

MAKERERE



UNIVERSITY

WHEN IT ALL GOES DOWN

BY

OMONDI ATIENO PAMELA

BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH EDUCATION

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**CREATIVE WRITING PROJECT SUBMITTED TO
THE DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE IN PARTIAL
FULFILLMENT FOR THE AWARD OF BACHELORS
OF ARTS WITH EDUCATION DEGREE OF
MAKERERE UNIVERSITY**

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DECLARATION

OMONDI ATIENO PAMELA, hereby declare to the best of my knowledge that this work is as a result of my original creative thoughts and mind. Where I have used the works of other persons, due acknowledgements are clearly stated. No portion of this work has been submitted to any institution for an award of any academic qualification by anyone before. I present it plainly out of originality and with a composed mind of truthfulness.

Signature: 

Date: July 08, 2024

OMONDI ATIENO PAMELA

APPROVAL

This project work has been conducted under my guidance and supervision and is therefore submitted for examination with my approval as a university supervisor.

Signature: .....

Date: *July 10, 2024*.....

EARNEST OKELLO OGWANG
SUPERVISOR

DEDICATION

I dedicate this project work to my family. My father Tom Omondi Mungu and my adorable mother Milka Anyango Omondi, my uncle Dr. Simon Saundu Mungu, my Brother Ezekiel Mungu, Boniface Omond, my cousin Shem Manyu Mungu, Radiance Rabilo and Noble Musa Ahomo Mungu. For the support in my academic journey.

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INTRODUCTION

"WHEN IT ALL GOES DOWN" is a project where focus on a single genre of creative writing. It is a collection of poems amounting to 63 focusing on the changes that are experienced in normal life span resulting from varied human expectations both at individual level and those of others around. Implore both day to human life while relating to my own real life experience, others experience, observations from community, friends and a load of inspiration from other writers works through reading. This project **"WHEN IT ALL GOES DOWN"** is be used to explore the happenings in our day to day society and give an opportunity to look at the society in a way that can give refined meaning through the work of my writing skills and to display the thought that these happenings are not too far from us the individuals and we should be aware of them. The project will encompass a variety of themes with varied feelings that in normal life such as politics, love, mental health, grief, pain, deception, memories and social life that result from how people live today.

I am using is a project to put forth my observation on societal issues and enlighten on the outcomes. The poems will have a diverse directive to the society and this collection just like many other poetry collections done by other poets seek to maintain human feelings by showing the positive and negative side of actions taken in what can be termed as way of human nature and in this I am seeking to write poems of human touch.

The poems in this project will be of full engagement with the title to ensure that it fulfills the objectives that will be aligned to it, to me as a writer and to the society that it is intended for.

Furthermore, It is a collection 63 Poems of different styles such as haiku, free verse, acrostic, an ode reflecting the feelings that come from the wishful thoughts and actions of different individuals in a society who at the end reap the experiences and outcomes in the long run which as a whole is **"WHENITALLGOESDOWN."** both positively or negatively. All these experiences are drawn from different fields such as love, politics, social life and others coming from personal experiences, stories from others and views from society as a whole. **"GOING DOWN"** is the outcome of the actions that the society or one has after a happening that seemed to last a lifetime or stay and live on. The poems are short, long, rhymed and unrhymed lines to effectively bring out the intended feelings and of English Language and where blending has taken place translation has provided in the bracket.

With this I aim to accomplish my task for the award of my degree, raise my awareness to the techniques and decisions behind the writing process, digging into my writing skills by offering a directive of trying out different writing styles and thoughts, giving me a platform to become an established and proficient writer intending to develop it more after corrections for road to publishing

It is my work of originality from research without any Plagiarism of any work except from inspiration from other works of other authors, observation and lively discussions

It starts with a title "**WHEN IT ALL GOES DOWN**" "then followed by the preliminary pages that direct that readers on what to expect which then lead to the Poem.

In a nutshell, this work is a fitting collection for all those loves the work of art, it is a direct identity to one's own feeling and thoughts written with utmost satisfaction.

A CRY OF SHATTER

It takes courage to be gentle,
It takes strength to be bold,
It takes courage to surrender
It takes courage to survive,
And It takes strength to live.
Where are you to lift up thee,
You son of the nation,
Nowhere to breathe,
For all is decayed,

You say the government,
But what do u do?
You say its stinking tough,
But you evade taxes,
How can I survive if the elder sins?
Today I fall,
Hoping to rise,
I'm innocent, but streets hard,
Even with the scorching heat,

I dread the day,
And feel nothing,
Tears flow not of pain,
But of no hope,
Home demanding,
Stomach cries folly,
Life is pricy,
Yet unbudgeted,
May be, it's meant to wither.

WHEN I'M NO MORE

And finally when I'm gone,
Do not lament for I have rested,
When I'm no more,
Do not cry by my grave
For I will be like a passing wind,
When I'm under the soil,
I will not be able to wipe your tears,
For I will be no more but a memory,

Do not know wail,
I did not leave,
I just changed my way,
I am not able to say it but,
I am the wind you feel,
I'm the leaf that has fallen down,
I'm there with you, but in my rest,
Look around I got the flower,

When I'm no more,
Do not sing for me,
As I won't hear,
I had to let go,
When I'm no more
Keep my memories with you,
Do not drown in tears,
For they won't awaken me,
When am no more, keep a flower for me.

CLIPPED BREATH

Back then, I smiled childishly at your words,
It is now that I understand they were sweet nothings,
Then, it felt costly to lose you,
But now it is all cheap to have had you,
It feels so cloudy to think of you,
Because your presence was nothing but poison,
You harmed my being,
Stole my precious gem, my heart,

Your sight was nothing but darkness,
That which was engulfed in light,
I believed in a single glimmer of light,
But now that glimmer spreads pain,
No matter how I feign,
The bruises are too deep to be washed by rain,
Now all I feel is sadness engulfed in absolute madness
All my heart can do now is to scream so much in pain,

I gave you my heart, and return you handsomely paid back with hurt,
And my trust, all along I felt it was love, only for it to be dust,
I trusted you when it was dark, only to feel it back with a stab,
Now, you have left me drowning in agony, what I did wrong,
Was I not sweet enough, or better was my love
so weak to fall in a single cough,

Am all alone in a broken life, shattered greatly to the core,
I feel nothing at all, and love exist no more, broken to the floor,
I can't listen to my anymore, I am not that strong, I died,
A feeling of lost stand, so broken off, it hurts so much,
Let me free, I need you no more, for I am broken like a wall.

WAVY THOUGHTS

It's time to make a new start,
But as leaves fall, I can't mellow,
Why is it so difficult to erase these memories?
When you swiftly grew a new bud,
Why can't I see light amidst this darkness?

Am so drenched in this unending pain,
You left me drowning so plain,
And when I try to lift my head, it falls,
I can't just seem to find, is it all stale?
Why can't I, when you swiftly found a new route?

Take a look, see how blank my life feels,
Except for the pain and grief residing in me,
I have nothing blooming within,
Or maybe I have one, the patches that you left unstitched,
Why can't I, when you swiftly found a solace,

Is it because I felt it more real than you did?
Can you give it back, can give me my light back?
What about my smile, give it back?
I want them all back!
Look at me, I am tired, tired of this unwanted feeling,
Why can't I, when you swiftly let go of our memories,

The same memories that you tossed down,
Are still tying me, keeping me bonded to misery,
I feel wasted, is it my fault that I feel this way?
Is my fault that you were my light back then?
Why can't I, when you swiftly erased me from life?

Or is it me who is afraid of leaving the past?

Please, I beg of you, teach me how to do it,

May be I will be grateful if for once you set me free from this fire?

I want to be free, I want to laugh again, or smile for a while,

Let me have just one chance of hope, I beg.

WEIGHT BENEATH

It is drowning me
Deep underneath my thoughts,
I cannot move on
It has clapped my wings
I lag behind in your memories
And sigh on with your image.

I struggle to swim on,
But the new waters tastes salty
Not sweet like the one
We dived in together.
Debris block my way
And i have nowhere to turn to.

Way a head looks dark
And behind looks even darker,
All clouded,
I cannot go on, and I cannot go back
For behind is hollowed
And front looks doomed.

This weight is heavy.
Set me free
Allow me fly.
Release me from vagueness
Let me see the light ahead
One which calls.

WAS IT US OR ME

Well this doesn't matter,
When You knew I only had eyes for you,
You still chose to leave me alone this way,
Well, I must say,
I was so numb standing behind,
Having all these thoughts in my mind,

SCREAMS OF ANGUISH UNANSWERED

Didn't my scream scare you
Were my cries not worth listening to
What about when I mentioned mama
What of when I pleaded for protection?

I guess my rants were useless to you
After all it wasn't your sister or mother
Was I not just worth purity
Or my sanity was not pure?

What can I say, still asking.
Did I just look a fool of satisfaction
Why didn't you ask me first
What if I was willing?

Tell me,
Why choose me
Or it is because you saw me unworthy
May be it just didn't matter to you at all?

I am still asking?
Please, could you tell me?

HIDDEN SCAR

Bright as he looks, he makes you laugh,
With so much humor you smile,
His heart feels great in its own vile,
Because he is stuck in a mud tuff,

He paints joy on his face and sings sorrow in his heart,
He cannot tell, who to tell on his lighter part,
Deep down he's afraid of his own shadow,
He cannot run away from the piercings of the sharp arrow,

He walks on with a smiley face while his heart leaks
From the hurt he bleeds with no hope of breaks,
Hello! "I am fine "he sings on his way,
In a brim of pain he pretends and sway,

For "you" he strives to stay awake in a clout,
But within himself he swims in the rot,
His realm is woundedly sinking him deep
And at dawn he knocks the mount in a flip,

REVERSED RETURNS

Below,
The soil whispers with might,
I hear your voice in a hollow,
Too deep to take a stop,
Because you are in a mare,
Seeing you is my prayer

It is unfair
To feel your return and not return,
In this realm of light,
Darkness echoes much without you,
I feel am in a freight,
In a bondage of suffering,

Do you know it feels helpless?
Because I am tied to those that you loved,
The smell of roses, toss you into my eyes,
And the t-shirt you liked, sings your presence,
Just like the flow of the river,
Your presence flows in my mind,

Your songs still echoes in the corner,
I feel you calling me,
But where are you hiding?
Is it the closet? Or the backyard?
Then it dawns me,
I am hallucinating again

Your absence is too strong,
It pulls your presence nearer,

The grave yard is your home,
But why do I keep seeing you?
They say you are not here,
I do not believe them,

Your presence feels blurred,
I feel your presence in emptiness,
I am in mess,
Your shadow clings unto me,
I can't let you go,
Please, teach me how to !

WHEN I LISTENED

Time Plays a part.

I heard them,

The words you said,

Don't you think they were sweet nothings?

I hate it,

That crooked smile,

It tore me apart, goodbye.

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

How swift time flies, and as dust vanish,
Day in feels like meeting you was my fate
And losing you was not in my control,
I can only say, loving you was, but my decision.

It only hurts that you were my soulmate,
And it hurts even more that you made me No love,
Sorry for being selfish, that I refused to let you go,
It's just that you were that sunshine that fired on me.

I am cold, and my body is so sore
My knees are weak, and my heart so weary,
My heart stops beating, my spirit has died
And I am sorry, I cannot hold the candle anymore.

I cry for my perishing soul, but my weak heart
Refuses to live on without a dream, it wanders to wake,
I am not looking forward to building anything again
But i hope that you see it, that which is lost

I can't express how hard it is, I hope you see it someday
And when that happens, may you be the cure to this sadness,
It may feel messed, but I wish to decay no more,
Until it is well, I beg to rest, someday we shall start again.

SHADES OF THE FALLEN

Now that they left, nothing holds them back.
The poignant poppies keeps life a reminder
Of the fierce battle of life they fought.
It has grown vibrantly on that where they lie.

There were things left to see but the fun on hold
Keeps track of misery to kiss goodbye,
Yesterday they sat together, but forever is gone.
Memories of the sun reminds of a goodbye a final time.

Deep down tomorrow might not brighten,
But the glow sheds light to hide the pain left to show,
And as they depart, we think of a better place to lay
With hopes of meeting them in the netherworld for sure.

Their departing is a reality, for they left and went,
A new phase of hurt dwells, a feeling of pain within reigns,
The blossoming of the poignant poppies draws the dew of the fallen,
A blossom of remembrance, where they lie still at heart of the living.

The dew feels like a new role where they lie in peaceful sleep,
Letting go in touch, but kept on alive in the heart of a brighter light,
The dew of the fallen, still fresh, no need to cry.
A final say to the fallen.
A final bow to the gone.

A LONELY DOVE

Every morning sunshine brings forth a day,
A day of light, but mine seem not bright,
The darkness in me drive away the light,
A day comes of cheer but mine starts in loom,
The day ends to me every night,
And begins again every morning,
But I don't care about it anymore,
Because that is what it has been all way?
To me and the world around is,
But just a world

Well, at times I join in the merry
But a fall jams in the way,
I like the laughter's of people
But I love the doors of my darkness
I'm not the only one with the way of life
But I seem the only one not knowing where to,
We all have a story with a starting point,
But I have a story with an ending point,
I dream of cycling in a circle
But my reality is a mess,

How do I wake up from a dream to this reality?
I try to run and catch up with it,
But I still hop up back to a dream,
I'm a loner, or better call it,
Antisocial, for I have lost my smile running
I remain a lonely-dove.

GIVE ME ATTENTION, JUST LISTEN TO ME

When I call out why not listen
Is it because am an outcast?
I cry to be heard,
But my voice echoes back like a fist.
Why am I different?

Why am I too different to make sense?
I feel lonely by myself,
With nights shorter and days longer,
Darkness upon the sunrise
I think of peace in the air.

I pace hard in my mind and say
What a better way to feel the peace
To uproot the unwanted
And what to have people think of me?
Ooh, I got it!

A smile amidst unseen pain flows
Maybe I will get the attention
Once I hear no more.
I will have minds under my feet,
What a better way to have a heart's desire!

I think of having peace
And I find it away between the dark,
With my mind racing hard on.
Decisively, I rest on my chair,
Never to wake up for I found peace

Away from the pretentious of the living.

I now rest within my walls

Where no one lingers but me,

It makes me happy, I rest on

IN LONDIANI THEY REST

They left home in the morning with a smile,
With hopes of making ends meet
Some with hopes of getting school fees
And others to find hope for tomorrow
So jovial and lively they were,
See you later, they said,
But now they are no more
They did not make it to the later.

They did not come back home to say goodbye,
They are lifeless and so cold,
Unable to bring back home the findings,
The cruel hand of coldness has pulled them.
Their families await their return
Children looking at the door to receive them
Wives waiting to welcome them back
Husbands waiting to say thank you for the efforts
But they are unable to return
They have not made it back.

The road has robbed them of life
The road has robbed children of parents,
Husbands of wives,
Wives of husbands,
Orphans of guardians,

They were returning but could not make it,
It is sad that they are no more,
They are lonely in the morgue
Awaiting to get back home in a casket,

What will the husband do?

What will the children do?

What will the orphans do?

Only tears that cannot bring them back

For they are no more.

PASSION

Deep inside your eyes the flames burn,
Flames of passion calling me forward,
Throughout your shiny eyes i get lost,
Passion so sweet pulling me in,
Tell me how to burn out this passion,

My heartbeat racing past my breath
How can I keep up the pace in this passion?
The sound of your voice so angelic,
Lips so grossly controlling mine,
Your touch sends shivers down the line

Every closeness towards me makes me tremble,
I think about love and I see you
My mind is shadowed with your image,
Is this what they call crazily in love?
You are my passion that wears not.

LOVE IS NOT LOVE

Where did it all go,
That smile that beamed from your lips
Whenever you looked at me,
I blushed and chuckled like a duckling
With ease that melted my eyes

Where did it all it go,
That morning midday _evening text
That kept me glued to my phone,
Smiling childishly at the screen
With insanity of your thoughts,

Where did it all go,
That soft touch from your hands
When we sat actively watching the stars,
With my head on your shoulders
Softly caressing my head

Where did it all go,
Those late night calls
That kept me awake throughout the night
Plainly planning our future together
Sheepishly laughing out loud

Where did it all go,
That love that kept you not away from me,
Your words still echo rightly in my ears
The marriage plans still linger through
The honeymoon dress i still look on
Aaa! Love is Not love.

SCALES OF THE HEART

Search no more,
Find me in the easiest form that comes
And ignite me wholly within a heart that is right
For the one that touches mine is yours
Silently I scream yours till my last.

Don't fight for love, for in it's purity you won
Yesterday, today and tomorrow it is there
Forever spraying the heart with laughters of passion
Binding all with so much care.

The purest of it is known not to sting
But known to take all to another world,
Forever bounded with the power to change everything,
So, search for it nowhere, for what is within
Unmatched.

BEAUTY IN A CLOSET

Search me not, for my purest form is clear
In secret growth and delight.
Forever touching that which is near,
Sprouting and blossoming in all shadows of light.

Let the heart declare a love so unique of none to compare
For i am here to stay where whispers of happiness play,
Love takes plight in those that dare to share
In the embodiment of untold feelings of a heart's way.

Love blossoms in the dawn of a joyous embrace
Carrying it high to the heart of the world
Stronger in it's state, lighter in its grace
Search for it no more, it is where it is not cold.

IN THE SECRET MONTHS

In this rule of life, there comes a soul so innocent.
Changing and making it more beautiful,
Making tiny little sound,
Together kicking right and left,

Oh, what a little sweet infant,
Sweeter than Marshmallow
With a soft touch to embrace
An epitome of joy of no speech.

A mewling infant
Full of chuckles and mischief
Yet so pure than a dove
With so much steps to adore

Running from top to toe.
So hard to cut in the chase,
A mewling infant, tiny in every thought
Yet so much to treasure.

In it's goodness and coyness
A step into naughtiness yet fun to watch
Turning an angry face into graceful one
A mewling infant, a hop and hope to grace.

SAVAGE LOVE

We met, I knew I would be consumed in this fire
But didn't know I would be burnt beyond recognition,
With you I forgot about myself
Thought that life was being in love with you,
I forgot of the things that reflected upon my heart
And thought that the main thing is to take you as my part
That you will stay with me forever, until time is not enough,
I thought our love was prime, never ceasing, never blocked.

Oh!

What an illusionary thought I had.
It looked so real from the way you smiled
Talk of how you held my hands-on, a touch to last
Only till the dawn of my thoughts are washed
This was just a sad rhythm from the beginning
It's just its pace blinded me
Now I understand, everyone has to write their own lyrics,
I wrote mine, I never memorized it, but now I have memorized yours.

LOST IN A LITTLE ONES LOVE

The Stars shone brightest and the moon grew brighter,
For a soldier in a princess was on her way to see light,
The winds blew strong and the skies completely grew calm,
Her presence without sight was but a sight of foreseen gift,

She is that princess of her mom who came on strong without a fuss,
And then guess what, a creeping loud cry, she made,
Wow, it was such a peaceful cry to long for never heard before,
And then she stretched her arms so tiny to touch,

Seemingly trying so hard to see from the laps of closed eyelids,
She opened the gates of blessings a treasure of the heart never hurt,
My super princess a gift so rare and a flower so fair,
A doll never to hurt and a love forever to cherish,

On a day like this nothing felt sweet to touch but your hands,
Nothing felt good to look at but your face,
No name felt exciting to call but your name,
And nothing felt nice to wish for but your health,

And again on this day, all that feels good is seeing you,
Grow much older to make a swift step,
This day only feels good to know that God has blessed a life in you,
It only feels good hearing that laughter so tenderly sweet,

This day, a wish is one but many,
More life, more smiles and laughter's,
More growth and strides,
More cheekiness but, full
Fragrance of life.

20th October,

My hero in mama was born,

My heroine starred the day,

Happy birthday heroine, a princess.

I FOUND IT IN HIS WORDS

He looked at me with so much ease and smiled,
I heard him whisper right in my ears, that got me chilled!
If beauty is meant for diamonds, then you are my diamond,
In the same way, my heart feels hardened by you, like an almond,
He said these with such a perfect Aura, I blushed, he added,
For you my queen, I need no kingdom,
For you alone is my kingdom.

IN A FLASH AND I KNEW

In a flash and I knew she was the one
She played the tune, and took my heart every way
I fell in love with her moving hands,
Looked up, fell in love with her eyes
There are moments too few, but the moments
I remember is of her smile
It happened in a moment, I can say,
A moment meant to be.

Oh, and I felt flashes, a feeling surreal within a sparkle,
She not only took my heart in the beat,
But also took my eyes in the sea,
My heart beat in a song I want to hear in a repeat mode,
Then I confessed in my heart, you are mine that I want to see.

From deep within the cheering crowd,
I felt her breath from the strings of the piano,
It pulled me, a tune changed all for me, and wished to stay there
I was fallen for the lips, and she was loved for her being
She was not my first light, but she made
My world at the moment bright.

I had nothing to tell on, it was just enough to see,
Silence engulfed me, only her heart beat fell through to my ears,
I couldn't feel her heart beat, but mine was connected to hers
The rhythm she played, had a dance in my heart.

I fell so in love that it felt like a joke, not on her, but my heart,
I sprung to my feet to head along, she was the one in my ecstasy
All day, all night long, just like that wonderful song

I thought, she will stay, until it's time.

For when I saw her, she stole my heart, and held it tight into hers

And my mind went blank into hers,

In a flash I could not move

She had struck me like the morning light.

In Just a flash I knew she was the one.

FOR MY BROKEN PART

When left behind and falling apart
When no feelings left in my heart
And when i have nothing left to show,
I know there's one true arm that stays on.

And when nothing is left to rejoice
And dreams seem to come to an end,
When I cannot count on my tears anymore,
I know there's a wheel that steers me on.

When life feels like nothing to offer me
And all feel so dizzy
Making me vulnerable to pain,
There's she, who provides freedom to my caged being.

She cheers me on to the end point
A solace of my kind,
Who dares to change the shape and tides of the hurdles?
A voice of my conscious soul, who finds my lost spark.

CAUGHT IN THE WEB

Out of the blues you came into my life
I was ready to conquer the planet Earth
But alas, all eyes on you.

Like a sheep, I followed you
Tail down, heeding with no clue
Shivers all over to the hue.

You sheltered my heart
And in a minute,
I thought I had found peace.

In the warmth and cozy hug
I was folded like a fist in a jug
Down, the well was dripping like a slug.

With wounds of painless pain,
I shrugged down into the drain,
My heart bruised with a single slain.

Itching fresh sore
Shattering and splitting thin close
Pleading for a stop didn't help me.

Was it all a show?
This question came in and I bled
Where were you who was meant to be my pillow?

Torn, worn, blown and whipped
All I was preserving was stripped

I had to bleed, I was devoured.

And all that was left of me were shatters,
Too broken to make a step,
Drowned in unbearable misery.

My soul haunting my life
Scaring away all joy and peace
Will the heavens hear me?

Will I be fortunate enough?
Or am I left to drown?
For this is too much to own.

HOLD MY HAND

Do you know your presence is like magic
And meeting you has never been tragic,
Your love is enough residence,
And for you I will create no distance,
Stay by my side,
And in my heart you will forever reside.

MY DIVINE BEAUTY

Deep inside her
Lies a shield of beauty hard to tell,
She is perfect within her imperfect perfections,
Wait, and when she smiles,
Oh! She takes my breath,
I struggle to read or should I say, gamble when I see her
So much that I lose the memory my name.

Like a dazzling star up the sky
Like the moon and the sun she makes me fall
And when she talks! Ah! I can't speak any longer,
Her beauty charms me within that is which is hers,

When she comes close to me, I swear, I get lost in her all the way,
What a beauty, the long silky hair seem to tie all my veins,
Because when I see her dazzling eyes, my body run in chills,
That body glistens in the night makes me want to play witty,
She's a merry star, I would pick her up and forever hold her steady.

AN ODE TO HIM

There's that one charming man in my life
Who has been there for me and with me
His love is boundless and without a strife,
He sings praises for me even if am to blame,

When I cry, he shares in my hollow emptiness
When I laugh he is the reason to celebrate
Deep down I know he finds joy in my mess,
For I am the apple that he wishes to cultivate

This man knows no bounds of sorrows for me
He relentlessly fight forth to the core latter,
For my sake he allows no insight of blasphemy,
I am his hut that which is perfect and smarter

He's not perfect to the world but to me he's a star,
He shines bright, wide to the ends of the east way,
I walk a thousand steps today without fear of a scar,
He's my shield and defender and with him am at bay,

He's that man with whom I call my champion
My lucky star to the universal realms of life,
He gives me all his love with so much affection
He is my father, my mother's husband, my "saif"

In his arms life feels safer than a coated steel,
Sure enough of no unwanted mounted tuff,
My father, is that man in whom safer we feel
His love is the rod of strength that is enough.

WILL YOU BE THE ONE I WANT

An ocean of joy and drown my sorrows
Or be my diver and dive in deep into my heart
When I can't swim my way out, will you be my life saver,
To save me from the wrath of hungry crocodiles

Will you be my doctor and treat me from heartache,
When I can't walk, will you be my driver till infinity
And when I can't navigate this life, will you be my teacher,
Never to miss any lesson that you render to my gullible heart,

When my eyes tear from pain, will you be my handkerchief
To wipe away all that blur my smile from beaming
And when I want to climb to the top, will you be my ladder
When coldness freeze me out, will you be my warmth

Will you be my light when darkness surrounds my sight
My writer and write for me a poem of praise when I miss you
Or be my musician and sing your way into my heart
Will you be the one I want?

MEMORIES

Back then thoughts of loosing you tore me apart,
Now that you are no more I feel I am parked

I lament for you in a foul break
And weep for you without a brake

We looked down together in steep,
Now down, I look for you in your sleep,

My heart sway heavy in weight
Yet your thoughts so hard to reinstate.

WOUNDED FALL

I'm woundedly falling in the pit,
The pit of heartfelt bruises,
The bruises of painless blood,
The blood clot blocked in hurt,
The hurt caused by life choices,
Choices some made in merry,

In endless shame I hide,
In my hide out depression creeps in,
And in it comes a long a thought of suicide,
How do I end it all,
Ooh! I wounded fall,
The Crown of beauty and elegance falling,
The fear of societal misjudge breaks me,

Where do I hide my insecurity?
Nowhere,
I am now the newly crowned queen
Of a fallen elegant princess,
To a new queen of misfit,
Ooh, this wounded fall!

I swim in my new crown
With heart so heavy in despair
And life of no great pair
And just like a bear
I wonder in the sphere
And down I wounded fall,

Endlessness of hope drown me
Yesterday brokenness,
Today abuse chips in,
Tomorrow suicidal take the leap,
Why do I feel a crown of no pride,
This wounded fall
Indeed has taken it all.

THEY ARE INHUMANE

When I called out no one cared,
Because they considered me an outcast,
I cried to be heard,
But my voice echoed back like a fist
Why am I different?

Too different to make sense
I felt lonely by myself,
Nights shorter and days longer
With darkness upon the sunrise
I thought of peace in the air,

I paced hard in mind
What a better way to feel the peace?
A better way to uproot the unwantedness
To have people think of me?
Ooh! I got it,

The smile of hurt in my cheeks
May be I will get the attention,
Once I can hear no more
I will have minds under my feet,
What a better way to have a heart's desire.

WHEN IT ALL GOES DOWN

The light turns darker
And the nature of life seems to fade,
The laughter slowly turns into anguish,
The success gets forgotten,
And is consumed in loneliness
Leaving us empty and lost.

And the past deeds hit on gravely
Realizing the hollowness we are in,
All have crumbled and fade away,
With nothing left to show but memories,
Of a life lived of deception and greed
That never brought true fulfillment.

When it all goes down,
And all we have is the remnants of our deeds,
We see the folly of our vanity,
Our pride shattered and exposed,
Revealing the shallowness of our existence,
And the emptiness of our soul
Longing for validation from the outside world

To bring forth salvation,
As our skulls cannot take it anymore,
Bitter truth hits high,
That all we cherished is like a passing wind
And one we ignored is what mattered,
The joy we shared and the lives we touched,

We finally remember the old man's words,

The one we termed "outdated"
Just because he did not meet up to us,
We now know embracing togetherness is key,
Finding joy in the simple moments is unity
And looking up to that man is life
When it all goes down,
The need for letting go becomes a drive,
Eliminating the voice of control
And feeling the smooth flow of life,
Embracing the chaos and disruptions
Finding rest in the midst of all.

IT IS THE HOOK

Her plight is to shine the table,
Scorching sun she sees not,
Because she's her own strength
Dirty you say??
But that's a little shelter
All she crave for is a smile
When she sells, she smiles,
She misses, she never gives up,

Daily bread God provides,
She provides a taste of forks daily,
Not because she wants rest not,
Because her daily smile
She wants more,
She's a warrior
Not because she fights with firearms,
But because she fights with her Smile
Yes, she is not tired.

THE STRUGGLE

A

Journey of a thousand

Miles starts with

A single step,

Do not tire,

Wake up,

Make

A,

Move,

Start a morning with grace,

Your fresh struggles yields,

Your everyday sweat

Is but your strength,

The streets weight

Is so heavy,

Do not tire,

Wake up,

Make,

A,

Move

See it through the day that

Your sweat deem worthy,

Tire not for all is well,

A daily move to success

You see it through

a great smile,

Do not tire,

Wake up,

Make,

A

Move.

SHINE MY STAR

Up and high above the sun
A brighter success awaits,
With a smile of blasts
Loud enough to light_
The one path that comes

Shine my star,
For in you my heart leaps,
To the luck that brings laughter,
With a smile effortless of success
They struggle in this path today
Everyday till the end of the day,

Shine my star,
For I tire not till brighter rays
Come beaming a little light
Everyday efforts of brighter hope
For some day, the star shall shine
Through to the direction of my hopes

Shine my star
Do not waver down to the loop
For the strong wind of destruction looms
Fly high above the skies of destiny
For in your light my hope lies of_
A day one to remember one not to forget.

I AM SORRY FOR NOT BEING SORRY

I am not sorry that I love me,
Nor am I sorry that I have pride,
But I am sorry for letting me down,
For failing to get up when I should have.

I am sorry for the time I wasted sobbing,
For the days I coiled in my blanket
Crying and teary whole day 'n' night
Forgetting that tomorrow needs the fighter in me.

For not recognizing that I am an African lady
Made of iron fists,
To never give up, but grow
Stronger than any wind of change.

I am sorry for letting the water waves sweep me off,
For being blinded by my weakness
Unable to yearn and think mighty of myself
But rather groan underground in dejection.

Oh, but
When I stood up
And walked straight to my fears,
Challenged my tears to dry
Folded my blanket and smiled
I knew a tigress is awake

Ready for the small steps,
To face my raging desire of success
To stand and stride on

Even when the sun goes down
And it's all misty,
I will not sorry, for I will not give up.

LET ME TRY AGAIN

Let me try again

I want to try now not today

But this time with so much caution

I want to do it with passion

That I give myself all the attention.

Let me try again

With a smile

Less effort but perfect

With wisdom

And better courage.

I want to try for myself

To climb up the ladder

And be just as I want

For me

Let me try again.

JUST THE WAY IT IS

I see it growing and my heart aches in pain,
Why can't we refrain from this act so plain?
It is a wind that sweeps us off from our roots
Immersing the life lived by our fore ancestors
Into I t's dark modes, sniffing it's morality off.
I shed tears when I see it's shoot becoming leafy
Making branches allover watered in without concern.

Now it's when she puts that cap backwards,
Or when he puts on those high-heeled shoes,
It is okay when she "sags" that trouser to its bottom
And walks on bouncing forward and sideways
With her hands in between her thighs,
Is it okay for him to plait his hair and put those earrings
He is even being praised when he puts on
A dress and makes up his eye lashes.

Why have we allowed the bad bud to grow its shoots everywhere?
Washing away those that we held so dear,
I can't even put on my all seven-colored clothes anymore,
For I fear might he labelled a "rainbow" community,
I might be discriminated and stoned if I say I love a rainbow,
Forgetting that my fore fathers treasured its appearance,
Now when i look at the sky, I mumble never to be heard.

Treasured memories have been clouded by a Smokey wave,
It has even become an offense to hug my fellow girl
For I might wake up to the news that breaks my dignity
This bad bud has labeled my brothers wrong for sharing a room,
The society can no longer smile when they walk together

Fear and doubt has flooded the street of relationships that prevail,
Is it not okay anymore?

Can't we just shun away all that erodes that which is mighty
And embrace all our roots that makes us whole?
Can we not divide ourselves into colors and embrace what we owned?
Let's shape our thinking into the liking of what is true to life,
Let's give respect to brother and sisterhood as it was before the bud grew,
And keep the memory of the space true to its true identity,
For i want to shine without any label when I put on my multicolored dress.

The growing bad bud must be tamed
I need space to feel free of my doing,
The bad bud must be peeled off
Give respect to God's choice of relationship
Keep life together as it was
And let the freedom prevail
So that my "brother" who plaits hair is not given a label.
And my sister who "sags" is not called otherwise.

DREAM CHASER

In his residing emotions, dreams on to pave a path,
Discovering passions and talents that he yearns to attain,
Seeks to excel and just like a river, directs thoughts towards his passion,
A longing thoughts of success lingers in his mind woven with care
Amidst the fears and doubts that tend to cloud his way.

Oh, he thinks of owning a house
He must recall and work as hard as a bee
Sweat all his ideas to the growing dream
For he must triumph through his many trials
Upon lessons and desire clamped on with resilience he attacks all

Practicing what he has learnt, for he knows tough days are ahead,
In his fleeting thoughts lies a dream to a bright future.
Unveiling passions, he adores his unfolding dreams,
Making steps so big amidst pressure and doubts
Embracing truth of self-discovery in a world of friendships.
Beckoned on with challenges, finds hope in friends,
Thoughts of transition plunge deep in mind
Ready to dive and ignite emotions stored beneath
His shared secrets between the mind and heart.
He takes plight into his aspirations yearning to tell a story untold.

PATH WAY

A gift from heaven, pure and at peace
Grown up full of joy and life
With so much dreams at heart
Singing and swinging with hope
Of completion at his best.

Taking it all as just a test
Yearning to secure first place,
Hoping to make mama happy
Giving his best shot to impress
For he fears the wrath of his papa

He grows tensed as exams come
Needs to be at his best as tough time passes,
Taking a break from his social sites and more,
Oh, he is maturing very fast,
He gains much, mama is happy.

With his backpack on, he strives to be more,
Seeking knowledge in the sphere of friendship
With shared moments of laughter lining up in delight
Seeking knowledge that would make life matter
Remembering the efforts to bring in a bright home.

With his growing spirit, he plans a path that must glow,
Curious of his choices, he aims to shape the future that lies beneath
Expanding his horizons with every lesson learnt
Forever looking on to shine,
A school of mind, a threshold of mind treasure.

WHEN I REACHED

My coming exalted me to a home of experiences
Board of lightening activities and dawn a of togetherness,
A spirit of love and a sound of resounding waves,

My coming welcomed me to a journey of writing,
A rope of continuity and a thread of hope
A journal of relief and a space of belief

My coming here rented me a house of support,
A bag of memories and a rapport of merries,
A flute of musical words and a drum of voices.

My coming here showed me a broom of joys
And a cluster of families,
I am mind of moral guidance.

MELODY

The need for enlightenment, comes joy of life,
Do not lose sight of what is right, have love by your side,
Be a reason for a smile, and not a reason for a strife,
Keep peace from skies above and to the land below,
Nothing tortures in mind like the sobs in the pillow,

See how good the stars above look, when they shine it mellows
Be that star of brotherhood and not agent of darkness,
Who seeks greatly to injure, and highly to eliminate,
See how deep and peaceful the seas are in the night!
Be that sea of peace and spread your waters of love,

Embrace all in arm, to protect and to nurture,
Not in blood and machetes, but in love and smile,
In joy and radiance, but not in darkness and envy,
Not in guns and bombs, but in flowers and merries,
In spirit and heart, but not in chaos and graves.

Live all as one, Love all as you live.

JUST A THOUGHT

Well, I remember flying so high above that even the birds up wondered in awe,
I clearly part all the way through clouds, springs of excitement unsealed,
When I looked down, I saw an angel and she said, "fly higher, might be your last"
I was prepared for the fright and not scared of things that change in hue,

I had got a trick so much fun to try, and even with my height it was well.
It felt so right and bright to feel my tides away,
The bad bud down had set me free and now, felt a change in season,
My room lit so lightly, Ooh! I felt that positive aura.

I slid in the hairy pants, giving a stern order,
But who am I? Why are they simply following?
I felt unusual coldness in my tone, as though I had become different.
I watched coldly as they were stepped on as though they were logs,

I plainly picked on one thin haired boy, Ooh, he looked terrible,
What a squeaky sound you got, soon after I saw him tremble,
What am I? Where's the loving soul in me?
How would I quickly turn into a monster, so easy in scaring others,

I immediately turned wired, I glared so hard that they all fell,
No remorse at all, I roared, got to hell,
I hissed and walked passed as though am charged,
And a gain, a feeling of heart, who am I? Where am I?

I have to trace my route back, my inner soul demanded,
A bad bud is growing, I need to uproot it early enough,
I heard a voice call, quickly turning to heed, it laughed.
You are now free, all this is yours, order, they shall follow,

A quick look into all that was mine, I felt so hollow,
Felt so lost, in my most inner thoughts, it is wrong,
Hello, do not think much, it's your time to rule,
Medicine tastes better, when the owner tries.

I saw a familiar face looking so weary, my heart torn into pieces,
I need to redeem myself, I shouted high, bring me down,
I want to go back, I like it simple, I added,
Being heartless is not a part of me, I can't be a bad bud.

Having a soft heart is that which tortures you,
Stay here, rule, and watch all serve you,
This is the new you, a new growth a new self,
No! No! No! I don't want a new growth, if it is to be heartless.

And with one loud scream, I saw clouds push me down,
I yelled more, and more, and more, and saw no one at all,
When I opened my eyes, I was down, on my bed,
My mom worriedly told me, relax, it was a dream,
And so I was only dreaming, bad, bud, must not grow, I thought.

I WANT TO LEAVE

I want to leave
But silent peaceful screen won't let me,
The lighting screen draws me in,
Freely enslaving my mind,
I see nothing but the joy of the screen,
How can a small screen do this much?
My face darkened out and lit in

What to do? My steps are small,
It hides my pain painting happiness,
But make me lose vision of life,
What are you really?
A friend? No, you are a slave master
I need to leave, leave to think.

IT WAS A RIDE

Down the line I still recall,
The times that I shone off
So highly to avoid a fall,
Thy beauty echoing much in a laugh,
All did not matter at all,
Because I was all I wanted,

The surface felt my wrath,
Existence meant being a head,
And a head was my path,
Back then, I felt my greatness,
The fancy clothes I took,
Trying much to be not a skunk,

They called it "Slaying",
To me, it was living my best,
They warned me of partying,
To me, it was my quest,
That I heeded no ear,
All went hurling past my fear,

What days were those?
I search for answers that only I had,
Like the passing wind,
Thy answers blow within,
I can change no more,
For a life lived is a pore,

Even the simplest has life,
While here lie,
Stuck in soil pier,
Admiring that which strife,
If only I could_
But I can't no more,

Attentively taking in I wish_
Beautifully it flourish,
Thy flesh is in a moor
Too rigid to flaccid,
In it I replenish.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE

Several times,
Over the ages,
My heart ponders,
Neatly and plainly,
About my journey,
May be I should alight,
But have I even boarded?
Utterly confused in my thought,
Lilens of hope still linger within,
Intense questions jots in,
Smoothing my heart with "It shall be Okay"
My journey is still far great, I rest.

DEAR CREATOR

I praise you not because I want something,
I praise because you have done it all,
I praise you because you look through me,
I praise you because the sun rose and I saw it,
Even when the darkness is, I still see,
You see to it all free,
I praise you all time, in my sorrows
For I have a life,
I praise you for you are Great,
I praise you because I breath.

In my sleep there's a name in my memory
God the Father,
In my sadness there's a name in sorrows
God the Son,
In my sickness there's a name in my weakness
God the Holy Spirit.
In my success there's a name in happiness
God the Provider
And in my life there's a name over my life,
God the Merciful,
I praise you in my breath.

CIRCLES OF LIFE

Let me tell you about my journey
Because it was five years ago,
But I couldn't travel through to it in all,
I sometimes travelled from one lane on the other side,

And then, I had to take on, on another side to reach,
At times stopping, seating, and even thinking where to head,
People pass and look on, but who cares about what is not for them?
I then wonder how this life is, just see how a bird earns.

Life spills a lot beneath the hidden thoughts,
It is with a reflection that we pray the untold thoughts
Makes way deep into the dreaming world of happenings,
It lifts the soul towards the light, and whence believe, it shall be.

I peer into them and think, how shall I then make it full to my journey,
And as it does not side, I look for a place to reside, to keep rest,
In so, it dawns that it won't change at all, I have to keep treading on,
Life is a twisted coin, one rainy side, and one sunny side, both befits one at a time.

It will seem like being chased by a mad dog, confused like a cock,
I try to find a reason for this, but there is no reason that is known,
It has been clogged, the duality of mortality, I can't

UNFORGETTABLE LOVE

I cannot forget and why would I forget?
In her rustic kitchen, she steamed and seasoned it for us,
Her food is something that remains in us
So special and true, connecting the heart to the core,
An epitome of love, making it easy and thorough.

Now I so long for her hands of culinary
When I didn't ask, she gave it all to me
In a bowl of aromatic served with love.
And when I quickly finished mine, she smiled
Adding me her own, her sacrifice made my world bright.

And when there was no more, she had to strive.
Amidst all the strive, she put more of the little,
Oh, a mother's soup, served and tasty,
Together accompanied by laughter of satisfaction.
An incomparable love, from her rustic kitchen.
She gave a proof of sweet taste even without the aroma
Her food smelt of love, her soup is part of me
I cannot forget, why would I forget?

IF IT HURTS, LEAVE IT

If it does hurt when you try,
Leave it,
If you can't learn to wear a hat
And not be in a cult,
Leave it.

Why does it have to pain?
When all you do is try to gain and
Not to be canned,
Why do you have to be chained?
Just to be strained.

Why does it have to kill?
As it leaves no trail,
Why must it?
Yet you can't fail because
It's automated you'll fail.

Why does it have to oppress
Leaving you in distress
With no strength to press,
Rather stained in stress
Knowing you won't get success.

Why does it?
Yet it gives no hope
Even when you hang on,
Obviously, you won't see the lights,
And won't beat the height.

And so...
If it does hurt, leave it.

SPRING COMES BACK

Turmoil upon turmoil on your way,
Here and there there's no hope,
Your life seem to wither,
And all is fading away into darkness,

Your journey has lows and no highs,
You feel you want to break down,
The tides are very strong,
Pulling you off the rail,

Darkness lurking over you,
Patching up a tent of sorrow,
Eroding all that seem top,
You now feel like a toy, getting bored of life,

Your path is tied all round,
Wolves hands trying to steal your success,
The "owl" seem to have rested on you,
And the spirit of darkness takes the light,

Hold on, it's never about letting go,
The shattered shall become clustered,
Allow the tide pass a way,
A light to your destiny lights ahead,

Over the other side it shines,
The engulfed darkness sparks,
Keep the hope going,
Your bail will come out of the blue,

Don't hate the initials,
If you have it, you may slide,
Hear the voice of your conscious soul,
Your spring time is a gem a head,

Waiting for your new time in light,
For some things just connect right in time,
And the season of vibrancy shall reign,
For the spring always gets back.

GATED YESTERDAYS

Time has passed swiftly like a fleeting jet, and yesterday seem far my reach,
Reflection of my dormant thoughts spell a drift to another,
These untold thoughts stray behind me to be a rock star in my life,
The ice-like fire shared before, now seem to have rested behind,
Yesterday's have been gated.

I shut my eyes a little tighter because I don't want to let go of yesterday,
The times when I played in the green blooming flower garden,
And swam in the enchanting waters of the river with birds chirping above,
How strange it was not to mind the passers-by in my fun,
But now, I mind a lot, and yesterdays have been gated.

Yesterday seem quite blurry and dim, the once green leaves have rustled,
And now the once fearful, now fearlessly confronting the struggles,
My today's dreams have changed, not like yesterday when dreams were fun,
Where I could dream of walking in the moon and playing with the stars, No,
Yesterday is gated.

In my mellow emotions, yesterday still lingers in my heart,
Going back there seem locked in my heart and soul,
I feel the gated yesterday's seasons in the air, not too far to ponder,
Yesterday is still yesterday, down the path, the gates are open on the other,
The gated yesterday's are never closed, I still visit yesterday, in my heart so clear.

IT IS JAN-WORRY

It is January,
A month of worry,
The hotness is scary
Yet people have to be wary
Of the signs of weary.

Weary of the tough month,
No money to buy a simple broth,
As all went south the December-New year,
The festive was smooth
But now it is Jan-worry.

It is a worry of the light wallet
December-New year resolutions are past,
Yet the weight of bills keep calling,
Their invisibility sting
Yet January is full of worries.

On 1st you jumped of New Year,
A January of hope
Yet it carries a long shadows of emptiness,
Merries of the New Year are drowned
Back-to-school songs echo from the children.

The worries of January,
But you got to hush and begin again
Step on it and gaze at it small,
Erase the worry
And the let the new wind blow.

WHITE IN THE DARK

Today it's sprinkly dark
And tomorrow might just light up,
Though it's hard
But no rest will till it's bright

Villains approach
Not because am weak
But because I hold power with my hands
For I am a victor, I won't stop until I do

It's not an easy journey
Legs getting weaker and body crippled
I try to whistle ahead
So my muscles and bones stop being idle

Now I will fight until I fetch success
Until the white lines in amidst the darkness
Then I digest its full energy
And rest on with a smile for making it

I will bath my blood and drink my sweat
I will walk on filth towards it
I will sleep in the rains and the hotter sun,
But I tell you, I will not rest till the white lines in the dark.

ALONG THE WAY

The colour of the leaves fall from yellow-orange to new,
A new dash of hope chips in and rustles along the path
We don't mellow, it's a new start to be wary of,
So go ahead, make a perfect start and release the fears in your heart,

Make a move and feel the radiance and glow, a fall is here to blow,
Some things connects in time, feel the leaves sublime,
The fall is here, feel the vibrancy of the swift moving air,
Along the path a new season has settled, feel free to nestle,

Keep moving, the cheers and fun sets in the plains,
The winds breeze the warmness in the air, and settles the leaves everywhere,
The fall flawlessly seem so bright, as it feels the touch of the sunlight,
With it, the shorter nights elongate the days freeing the birds,

The autumnal fall warms the temperatures, birds fly high above,
Along with it mama tills her lands, sets full her tools,
A season to think and sets all for a till,
For a long the path, the fall assumes the season s of thoughts.

ACROSTIC-NAKURU

N-Near the sweet salty water lies a beautiful and calm city

A Attractively flowered with the flamingo birds

K-Keenly planted in the plains of the heart, better for Safari rallies,

U-Undoubtedly, endowed perfectly with the beauty of kikuyu's

R-Resting down on the slopes of Mount Kenya

U-Under the horizon of the rising sun it lies.

IT SHOULD ALL BE THE DAY TODAY

It should all be the day today
When it was all green like yesterday,
Do you get that scary feeling
When it shines and takes away your calm?

Do you feel that smell of mud after the rain?
That makes you wish to sniff it all?
What about the hilly air that remains in the morning
From the high mountains and green vegetation?

Why then drain that water of the swamp that freshens
The air when the cool wind blows across?
Why build that industry in my space of leafy vegetation
Taking away my source of solace and giving me eardrum breakage?

Why not add me a layer of solace from that mahogany and eucalyptus
That you hungrily peel off to make that groaning house?
Why not add me more baobab to plant and cover it up?
Why not educate that village man to use "dung" instead?

How do you save the high temperatures I feel now?
When all you have done is drain, clear and smoke the green ones.
Who will regulate and stand for that swamp, forest if you and i don't?
I stand for it, I tell you, guard your home, reject the pest.

Let you hear the cries that echoes high across the earth.
We cry for justice, awaken the freshness of the air from pollution,
Let us stand, make every step, every action a steer
To conserve, create and clean the mother earth
And make it a home, a harmonious humanity where it was before.

WHAT TOMORROW HOLDS AS IT DAWNS

As it dawns, the day starts in a spring of joy
You wake up to the bright sun rays of the day,
Down through, you spring with hope of deity,
With a feeling of successfulness in clarity,
Then sun dies, and settles with your hopes for tomorrow,

The settling sun, sets in a wonder of tomorrow,
With it comes along a hope of to follow
Because assured you are that you will achieve,
The slumber resonates you for another strive,
Then it goes down to the memory wish.

Tomorrow grows older and you swim in hope,
That yesterday's "miss" should not flop,
You settle for a wish of unsung splendour,
Deep down, the hustle makes you a defender
Who in all, parks and unpacks his memory lane.

The essence of tomorrow with no unknown gifts,
Flies in a flavour of like, and that of unspelled spits,
Wondering as to which trace is of your attention,
No clear momentum picks in and you settle for a trial,
With more vigor, you pack in much for a whole style,

The sun goes down and you set in a new standard,
Hoping that tomorrow's light, comes in unslandered,
Day breaks in, and happiness creeps within the cheeks
You are dancing in joy as "tomorrow" has attained it's steaks,
You resolute that tomorrow is that time of No known knows.

Tomorrow is a flier of time, it flies high to bring sweetened peak,
At times flying low to bring unsweetened steak,
It comes from unknown_ knowns and sweeps in so fast,
It does not age as you age, but clicks into you with a blast,
Tomorrow brings your expectations at a time of its relevance,
That is! As it dawns.

BEAUTIFUL RAYS

What a name, that which you possess,
At dawn you wake me up to start a new day
All day long you walk miles and miles to allow me pass the day,
Without a rest you stand still till the setting base where you rest
When you smile, my world becomes hotter than fire
And when gloomy, thunder raids my territory with much heaviness
In the morning, your beauty lights up the sky, dazzling like diamond
And in the evening, when you leave, it fades away into the clouds,
Sun, the beauty in thy name is strong in its hands of appearance.

A SILENT TRAP

Home,
A place where a soul desires to settle
Yet mine in it perished and weakened
A place where a heart warms up
Yet mine in it troubled and squeezed
A haven of peace with whispers of love
Yet mine in it a cage to my breath engulfed in darkness.

With everyday screams wallowing over my head
A bruised heart from words sharp like a blade
This, just because I had no mama to warm up my heart
Echoes of curses sung upon my head day to night
All because I had no mama to change my story
Every day pain piercing through to my chest

Every day tears washing my face and leaving a line so white and pale,
A child of warmth now a sunken bait to food,
The sound of footsteps on my door sends shivers
Fear creeps in worrying of the unkind hands that strike and peel
A voice raging with words so harsh like a whip
An everyday destruction of innocent thought of a home.

Everyday prayer of a child unheard,
Just a little bit of peace, a little bit just like them with their mama,
The yearning for comfort just like a dream forgotten,
A war of survival must be fought, tomorrow is bright
All these just silent thoughts suffocating me in my pains
Wishing for a flicker of warmth, love so cherished.

Home,
A place not to give up love and hope
Resilience to pain a life without it is no gain,
A must to rise, wipe off the gloom and bloom,
It is just for a while, just like seasons it comes and goes,
A child with a heart so shattered must then strike
Break the silent shield and build a path off the mask of a smile

It is never the end, stand up break the chains of darkness,
build up the light,
Break the chains of silent tears, cry it out loud,
Rise a voice and make courage your shield,
Rekindle hope like a surviving cactus in the woods of Sahara
Make your scars a story to be told of your past,
Rise your head high, flee captivity of fear.

Forget the wagging that gave you sores
Focus on the lease of a single ray of hope that shines up
It shall surely reach you and illuminate that darkness engulfing you
For a fall jets in a new colour of hope and things shall get to start a new
And it shall be a new time of your life just like a spring wonderful days
It will be a time to feel good, bloom and say it is time to cheer.

I SPEAK FROM THE GRAVE

Down the line I still recall,
The times that I shone off_
So highly to avoid a fall,
Thy beauty echoing much in a laugh,
All did not matter at all,
Because I was all I wanted,

The surface felt my wrath,
Existence meant being a head,
And a head was my path,
Back then, I felt my greatness,
The fancy clothes i took,
Trying much to be not a skunk,

They called it "Slaying",
To me, it was living my best,
They warned me of partying,
To me, it was my quest,
That i heeded no ear,
All went hurling past my fear,

What days were those?
I search for answers that only I had,
Like the passing wind,
Thy answers blow within,
I can change no more,
For a life lived is a pore,

Even the simplest has life,
While here I lie,

Stuck in soil pier,
Admiring that which strife,
If only I could_
But I can't no more,

Attentively taking in I wish_
Beautifully it flourish,
Thy flesh is in a moor
Too rigid to flaccid,
In it I replenish