

Poetry Series

Victor Rotich
- poems -

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Victor Rotich(2 February 1992)

Victor was birthed & grew up in the village, but spent his spring-tide in the city. That's what made him - Versatile. He has a great passion for poetry and wrote his first verse at a tender age of 8. He is a techie, sedulous & obeisant. Strangers describe him as 'quite.' He spends his free time writing & blogging.

Animals Too, Have Rights.

The dark horses around pushing you to the height,
your pride glares as you put on the light,
who knows, you could be wrong or right,
making noise all day and night,
not even for your right,
but your mama's fight.

Calling us animals with no future,
blaming us for your failure.
It is a curse when life becomes your teacher,
discrimination, when reality becomes bitter.
No, no one's got selfish interest or for enmity,
but everyone's got audacity!

Victor Rotich

Fragile Love

Always went to bed thinking about you,
my dearest and lovely you,
my love was deep and true,
our glamour and romance shed my gloom,
never knew it was full of doom.

After all those years,
of waiting, pain and tears,
I finally had you with cheers.
I blustered to rival peers,
as i embraced my answered prayers.

The whole world was becoming mine,
all we did was dine and wine.
Everything was kicking fine,
till that day, when all hell broke loose,
you turned me into a goose.

I wake up different, everything head-on,
distraught, my miseries becoming legion.
Your fake cuddles, smiles all left me in the desert,
the love in your face was never to the heart,
mistress, not at all were you down to earth!

Victor Rotich

It's A Jubilee Dawn!

Everybody was happily yawning,
that sunny hot morning.
The blue skies were clear,
the long awaited moment, finally here.

The decision was historic,
and the numbers, terrific!
The nation had spoken louder,
against the cunningness of the older.

The suffering had taken long,
Everywhere is dance and song,
now we can feed on our potential,
My president is young and digital!

Kenyans across all divides, believed,
God's will timely fulfilled.
More than ever, we feel secured,
for a better tomorrow is assured.

Victor Rotich

R.I.P Grandma

It's hard to forget, that day we talked on phone,
Never knew it was gonna be the last.
Memories rang in my mind, my heart beat fast,
I still doubt you are forever gone,
Never again, to taste your food,
And to share your jokes which brightened our mood.

You were there for me,
when the world was always mean,
Quickly, you would come in with advice,
When i was in for malice.

Caring, loving and encouraging you were,
Ever happy, seeing me go for more,
Your heart was so mild,
And slowly, i was becoming your child.

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The Hyenas We Follow

They make noise as empty drums,
theirs' is only empty talk,
full of nothing but day dreams,
of my land and their money in Swiss.

They command, we do
mistaking us for a loo.
They 'hornbill' with much ado,
claiming to be our voice,
they manipulate our choice.

East to west they sway,
they are divided at day,
but united at night.
Close the bank and they put up a fight.
'We haven't been got right, '
as they frown with might.

With our vote, we can pass a message,
of our tiredness and impatience.
before we become patients,
these chaps must go home,
and we'll be back on track and form,
to fast track reforms!

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The Two Ticks

The two ticks.

The fat, black flashy tick,
ever smiling at me,
and the brown, tall, round-eyed tick,
perched,
deep, deep inside my ear.

The two ticks,
pitiless, have decided to feast on me,
day and night, all night!
determined, to bring me to my knee,
They do it with euphoria,
as a female baby calf,
full of pride.
Thumbing chests, spiteful,
boasting, tossing expensive wine,
showing the world, their cheap wealth.

The two ticks,
cheers on, thunderously,
as poverty tears my ribs,
with its sharp, poisoned arrows.
I make their day,
I tickle them, crack their ribs,
when am drained of ideas, money
money to buy tawet.
They beam with admiration,
grinning, patting their smelly backs,
when am hopeless, weak,
lying down, sick! !

But, the two ticks,
are my friends, my people, my blood.
I shelter them during the flood,
I feed them, when famine strikes.
Am always there for them, in adversity
lending a hand, in times of need and calamity.

The two ticks,

spits on my face, thankless,
like a teenage donkey,
in the hands of a new master.
They have kicked at my testicles,
and broke my ribs.
They have turned against me.
They have even invited their friends,
to wage war against me.

Mooo! Mooo! Mooo!
Who will hear my painful cry?
The desolate midnight cry.
Who will come to my rescue?
From the mischief of these ticks.
They are sucking me dry.
They want my milk too!

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