

Poetry Series

**Kimani wa Mbogo**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

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

# Kimani wa Mbogo()

Kimani wa Mbogo is a poet in Kenya. Born in 1980s at Mbichi, Gatundu (Kenya) , he endeavours to boost the growth of Swahili language. He attended Gatei Primay School and later Mbichi Secondary where he started composing simple kiswahili poems.

Though, he trained in accounting proffession he continued composing and writing till his dreams came true. His articles have been published in the Kenyan local dailies, books, websites and radios.

Kimani wa Mbogo taught English and Kiswahili at Vineyard Joy Academy and Gatei Joyland Academy where he was the deputy headteacher.

He works with a Non-Governmental Organization in Thika, Kenya.

# A Remarkable Event

Behold Him on His throne  
What a beautiful golden crown!  
That's humble Mighty Christ  
The only king and highest.

Angles walk up and down  
Each wearing a white gown  
As they celebrate the victory  
With the ambassadors of glory.

Sinners must be seen trembling  
At a distance panicking  
As they weep uncontrollably  
While others rejoice wonderfully

November 4,2006

Kimani wa Mbogo

# Disdained In Perplexity

Times of scorching sun, dry land and very clear sky;  
When animals never survived and the poor would die,  
Rich in their respective mansions and golden palaces,  
Gap between the rich and the poor separated the two races,  
When wild fruits were so scarce, valuable and edible  
Everyone was so desperate and completely feeble.

Dry skeletons and corpses scattered here and there,  
Days when no relief or well-wishers could hardly appear,  
Everything was cool and no laughter could be heard,  
When survivors were fewer than those who unluckily died,  
No vegetation for the bare land and the rivers were very dry,  
When the surviving horses would neigh and babies cry.

Some ignored and incited others others to disdain,  
We all tried to cry for help but all was totally in vain;  
Our sad moments of mourning and serious desperation,  
When we all sunk in the state of perplexity and confusion,  
Journalists only interrogated, snapped and recorded;  
Politicians too visited the scenes - but never supported!

220620112149

Kimani wa Mbogo

# Fate Of An Illiterate

He'll never attempt speaking in public  
Leave alone trying to read aloud  
He always claims his eyes never see  
Or he forgot the pair of glasses  
Numerous occasions of embarrassment  
Because he hardly attended any class.

He uses a thumb print instead of signature  
Claiming signatures are ever forged  
Putting down on a paper is a fate to him  
For he never knows the use of a pen  
He'll never write a single letter  
And if he does it's always inverted.

His letters are always read to him  
Nothing to him is a personal secret  
He always holds second hand information-  
That's too exaggerated to understand or accept  
People like such a person to laugh at  
And sometimes benefit themselves from him.

090920110722

Kimani wa Mbogo

# Forgetting The Past

Things usually come and automatically go,  
Dedication and neglect always competing to outgo,  
We tend not to forget the old and its gone treasure,  
We always undervalue the current and future measure,  
Forgetting the past weaknesses is not only an honour  
But a very important idea that's not such minor.

We preserve stuff of stubborn and irrelevant moments,  
So worrying as the number of times we make arguments,  
We consider unimportant ideas that often elude,  
Fast actions of making rare decisions to conclude,  
Sometimes we're frustrated in one way or another,  
But that shouldn't be in any way a bother.

07.04.2013

Kimani wa Mbogo

# Guilty End

I held her in a warm embrace,  
As we thought of our romantic base.  
Such was a serious sense of guilt,  
All right long on a coarse silt.

Though the bright moon was up high,  
Nobody saw us in a tie.  
Memories injured our tender guilty hearts,  
Like red hot rods near painful cuts.

In a timely unison, we both sighed,  
Guilty of the game already played.  
What a dreadful negative anticipation!  
That was surely not our expectation.

How would we do such an act?  
It remained a sour question of fact.  
How would it be few months later?  
That made her soul remain bitter.

Very guilt in such a cold night,  
The shining moon making her dress bright.  
As the tears rolled down her beautiful cheek,  
Every moment she tried to blink.

Kimani wa Mbogo

# Innocently Accused

Behind the bars completely unnoticed  
Wailing, lamenting with a silent mournful sound  
Choked by the presumptions of the wicked  
An accuser who falsely witnessed aloud.

Bitter wailing and cry of an innocent  
Perhaps from family jealous and antagonism  
He can't be humbly and peacefully silent  
As he remembers the dail cases of tribalism.

His bedfellow really sunk in the state of beggary  
In town streets, wandering hopelessly  
Sighing awfully and often deep in a cry  
A malnourished suckling always snivelling bitterly.

What a bad an unpleasant occurrence  
An innocent harshly suffering behind the bars  
His talk always in vain and termed as annoyance  
With no coin to allure the corrupt warders

030420121911

Kimani wa Mbogo

# She Sobs

There she is sobbing  
Her heart completely quaking  
Hot sparks of love in mind  
That she cant dare hide  
She remembers that day  
She could make better hay

Love to me was nice  
I could attract and entice  
She could waffle and hesitate  
To perplex and complicate  
Little did she know  
Twas time to sow

I've already made my mind  
Committed to my lovely bride  
I've now decided to bar  
Without a thought of her

Let her cry, weep and sob  
To me, that's an odd job

181020102139

Kimani wa Mbogo

# Tears Of An Innocent Girl

You amply dodged and hardly took me home;  
For introduction that could cost you nothing,  
Always claiming of your insufficient little time,  
You left me in restlessness and reflecting.

I ensured your needs were completely met;  
Gratification and pleasure you often desired,  
As your immoral minds were always set;  
Source of a child you left in tears and unfed.

You later disregarded and neglected my wish,  
Calmly forgotten and completely dumped,  
Today I innocently regret and suffer in anguish;  
Lamenting and sobbing for single parenthood.

Quality and beauty has already vanished  
As days, months and years mercilessly pass,  
As I remember the terrible moments we wasted;  
Maybe enticing consequences of curse.

Kimani wa Mbogo

# Tears Of Regret

Moments rolled and days drew near  
When I expected your presence  
I knew would physically appear  
Embrace me without any resistance  
I never knew that was only a dream  
Those days I only wasted my time.

The time I was completely desperate  
You said 'no' to my precious offer  
I've never anticipated any fate  
You though I would forever suffer  
The Almighty has blessed my ways  
He makes and brightens my days.

I knew you would forever regret  
Always guilty of your queer action  
Of course, you will never forget,  
When you recall my determination  
You will forever sob this sad tale  
A story that shall never be stale.

250420111434

Kimani wa Mbogo

# The Driver

A driver was over-speeding,  
Because he was late,  
Clouds hanged in the sky,  
Darkness almost knocked,  
Every passenger complained,  
Few discouraged over-speeding,  
Good traffic men flagged down,  
Had him arrested,  
In prison he lived...

Kimani wa Mbogo

# The Scream

I had a dream  
With plenty of cream  
Before that scream  
Beyond the stream.  
I went down  
Took my favorite brown  
Buttoned the gown  
And ran towards the town.

The man had disappeared  
As everyone geared  
Her blouse he had cleared  
And had left her glared.  
She deeply sighed  
When being untied  
Again she sighed  
On the spot she DIED.

140220050000

Kimani wa Mbogo

# Torture

Days and nights swiftly pass  
Leaving me anticipating an outcome of curse  
Reckoning, seems like just yesterday  
What exactly happened makes me say  
Acts of torture and abuse of human rights  
Determined as I was to have good fights.

Demonstrating for rights was a matter of fact  
But resulted up in a dreadful act  
Things come and eventually go completely  
This has never been forgotten, unfortunately  
I never thought of what would happen  
Because I had nothing to hearken.

280520122109

Kimani wa Mbogo