

Poetry Series

# Mutonye wa Mutuku - B.M the Poet - poems -



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## Mutonye wa Mutuku - B.M the Poet(19/9/1995)

I know nothing. A pen and a paper helps me to pour out a constellation of words from my soul. Words I know nothing of. Read and make a pattern from them.



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# Cry, My Beloved Country

From morning to sunset,  
Kenyans are crying wet,  
Everywhere it's eminent, a threat,  
A threat our leaders have chosen to abet.

Our inept leaders, competent dealers and misleaders,  
In disguise our parliamentary speakers,  
Have become money seekers,  
Slayqueen keepers, Wananchi money feeders.

To the East, His Excellency jets,  
The result? mickle foreign debts,  
Borrowed to appreciate their assets,  
Mwananchi pays the debts, with threats.

Cos debts must be paid, comes in the high tax,  
Gluttonously, they slash some into their money sacks,  
The burden is fixed on Mwananchi backs,  
While the misleaders, smile broadly like quacks.

Cry! Weep! My Beloved Country,  
Cos of the West and East entry,  
And the country's misleaders who are money hungry,  
BUT abruptly, a REVOLUTION is needed haphazardly.

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# Boy Child - Unheard Cries

Listen to the voice of reason  
Shouting from the plains of vision,  
To many it needs to address,  
The boy child struggles to redress.

The problem started with gradual cancelling,  
Of guidance and counseling,  
To boy child horrors and challenges,  
In to pitfalls of character failure, in record were damages.

Boy child character was held in custody,  
Morals degraded by uncontrolled influence of bad company,  
The once steadfast harmony,  
Of character mutated in to amoral gluttony.

The diabolic influence of drugs has crept,  
Like infernal winds, every boy they've swept,  
Mother Nature has continuously wept,  
But the society has proven, of the concern, inept.

Chewing of miraa which was once an aversion,  
To many boys it has become a fashion,  
They must have the 'materials' then chew the 'taxi'  
A great illusioned future is what they can see.

Gabbling has colonized their minds,  
'Kuekelea' bet is their daily activity,  
With all the pennies they have, expecting results,  
Waiting the end of the game with positivity.

'Madze kameungua' has been their mantra,  
They miss a point, in betting no abracadabra,  
It's a game of fate and luck,  
Which will always leave them awestruck!

Who will unshackle the boy child from this agony?  
Agony of societal negligence on boy child, a tragedy,  
Tragedy that needs an impromptu remedy,  
Lest the boy child generation gets in to fatality.

Listen to the voice of reason,  
Shouting about the unheard cries in this season,  
Of the boy child generation,  
Which is need of guidance, counseling and attention.

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# Justice For Injustice

Crying and wailing!  
Wailing and anguishing!  
Anguishing and agonizing!  
Agonizing and marching!

The students marched forward,  
His aggressive voice echoed in their minds,  
Mourning, they panged!  
Together, they demanded for justice.

A day before, they were marching peacefully,  
Demanding for their rights, legally,  
The men holding the fire looked at them uneasily,  
Next was the firing, evilly!

Running, crawling,  
Fleeing, escaping...  
Bang! Boom!  
Tension! Terror!  
And fright rose!

Like cutting a flower bud,  
His life was terminated, not with a spud,  
With a bullet, in cold blood!  
His sole body lay in a pool of blood!

He was the voice of reason,  
Everybody is demanding for the reason,  
He had to die during this season,  
Of fighting for his comrades.

Comrades demand justice,  
For his death and fairness,  
The killers must be arrested,  
In a court of law to be convicted.

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# Heart Break

Sleepless nights!  
Long scary nights!  
Sinister nightmares!  
Inauspicious mornings!

This is what you have caused me,  
After intoxicating you with my love,  
Thinking you of an angel to be,  
I called you 'my lovely dove'

From me you have walked away,  
With no explanation, with nothing to say,  
I never anticipated you to betray,  
Me and turn the other way!

I wish you would smile to me like before,  
And regenerate the lost rapport,  
But the aversion in your eyes which I saw,  
Proved to me that our love was no more!

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# Honey Drop

I think it is safe now,  
For us to slide down the snow,  
And say what we've been feeling,  
That this is what we've been seeking.

It is in the ride of love we are going to travel,  
We are taking it to a whole other level,  
My heart and soul are ready,  
For the love tragicomedy.

I've learned from the hurts along the way,  
Your love made me strong before I went astray,  
Some of them you gave me, the scars,  
Others I caused, but we looked at the shining stars.

Love don't ride easy,  
And it's not always pretty,  
Hearts allowed cautions, just rising on broken pavement,  
A tough rough journey, in record is our achievement.

So, tell me how you need it,  
Tell me how you seek it,  
I promise am going to keep it,  
And love you forever, my heart, you've it.

Sit back and enjoy the ride,  
Together we going to wine and dine,  
Don't worry, keep your focus on me without tension,  
All I want from you is your attention.

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# Happy Birthday - Queen Bee

O Queen of light, my cherished 'Relia,  
Your laughter is the music of my day;  
In every smile, there's sweet euphoria,  
A warmth that chases any gloom away.  
You are the sun when morning breaks anew,  
The honeyed breeze that soothes my weary soul;  
A golden spark that colors every view,  
With joy and love, you make me feel whole.  
Today we mark the day the world grew bright,  
For you were born, a blessing from above;  
You're beauty, grace, and laughter pure delight,  
The finest friend, the truest form of love dove.  
So here's to you, my joy, my Queen Bee of cheer—  
Happy birthday, 'Relia, my dear!

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# Why Is The Kraal Quiet?

The king has been crowned, again  
He says his victory was plain,  
And he beat his opponents with disdain,  
That votes for him were like rain,  
And his supporters will know no pain,  
Even as they cheer him on, insane.

But why is the kraal quiet,  
Why are natives looking on, tired  
Why aren't other regions fired,  
Isn't a new child sired,  
Or are some consciences mired?

The kraal is quiet, but not peaceful  
The people are quiet, but not heartfelt  
The victory is won, but is it joyful?

Of course the king will raise the glass of wine  
And invite his court poets to dine,  
It will all seem fine,  
Assuming those quiet are in a mime  
Following the king's rhythm and rhyme -

Until that day,  
When the walls of the kraal give way,  
And reveal our decay.  
Then the kraal's quietness,  
Will turn into oozing madness,  
And the king's frown,  
Won't be hidden by his crown

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# At Ease; Not At Ease

A laughter welcomes the dawn,  
A wail is heard from the streets of the town,  
Why are some people at ease?  
While others not at ease?

Why are there armed police in the streets?  
And security check up on the tweets?  
Some say 'tis because of issues of security,  
Others say the police have come to test their ability.

"We are a country of peace,  
Everyone should be at ease,  
We cant be teared a piece",  
They say.

But...

Why are the wails growing louder?  
The town smelling danger?  
The police running faster?  
And smoke rising higher?

Why are the hospitals full of maimed people?  
Confused children in the streets, we cant see their dibble,  
Why are some people under tension?  
While others are building the nation.

The town is in confusion,  
Let you find the solution,  
Before the ones at ease,  
Join the pack of the not at ease.

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# Unheard Cries

Listen to the voice of reason  
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# Peace Or A Piece

Hours trickle, days passes,  
The 8/8 gets near and tension rises,  
I will vote for my tribesman, my crony... everyone rushes,  
To put the state at peace or set it a piece.

Will I vote for education and agriculture?  
Vote for health and infrastructure?  
Or for my ethnic leader?  
Or my 'friend', the village seer or sooth Sayer?

Will I vote for these tribal alignments?  
Working ineptly, incompetently and dishonestly,  
Thr' cronyism causing fund 'mismanagements'?  
But to vote I must.

They promise to make water out of Kenyan ice,  
To implement the TJRC report for everyone to see,  
Are the promises valid or it's their normal lies?  
The promises, can anyone foresee?

My countrymen let's exercise our freedom to vote our voice,  
Your vote is like a blank cheque,  
On it write your choice,  
A jeep -development- or a tuk-tuk -underdevelopment.

My vote, your vote will determine the nature of our state,  
It can change your village into an estate,  
Then the aftermath, we must maintain peace,  
And avoid setting Kenya a piece.

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# The Hatch

Monday morning, and the alarm rings,  
I stretch myself, I feel my body,  
To school another day,  
But...

I draw the curtain,  
Then I remember,

School life is over,  
I'm now in the world,  
Like a newly hatched chick,  
To realize the wonders of the world.

Life is a tragedy,  
Others say its a comedy,  
But I say,  
Tragedy is comedy misinterpreted.

Should I be the villain?  
To push my life's tragic plain?  
Or I be the protagonist?  
To go against  
Life villains?

To avoid I should,  
Life vices like greed,  
Which are in deed,  
Insatiable like taking salty water drink.

To venture I must,  
In life opportunities,  
Avoiding persons who are liabilities,  
In ones success.

So...

Today I choose to be a protagonist,  
to be an opportunist,  
to be a villain not,

to be a liability not.

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# The Voice Of Reason

Listen to the voice of reason  
Shouting from the plains of vision  
To many it seeks to address  
The political mess to redress

You've to clean the political mess to perfection  
Since in it there is no abracadabra  
Into the field of peaceful action - you get - and avoid argumentation  
And cease setting Kenya apart - the common mantra

Peace is the son of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Equity  
Not the respect accorded to the son of his majesty  
War is the intercourse  
Between prostitute Injustice and prostitute unfairness of course

Humility and patriotism leads good leaders  
Pride and dictatorship controls capable misleaders  
Nazareth Carpenter's son made a good king  
For humility led Him, not words to despise and sting

Peace existence, has to start with institutional sanitation  
Then mediation  
Arbitration  
And discussion between leaders to find solution

Aketh to the voice of reason  
Shouting during this doubtful season  
For it is talking with a reason  
To help you avoid chaos, even, treason

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# A Letter To Mother Kenya

Hello Kenya my mother,  
Much greetings from my sister and brother,  
We respect, salute and adore you,  
It is from your belly we wake up to see the sky blue.

Blessed we are with abundant natural resources,  
Wildlife, minerals, forests and water masses,  
And several beautiful sceneries,  
All hosted under your belly mother Kenya.

You've given birth to great heroes and heroins,  
Patriotic daughters and sons,  
Athletes, doctors, teachers, politicians and other loyalties,  
Who've led Kenya in times of abundance and difficulties.

'Tis my concern that mother Kenya you are bleeding,  
From dawn to sunset you are weeping,  
Tension is rising,  
Suffering, torture and deaths are alarming.

Kenya is falling a part - from a pessimist,  
Kenya will remain united - from an optimist,  
Mother Kenya give us energy and confidence,  
To prevent Kenya falling - we've to stage a defence.

Make us prove the pessimists and foes wrong,  
That mother Kenya we are still strong,  
To defend you, heroes and heroins,  
Who've built and prevented the country for long.

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# The Sunset (An Elegy)

Almost sunset,  
Seated on my balcony,  
To the west the sun is destined to set,  
As the weaverbirds chip in their colony.

Your memories flood my mind,  
All the challenges, opportunities together we underwent,  
Your laughter and cries echo in my mind,  
'Tis hard, this reality to admit.

Is it true that you are gone?  
Gone and left me alone?  
Alone in the midst of this ugly darkness?  
Darkness that initiates fear and loneliness!

If it's true that you are gone,  
Don't be silent, please give me a signal,  
Write a goodbye on the sky zone,  
For I still remember your handwriting, that will be a good symbol.

It's painful to call you 'the late',  
It's affecting me, even losing my weight,  
To admit I've that this is your sunset,  
All are our memories, to me that are left!

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# The Face Of The Moon

The Queen's uterus was torn,  
Then came a princess, you were born,  
Destined to your bourn,  
You opened your eyes, sharp like a thorn.

Smiling, winning, you grew,  
Grew with the humbleness of an ewe,  
With your ever shining eyes like the morning dew,  
Everyday, you looked a new.

Your father calls you nitty,  
Your mother calls you pretty,  
Your admirers calls you beauty,  
But I call you the holy city.

You have become the men's envy,  
Women look at you with jealousy,  
As you walk gently,  
With a charming smile, which is friendly and deadly.

You are the face of the moon,  
Forever I will feed from your love spoon,  
In the morning and in the afternoon,  
Because each day with you is my honeymoon.

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