their very behinds
Those have times like palm trees
Whose growth is slow but yields fees

Judge not how easy is a query
Rather invoke the solution's worry
For the invasion comes in a lorry
By a query that leaves you sorry

Sound minds aggravate
At heights that with ease elevate
Nerves rocked;
Brains racked

Easy questions
Have not easy suggestions
Bear the minimum corrections
Liken to losing enmity connections

A man of wisdom
Needs a woman of freedom
But freedom is not easily attained
Wisdom is not as easily gained

You speak of what you cannot
That which you can't untie you knot
You blood in your vessels clot
But cannot even identify the clot spot

Underestimation leads to humiliation
Overestimation brings superiority collusion
Imagine Elisabeth as a pauper
And Lazarus as the gaper

Questions of ease
Tend to with ease tease
And the minds, like cosine, piss
Be wary of easy questions please

David Munene wa Kimberly

Reinvented Life - Villanelle

My life was by you reinvented
I believe this with awed feeling
When I smell how sweetly you are scented

You are my love, I am fully contented
My heart is always my soul convincing
My life was by you reinvented

The ways I had taken were wrong I noted
My life began taking a regular shaping
When I smelt how sweetly you are scented

What a shame that in my life I intended
To shut you out in pretense of not knowing
My life was by you reinvented

A damsel without which I am dead
Such beauty, such divinity, forever glowing
My life was by you reinvented
When I smelt how sweetly you are scented

David Munene wa Kimberly

Reinvented Life [a Villanelle]

My life was by you reinvented
I believe this with awed feeling
When I smell how sweetly you are scented

You are my love, I am fully contented
My heart is undoubtful; my soul convincing
My life was by you reinvented

The ways I had taken were wrong I noted
My life began taking a regular shaping
When I smelt how sweetly you are scented

What a shame that in my life I intended
To shut you out in pretense of not knowing
My life was by you reinvented

A damsel without which I am dead
Such beauty, such divinity, forever glowing
My life was by you reinvented
When I smelt how sweetly you are scented

David Munene wa Kimberly

Sestina Pacifying Africa

I hear bitter wails and screams
From my beloved land Africa
Hell has obviously broken loose
And no one seems to much care
Africa is getting torn apart
By that which should Africa unite

Numerous calls for Africa to unite
Are made in calls and screams
From nations stationed on the globe apart
Earnestly seeking peace for Africa
I wonder whether Africans care
Or are they happy to their blacks lose

The continent seems to its tranquility lose
And completely refuses to unite
Its people will not submit to love and care
When love calls, Africans respond in screams
And continue ripping my, our Africa
With indisputable ruthlessness apart

United Nations keeps warring soldiers apart
Claiming not another life will the continent lose
But with soldiers they infest Africa
Separating foes instead of having them unite
Thence emanates louder, anguishing screams
Till the pacifiers begin stopping to care

Do African gods in the heavens the care?
Are they happy to have African throats ripped apart?
Perhaps they feel appeased by the African screams?
For the African gods have nothing to lose?
And are pleased when we don't unite?
That is why they have left Africa

How I wish we would unite Africa
And end the screams with care
For when Africa tears apart, we our paradise lose

Seven On The Tenth Of The Seventh - To The 13th In 2013

Allen leads them to a pilgrimage far and wide
Lending a hand to awaiting nations outside
Labeling their sole mission a purpose by God
Emulating the seventy-two sent out minus gold
Nevertheless, these seven have notes to unfold

Edna stands out as an exceptional exception
Denying herself the coziness of speaking sheng
Nudging towards the novel Paraguayan accent
Adorning her completeness is Evalin you bet

Evalin crowns the confusion to new faces
Verily exchanging numerous embraces
As undoubting strangers think she is another
Lo! She is an amazing and ubiquitous other
Indeed, her presence makes this delegation
Nothing less of a divine variegation

Maria carries the name of mama Kristo
Am sure she will grace the nations with gusto
Radiating that land of jade sunsets
In a way resembling glittery golden wallets
Amazingly complementing one Shali

Sharing in the experience is one Shali
However unknown, sidhani ana shari
A name befitting the absence of worry
Littering all nations with chunks of love
Inevitably lowering paradise like Carnaval

Thomas introduces little if any doubts
Harbors many a Christ-like silent shouts
Obviously sharing with the nations on an iPad
Mostly guiding many out of sinful mud
And holding on to Catholic teachings at heart
Sharing with willingness like dirt and mat

Yusufu is the smile preceding the laughter
Unconsciously the light moment in each chatter
Surely, you can never go wrong with Yusufu!
Uniquely, the nations will have a mouthful
Full of heavenly moments with Baba Yesu
Under the careful guidance of living MAGiS

Many will travel in the name of MAGiS
As they attempt to live like Ignatius
Guess these seven will be outstanding
in ways unknown to human understanding
Seguro Viagem! The nations await MAGiS Kenya!

David Munene wa Kimberly

She, My Babyshi

In the 'warmth' of Winter
She curled me in her glory like shiny Jupiter
I shivered in the warmth without breath
She held me with tenderness like a wreath
I knew I'd leave, but in me she'd live
She never gave me one reason to leave
I always thought it would in her make reason
She saw not much of reason like season
I joyed in her embrace like a bracelet
She carved out of her embrace a facet

I have gloried in this mystery
She must have dismissed this as history
I still wisely think of her keenly
She must stupidly think of me stupidly
I am the author and the scriptwriter
She is the actor and the fighter
I am whom am not; she is whom she is

David Munene wa Kimberly

Shout Nay

Shout not from rooftops
For your wits are more than flops
Make no haste in raising decibels
You might invoke the rise of Babels
For the more you shout,
The more folly you let out
Speak in hush tones,
Like the heart does to bones
That though they are stronger
They depend on the aorta
Had the heart shouted,
The bones would have it ousted
But now they strive `em bones
To cushion the heart like do gowns
In wet, windy, Winter-infested Russian towns

David Munene wa Kimberly

Sickly Heart

Oh heart, my heart!
Why do you get so hurt?
Suffering like it's Armageddon
Won't you just get on?
You are aware you aren't deserving
Of the precious love you are serving
Yet you won't let go
Of the one who makes a river flow
A river of untold, undefined pain
You are bruised like dust by rain
You weep without tears
In your aorta you ferry fears
Like a hose pipe fighting fire
But you get consumed like a burning tyre
The one you love grinds
With a spell that binds
Yet you still love without doubt
The brain aids you to shout
Its arteries only throb
Turned and twisted like a jammed knob
This is the love of your life
Who puts you through passionate strife
Who cannot stop messing you up
Even when you get stolen by nap
Nightmares follow you in day
Yet you haven't another way
But to accept the sorries
And stuff it in your worries
For this is not the first time
You will still hurt some time
So deal with the pain, sweet heart
And continue loving like you never ever hurt

David Munene wa Kimberly

Slightly

The back page can't quite tell
What the front page gave a yell
If it were hurt, the owner is there
The preceding page is here
It has the story that continues
It slightly reveals the plot
Without a struggle in a single shot

David Munene wa Kimberly

Son-Malnourished Gusii Family

Was born first
Girls; both second and last
Village in Gusii gave us thumbs down
We were the talk of Nyamira town

"Dear Nyasuguta (neighbour) , lend us salt"
"Oh ye of sterility never to borrow halt"
Protest I: "We are not of sterility in our clan"
"Family without son, is Earth minus sun"

"You cannot play with us? "
"And why? Your family bears a curse! "
"Boi (playmate) please we are equals..."
"Huh! Without heir, family vanishes on a few funerals"

Stigmatized, almost hated mama
For not bearing a brother
More so our father
For men who trampled his authority with a hammer

Mama taken for barren
For lack of son
Stressed and distressed, papa passed on
Mama with pregnancy to carry on

Mama: "Symbols of love, children are"
She couldn't put her husband in a car
We had not match, but torn uniform
We waded through the Gusiiland storm

Mama: "At last like Elizabeth – a son"
The disgrace became the Gusii Sun
Studied we before he became man
We employed; him head of clan

David Munene wa Kimberly

Special People Connect

There is a way special people connect
Through barriers they dissect
Their wishes and urges running simultaneously erect
They communicate without knowing
Their hearts are like fans winnowing
That keep binding love like winds blowing

David Munene wa Kimberly

Spider Weds Termite - Haiku

She hung on a thread
So natural like pure unleavened bread
Termite, spider wed

David Munene wa Kimberly

Sprawled Evening

Burning shoes
Scorching coats
Stiff muscles
Lips- oats

Large bowels groan
Small bellies moan
Like elastoplast torn
From skin newborn

Traffic sandwiched to home
Walking on streets - gnome
Forests confused - my dome
Sprawled evening - the epitome

David Munene wa Kimberly

Suicidal Tie

Stare not my friend,
This tie I wear is a fiend
Don't wish I should you lend,
'tis a loop that will soon send
This mortal me into crypts' end

David Munene wa Kimberly

Suspects

A human being suspects
That all humans are suspects
And when a human being respects
They hope for retrospects

Why can't we be cats?
Most curious of all stats
Yet they don't even suspect rats;
Even though they may wear hats

Knew where the queue starts
Didn't choose to behave nuts
You stared with eyes of flirts
Sending me off like dirty door mats

You who suspect,
Get some respect!

David Munene wa Kimberly

Tears We Cry

Tears we cry, tears we cry
Sometimes tears Kalahari dry
Tears we cry, tears we cry

For others many tears
In us for us many fears
For us we haven't tears

Their aches hurt so
But our heartaches hurt too
Why then do we for theirs cry so?

Mine tears don't for me flow
Tears for they my mind blow
Like a virgin turn whore

Went to a funeral
Of a relation to my fellow
How my heart felt hollow

In my gran'pa's requiem
I cried, but not a single scream
Friends spiced my cry like cream

We have wells for their tears
And deserts for our fears' tears
Tears we cry, for they that we cry

David Munene wa Kimberly

The African Male Tear

The African male tear is golden
Does not dropp even when eye is swollen
Dries up on mama's funeral
Hides further as men grow

Research shows it is unhealthy
Not to cry whilst worthy
But that is research's way
Of darkening the African day

Men of Africa don't lose the tear
Just cause they darkness fear
Treasured it is and never invoked
Just because the African man is provoked

It does not dropp on foreign soil
And never for aching backs from hard toil
Defeat and failure won't
Even colonialists couldn't

Unlike the dew it never falls
And then on many a roof rolls
Even when struck by bullet
Remains pocketed in a sealed wallet

The African male tear has been exported
To male counterparts elsewhere it is reported
They cry when they are happy
And sob tearfully when gloomy

The African man wails
When storms hit as he sails
Yet never his tear drops
Values it than thespians value props

When it finally falls
It only on one cheek rolls
Usually left and never right
For right is the side of light

When the African male tear kisses Earth
It steams out into froth
For its heat ground cannot hold
And when cold it grows on skies mould

David Munene wa Kimberly

The Human Dome

The human dome has room for home
The same dome has home for more dome
This home in the dome has room for more homes
whatever dome, with whatever home with homes,
There yields good; good that is not clone
There yields a brood not so good, ; this could be a clone
Prepare for the good, watch the brood - not so good a clone

David Munene wa Kimberly

The What, How, Whoever

The sweetest melody may not have the sweetest beat
The sweetest beat may not have been the best hit
The brightest shine may not be the hottest after all
The hottest shine may not be the brightest overall
The cutest smile may not be in the happiest moment
The happiest moment may go without a smile to comment
The hottest tear may not be when we hurt the most
The times when we hurt the most may lack the tear – the hottest
The loveliest day may never have anything lovely
The things lovely may never be in the days overly lovely
The coldest month may never cause anyone to shiver
The shiver may be in a day full of chattering weaver

What happiness can do may never be full
What fullness is might impress only a fool
What perfection seems to be may only be imperfection
What imperfection seems like may be the imperfect perfection
What the season brings may give us no reason to smile
What the reason to smile brings may only to your troubles pile
What tender care offers may only be genuine pain
What genuine pain offers may never be a grotesque stain
What the mirror reflects may never be the real image
What the real image is may vary when it comes to rage
What the loveliest praise does may only be to destruct
What destruct does may only come to loss of lovely praise distract

How we view things may never be the same
How things view us could always bring us shame
How we portray love may never be similar
How love portrays itself will never be dissimilar
How we write may comprise nothing of the same sort
How the nothing we have is so Siamese-like you cannot distort
How we argue out situations may be varied
How varied we are when we argue is not nay situation arid
How we choose the cigar may never be look-alike
How look-alike we are when we puff the cigar no difference can strike
How long we last in relationships may be of total variance
How long variance hovers on our relationships attracts compulsory alliance

Whoever said it wasn't going to be easy was wrong
Whoever said not it wasn't going to be easy has taken long
Whoever thinks it has to be hard to succeed will never get sad
Whoever feels it is not hard to succeed will never get mad
Whoever convinces us that we are different is no different
Whoever convinces us we are never different is not indifferent
Whoever seems to care may never care for self
Whoever seems careless may never suffer the weight of your shelf
Whoever comes and goes may never have intended to stay
Whoever comes and stays may never have intended to never be away
Whoever I talked about may never have ever lived
Whoever has lived to see this line has or hasn't believed;
Whoever hasn't believed and has this come to see;
Whoever they might be risks wallowing and drowning in their own sea...

David Munene wa Kimberly

They Call It Str/L(Ife)

They call it life,
Others call it strife
Some are born
Others stillborn
Some see not light of day
Others see days astray
Some witness not the ogre of old age
Others compose their own adage
Yet, all is life
With or without strife
And none knows its location
Or even its deathly translocation
If life after death is,
Then there really no death is
For life can only be a transition
Defined by zillions of one motion
None owns life
Except the I Am that is life

David Munene wa Kimberly

Thieves

The heaps of thieves peeping into town
Have stolen the still of town and ran it down
Thought the town is down, it is renown
For heaps of peeps from thieves
Chunks of hunks and beauty, none lives
They cover under such covers of beliefs
That conceal their zeal beneath demise
They creep in with no beep like mice
Distract, destruct and attract tumult
In towns developed and all remote
The achievement they get is confinement

The top cop doesn't pop up before theft
Investigation is what he has always left
After the crime, the cop pops in gait
You think he has the key to crimes' gate
We all know that he's now late than early
We still, to him listen so dearly
He wins our trust at first so fast
Statements we make and sometimes bake
Help him act in tact with theft at stake

The thieves tacitly are convinced
Their acts will soon be evinced
And soon in less than two moons,
They'll be locked up in small rooms
So dark and cold, as a leave from duty
And will dully face up the dully jury
To dark black rooms they'll ne cast
Only to suffice the surface in a blast
Perjury gets them ousted to the out
And on our sweat they devour and are strout
All thieves have beliefs that cause less relief
By force, by dexterity, they kill the peace cliff

Standing up to take or make orders
In order to break a certain older order
What shame it brings begins a game with ding
A game with shame and blame all thieves to cling

Aren't you tired? Don't you ever retire?
May be it's the race case of a bush fire
Of never is ever and clever ever is never
Pulling wool over any fool to drool forever

The idea of a thief-to-nub-a-thief
Sires more cases of places full of no relief
Covering sites that only fights may discover
Fights that even soldiers are afraid to fight
Though these fights can uproot wrong outright
They who try always end up in graves
Graves that scare the Hell out of braves
Countless graves of bitter slaves increase
Bringing forth inquest that press doesn't release
Again bringing to limelight chunks of thieves
Who wittingly and discreetly leave us in grieves
To later on cry foul of the constitution
That justifies amnesty and kills jurisdiction

Thieves were there; thieves are here,
Can you bear the rare thought to one bear?

David Munene wa Kimberly

Thika Road Superhighway

I see into ten, twenty years from now
Beauty and elegance by the superhighway
Quite dazzling if you ask me
Impressively puzzling to fathom
An astoundingly outstanding piece of architecture
With convenience and efficacy eminent
Scheduling of trips eased; travelers pleased
Tourists flock in; developing Worlds come to witness
Certainly, we are proud

But alas!
The usual cop waves; driver waves back
"Tatu tano, sita kumi" is missing
"Daily Nation, People Daily hapo" is lacking
No one to talk to at the bus stop
It now is branded "Bus Bay"
Motorists no longer wave at each other
The traffic jam is history
And so is every job that was part of its story
Where thou art, fellow Kenyan?

Children crossing the zebra
Can't help but notice how things have changed!
Back then complexions were almost similar
Today they don't look too familiar
Eyes were relatively the same size
Now in the flock, some have very narrow eyes
Hair styles were uniform,
Presently, one or two have a bob cut
I am the only one bothered
Only I recall the builders were Chinese

Expressway we have hit
In whatever way best fit
No looking back, no retreating,
Hit the road jack...
Car stereos are only on for five minutes
After which the uniformed, courteous conductor,
Requests us to alight before the bus gets late

There is order and organization aye
For no sooner had we hied, than we byed

Evening news lack their fatal carnage flavour
Police spokesman is happy with the drivers
No one calls them matatus
They were slowly phased out
And now hung as artifacts in the Museum
There will not be any repairs soon
The waving trees have taken root by the superhighway
Save for the cost of fuel, tours are cheaper

This is the superhighway;
That we dreamt of day and night
That feels like paradise alright
Where we carry generations through state-of-the-art
On which with our very own motorcade,
We have ferried us into staggering stardom
And carried our tradition and culture into renovation
For which we credit the then regime heartily
Forgetting the past that we barely loved

David Munene wa Kimberly

Thoughts Poetic [a Villanelle]

I have thought so many times
Without letting out a sigh
Nevertheless, I was right some times

I would hear far-away chimes
Playing in my head; yet so nigh
I have thought so many times

However much I tried rhymes
Mama openly rebuked it as a lie
Nevertheless, I was right some times

From rooftops watching mimes
I kept giving poetry a try
I have thought so many times

Distancing myself from copy crimes
Cost me chances of sharing thieved pie
Nevertheless, I was right some times

Now my talent is in its primes
Like the flesh of broiler's thigh
I have thought so many times
Nevertheless, I was right some times

David Munene wa Kimberly

To Kimberly, My Love

Show me how low low can be
that low may never get low than me
Yet standing on a high let me see
That having a darling as you is vast as sea
Tall and high as a cliff can be
Sticky and warm as that side called lee?

Just a smile to light up today,
Is all I ask of you for my today
Or even though, I may be away
Today is a day I'll love before it's away
Can't you see that today the day awaits you at bay?
That your smile may light up the day
And run the day today not to sway astray

The thought of you is brilliant
Imagining you smile is radiant
It lacerates my mouth to smiley lips that are ambient
Stealing my feelings from a mixture so variant
Soon before imagination crops in with agitation to joy grant,
I laugh at myself with your ghost who's never a coolant
Temperature with no heat in the argument,
Is a tithe of what you bring to my heart in a pant

David Munene wa Kimberly

Today Tore Yesterday

I took a glimpse into the past,
I couldn't help but be mesmerized so fast
The man uttered in accordance to his grey hair
With a purity untold as of fresh jungle-green air
An earnest speech equitable to not any heard of
Evidently not envying today, the man was pissed off
He wallowed in the nostalgic miasma of history
Without much strain he created the need for his story
I was flabbergasted by the seemingly hyperbole in his lingo
Alas! It was no hyperbole... just lingo as simple as bingo
With a passion, the past gloried in his speech
Within a session, he had varied intonation and pitch
He wept at the sight of today... he felt it had a hitch

In the gone yesterday, society assimilated the inhabitants
There wasn't a minute for misfits and immoral combatants
Today the society is lost in the as-you-are absorption mechanism
Where all the society minds are numbers irrespective of symbolism
The inhabitants are now assimilating the society
Intoxicating it with individualistic preferences like a ghost party
This that was the fabric holding the society together as one
Has been replaced with a tattering that is flattering to none
Haven't ideas of what its tomorrow marks with surprises no more
We are now accustomed to shocks and pains threatening to stay some more
Where hast thou gone dearest firm societal foundation?
The man lamented painfully taking ownership of the revolution

I walked into the streets on boldly-lit Sabbath
What my eyes saw collapsed the spirit of being on earth
The skimpiness of dress code and nudity levels left trap agape
How sad the man was, to hear the religious priest create a presentation gap
In her saying that all were welcome no matter the appearance (artificial)
The old man was embittered that the priest had lips red and an exaggerated
facial
How the word had been misinterpreted to misinform and lure into filling the
coffers
The elegance of the priest alone, the old man thought was more than heaven
offers
I got curious about the old man's concern; he spat on the ground in lieu of the

society

He was offended by my asking; I had neither the moral right nor posterity

They have provided the knife that lacerates the value of our being

In their quest for popularity and populous "sacrifices" they are to humanity a sting

They lead the way; themselves are blind and the royal carpet we for them lay

They stumble and we pick them, rebuking the all Lucifer-like play

Religion is business; business is no longer religion, it's religious

The old man wept in the train

I sat by him and watched him his satin with tears stain

Turning at me with fiercely looking eyes left me dumbfounded

He had been standing in the bus for half the journey; I sat confounded

The train era reminded him of discipline and reverence of elders

When I finally sat up, he smacked my bottom with his stick in front of the genders

I hurled insults and my mummy discounted him with some strange ones

The old man was not shaken, but his lower lip trembled like old fans

Mummy threatened to sue him; the officer sided with her

Whatever happened to child-raising by the society! Gone really vanishingly far

Soliciting for "something small", the young boy in blue vomited threats

The old man reclined; off to the "iyak! " of the coolers he was despite his frets

He had known the ins of the coolers; not the dwellers

To a grieving amazement, his daughter's age mate touched his whatevers

Before he could smack her, her wares she had on display

The dwellers said she was a twilight, streets and lodgings her office tray

How the man hated the society today! He had cherished it for long

It had been forced to not reciprocate his disciplinary investment by a margin oblong

Her job was what she had done to him, only today she did it for free

Then they began to puff and emit like chimneys in a spree

The old man was greatly disrespected and practically invisible

Even his own flesh and blood had not to visit him been able

"Too busy..." they claimed. "Too silly..." the old man thought

Whatever vehicle left with care for yours, it'd never be back brought

Society has lost care, in its quest for formal care

There is still a lot, but the worst of wrong-doings is what we share

David Munene wa Kimberly

Today, Love

Today,
Love is not a mystery
Has turned into a misery
Wish there was an easy way
A way in which death in day
Would make me stray
Into a coffin – dead and cold
My life would have been so bold
Like the Olympic torch
That burns without scotch or scorch

Took a U-Turn
In a moment bizarre
But life is not a pizza,
That goes stale with a burn
Life and pain are a whisper
Silently effecting death in a leper
Now they at me point gun
From head to toe – I cannot shun
Yet in a calculated tip-toe

Whence the heart so loved,
All indicators towards the beloved,
She has turned viper
Aims and hits like a sniper
With accuracy than anaconda
Faster than a racing Honda
Today, only today
I wish I never knew love... today

David Munene wa Kimberly

Toss And Turn

I hope you toss and turn
And turn and toss in your sleep
If only I could peep
And verify this in your sleep so deep
Perhaps I would them dip,
With the firmness of passionate grip
Our hearts and bodies at your dreams' tip
And in union set us on a romantic slip
That would roll us down a steeply steep
And we would never return to sleep
Or take into life one leap
We would then in your dreams our hearts and bodies keep

David Munene wa Kimberly

Toxic Acid Drop

A dropp of toxic rain fell
so hard into my natural cell
That the toxic acid drop
Caused Hades into Bliss to crop
As I lay in my ma's womb
Like a dead body in a tomb
Arms clasped, fists clamped;

I was safe you see,
Until the dropp from perish sea
Was let into my umbilical
Eventually into my life
Thus has been the cycle
For all of us who strife
To cast out from our lives Lucifer
His evil ways to decipher

Shout I won't loudly
I'll pester evil in me boldly
And let it live in me coldly
Like ice does in a freezer
Or dirt does in chicken gizzard

That toxic dropp is in us all
Do you give it room or hall?
Be wary it doesn't make you fall
And never will you stand tall at all

David Munene wa Kimberly

Tweezing Of A Palm Tree

I brag with my leaves
And prick with their edges
When winds blow I whiz
Like bee and fly buzz
Play in the winds with my wings
Till mad man comes to my braids tweeze
When I embellished houses for kings

They call it religion
I call it a legion
For their faith is a dungeon
I wait upon the season
When they will prune me without reason
Just to wave and dump my leaves
Poor sons and daughters of mine
Whenever man believes
He leaves me without shine
Leaves my entirety bereaves

When in comes lent
I know it is about to expire
That which Earth charged as rent
Their Faith pushes me to retire
Just to signify a triumphant entry
Into Jerusalem, now a pantry
They tweeze and tweeze
They squeeze and squeeze
They hear me not when I Scream
Do they not know I have a dream?

Next Palm Sunday will find
My height being left behind
By blue gums with glide mind
But mine shall protrude
And man will intrude
The religious man so rude
Will for my life not interlude
Instead will try to my leaves tweeze

Understanding Love

Is it possible that we
Are in love yet free
Is love a bondage we should flee?
Or is it a haven we will never see?
All we need is to create understanding

What we stop at is not us
We can go farther and fas'
Yet we lag behind
Ensuring we walk side-by-side
Like do the H₂ molecules in H₂O

Blessed be love forever
For it was born before we ever were
We shall condone its mockery
Though it leaves us jittery
Like fighting cocks in renewed rivalry

Let your love have understanding
And I will land when you are landing
I will stick like wooden floor sanding
I will not run into hiding
For you will show me understanding

David Munene wa Kimberly

Unorthodox

Fell on my forehead
Bruised the tail instead
Fried my fingers
Badly my toe lingers

Is this the life I chose?
Or is this the life that chose me?
All I do is unorthodox
Like stuck head down in a box

The joy in me
Are these tears you see
My death is my misery
And my misery; my death's mystery

David Munene wa Kimberly

Urban Time Vs. Rural Time

3 am:

Urban time: Alarm clocks, hoots and toots

Rural time: Cocks crow, cows moo and weavers beaker

4 am:

Urban time: Whoever snoozed the alarm? Dress up... very scarcely

Rural time: Dust the mat; grab yesterday's very hard ugali and into overall

5 am:

Urban time: Marikiti and Gikomba beat traffic – rush hour

Rural time: Milking and feeding; early bird catches the worm

6 am:

Urban time: Office not open, tarts hover at Koinange zonked with sleep

Rural time: Coffee farm supervisor calls out names – mine missing

7 am:

Urban time: Offspring sings national anthem in academy playfully

Rural time: Sibling barefoot sings "Yesu anipenda" without blasphemy

8 am:

Urban time: Yaaaawn! Hate work before it even begins – so monotonous

Rural time: Tea baskets at back, yard stick in hand, water jar on head

9 am:

Urban time: What took company tea so long? Was tea boy fired or what?

Rural time: Sing Mary oh, sing Mary oh... Market women return with empty baskets

10 am:

Urban time: Finally the tea is here... (Chit chat) I love this job!

Rural time: The sun's scorching – take a breath beneath shade

11 am:

Urban time: Silence and whispered gossip, functional smiles and fake hugs

Rural time: Shout greeting from ridge to ridge and insults from bush to bush

12 pm:

Urban time: Yaaaaaawn! Bad date - fear the approach of the next hour

Rural time: Any one with a watch? The sun has hid beneath the cloud

1 pm:

Urban time: Extraordinary times call for extraordinary measures – am dieting...

Rural time: Carry produce to factory, take a nap in the wilderness, and water the livestock

2 pm:

Urban time: Oh how I hate this! Parliament session on, but ethics dictate TV without volume

Rural time: Women plot today's chama as men discuss the local barmaid's "possessions"

3 pm:

Urban time: Who tampered with the office clock? I can see some hawkers outside...

Rural time: Tamper with the scale to increase my produce's sale

4 pm:

Urban time: Bus fare hikes and traffic builds up as conductors (mis) control the traffic

Rural time: Women fetch firewood on their way home, men stop by the shops

5 pm:

Urban time: Happy to overlap, wishing those overlapping matatus meet Officer Kipng'etich

Rural time: Feet and hooves erode dust like matching Zulu soldiers

6 pm:

Urban time: Men (if home) for remote, women for the house girl's neck and children for homework

Rural time: Put up fires to boil arrow roots and some bitter herbs or leaves before chama

7 pm:

Urban time: News, views and reviews on your channel your choice rated best by synnovate

Rural time: Men around community radio discussing politics and new constitution

8 pm:

Urban time: Cuando seas mia as thugs from Huruma and Kayole crop into city centers

Rural time: Men grasp illicit liquor around Papa Shirandula; women busy the hell out of the kitchen

9 pm:

Urban time: Yaaaaawn! Prime time news... the same ones at 7 pm, but sound different

Rural time: School children are through with chores, homework starts with or without pencil

10 pm:

Urban time: Save for the clubs and pubs, clandestine, hypocritical sweeties and darlings, all is quiet

Rural time: Dad is back; supper's too sweet so he batters mum that children scream

11 pm:

Urban time: Some mild mugging, police harassment and handbag snatching

Rural time: Mum, dad and all reconcile – family smiles again

12 am:

Urban time: Police cars patrol everywhere – at this hour, Pope on the road is any crook

Rural time: Save for the sparrow, whose nest was destroyed by the boys, everything sleeps

1 am:

Urban time: Late night drunkards bang the flat's gate recklessly

Rural time: Sleep walkers, witches and watchmen watch over the village

2 am:

Urban time: One more fart in the blankets and you wake up the alarm - rerun

Rural time: Beds creek as husbands force wives to go glory hallelujah - rerun

David Munene wa Kimberly

Victories Out Of Hand

Learn to celebrate victories in hand
And silently hope for victories at hand
For that which is not in hand
Might soon be victory out of hand
Even when you are the preferred brand
Not every win will in your hand land

Eyes on goal might be inadequate
So, never eyes on goal-line saturate
Compound the eyes to each state
Perspective, both depress and elevate
Consider victory as opposite of defeat
Victory simply is the top face of the pleat

All victories mean overcoming opponent
Even a foetus could pull a final stunt
Do not undervalue even the weakest
They equal your beats under breast
And might toil and tire minus rest
Until they unseat you from presumed crest

David Munene wa Kimberly

Voicing The People

I speak to the marginalized,
They that have specialized
These learned fellows; these as pupils categorized
Hear me oh ye elites,
Hark! Oh ye lighters of academic lights
Please listen to me, Madam Wanjiku dwelling in IDP slights
In this matter you are an Important Domineering Person
You get to choose your future, away from tents petty
Check if you qualify,
For only you can yourself nullify
If only you allow me, I hereby seek to clarify

This is the constitution that Kenyans have made
We will rejoice and be glad instead
Chapter 180 verse 1: And power shall reign in counties
With the election of 47 governors for each of the 47 counties
They that shall govern not the development speed
But ensure the will of the people is the sprouting seed
Amen, Amen, I tell you
Unless Harold Camping's prophecy is true
According to chapter 177 verse 1
A county assembly shall house elected ward gems
Holding office for no more than two terms

The Gospel according to the new constitution
Provides for all a new resolution
Chapter 97 Verse 1: two hundred and ninety seats
For each constituency in the National Assembly
Forty seven *Wanjikus* and *Aumas*
Shaping the destinies of their counties
Registered as voters they must be
Independent or as registered party nominees
Independent Senate aspirants with two thousand registered seals
Or two thousand for healers of National assembly ills

Forfeit membership in the Independent Electoral and Boundaries Commission
Five years prior to election
Proven abuse of state or public authority
Insanity, bankruptcy and membership to county assembly

Will kill the dream before the dreamer sleeps
Ensure a decade of Kenyan citizenship before ballot heaps

Dear brethren, onto Chapter 136 verse 2 we cruise
Thus says the sovereignty of the people's choice
In the second Tuesday of August after half a decade
There shall be a contest sweeter than marmalade
Party nominees who qualify for parliamentary memberships
Independent candidates supported by two thousand county pen tips
Jealously sworn to no allegiance but ours
Subject to not public or state office hours
Sons and daughters of our Kenyan dusts in originality
Seeking to have the people test their viscosity
In bearing the fiery torch of presidency
Shall write their names in our electoral books of legacy

Power to the people
Power to the people
Power! To the people

David Munene wa Kimberly

Walk With Me [villanelle]

Morning blessed me today
For you with me took stride
As you walked my sorrows away

The skies might have been gray
But with you by my side
Morning blessed me today

Let no one ever curse this day
For heaven descended like tide
As you walked my sorrows away

I knelt down to for us pray
Yet I shelved our love aside
Morning blessed me today

I know I did not my vow lay
Since I stood by you beside
As you walked my sorrows away

In this love we have our way
But in a way perceptively wide
Morning blessed me today
As you walked my sorrows away

David Munene wa Kimberly

Wedding Day Smile

Unique we are
That we shall remain
On your wedding day,
Or mine...
Will you,
Or will I,
Send a smile?

David Munene wa Kimberly

When Friends Don'T Reply

Stand firm and affirm with certainty

That like the sand you'll stained be not most certainly

Moved by no air though, commend thy soul particularly

For firmness creates messes a reaffirm could assess specially

Affirming that firmness is reaffirmed when assessments solve messes amicably

David Munene wa Kimberly

Who Stewards Francesco?

The Holy Father is taking care of us
Challenging and thrilling the world
Easing and calming the global fuss
Even with a simple word
He sounds like a global nurse
Seeking justice for the hairy and the bald

Soaring beyond the chronicles of faith
Toppling incarcerating principles of birth
The Holy Father is changing Mother Earth
And Mother Earth tightens her girth
To embrace this newly-found mirth
Like water flowing through a firth

But I wonder,
Who is this that is bolder,
In human skin and not older,
That stewards and takes care of Papa?
Or is it give and give for him?
And take and take for us?

What if no one except Christ,
Thinks of putting Francesco first,
And she or he last,
Like Papa has done in the past
Without going aghast,
Despite many an ungodly blast?

David Munene wa Kimberly

Why I Listen To You

You have a soul
You speak from the soul
You care about me
You trust me
You uplift my spirits
you are not keen on hurting me
you are not a brag
You are neutral when it comes to guidelines
your are smart
Need I say beautiful from the intra to the extra?
You are a blessing
You are miracle
You are an answer to a prayer I never made
You are one person I take very seriously in my life
You are the right person, with the right motive at the right moment to the wrong
unworthy person (me)
You are a reason that houses a zillion reasons as to why perfection is perfection

David Munene wa Kimberly

Wishing You A Happy 'One Day Later...'

for thine is a day different from the others
A sabbath rather more Sabbath than all the others
None like it will in 365 be; it with its glory you smothers
Shifts of routine may not be, just the routine feeling one gathers
The glow on the face may not have been diff'rent even from your mother's
But with great faith and lack of despair, she has been the choice I've opted for
than the others
Caring and tender; loving and cheerful; not different, just uniquely different
One day later has born, yet another crown untold for this beauty

Chance and choice are yours, you may at your disposal
Destiny and fate are not; you have blessings to you make a proposal
Need not shine or glow; you are the glow in the shine and the shine in the glows
Need laugh not to cheer; you are the cheer in the laughter when the Southern
cross blows
A masterpiece of wisdom and beauty galore, the one God can retrace nay
An outstanding version of beauty untold; this I confidently dare say
One day later has born, yet another crown untold for this beauty

Lo! How much more I'd say about you
Will make Angels in heaven flare in jealousy anew
For in me you aren't in few traces
You are in me in every places
Whatever prompted the labor pain,
that I thank with all I could gain
Wherever this awesome dove will be
she will have to know that in her it's Bliss I see
With a heart worthy of ten of mine
She's richer than the worthiest Jo'burg gold mine
One day later has born, yet another crown untold for this beauty

I want you, no, I need you to know that:
when the storm rages, I will be thinking of you
when the furnace blazes, in me will be a passion loving you
when the snow on grass perches, my heart on you will love bank
when I slumber and lose conscious, next to my breath is you
when I cannot think, you I'll still of think, fondly
when distance keeps me from you, love binds my soul with yours
when sickness strikes, I will of you think as healing

when it is too cold, I will think of your embrace, the one I never had
when nobody is doing it now...

David Munene wa Kimberly

World Environment Day

Whenever the winds past my face blow
One nostril chokes at the stench too
Rarely am I at fault; it is those afar
Lawmakers, my president, and all
Dare I mention me in the herd!

Everything that goes wrong I stare
Nothing will I do; I am clean
Venomous verdicts I see on TV,
Ideas I have and keep kill the kiwi
Rarely do I even report a poacher
Obstruction of destruction is not my motto
Neither is initiating personal or collective action
Mainly, I think activism is hooliganism
Explaining why I take a passive role
Negating that which kills me with a spin
Totally ignorant of environmental derangement

Drought and famine will leave me dead
And yet I let them uproot my cassava
Yawn! I will live to remember this day

David Munene wa Kimberly

Worries Sire Sorries

Worries worries worries
Pile my, our peaceful hearts
With sorries sorries sorries
I hate to hear you sad

David Munene wa Kimberly

You Don'T Read Africa

Never have you ever sat
Or beneath African Suns lay flat
You insist on rumours fat
Likened to a rainy day's door mat
To judge where you haven't testified
And judge what ain't justified

You don't read Africa
You heard it is Hell's replica
With an oasis of virtual bliss
Where on semi-humans and snakes hiss
You watched him report
On a continent he hasn't rapport!

Why do you believe:
That which you perceive?
As Gospel-truth lies you receive?
Those that only your mind deceive?
Making you think 'Africa' is synonym to 'grieve'?

You don't read Africa
You only read about Africa
The cradle of mankind
You believe is to mankind unkind
You help in protests
Against nothing on your list of detests
You call it charity when you commission inquests!

Can a reader read a book here
When he is only there
There where he doesn't know where,
Where he feels and thinks is nowhere?
Read Africa from your heart
Not just when Africans hurt
You cannot read Africa miles apart

You read of Africa
You read about Africa
You read about Africa

You have read about Africa
You Don't Read Africa

David Munene wa Kimberly

Young Girl Don'T

Young girl don't
Fall in love don't
Those who fall get bruises
Bruises that leave creases
Like skins of reptilia
Ugly than the uglier

You have a heart tender
Don't be a love vendor
For the more you sell,
The more they vandal
Your gentleness young gal

Whilst you still have your values
Argue not how a loser argues
That I will try and fail
For indeed they end up frail
Don't fall in love
Even though it is from above

You are an envy to the daisies
Roses are jealous, just like lillies
Don't their ribs tickle
When love causes a ripple
Prunning you with a sickle
You should past love dribble

David Munene wa Kimberly

Your Dream? Fight!

A man once sang a song
That to compose took him long
Yet the dancers refused to dance
And chanters gave it no chance
A villain he would remain
In the village that used a train

He believed it was right to sing
Especially for they that could not sing
The dumb or the cowards who'd never sing
In the hope that no one would tell they could sing
Yet he continued to 'badly' sing
Till he perfected the art to sing

Still in the train he sang
Amidst insults he sang
Competing with birds he sang
As he sat with his song-haters he sang
Too loudly, I tell you he sang
It became too difficult to assume that he sang

Sooner than later the celebrities saw
That the man cut their dream with saw
Even they that hated his singing saw
He never their cynicism and criticism saw
There once was no one the village saw
Who'd sing like this man they saw

The village wanted song
Yet they had rejected the man for long
In belief that it was he that was wrong
But relentlessly the reject became strong
Built by the takers of his dreams thorn
The village now began to his voice long

Was it not he that they had rejected?
Was it not his voice they rejected?
Was it not his dream they persecuted?
Was it not way they intentionally obstructed?

Was it not he that remained least distracted?
Was it not his weakness that critics constructed?

David Munene wa Kimberly

Your, My, Our, Candle

Hey candle light lighting up the night
I wonder how you keep up the fight
This that sees you maintain your plight
With simplicity untold you are so bright
Tell me why it's only in a dark night
That you let me see your beauty alright
Do you even think that this is right;
That I only light you up at night?

So many times in front of me you are planted
And as many a times as those, I take you for granted
It's unfair that in day, of you I never lamented
How do you never give up?
Why do you never give up?
Will you even ever give up?
I dare say you beat me here
Yet I know not if you can hear
Or even notice that next to you is I so near

What scorches a man torches your ember
Atop you sits a single member
Dancing and wagging to the enemy's tune
Threatened by the same jig,
Creating beneath you a darkness similar to that of noon
I am jealous that it's not a wig,
Such as one that made dwarfs look so big
To entice me you'll never cease
You still light up my night to my please

So many a forces at you hitting
I thought they would be overwhelming
Yet you still manage a bargain
One that sees you in the next minute again
You are tender and delicate
Yet to your power there's no duplicate
Moving breaths from nowhere wave at you
You wave back at them with a jig fresh as new
Barely noticing that you they'll take out,
Firmly you burn without, without worry you remain stout

You stand so straight up when in action
You demise is your glory
You never complain of any faction
Your glory keeps away worry
In whites, creams, reds and all
You style up in a session with charisma
Are you not bothered, by winter, Autumn, Summer or Fall?
You have no season out of glamour

If lifespan were to be measured like candle's;
Then trees would have life in bundles
If deaths were to emulate a candle's;
Then all would be on heels rather than sandals
If glory were to be attained as a candles;
Then only a few would keep off sandals
If dignity and esteem were to be as a candle's;
Then it wouldn't kill us to think of hurdles
If melting away would be as a candles;
I dare say the world would have not for us handles

Burn on Candle light
Light up my night before your demise
Fight for your plight as you do at night
For your demise awaits you once your embers kiss your shadow precise.

David Munene wa Kimberly

You'Re Sad

Please come my dear
Come and dance with me dear
Like you did last year
Dance with me whilst am still here
Whilst am still near

Please, please smile,
Let your face dump anger a mile
Let not the sun,
On your wrath go down
But now you frown
Your forehead like a wet gown

Why won't you skip
And hop
And jump
And skip and hop and jump
But you won't swallow the lump
To on your heart light a lamp
Instead you on your joys tramp
Whilst you let clouds triumph

Embrace me like you did,
When from winter you my skin hid
Like favour to a soldier by shield
While he stands in a battlefield
But you won't; you can't
You're sad;
And mad

You wear the face of a clown
While initially you wore a crown
Complexion of yours that was brown
Darkens; tints to the black renown
You won't hear the sound
That is in my heart all round
For sadness comes to surround
That which you could not ground

Please do not forget
How you forged and happiness let
Through my all; even the gullet
How like a mallet
You rammed joy in me like notes in a wallet
And made my face dress in royal violet
How with your incandescence you my heart made most
Your liveliness had me off my feet swept
Those days when you wept
But now sadness into you has crept

David Munene wa Kimberly