

BOUNDLESS VOICES
-Poetry rex-



• ASIA • AFRICA • AMERICA • EUROPE

AMB. H.E PROF. ERIC KYALO (DESTINY PUSHER)

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INTRODUCTION

A vigorous and informed selection has ensured that it combines the confidence of classics with the freshness that contemporary poets bring their craft. This anthology has featured all great poets in all parts of Kenya and to some extent outside Kenya. Some of the poets featured here are from EADtv, Surpass Destiny International, recognized universities, Destiny Ink Publishers Community, and other areas of education. Destiny Ink Publishers makes this anthology a story which stores poems which seek to entertain, provoke, empower, and educate. Themes portrayed in different poems are as wide ranging as poets' backgrounds but they share a common belief – enhancing values of integrity in today's society in effort to preserve human, and social dignity. It is through this anthology that Destiny Ink Publishers Ltd makes us understand fruits which come with tribal and racial tolerance. This is why this anthology was compiled by Eric – to show how different tribes can be united, and be made one. This is one of anthologies that have overcome tribal boundaries. Poems contained in this anthology were written by different poets from different birth places, places of work, places of study and places of adventures. They have then collaborated to bring out similarities, and differences from those places.

Boundless voices is an invaluable aid designed to harness poesy into one broad, and easy to follow text. This all-encompassing approach aims at affording readers of poesy a clearer grasp of this genre. Efforts of all these poets will go a long way in providing the reader with a better understanding of all aspects of poesy which proves that poesy is world's secret weapon in the way that the oral culture is interwoven into written poems, to be enjoyed for education as well as a good read. It is through poesy where readers meet, and relate with vast occurrences from around the African communities.

Boundless Voices.

2nd Edition

Amb. Prof. Eric Kyalo (Destiny pusher),

C.E.O,

Destiny Ink Publishers Ltd.

**AMB. H.E PROF. ERIC KYALO (DESTINY PUSHER)-
KENYA.**

Born in Machakos County, Kenya, where he underwent many early struggles for emancipation, successively a poet, a writer, a public speaker, a counselor and a mentor. He is one of the teen writers bringing fame to Kenyan literature. He travels widely, and has been acclaimed as a writer, an academic and an inspiration. His interests are in literature, and motivation.

Author of great talent; his works include – Chronicles of a Poet, Blazes of Love, Torch of success, In Your Hands lie Your Destiny, Revival and Navigating Youthful Encounters.

DESPAIR NOT

Son, you'll live to battle another day

Don't despair in thy battle

I can sense thy exhaustion, and growing exasperation

That gives thee nonchalant carelessness

And wrecking of thy naive heart

This makes thee befuddle thyself

With weird kind of reasoning

Son, you'll live to battle another day

Dazed fleeting impression has registered on thy awareness

Due to havoc in thy already troubled life

Caused by despondency, and downheartedness

Altering in thy naive heart

Failure is standing at the door way

Grinning down at you unapologetically

Only blood, and marrow grants thee sustenance to live

You'll live to battle another day

WEEP NOT

Son, days are passing when people demeaned you

Take heart, and focus on thy tiny dreams

Delude this monster that is failure

Once more, keep thy screams restrained.

Weep not my dear son

Don't let me bear thy sobs

Don't even let me bear the growling

The rumbling kvetch of thy agony

Wrestle a brute like failure

And gather fragmented pieces of thy dream

Where you'll muster thy courage

To alleviate from thy overwhelmed ecstatic feelings

Don't lose focus in this gallant battle

Despite it having a glow of dark crimson

That reaches thy horizon to detriment

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Once again, weep not my dear son.

JOHN WESLEY ATETWE (KENYA)

He is a Kenyan born poet who loves poetry because it is a God given talent. He was born, and raised in Kenya with a goal to change this world making a better place not only for him but also for the next generation. He believes that through his gift, God will help him achieve this goal as Philippians 4:13 states that, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me..."

ADORATION.

Father, Lord, today I come before you
Dedicating the heavens unto you
Because everything in heaven, and on earth
They all belong to you
Ebenezer I bless the heavens
I bless you my Maker
O Lord you're amazing
Your work is magnificent

Elohim you deserve to be glorified
You deserve to be adored
You're God today, and forever
O my Lord your kingdom reigns forever
You're awesome my God
You're so amazing
You're powerful
You always manifest your power Lord
Your kingdom come
Thy will be done on earth
You're omniscient
You're omnipresent
You're sweet my Lord
I worship you Jehovah
I sing hallelujah my Lord
You're the Prince of peace
Because by You kings reign
Rulers issue decrees that are just

Through Your power

I've seen the sick being healed
I've seen the lame walk
Indeed You're the soon coming king
Through You I've seen saints
Through You I've seen miracles
Through You I've seen prophets
Through You I've seen
The manifestation of tongues
Through You I've seen intercessors
O my God, You're amazing
Glory, and honor belongs to You Abba Father

Receive the praises Lord
Receive the glory Lord
Receive the adoration my Maker
I love You my God
You're super amazing
You're so wonderful
I give You glory my God
In the name of Jesus Christ
Thank you Jesus, thank you Redeemer
Amen.

DIANA-THE PAGEANT QUEEN.

You were born with a gift
I'm proud for it is in you
All I can say you're gifted
For you always tell me
Patience, and hard work pays
Indeed it's true Diana
I'm proud of you my noble poetess
Congratulations to you miss county

The pageant queen of Kitui County
This is a blessing not only to you
But also to your parents
Diana Masaa, congratulations
Remember the sky is the limit
There's no limit to ambitions
Diana this is just the beginning
You're now started
Remember to put God first

I remember you walked on the stage
With a majestic courage
And I saw God on your side
His favor was on you Diana
You made us proud
Till the adjudicators were all amazed
Miss County you're amazing
You're the pride of Kitui

All I can say is you're going far
May this gift take you places

May it open doors for you
As it is in the scriptures
"A man's gift makes room for him
And brings him before great men,"
May it be so in Jesus name
May you go internationally
Through this pageantry

May you find favor before God
May you find favor before men
May you reign and be the queen of Africa

I'm so proud of you
You're the pride of Kenya
I see greatness in you dear
You will do it dear
And you'll be the living testimony
May God be on your side
Congratulations Diana
The pageant queen

ENCOUNTER.

Lord Jesus today I'm here
I'm presenting my heart as a sacrifice
I'm offering myself to You as a deity
For You're my joys over life
Lord Jesus You're my Savior
Lord Jesus You're my portion
Lord Jesus You're my everything
I love You Jesus

I want to say thank you
Thank you for being with me
Thank you for the gift of life
Thank you for the abundant blessings
Thank you for this gift Ebenezer
You're amazing my Lord
You're wonderful
Adonai I exalt You my Father
I exalt You my Maker

Let this day be of an encounter
I want an encounter with You
May it be so Jesus
I ask for a double portion
Like that of Elisha
Be with me to the end Lord
Let it come in all portions

Lord I need a flow of mantles
A diversity of mantles
Whether it's a worship mantle

Whether it's a poetic mantle
Whether it's a singing mantle
Let it flow in all dimensions
For this is an encounter
A diversity of mantles
Jesus may Your will be done

Let this be unforgettable experience
Because I believe in miracles
I believe in You
Just as you said in Jeremiah 33:3
"Call unto Me, and I will answer thee
And show thee great things
And mighty things which
Though knowest not,"
Lord may Your will be done
Thank you for this encounter
I worship You lord in Jesus name
I pray, and believe
Amen.

THE PAGEATRY QUEEN.

Congratulation Diana
You made it again
Your family is so proud of you
I'm also proud of you
I see God's grace upon you
You're a super model
For this is your God given gift
Keep it up, keep it up

O Diana the pride of Kitui County
The lady from Ukambani
Endowed with the beauty of God
You're a super model
I'm very proud of you
Keep it up
You were born to win
For the Lord's favor is upon you
You were born to conquer

From Machakos to Vihiga county
I can see you've got the potential
Let me call you miss county
For you've made me proud
And I believe one day
You'll be the pride of Kenya
This is just the beginning
The game has now begun
The red carpet was your arena
Everyone was astonished
With your beautiful moves

You're super amazing
You're a celebrity
You're my icon
Diana Masaa the pride of Kitui
Congratulations, keep it up

May you move from county to county
May you go internationally
May your gift bring you before men
May God locate you
I decree favor in your life
In the name of Jesus Christ
May you find favor everywhere you go
I see greatness in you Diana
Keep it up, keep it up
I'm so proud of you.

BEAUTY OF ASHES, ISAIAH 61; 3

It's going to be an encounter
It's going to be a blessing
For this is what the Lord says
This is a message for His children
God is going to restore them
God is going to lift you
It does not matter what you've been through
It does not matter what you're going through

This is going to be your year
This is going to be your mantle
This is going to be your testimony
The testimony of beauty of ashes
For the Lord is with you
This is a declaration
Remember His word never comes back void
But it must fulfill what God desires

For the Lord will provide for those who grieve in Zion
The Lord will bestow on them a crown of beauty instead of
ashes
The Lord will bestow on them the oil of joy instead of
mourning
The Lord will bestow on them a garment of praise instead
of spirits of despair
They will be called oaks of righteousness, a planting of the
Lord
For the display of His splendor
That's what the Lord says

It's going to be an encounter
Your life will never be the same
This is your year
That's what the Lord says
He will raise you again, trust in Him
He will lift you up
You'll dance with joy for His miracles
God is going to surprise you
You'll be singing, "I made it through"
That will be your anthem for this encounter
My God is amazing, He never disappoints.

DICKSON IMBUYE (KENYA)

He is a Kenyan poet, and a lover of literature. He is currently a student in Jomo Kenyatta University pursuing Electrical, and Electronic Engineering. Besides literature; technology is one of his biggest interests.

SWIFT JOURNEY

My soul is awakened, and its own happiness deprived
My spirit is souring, like a wandering caravan
And carried aloft on the wings of the breeze
Above me, around me, everything seems to be roaring
And my heart's peace tormenting

The long withered grass in the sunshine is glancing
While the bare long trees are tossing high their branches
My breathe turns a mile into a non- manageable pain
The dead leaves beneath the ground are dancing
Mocking my feary eyes, and broken rage
I wish I could see how the ocean is lashing
Well, my eyes can see everything except for the
understanding

Before I wave goodbyes to the living nature,
I will kneel in awe-stuck silence
Gently trembling as I waiting the glory, and grace
Found in everything He created unassisted, and
unencumbered
As my mysteries unfold back
So, will my judgment follow me

SUPER WOMAN

God blessed us with you super mum
You are perfect in form
I wish I could take you to Rome for you deserve nothing
But the best especially from me your son

You whispered words of hope at my low moments
I wish you many happy returns on the face of earth's lens
I take to my pen because words are the only way I can

God bless you mama bear
You gave us a chance to life
Indoctrinated us with well needed values in our lair
Now we are upstanding denizens because of your care

It's only fair that I return the favor as I say, I love you
You, and only you
I am glad dad said, "I do,"
To such a lovely woman that he wooed

Without you we are nothing
With you we're something
Like a dose of bathing
I will always need you in my life, even when I'm not
lurking

Lovely mama
Bubby mummy
Daring mommy
May *Mungu* give you long life

Mama, that you may see the man you gave birth to
And the returns I always crave to give you.

WHISPERS IN THE DARK.

A mind wandering through catacombs of insanity
Am so deprived of humanity; Lunging, and waiting for one
Merciful death eagerly hoping it arrives early
A victim of catastrophe, torn up by strife

Am slowly driven away by feelings of hungry madness
Overgrown by consuming coldness
Listen to my heartbeats,
Slowly painting down in – rubbed limericks
Demanding the last tone of breath so anxious
With dim hope it comes with no pains
My senses are roaming in blinding emptiness
Scenes filled with horrifying absurdness
This is a deserted life bonded to unwanted loneliness
A place populated with demonic owls

My heart now beats steady in rhythms of hatred
Blurred thought, sick, and so much twisted
Painful destructive sorrow that never ended
The ongoing delirium in darkness is my prison cell
Whispers of music from a far
But the lyrics of all songs are not mine

TONIGHT.

I have a plan, to ran away tonight
I will escape my own fights, and find peace within
I will curl up, and forget all the haunting of my dark soul
Tonight I will give myself another new identity

Not a doll
Not a massacre of loud demons
But a jewel to be adored, and well owned

Yes, tonight I will stay calm, and find
A soundtrack for my demons to dance the peaceful tune
I will shun away from those fights that leave me in a broken
mess

I will jump in a candle- lighted abyss for the rest of the
night

I will close my eyes to every scene that render me fearful
I will block my thoughts from the painful reality
Tonight, I want to stay so obvious if it will take me
screaming for hours
Jokes all along or laughing the whole night as long as my
haunting stay away

Tonight I will avoid shattering in a corner
I will not battle with myself
I won't try to solve my mystery
I will let all the dotted life stream remain scary
I will please only myself with a deep breath

If the morning finds me well, I will hold on to memories of
this

One peaceful night, and be stronger enough to fight again
For that's what fate decided for me

DRUG.

I didn't fall for her first
Nope, I learnt to trust her with all my instincts
I learnt to share all of me with her first
Even though I have had trust issues all my life, I felt safe
with her
I didn't have walls around her; she was a friend, and a
family
She was a simple innocent relation first

I recall our first meeting; she was silent, never loud, and
intrusive
There was a hidden alienation around her, yet like a moth to
flame I was silently drawn
I was intrigued to touch, and see if the fire burned, and so I
walked a little closer
I felt warm, and addictive
Like sweet flowing honey, it was pure, and sweet

So, I got tempted to walk a little closer
I wasn't searching to own, it was never about taking all of
her
Nay, it was always about the little precious moments she
spent around
It was always about the times she was silent yet warm, and
scorching

Her scent wasn't the loud, kind
Nope, it was the silent seemingly elusive kind that slowly
makes itself into your skin

The kind that had no dirt on it
It began from simple talks, the kind that marked the rise of
dawn

And just like a wave, she intruded me more
She learned how to handle me better
Our indulgence and obsession was more than addiction, a
drug.

SHARDS

I worked none tirelessly to become her one kind of man
I learned to mask the man in me
I finally became the he she loved most
I learned, and later approved to let go of what I loved
I only loved what she loved
I loved her, I did all it takes to be her perfect man

Every morning I learnt to put on a smile even though she
got it wrong
I learnt how to unmask her smile, and did it to my level best
I laughed with my bleeding heart, and played jokes at
expense of my mystery

I will never blame her
No, she was never the problem
It is me I look back, and shame overshadows me
I wander why I did love her so much, and forgot to love
myself

I envy myself again for I was that strong to let myself leave,
and be another for her
I forgot my identity so quick, and took hers
I don't always understand
So, I smile and laugh at myself, pity I hold

I still remember so nights I sat still
For hours I sat by the doors waiting
I held my phone, fully charged waiting for her call
Even a single text could ignite the warm short hair

I remember smiling, and laughing for the messages she sent
me

I remember feeling that loving her was so right

Maybe she knew I was breaking

We were two halves a whole but my part seemed not to
matter

Maybe that's why she knew me better

I remember when I finally shed tears

"Big men don't cry!"

I felt disappointed, and broken

It wasn't because I knew I was sinking

I cried so hard when she said 'sorry'

Sorry for the pain she never meant to cause

Sorry for the times I felt not so right

Sorry for the mornings the sun felt so alien

Sorry for the times light was another mystery

That night I did cry, I felt so unworthy

I did feel like loving her wasn't wrong

And that's why she was my rise, and downfall

That's why she is my kind of drug; sweet, and so addictive.

LOVEEN KALYA (KENYA)

She is a Kenyan born student, poetess, actress, drawing artist, and citizen. She is a second-year student pursuing Bachelor of Education (Civil engineering) at Masinde Muliro University.

JAIL BREAK

A light is said to be at the end of the tunnel
But it is also outside the tunnel
Break that tunnel, remove those cuffs
Break the chains, unlock that lock
Get out, look outside
There's a lot of light there, the sun has risen
New hope has come, the dark is gone
And so are all the bad things, get out of that box
Explore, be open minded, and learn new things
Place those fears down for a second, and let you be a free
ion
Don't be mind- fixed, be free.

LISTEN.

Hear, oh hear, this sound of silence
This loud voice coming out of it
Listen to this please, hear their please I plead

Listen to the voices of the orphans
Hear what they can't put to words
"We are human too you know"
"We deserve love, and affection"
Hear, oh hear, I need your ear
To these street livers, refugees, widows, widowers, and
amputees
Those struggling to make ends meet, and trying to reach
their hands to their mouths

Hear, oh hear, how I plea
The voices of those victims you don't want to see
Of fire, drought, famine, war, floods, conflicts, rape...
Name them all
Listen to their hearts crying, and the voices they can't
speak; listen to their loud silence

Hear, oh hear, I cry to you please
The voice of graduates unemployed waiting for those 'jobs'
they were promised
Stop watching in silence
Listen, oh listen, this is my plea to this loud sound of
silence

MY DAUGHTER

Am a mess, 19 but I've been through 28
There's a lot I wanna tell you, but know that momma loves
you
Am still young, and not ready for you now
Don't know if you'll come but when you do, I want you to
know this
You're beautiful, let no one tell you that or otherwise
You're strong, independent, perfect just as you are, and
enough
Let no one take your innocence, and speed your maturity
Let no one take advantage of you, of your kindness of
purity
I'd love you to be aggressive, creative, curious, tough,
fearless, confident, and brave
Every good thing; not like me
Don't be afraid to go for what you want
Men are just men, and so are women
I want you to be you; don't be afraid to be weird
Don't be afraid to do your thing, and let down your guard
I don't want you to regret a thing
Not like me; be kind but not weak
Be gentle but not stupid; let your toughness come from
within
And, baby girl for as long as am alive, I got you

MY SON

Dear son, I've walked on thorns, and hot coal
Not literally, you're bright enough to understand
I've seen muscles, and touched packs; felt how biceps feel
Witnessed different kinds of strengths; I've seen veins, and
arteries
Heard voices from the deepest base, but son being a man is
more than all these
Live your own life, a happy one; be humble, and tough
And always on your knees to the greatest Father
It'd be great for you my baby boy to be a gentleman; be
willing to go out of your way for others
Be kind, courteous, and wise
I don't imply that you don't get muscles, and a deep voice
No, I want you to have muscles right from within
But don't let these skirts, and tight trousers to take
advantage of you
Spend but be wise; save, and invest
And when you find a good woman take good care of her;
they are rare
Momma loves you.

SHADOWY HERO

The battle is over but not the war
I will not put down my sword neither sit but stand
I will stand firm to defend, watch, patrol not pretend
For I know not the origin of these wars
Neither do I know their whereabouts, and direction
Just as no one knows that of the sun
So, until am sure you're safe I will stand
Give you my hand
As you celebrate, and throw you lamps
I vow peace to you will revamp for I will fight
Do it with all my might
Never let you out of my sight
This to you is my plight
I will be your light.

LEON JOSEPH OMONDI (KENYA)

He is a Kenyan poet, and lover of literature. He was born in Siaya County, and raised up in south Gem. He was taught poetry by Emmanuel Cheret (Prince Diaries); one of the famous Kenyan poets. He has made love poetry his product.

SOON IT BE OVER.

The pain of losing your love, the love of your life
One like no other, more than your better half
The one that mean the world to you
It really hits different

She was my joy, and kept me lovely
She made me smile, and laugh every time she cracked her
jokes
A best teacher, a role model and a caring mother she was
I really feel empty without her next to me

Who is gonna replace her
No, I don't think there's any
A mother like her I can't find, her love was much more
Her kindness, giving me the first priority in every positive
way
Mommy hope you get my cry, my tears rolls down my
cheek daily
I really miss you mommy

With hopes that we shall meet again, I carry on like a man
Hoping to die soon, so that I may see you again
I guess you resting in peace, and soon I'll get over this, and
it will be over
Rest in peace mommy.

AM SORRY.

I am very sorry, very sorry I wasn't there for you
Very sorry I never showed up, showed up after...
We had messed up

Am sorry I left, and all the burden you carried
Verily I was fake, and all the shame you bore on my behalf
Very sorry for a little mother I made you

But again am happy, am happy you never got rid of her
And for nine months you carried her, and a charming
princes she is
With beauty just like you

Again am very sorry, and on your knees I kneel
For my guilt keep pinching me, and your forgiveness I seek
I really pity myself for my deeds, and being irresponsible
I beg, get a place in your heart, and forgive me

Still my baby *mamah*, and another chance I seek
Responsible father I swear I'll be
Offer me this chance at least to see her smile for that I've
been lunging for
Please let her know am her daddy while you her mummy
Please I beg

I know I messed up, but just understand life was hard then
Let's reunite, and make a happy family
For that's what a beautiful woman like you deserves
And my queen you will always be

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TILL DEATH DO US APART

Till death do us apart
Yes I promise you my love, and happiness
Yes I promise you protection, and care
Yes I do, and on your figure I place a ring

I chose you from a million, and I'll always make you the
one

Your beauty kills me, and I'll never let you go
You will always be my best woman, me as your best man

Kissing in front of everyone, and walking like love birds in
town

When they call us Mr, and Mrs Omondi
That's the feeling am craving for, being the best couple in
the town

I'll always cherish you, make you my first priority, and
favorite woman

For a wonderful queen you are, my lost rib
All my love I give unto you.

MY LOVE.

Your touch
Your smile,
That toothless gap
Your fine chest
Leave alone your fine curves
Jabber, you really...
You really win my heart, and my love am ready to give

Your melodious voice when you call me, and sexy eyes
when you look at me
Your soft touch when you meet my skin
Leave alone your sugary lips when you kiss me *rambayana*
You really drive me crazy, and this kind of love so sweet
On my throne you sit, a queen to me you are

The taste of your delicious meal, and the neatness of your
room
How you iron your clothes! How you matches your
dressing code
Leave alone how you spread your bed, not forgetting how
you wake me up
Nyamwalo, a wife material you are
My number one I rank you, for *mama watoto* I got
And good mother you are, I can see our love is so strong
Letting you go, they won't see.

MY PRIDE.

Jaber Nyamwalo, life with you is my pride
You being by my side, you really mean the world to me
Having you with our kids is just a blessing

I am always happy with you, we play like kids
When lynn, and leaky plays with toys
We crack jokes as they smile, and laugh together as a
family

Nyamamana, you are my best
You brought heaven to earth for me
You solved all my problems, and made me your king
As I ranked you my queen, the pride of the lake of the
region
Life with you is more than a fantasy.

IF THE WORLD ALLOWS.

If the world still allows, if He still let me live
If we can still get to see new days, and get to grow day to
day
I swear I won't change my love

I will still show the world how much I love you
I will let them know how I really adore you
And their girlfriends are nothing before you

If my mum asks for a daughter in- law
I won't hesitate to introduce you for my rib you are
Don't forget you marry I Joseph, a perfect match we are

The future of my kids I choose, and a good mother to them
you are
For the mother nature I detected in you
Humbled, and always smart
My mama watoto I got.

MERCY KALYA (KENYA).

She is Kenyan poet, writer, vocalist, and thespian currently pursuing Acturial science at Mount Kenya University. She believes there is more to everything, and everyone than just the surface view; to look beyond the cover.

HELLO.

Hello, welcome to another instalment of my life
I know you never asked for an update
But like an online creator I'll give it anyway
I'm still alone, I walk alone, I sit alone, and sleep alone
Only a few hours older than yesterday, but feeling so much
older
I still crave validation, my patience needs medication
Afraid to try some meditation, trauma is my life's hydration
Too much of something is poisonous? I refuse to give into
that adage
Maybe I will when like those who said it
I'm deep into my old age, I still live in a constant denial
My job still sucks as it used to
I now measure success as the number of days I get through

TAKE IT.

Her job was to shut up, and take it
Whether her will or not the least bit
Ignore the cruel days by the sight of the ring
And tied down, severed her on a good wing
Forced to take all jobs, and punches
Forced to rid all her intuitive hunches
Sits at the table but will never rank higher
For what she cannot change, always under fire
Ever dreading the approach of faceless perverts
Ever bearing the pressure society to a woman exerts
Her job is to keep mum, and take it
Force a smile just because he likes it
Her job is to feign hope, somehow cope
Just grope, not one stop.

BROKEN.

Sweet as honey, dear amnesia
I send you this letter of request
So, that you come into my head
And erase all memories of my negative
Let only love, and care be left there
All humanity, high magnitude humility
And maybe a little pinch of pride
To keep my soul moistly watered
Take away remembrance from my being
Take away my name as well
But keep the light of love alive
Let me feel what is meant by pure
To see not my flaws but my capabilities
Your aspiring friend, a broken soul.

ONE MORE FIGHT.

"At ease," is what they said, "Fighting battles is what you
do"

"Attention," the voice was raised, "From here life is to hear,
and do,"

That was all before

Now I stand alone motivation gone, and wars in my head
Disturbed by what's said, body steady, and weapons ready

But the fight is not physical, the commands are not oral
I'm constantly on the edge, on top of the world but about to
fall off the edge

Ever in an unstable stage, about to my life trade as a wage

To the gods they believe in, without a thought to win
As many hands do nothing, mind too simple yet complex
being

Just one more, one more sound of their riffles cocking
One more command to charge on heels, one more rush of
her death living

Maybe then it takes my lost soul, heal...

NOT REALLY.

No... I'm not okay

Thanks for asking

But I'm sure my bad days are nothing to you

I'm not okay, but my problems are not your cup of steap

My mind keeps switching off

Living on autopilot for the past year

That's not something you care about

No ... Not really

I'm not really fine

Though that's my answer every time

And every time it leaves me questioning

"Am I really fine?"

So, no... I'm not okay.

JAMES NZIVO MUTHINI (KENYA)

He was born on 13/01/1999 in Makima ward, Mbeere south constituency, Embu County. He is an undergraduate at Kenya Methodist University (Meru) doing English and literature. Besides writing poems, he writes articles. He has written 'Kenya at Coming to Birth', and the 21st Generation in Love.

DEATH.

Death! Death! Death! It has come
No pity, no reason, no request, it automatically comes
It has come, death we fear you much
Accept it, for we are all candidates

A mother, a father, a child, a delinquent, a noble
Death fears nobody, it's brave enough
How courageous are you death?
Accept it, for we are all candidates

Unlearned, bachelors, PhDs and Profs
Death takes away every level, alrighty?
Mourning, and weeping; it leaves people grieving
Accept it, for we are all candidates.

DIE HARD.

I'm an orphan my parents passed
Am a hustler, I survive by God's grace
I'll never give up

I'm a widow, my husband is underground
I can't withstand when they talk or sneeze
I'll never give up

I'm a slave after my parents passed
Sisters, brothers, and the youngest are slaves too
I'll never give up

Am landless, and a peasant
A farm I inherited ferocious creatures took it, I hustle to
buy a point
I'll never give up

I have two cattle ferocious men are still salivating for,
where will I go?
I'll die hard
I'll never give up.

MY SON.

Hear me my son
I'm your mother, I bore you
Look at me, learn something
Oloo, hear me

Life is very strange, I tell you
We are still climbing, and enduring
Facing many challenges daily
Oloo, hear me

Go to school, and learn Oloo
I wasted my opportunities, change not to be like me
The school I went, sneaking with other girls
Oloo, hear me

You will see 'gold' entice you
My son, I was once like them
Alas! I wish I knew
Oloo, hear me

Alas! This was but a regretful thinking
I wish I could be aware, I could work hard
Life is toothless, but bites excruciatingly
Oloo, hear me

Education is the key, your life is locked!
Your life will divert, stay vigilant!
Emancipate yourself, life isn't easy
Oloo, be wise.

MY COUNTRY.

My country, I love you
My country, I'll fight for you
My country, I'll never forsake you all days of my life, I
swear

We brag of your economy, superb
Our agricultural products, high quality
Splendid and magnificent, they work
My country you're healthy, and wealthy

Poachers, hunters, and bad gathers are deteriorating your
productivity and biodiversity
Flourished environment, beautiful as it looks, my country,
you look awesome
They try to diminish your prestige through combative vices
they do
Through reasonable facts they defy, my country you will
perish
Roads, elegant sceneries, and recreational areas, they all
glitter! My country wow!
Everyday some beauty fades, my country you perish

The entire environment is ever green, aesthetic is admirable
by all citizens
Seasons change, citizens also change
Nature is destroyed, my country I pity you

THE NEW COMPOUND.

The day has come, for me to leave
My father calls me, to prepare quickly, I smile while
bathing
A new compound, I visited truly I couldn't believe it

My mum calls, "Henry prepare adequately," I smile while
dressing
My fellow had already reported
My siblings were not around truly, I was overwhelmed

The hired driver calls, "Henry do quickly", I smile looking
for my new socks
My cousin too is anxious to carry my box
Truly, it was the day

The journey starts, my heartbeat doubles
On the way he says, "Henry you have to work hard"
My mum iterates, "Henry you've to over work"
Truly, experience of a new compound was nice

The principal came in the evening, shivering and fear
paralyzes me,
Heartbeat escalates, and blood flow sounds; hardening
myself not to collapse
It was a confounding experience
Truly, I experienced a new experience in the compound.

OYUGI PHILIP (KENYA)

Philip is a young poet from Homabay, Kenya. He started writing in 2018 where he released four collections of poetry on Wattpad, and one anthology on Amazon. He is currently a student at Kisii University.

BUTTERFLY DOORS.

She said she found her soul
Mix of religion, little drops of spirituality
I'm just watching from an atheist eye
She found God, but her actions makes me doubt; it's
existence entirely
The third entity of her soul, so plugged into the universe
I'm drinking little I can get from her soul
She found herself, she writes
Her eyes cry blue, and words paint happy
But there's a little darkness in her thoughts
She struggles with her personality a bit, but I try to hold on
to her

She said she found the divine feminine
The third eye to her physical form, I just want to touch the
sweetness she drips
She leaves me in gaps, and meditates with the morning dew
She sings the space melodies, and makes me smile with my
midnight pain
My horror dreams with her visions, she's painting the world
She moves like a god, conversations deep
I get drunk, in tune with her vibration
She whispers in my ear softly, "Hold my hands, we are
going on an adventure,"
Day turn into night, turn off the light
Drink deep from my soul, and kiss my lips with a soft touch

She said she hears the universe talk
The alien whispers, she has got gifts from other world,

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Beauty from the other side, picture of her face
Lonely she appears, she got this vibe
This aesthetic, of a force that hooks my soul
She holds all of me, the alley walk with the street lights
When we hold hands, I get high in her presence,
Her aroma like the morning music, slow beats with therapy
I'm lost in her presence, let me not sink deep.

IT BEGINS

You seek validation instead of truth, religion instead of
spirituality

Ego instead of yourself, you take instead of giving
Simple knowledge!

As I hold this pen, and paper reflecting on my life
The horrors I go through the night, and the pain I see when
the sky falls

Smiling when the sun dimmer, it gets dimmer with each
down

Waking up with a frown, and a yawn; I check myself
It's another day, time to hate myself; put on that mask
Walk through the crowds, and dust; tell everything is
alright

But I'm locked in a cage

Inside my brain, I see walls with water
Am drowning, somebody hold my hand before I'm gone
Maybe I will, before that time let me write my story in a
minute

See I've been holding myself, seeing from the outside
Fighting my soul to breathe, the demons make me feel
weak

Am lost in the deep end with fist fights

I feel tired sometimes, sleep escapes my mind
In the darkest hours of time, the picture is dark

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So, is my face these words that I breathe
Sitting down, under this tree, the journey begins

HEY LUCY

People like me – have the darkest minds
Poets like me- have the darkest rhymes
I try to smile, and laugh whenever I see your smile

Good grief – glorious dead
Mysterious smile, under the grass
The colours swirl, she asks who I am
The darkest days, sometimes I want out

She told me, hold on child, I see the light behind
Your eyes, the dreams shine don't die
Holding on to my grip feels the rapture
Let your soul crumble when I touch your mind

You and I, lost in the sea, beautiful waves splash on our
face
You holding my mind, lost in wonder; how would I figure
you out?
The patterns of the universe, everything is clear in my eyes

I'm spilling off –peeling off the paint, drowned in the form,
the seeker of the gates
Gates to higher freedom
Patterns of reality, close to the Maker, strange hum
Stranger within making Him smile, dipped in the wave
The colours wash his essence, present moves slow

COFFEE, AND BLANKS.

Straight up younging, dreaming
On a cold night, singing – songs of the lost gods, I rewind
the tapes to the old tales
The droplets smooth like jazz, the viscous starts, then hits
hard
Plus the smoke, green if you know the feel

The year 2018, stayed up screaming, and dreaming
Young brother was lost in the dark, in his thoughts, all he
could see was worlds
Some blank, and some tasted sour in the lonely hours
Seated in a corner, plotting

So many reruns; the story, he didn't know the end
He saw something of a last breathe, the saddest take, he was
the drop pale
Call it mystery or fate, the world works in different ways
Only the clearest minds can see the plays

He gained a touch from the stars he felt, he could bend
words right to left
With the slickest of rhymes he set himself on a path
The first step took him to mars

Martian , Martian, he saw the lies of reality, and duality of
the human mind
Beyond his physical form, he transformed seeking the
knowledge of the ancient world

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The song placed on and on, the lost tapes

Half reality, half fantasy, divinity to his soul
Colour spill to the coffin, the great unknown
Just another story of resurrection, he found his soul.

THIS IS ART.

Young, talented, and black; those were the words from
mama

As she held my arm, she saw the future, something I
couldn't see

Now 22 years into the picture, everything is clear from my
eye

Grasp of the vision my birth prophesied

I'm scrambling for the masterpiece my mama preached, put
me on this path;

It feels like redemption – second chances, other times it
feels like I'm jumping fences

Over the other side, the grass is greener; fate is meaner

I can't complain, it kept me clear from the suicide thoughts
I dreamt

Life was horror, I saw red and terror; my heart was
skipping beats

That was my hell, now it's clearer; it's something bigger in
the universe

With the infinity I converse trying to understand the picture

Every day is a new day, I understand little by little

With these words I say, it's a feeling beyond matter

Beyond the physical, and what matters

It's something new, I hope to paint before my last breathe

In a few moments, ring me the alarm to wake up me from
my thoughts.

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A. A OLUWASEUN (NIGERIA)

He was born in Lagos, Nigeria. He is a prolific writer specialized in genres like poetry, essays, novels and a lot of inspiring books

His creative works include, The lost love, Perils of Christian Brothers, On my way to school, The helpless, Bride and Bribe and many others

WE HOPE.

Here lies the ruins of a once land of promise
An expanse that flowed with milk, and honey
Now inundated by the blood of innocents
Sons, and daughters of the same land
Much has gone wrong yet we wonder
If the darkest part of this night is truly the advent of dawn
We miss the sound of the morning bells which toll the new
dawn, and hope
We miss times of hope in what now is the valley of the
death
The mere approach of twilight portends insecurity, and
danger
We miss joyous, and funny days for all we know is sadness,
and silence
Through the regret, there is hope; hope that our land would
again flow with milk, and honey;
The day we would wake the sound of the bells again; hope
that we would be safe, and secure;
Hope for a return of joy, and gaiety; tis our God – given,
and in alienable right
We hope because we live amidst all these; for where there
is a will, there is life
He read, studied, and mulled over his faith; he did his
bidding, bowed his head in submission
But raising up his head, he saw an obscene picture; she was
a breathing temptation
He closed his eyes, and prayed for strength.

THE HELPLESS.

I see them as a family, but I got sidelined
I showed 'em love, they reciprocated with clauses

...human with numerous hearts, clinched to evil darkness
Careless and fearless; life is pain, and equity

I'm not hopeless, neither am I discouraged
I'll cry loud for help, my helpers are my haters

Revenge not on my path, I stick to my priority
Success! Success! Success! One day is one day

MERCY MUTUNE (KENYA).

She was born on 6th April 2003 in Machakos, Kenya. She is currently chasing her dream at St. Martin Utithini Secondary School. She was introduced to poetry by Eric Kyalo who made her a great poetess.

JOY TO MISSIONARIES.

Joy to the missionaries, you showed us kind gestures
You held our hands, and showed us steps of faith
Though a long journey, today we celebrate the fruits of our
faith

Joy to the missionaries, we are so grateful for your kindness
You spread Christianity, and hampered Islam
You abolished slave trade which was dehumanizing, and
unfair
Causing misery, and suffering to innocent Africans
Today we celebrate the fruits of our faith

Joy to the missionaries, you showed up great efforts
throughout all situations
You failed in your mission, and were attacked by diseases
You faced language barriers, rejection, and oppression
But, all in all, you never gave up.

MUM ROSIE

You're such an amazing creature, you carried me nine
months in your womb

You bore all the pain, to the world you brought me
For six months you fed me with milk from your furbished
breasts

How affectionate are you?

You comforted me whenever I was so desperate
You sang sweet songs to me, and taught me how to count
You became my first teacher

You took me to church, and became my first mentor
You took me to school, and encouraged me to work hard
You gave me hope that there is no gain without pain

What can I offer to you as a sign of my gratitude?
What can I reward you to compensate your actions
I will always care, respect, and obey you
I'll love you my princess to the moon, and back because
you deserve to be happy
I can't let you off my heart because you're my only mother.

MY PRAYER.

Hear my prayer O lord, give ear to my supplications
In your faithfulness answer me for I know that you're
inferior to the most eminent

Grant me serenity to accept what is unchangeable
And courage to change all that I can for You alone you're
powerful, and merciful

Unlike the serpent who deceived Eve by its craftiness,
protect me from all temptations
Grant me grace to bear all the troubles in all situations I
face

Oh, that you would bear with me in a little folly, and indeed
you do bear with me
In all difficulties I face in life hold me with your love, and
mercy

You have made me from nothing to something
From nobody to somebody; from nowhere to somewhere
I thank you my Redeemer.

JOSEPH, MY LOVE.

Love does not encourage conventions, and primaries
Love is all about plurality to the person you love most, and
indeed you're the one

You gave me hopes, and promised me faithfulness
You're loving, and caring; I admire to be with you bare
footed on the grass
In the darkness dancing 'Bebup' music together holding
each other tightly

You hug affectionately, and cherish my smiles
You make me feel like a queen in our own house
I'd love you come, and stay with me for you're my lovely
darling
I'd never like to split up with you because I'm madly in
love with you

You drive crazy, and make me a compulsive leader of
romance
Because you're such a romantic babe
You create a whirl wind romance every time, and eradicate
love hate relationship between us
How wonderful, and romantic are you! You 're my
favourite valentine.

MY PLIGHT.

To my fellow youth, I do say this to condemn
Although I had said it before that you're in my heart,
together we are united
In building peace, and unity in our own nation to enhance
prosperity
Let's not be lured by our greedy leaders who do bribe us to
create violence, and instability
How shameless are they? May they perish in darkness

Let's love our country, be ready to die for it, and live in it,
for the sake of it
Great is my boldness of speech towards you, and my
boasting on your behalf
For I'm filled with comfort, and exceeding jollity in all our
tribulations, and efforts we've made
To build peace and unity, and promote togetherness, and
make one nation
That is politically stable.

MARY DIANA (KENYA)

She is a simple idealistic provincial girl, a poetess, a motivational speaker, and a successful form four leaver.

DEAR SELF

Dear self

You have been through a lot but endured it all
So fragile you was, now a hardcore you've become

Dear self

Don't seize being nice for it won't cost you a cent
Just keep the spirit of spraying kindness to all

Dear self

Let not the past take the better of you
Cos you still have your whole life ahead of you
And good memories to create out of it

Dear self

Take nothing for granted
Always learn to appreciate the little things
For you can never tell what your future holds

Dear self

Struggle not to impress the crowd
For what is yours will always find its way to your heart.

IS IT A CRIME TO LOVE?

Some people love the sky regardless the weather, and so is
my love for you

But you shattered me into pieces while I was dying to
collect you

If loving was a crime, then I'll be behind bars by now, I
gave my all to you

I thought I'll forever be your damsel, and you my fella

I had faith in our love, a picture I perfectly saw, intoxicated
by you I was

But you were not intoxicated by me as I thought

I gave my all, but in return got a lifetime heartbreak, a scar
that will take forever to heal

I didn't see this coming for I was blindly in love

I can't believe that am just a nobody, totally nobody at my
groom's wedding

Hearing you declare love to someone else breaks my heart
even more.

THE YOUNG SHALL GROW.

Listen my son, it's the end that matters, not the beginning
Life may not be easy for it may tease us at times, leaving us
in despair

But remember one thing, the little shall be old
And good life you shall have but for now son
Just try to make lemonade out of this life is giving you

You didn't choose to be an intelligent child
Neither did I want that, but since it can't be undone
You will have to cope up with whatever comes your way

They say time is the healer for the wise
And everything has its own time to manifest
So, keep calm my son for the future in you is bright.

HUNGRY PAIN.

Rolling my sleeve I prinked my wrist
Ready to desert the room but to no avail
For the pain inside me is overwhelming
And my thoughts are drowned back

Back to the days when you made it crystal clear
That it was over between us
Is the same day happiness seized knocking at my doorstep

For the scars you left me with are still as fresh as daisy
In this abyss of pain, it's just me alongside this dreadful
world
For the pain is what I have for breakfast, lunch and supper

Day by day am dimming away
Since "it's over " thing had hit me differently
Pain with no solution am facing
How I wish I could go back in times
When solutions used to present themselves.

FELIX MIHESO (KENYA)

He is a young scholar at Mount Kenya University, a play's director, and a writer of short stories, poetry, and plays. His passion lies in all works of art.

AM KINDER LEAKING

Am kinder leaking
To be honest am done licking
I drip, and trip but I get in the trap just by bit, a beat kinder
Hip-hop beats trap
Am kinder broken, fragments the fabric
Allure fragrance burning of the far- brick
Stupid, yes, a prick leaking
Heart a minor prick major D
Musical woven into a sharp major
Am torn in two I feel needling
I feel a need, always giving care, am stitch
“les mots peasant tuer....”
That’s French for “words can kill”
Life happens.

REST IN PARADISE MAJOR

No matter how hard I try, all I do is cry
Doesn't matter if to myself I lie
Nothing is fine so why? Tears down
These cheeks, and will be shedding 'em for weeks...

Sweet sixty, plus six known him for less than sixteen
As father for four, a friend, and later a foe
A man of valour, fisting manners in me with iron
A generous general, showing love, and hate in equal
proportions
A father to many, a grandfather to more
A light dimmed early, now I ask myself
You insisted I come, and see you on your sickbed
You had a message for me
I blame myself I didn't come so am sad, and depressed
So long grand Paul....
Rest in paradise major.

STRIVE FOR LOVE

I begged for it
Seemed like I stretched my hand into her folded heart
I reached for it, seems like I stared into eyes
That were looking to the inside of the owner's soul

Trauma is my solace
Love is my poison
Sorrow is my pillar
Happiness is my killer

I stretched my hand
She was snatched from my reach
This is my new norm
Yes, "Life happens...."

MY NEED

Nonchantly I grabbed my composure, gazed her in the eyes
And all I needed was a break up
Not because she ain't good for me
But the bridge was getting
A little too high for me to manage the fright
"Just feel free, have your space
Instead of having an occupied vacuum,"
She's no hussy nor a limbo
But my insecurities, overprotection, and the likes won't fit
in her world
She's just so different, so away
Yet close, so unbearable
Lovable, and addictive
The acumen hurts, but I'll recuperate with time.

DEAR MAMA.

Oh, beloved me! Dear mama
Here to foresee I come to you
Indeed of the suffering, and pain
I behold you deep in pain
Nine months begotten
I believe I shall succeed
Even if I lack a need
I got in mind at the moment
Whether joy or sorrowful moments
Your heavenly father is with us
And we shall live together as us.

ANDRE KATCHEREKHWANYA (MALAWI)

He is a Malawian poet, a critic, a computer specialist, and an editor. He did business management at K and M school of accountancy in Malawi.

STILL HOPING

Nothing to ease her crying

She is done waiting, searching

All she now is breathing, love to her feels like teasing

She sours, seeing other lovers together walking

And wonders, when true love be calling

For her to love again, and forget all of her rolling pain

She's seen loyal to every new love

Thinking that its' love from above

Putting everything into the relationship

But all she gets in return is unforgettable weep

But she still believes that as long as she lives

From her kindness, beauty, and humbleness

Someone from the other end of this earth,

Is gonna put a diamond ring on her finger

And only have her in mind to linger.

LUKEWARM CHRISTIAN'S SONG

Drawing to the edge of consumed dreams

Where up above the heavens seems eyeless

Down beyond the signs are ruthless

Uncomforted, with a crying so endless

All strides die to a sleep

The way seems long, no sweet song from the deep

To fill my hollowed soul but fear that walks on hands, and feet

The pain, and the pain of my sins all meet

Being shut inside mocking eyes

Morning under the shade of hell's skies

Along my blood growing fire leaps

Hells fire is real, leaving me only to gnaw my teeth

The sin fed on my soul percolated it more

Loved it for so long, and killed it strong

ROTTEN BEUTY

She glistens in the starlight dreams

Her eyes glow young, staring blue

Perfectly chiseled, and put in place

But all of these gather untimely death

To the dull minded fools

She soothes their sighing

With pendulous hips that hang a shaking

A rotten beauty in ready

And yet too many men dwell in her head

But all, and in a dream walking dead

Little lips charmed with use of cosmetic bodies

But fade in seconds, with a thousand stolen kisses

In one's life, she's the one to fill poisonous tears

But be careful, you with feelings in black, and white

Before she breathes dirty into your lungs for just a night.

AFRICA FOR AFRICANS.

African heroes fought for Africa

Africa for Africans

Africa is sweet, real is Africa

Africa is not for non Africans

Africa sing one song of Africa

Sing it not with slaves, but the owners of Africa

Africa liberate with Africa

Africa repatriate Africa

Africans end corruption chewing Africa

Africans end political impulse warming Africa

End xenophobia in Africa

Never sale Africa to non-Africans

Africa is for Africans

Africa colours still a peg of all misunderstandings

To non Africans who misinterpret Africans

Africa liberate with Africans

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To teach non Africans who misinterpret Africans

The sweet morals of Africans

Stop breathing a pool of wars

That torment, and kill innocent souls

Africa liberate Africans

Your good fight must stitch all broken minds into one fined mind

No more weeping, but kindness in her healing we shall find

By non Africans not from Africa

By Africans who understand Africans

WHEN WITH US

When with us, I see the rainbow in your eyes

And I feel like melting upon, touching your joyful tears

Tingling, and mingling when tired, we watch the stars as they start
to die

As they kiss the darkness goodbye

It feels like a game of clasping fingers before the sun

Our hearts leaping inside, from side to side with a run

Against the inside wind blowing all the sting of pain behind

It feels like breaking, and forging our hearts a new

When with us, a coloured hue

We bloom each other's body with magical arms

Carefully in the midst of twinkling transference

JOSEPH FAITH IFEANYI (NIGERIA).

He was born in Abia state, and currently a student at Nekede.

MY OATHS

My son, life is like a paper

Only your thoughts make you live after death

The difference between failures, and successful

Is doing something new or completely right

My greatest problem with Science

It is that it can't measure wisdom, and the cost of foolishness

Education is the only person that don't lie after God

Or judge wrongly or take bribe from you

HOUSE ON A HILL

House on a hill, forbidden kingdom

The course of house full of thorns sorrow, and death

The three score; a hen, and a weapon

Home of ignorance, and left by many

Revenge! Revenge! Revenge

Only understood by one, a writer

Revenge the course house, mystery to my village

My son don't live, "But why father?"

My dream home; only me, and the disabled man

Message from the grave

Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!

I don't understand but I wrote

After writing, and publishing; peace was restored

Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!

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MAN WITH TURFACE

Man with turface, can't understand

Life was a mystery to man

Earth foods was education, and eat

Mystery to black race

A courageous person

Wonder to the blacks

Ways are like two edges sword

My father's armor protects his son

Which began from nothing to something

Few words speak loudly, library was more than school of thought

Eye of the future, didn't avoid reader's hobby

It was feeding from different information, and communication

As a tree can't stop fruits; so, his reading habit.

THE FATHER'S BLESSINGS

Ointment of life

Seed of favour, and foundation

Disciplined child lead to future unknown

Listening ear

Obedient Christian

Light to part way

Crown of life

Way to greatness

Key to adventure, creativity, road to possibility

Seed of grace, success in life, fulfillment of dreams

Bring progress, and unity

Positive ideas, thoughts, resourceful materials, morals

The great part, golden fruit all children desire

My father's *abiya*, protect children.

BLACK AFRICAN

Home of California, and culture

Full of beautiful, and amazing family

Origin of my kins

Full of sweet talent, and sound like minds

Honestly is the key

Full with great language, and different episodes of trade, and
traditions

One people, different culture and sounds

Home of beautiful masquerade

Full with great language, and customs

Home of idol, African pride, god of idol; home of incantations

Root in customs, and culture

God loves home of herbs, vegetables, and roots

Full with straight vision, and different people.

ERICK OMONDI (KENYA)

He was born in November 2000 in a family of five, Siaya county.

LOVE MYSELF

I will stop loving until I love myself
I am tired of seeking validation from others
That I can't live without you? How is it possible!
I am the only one who can't live without myself
You made everything dark, and gloomy
Even the cumulus are no longer cumulus but nimbus
Will not kill myself but I will be patient with myself
I will not hurt my heart but be honest with it
I deserve the best in life than pains, and sufferings
I will not shed my precious tears anymore
But keep them for myself
I will stand for, and build me
I will keep you in the past, and not my heart
I will be happy without you.

MY ANGEL

My angel, you are the beauty of my heart
I pray that you will be strong
Every negative arrowed words against you
Will not break your bones

I will protect you with my life
Just as your mum tasted the bitter cup
Of demise to bring you to this world

Growing up I will be your teacher
To answer all your questions
I will not shun from all your blows
I will take them by heart till my last breath

It is painful, I will not be able to protect forever
I hope you will learn to fight your battles
When I will be away.

MIRACLE

I remember everything calm, and cordial just seated by the
shore

You were embodiment of hope, I will hold you on my side

Now we are walking on our dreams
Pieces of every strategy that we ever said
It's before us as the beauty of the sun

We really fought a good fight, everything was hazard at
first
Our unity surpassed it all, we made our obstacles our slaves

Many had the same heart but couldn't make it
God of all flesh was on our side
Those sleepless nights before His presence
Rather than being engrossed in our own strength really
worked miracles.

MY FACE

My face speaks a lot
These wrinkles, and scales that covers it with fidelity
Countless lines that only the Deity can comprehend
The cumulus hear that silence in wisdom beyond what trend
speaks of
Driven by edges, and not changes

Speak of your current time! Time had meaning
Its birth is present, repulse of our ancient
For there is nothing new under the sun
Complexity is embraced at every edge
But unity is vital throughout lifetime.

Your difference should bring you together, and not separate
you
It all starts with love, then understanding grows within.

STREET GIRL

I know everyone had once in their lifetime stepped on a
thorn

But mine was different, and dark
As a kid growing up in a street atmosphere it was hell

Couldn't hide the hyenas that stalk on me as their prey

Luckily enough to escape their peril

I grew as a child but inside I lived a lioness

I had to fight my way through every hardship

Garbage was my livelihood

Dumped meals from the place was honey as time went

Inside me I felt as an angle less, a homeless street girl

I never looked down on myself

I knew success lies beneath my heart

I had to guard it with my breath

Not influenced by the surrounding but embracing the future

For there is illumination at the end of tunnel

MERCYLENE K. ANDANJE (KENYA)

She is a Kenyan citizen, a lover of literature, an author of *Broken Flames and Other Stories*, an actress and a passionate fashion model.

WHY THE THIRST FOR POWER?

The rock cries out to us today,
The Creator gave to me when I, the tree and the rock were
one,
My shore currents of debris upon my breast,
Demos! Teargas for who wants what belongs to them,
Your armed struggle for profits has left the peasant
hopeless,
Why the thirst for power?

If we must die, let it not be like flies, if we must die for our
land, let it be a noble death,
Our precious blood won't be shed in vain; my nation bleeds,
Your armed struggle for wealth has left peasants helpless,
Why the thirst for power?

Pressed to the wall? Will we still fight on empty bellies,
and insecure environs?
Bandits attacked my people, they killed my favorite person,
they set my land ablaze,
Authorities are guarded, peasants are left to guard
themselves,
Why the thirst for power?

KILLED AMBIANCE.

The world shifts fast; the air is thick, like it won't last,
The sun beats down, with fiery might,
Clouds gather scarce, a worrying sight,
A once green ambiance, now covered in rage.

The breeze that spoke sweet relief, now feels like a
scorching thief,
Sways around dust, ash, and smoke; a sign of change, a
warning well spoke,
A once green ambiance, now covered in rage.

Nights colder than before; the stars seem dimmer, they
want more,
The rain that poured in exaltations, now comes in bursts, a
sudden roar,
A once green ambiance, now covered in rage.

The seasons don't blend, the patterns break,
The earth is restless, Mother Nature weeps,
When we got this land, it was green and spoke life,
Selfish desires, we painted it dark; planet weeps in rage,
and seeks revenge,
A once green ambiance, now covered in rage.

NALISI SINYA (POETESS DAISY) - KENYA.

She is a young poetess from western Kenya on her early 20s. She's good in writing poems, motivational quotes, and short stories. She chose writing to emotionalize her own feelings and that of others; to encourage, and motivate as a therapeutic aspect of creating awareness to the new generation.

TAKE ME TO HEAVEN.

Take a hitch in my own palms, oh the pillow queen,
C'mon, lemme have a pleasure pillow,
Have the savory of your knocker as I caress them slowly.

Wet-nurse, spank, taste the spitting watery-like lips,
Hold me tight as I slide my cock between those
concurrency rivers,
Lemme feel the warmth between your swaying hips,
Utter a yelp, yes, slowly as I swim in that ocean of
sweetness.

Ready steady, blow the load,
Make the moaning sound my lyrics,
Let the pillow be in the ragtime army as we dance in the
rain together.

Pause, hold the bullets,
Let the sweetness be my weakness,
Grab, swallow it, feel my dipstick between your thighs,
To paradise we sail.

MY FLOWER.

C'mon,
Hold me tight,
Take me closer as you caress me,
Let's dance in the rain,
Take a sip of my watery-like lips,
Lemme taste the savory pungent of your lips,

My floweret,
I'll love you from dusk till dawn,
For my heart is but a stereo,
It beats for you daily.

In the thorns, you're my only rose,
Red rose blooming in summer,
Or can I say you're my pearl I've collected in the rain,
For you quench my heart for my long dry spell of love.

COLLINS ONJALO KONGOTI (KENYA)

He is Kenyan born author, teacher and poet. He holds a Bachelor of Arts in Education and has contributed in various Swahili short stories anthologies.

WAIT, AND SEE.

Wait, and see
Till you see my pace
And see my eventual outcome

Wait, and see my fortune in its time
Come, and join till I show you
My innermost anticipated hope
Wait, and bear witness to the mass

Go, and bring the adamant voices
Let them see
How I beckon the stinging bees
To harness sweet honey

My tongue awaits to speak
And give an exact report
Of what was not expected
Wait, and see...

WE SHALL SEE.

When the tremors are gone away after the entire wave
Which smashed us on that day it'll come to save
We are waiting on our way

The color of light shall appear, and cover all that which was
dull
The mourning of my heart shall disappear, and bring forth
full
To make us laugh again here

We are seated quiet waiting in our real apparels
Everyone seems well fired, and here they're in querells
Gambling who'll receive it

We shall rise, and ashame those who made us cry
Their fantasy world shall be blocked
Just us we're here not to try, we'll say, "They really
jocked."

MILLICENT WEKESA WABUKE (KENYA)

She is currently a student at Kibabii University, pursuing a Bachelor of education arts subject (English, and literature) with a passion in transforming people's lives through speaking and writing, a poet and a mentor. For over 2 years she has served as a student mentor not only at the College but also in high schools, and in the society impacting student's lives with her inspirations. Her overarching vision is to educate, empower, and explore new horizons. Her mission succinctly captured her belief, "With God everything is possible, stay positive, and in mins you own affairs."

COLONIALISM AT HAND.

During those days before colonialism was at hand,
We were all living happily, and in peace,
There was no stories about resistance, and collaboration,
We were sharing ideas, and living together as brothers.

But immediately the white men visited,
And resided in our country, happiness is no more,
Children are being humiliated, our men taken as slaves,
Our women, and girls raped as we witness the act.

Oh! God have mercy, exploitation, discrimination, and
slavery is all over,
We are suffering, and being humiliated in our own country
by people from other countries,
Who claim to be explorers, investors, and well-wishers?

This is a country, and different from what they say,
They exploit the country taking everything that is valuable,
And leaving us poor and with nothing, colonial at hand,
Whiteman brought some certain food stuff that they're
giving African people.

Diseases like blood pressure, and cancer,
Traditional norms, traditional dressing code, and our first
language,
Has been really forgotten, our traditional culture has
eroded,
People are faking lives living like the whites; kissing,
hugging, and wearing like them.

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Doing away with their culture,
Some have now decided to despise their culture calling it
outdated and primitive, colonialism at hand,
Men are marrying girls who walk naked, wearing half
dresses.

And book top, the ladies don't know how to cook,
They can't wash nor clean anything apart from themselves,
They call themselves 'slay queens', colonialization has
eroded everything,
In our traditional culture burried, I don't know where the
world is heading to nowadays.

Children are born, and they are never taught their first
language (mother tongue),
The parents despise their language, and prefers to use
English,
We are also forgetting the traditional medicines, and the
rituals,
The sweet narratives from grandmothers and songs,
colonialism at hand.

THE DEMISE OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

The death of my grandmother, she is no more, she's gone
Grandmother used to call me 'her mother', she called me
'mum'

But now she's gone forever, and never to see her again

Dear grandmother, will you ever come back to life?
I've missed you so much, I believe that you are at the safest
Place in heaven, and resting in eternal peace with angels
Your death really shocked me so much

It was on Monday, chilly morning when she send me to
Bring her cooking oil from the shop, she gave me hundred
shillings
She told me to hurry up because she was getting late to the
funeral of her brother, Frank Ndinda.

When I came back from the market, I went direct to the
kitchen where I had left her before, but unfortunately, she
wasn't in the kitchen,
I searched her in all the houses, including the bathroom,
and washrooms
But she nowhere to be found, O my grandmother why did
you do this to me? I miss you

I looked for her in the neighborhood but I couldn't find her,
They have not seen her, I started getting worried
And being confused, I even dropped the cooking oil, and
started crying

But, while crying an idea came to me, and immediately I
stopped weeping
I rushed to the 'shamba' and started calling out, "Grandma!
Grandma,"
I couldn't hear anybody answering me

When I continued moving forward, what I saw really
shocked me
I saw grandmother hanging on top of the tree at the center
of the banana farm
I was so shocked, and astonished

I started shivering, and sweating furiously; her body was
hanged on a tree, agh!
Who could that be? Who could have done such evil to my
grandmother
She was bleeding, and blood was oozing in between her
legs
Or wait, was she raped?

I never forgot that day, it is still fresh and live in my
memory like my birthday
Anytime I recall that incident, I feel so traumatized and it
makes me feel so depressed
And confused, indeed dying is not an option, it's a must;
and once alive thank God.

DOUGLAS VUDAMBULA LIKHAYO (KENYA)

He is a Kenyan, born from Shamakhokho, Hamisi sub-county, Vihiga County. A Christian married to a one woman, and a father to three kids.

He attended Butiti Primary School in Shamakhokho Sub-location, Hamisi Sub-county, where he excelled highly, and joined Kakamega High School from 2007-2010. He did his final exams at Kakamega High School and passed well. He later joined Mount Kenya University, Kakamega Campus, where he studied a Bachelor's degree in Education (Arts), specializing in English and Literature.

He has taught the following schools; Friends Secondary School Bumuyange, St Joseph Bumira Secondary School, and Samson M'maiti Secondary School Mungavo. Currently he's teaching Ananda Marga Academy in Kangemi, Nairobi County.

THE SCARS OF DROUGHT.

Look at them, the skins painted in ash
Just look at those thin ribs, see how they have emaciated

Look at their eyes brother, how deep they have withered
The dryness in them can be smelled miles away
Dehydration has kissed them with love, and they are shy to
move even a finger

Look at their pale faces, see how wrinkled they have
become

Life sucked away, look at those rough lips
See that long river that hangs loosely from them
Almost invisible towards the end.

See how their life has altered at length
See those rugs that escort their weak bones
All torn out, near to nakedness

See how they scramble with a scream for a piece of relief
cabbage
Death wooing them on the death line for cheap carelessness

Look at their large bellies protruding forward like
basketball balls
As if in a world marathon for lack of a proper diet.

THE GRAPE OF AFRICA.

I'm the African child, the grape of Africa
In truth I stand, for you to understand
Black is the blood that defines my native hood
Yet I'm glad to be an African child

The silence is long, the hate is long
From where I belong, indigenous I may look
At the edge of a hook, to hate is not mine
For brotherhood is divine, you need not discriminate
The seed that germinate, for I stand a chance
To see the sky at a glance in Africa I was raised, to make it
be praised

Your despise for the black melts out wells of luck
The senses seems wild beyond the corners of the world
My voice is becoming faint inside the tin of the paint
Africa is my sweet nest in which I long to rest from this
sweet discrimination.

THE YOKE OF AFRICA.

People say it's black, dark black
Like the charcoal itself; but more human, and emotional
As the white yolk, all have the same driving fluid
That qualifies them all descending from the same root
hence indiscriminable

My friend Mr. Ford - the white tiger, a learned fellow
A book borer of a Scottish accent throws nasty names...
Heavy than his manners, asserts that the black yolk is
illiterate, unexperienced, and uncivilized
Than the white yolk that he dare not trust the black yolk
even with his little lice

The African yolk walks, cries, and toddles meanderingly
with pain
Through the same tiny tunnel the white yolk does.

DR. TIL KUMARI SHARMA, PhD (NEPAL).

She is awards winning poetess in the international sector. She is pursuing a PhD in Eng. Lit. From Singhania University, India. She has published thousands of poems, essays, and stories and in International Magazines, groups and anthologies from (amazon) Russia, America, England, France, Germany, Japan, Hong Kong, Greece, Philippines, Hungary, Brazil, Chile, Scotland, Argentina, Indonesia, Lebanon, Bangladesh, South Africa, Kenya, Nigeria, Tunisia, Trinidad and Tobago, Spain, India, Nepal and many other countries. She is a world-renowned poetess with gold, silver and excellent awards from different international groups; featured in a World Record Book, HYPERPOEM. She is an international peace ambassador of Bangladesh, and Moncheri Escapes of India.

AN OCEAN OF WORDS.

Words are infinite in my mind,
I've high imagination, and creativity
I carry high dreams, and efforts,
As the world of words is alive, and eternal,
I love this ocean of words.

I've an ocean of unfinished words,
That waves can't sweep away,
Life is really hard,
But my words heal my tension.

Yes, art gives a comfort,
It keeps me positive,
It has made me honesty,
Words never die,
They are the lives of the artists.

ART OF MY LIFE.

Art heals,
This art, and skill heals hearts,
Never be in the ditch of a mental torture,
For in poetry you got a dose.

The life is beautiful in this eternal art,
The delight is beautiful in artistic worth,
Art is the source of happiness,
It's spiritual.

My life shines in this art,
It keeps my light alive,
Artistic life is really beautiful,
My art is genuine.

It does not harm anybody,
It shines through all stages of life,
It is the mother of my survival.

**STEPHEN MUPOTO (PROF. NGUGI WAMKIRII) -
ZIMBABWE.**

He was born on the 26th day of July 1984 in Highfield, Harare. He grew up in the high density suburb of western triangle, Highfield, and attended his primary education at Chengu Primary School in Harare. He transferred to Rusununguko Primary School when his mother passed on before completing his Primary education at Masunzwe Primary School in Murewa. He was admitted for his secondary education at Chimhau (Dombwe) Secondary School in Murewa where he did his form 1, and transferred to Highfield High 2 where he did his Ordinary level. He completed his High School at St Peter's Kubatana where he did his Advanced Level. He enrolled with MSU for a degree in law but dropped at the end of the first semester due to financial constraints. He did media and communication studies with Certified Commerce, and Industry Personnel (CCIP), Conflict Management with ZIST and COSV which later became CCMT, Counselling with ZIST and NAC. He is a published writer and has contributed to a significant number of poetry and short story anthologies. He is co-founder of Royal Writers Inc, Chief Executive Officer of PNW MEDIA AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, an administrator at GOC, executive member of EBWA, Editor In Chief at Destiny Ink Publishers, former Dean of Literature at Destiny Ink Publishers, executive member of Shamokwale Literary Hub and GPF ExcOs. Among his notable accomplishments are Who Killed Laura, The Signature, Mission Blade, Bleeding Sands only to mention but a few. He has been persistent in his love for literature, and has also acted in a significant number of screenplays. He has also achieved awards in best poetry and prose writing from GPF, Shamokwale Poetry Empire, and Destiny Ink Publishers.

DEAR BEVERLY FAERA.

I write to you this bleak day,
When even the heavens have gone barren,
The waters of pain simmer on the shores of my eyes,
And run like a wave down my cheeks,
My heart has been barricaded by grief,
At a time death has stolen you, and you eloped to lands
unknown.

Tell me dear Beverly, why have you decided to leave when you
were just beginning?

The flower in you was just coming out of the pod,
And you serenaded my mind with those short stabbing nuggets
you wrote.

For how long should I wait to see you again, and listen to your
poetic renditions?

Why have you succumbed to the ruthlessness of death's
sledgehammer without a fight?

I wish I was there to battle it out in your corner, and still whisper
life into your tender ears,
You were that glow that did not deserve to be blown out.

Is this God's case that has no appeal or it is just the cruelty of
life?

In her love to take a bite at life, and chide the living?
Rest In Peace dear Kavayatri.

THIS MARRIAGE.

I was married to a false identity,
Where I dined with the false me,
I was a masquerade to this union,
Where I was a slave to deceit,
I was a foe to this cosmetic life,
Where I was an alien to self.

I was a dimwit,
That trudged these avenues like a pious pilgrim,
And in the wee hours of my solitary nights,
That defined my solo life,
Where I trudged in vain love,
Believing in this marriage,
That other party became a knacker,
Feeding my soul to the demons.

HOUSE OF HUNGER.

Father woke up frantic to our needs,
And smashed his wits to destruction, fumed at our demands,
And shoved us all into a cubicle of curfew where we had to lodge
to eternity,
To refrain us from nagging.

We were hungry and naked, what we yearned for was just a
morsel,
Not to tussle with our grievances, he looked forlorn,
And still wore a wanton and a malicious smile, he prodded us with
his eyes,
As his soul ploughed deep into us to conjure those memories.

Mother was stuck on one end, still groping in darkness,
As she tried to decipher what lay in our father's mind,
Yesterday he had sired another son, bastardised all by fate,
And marooned at birth, yet still he called him his own.

I LONG TO DATE A POETESS.

As I stare into the silent pages,
I perceive nothing but the soft images of this subdued longing,
I feel silent wraiths linger,
And serenade the shores of my soul,
With a mighty thrust,
And still these images consistently linger.

I am but an introvert,
Caged deep in the shadows of my soul,
And drool like a broken chandelier.

I have this deep longing,
To date a poetess,
Whose soft, and fragile ink would be a balm to my broken soul.

THE DANCE FLOOR.

The specks of dust we see today are testament of our stampede
through the hot gates of death,

We walked blindly to this podium where the albatross
loosely hung above our heads,
Drooled like sap-wont- succulents, we bowed like prayerful
perverts.

This dance floor is inscribed with imprints of our naked
feet,
Grains of poverty strewn like confetti on the fragmented
threshboard of our state,
As we belch obnoxious invocations that chock the gods.

This dance floor is scarred by our sins,
As we dance and serenade our coverteous since, and brawl
with destiny,
Like a boxer's last feat before a heave to his demise.

We are but soulless souls that duck the shadows,
And silhouette under the long mountain chains that scoff at
our being,
As the gods to our future uncertain

HILLS OF SALOWE.

Beyond these hills,
Lies our state of brokenness,
We lumber like adjutants,
And painfully trudge the pathways of hopelessness,
We are decorated with these indelible scars,
And engraved deep down the closets of our hearts,
Are reflections of our pitious selves.

The hills of Salowe,
Define our abortive dreams,
As we are purposed to die,
In pursuit of an elusive dream.

Our destiny is cast like sods of sand deep in the yawning
cesspit,
Where vile embraces us to toil,
We are but splinters of broken shadows,
Mirrored in the assiduous fragments of unholy ties.

THE PARTY OFFICE.

My mind stood on her toes as I stared at the party walls,
I saw the screaming black paint armed in distaste,
And shedding tears of hopelessness,
Their pale shade mirrored the sores acquired over time,
As they trudged the jammed highways of life.

On the other side of the party wall, the sun lingered wobbly,
Like a tired vagrant, reflecting the hue of its death,
It tumbled past a web where it was caught on lime,
And still died in the arms of a brutal suitor.

The Party floors were scarlet,
Hammered by the torrents of unforgiving wars,
As daggers decked their floors.

Was the green that I saw moss?
Or it was that stale stray saliva that ran across,
The chubby cheeks of a desolate man?

I wandered in my mind as I bled white tissue,
Like a forgotten bush latrine decked in white like a cotton
field.

Did you notice that we are caged in this vicious triangle of
feigned peace,
And still perch silently like a sacred bird whose wings are
but an emblem of brokenness?

Hung on the party office wall is a streak of emblazoned
portraits of the smiling assassin,
Dressed in a garb of opulence, and surrounded by exquisite
honorary accolades, of dishonor.

Cry not my people for this manifesto,
Is a manifest of office, a raw propaganda,
A brow that underscores their goal.

THE DEATH OF VIRTUE.

I felt my spine snap when I held the reigns of union,
Under the shadow of marriage, I rode the marital stallions,

Through the hot gates of pervasion, I drank from the goblet
of persistent war,
And in pursuit of a truce; I always relented, and allowed the
yoke to reign on me.

I was an emotional wreck at the hands of the she,
Who held an albatross around my neck, and snap I felt the
crap.

I felt to keep her, I had to be a puppet dangled on her
emotional strings,
And dance to her wilful motion even against my volition.

Under these brutal shades of unforgiving arrows of cupid,
I reel; sickened by the notoriety of evil that thrives in my
own domain.

There is litigation in my mind as my soul engages in a
raging feud with my mind,
On whether to allow the murder of virtue or be forever
subservient to allow peace to prevail.

ABDULLAHI ALIM HAJI (KENYA)

He is a Form 3 student at Mandera Secondary School. He began his early education at Alhidaya Integrated Primary School in Rhamu, Mandera North Constituency, where at a young age, he excelled as a debater, and showed a keen interest in languages. After completing Class eight, Abdullahi enrolled at Mandera Secondary School, where he is pursuing his secondary education. His passion for reading novels, plays, and poems inspired him to delve into the world of literature and start writing his own poems. His class teachers, Mr. Hussein Maalim Eda and Mr. Ahmed Arale, provided guidance and advice to help him pursue his dreams.

TRIBALISM IS AT HOME.

At home, tribalism stands tall,
Bloodlines, the daily call,
Leading to countries' fall,
Nowhere I am, lost at all.

One for one,
Daily it's the gun,
Homes horribly burn,
My business out, can't earn.

Humble leaders, heroes are lost,
Homes they leave, it turns to a ghost,
I am ashamed no more, I can't boast,
On the deathbed, to the grave, I am almost.

They finger-point me 'terrorist',
I can't attend even a feast,
They call me a beast,
I am expelled, no longer in the list.

My leaders keep silence,
When they hear, they feel tense,
They relax down there on the Benz,
My area, no borders, no fence.

COLONIZED AT HOME.

Still colonized at home,
Directed like Jerry and Tom,
Invaded with a nuclear bomb,
While I am better than Rome,
Western ways storm,
The land fertile, and form,
But generations boring like dorm.

No hope, it is gone,
Exams approached with a phone,
Society's death, nobody mourns,
Let me speak, I am grown,
Suuuuu! Child, lower your tone,
Do you want to be torn?
Again, you won't be born,
This community is on loan.

Bitter generations are coming up,
Music's turned to useless rap,
Our culture, and norm grabbed,
On the streets of my town, I am slapped,
Into my wallet, hands tap.

TITUS KIMWETICH (KENYA).

He was born in 2001 in Rift Valley province, Kenya. He schooled at St. Luke's Academy for Pre-primary, and Primary education (2005-2015), Chewoyet High school (2016-2019), and now at Pwani university pursuing a Bachelor of Education in English and Literature (2020-2024). He is passionate about literary artistry having written several poems that touch on the themes of love, nature, religion and politics. He is also an aspiring novelist and editor.

THEY HAVE ENDURED.

Those palms have endured;
The rough handles,
Of jembes, Jerry cans, Jungles,
They haven't given in to hopelessness,
Amid blisters, and bruises.

Those eyes have endured;
The sight of chaos, and fights,
The witnessing of improper treatment,
Of daughters, and sons of innocence;
Only tears, tears to assuage the pain.

Those cheeks have endured;
The relentless rains of slaps,
And normal visitors of blows,
The swellings, dark spots, and scars,
Tell a story of survival.

Those ears have endured;
The constant injurious sentiments,
The insults from an evil soul,
That touch to the deepest nerves,
Yes, they're tired but still endure.

Those backs have endured;
The weight of the grains,
And the family that drains,
They've gone to the markets,
Even with nothing to trade.

Those minds have endured;
The unending torture, and unrest,
They're stressed but not depressed,
They await the hope for change,
Which may never come.

MY DEFILED MOTHER.

Oh, mother Africa,
Why wear that downcast face?
Why defile the solace,
By bloodshed in sacred space?
War has degraded mother Africa.

The internal displacements,
Tell a heartbreaking tale,
That tears from the head to tail;
War makes the Nile risky to sail;
The Congo and Atewa, homes of torments.

The wails of hopelessness;
From the Dadaab haunt to the core,
Now more than before;
Sudan and Somalia, difficult to explore,
The killjoy being war distress.

The coups now rampant;
In the name of democracy,
And the false prophesy,
That they break externality in bureaucracy;
Are they really important?

Oh, mother Africa;
I miss the you that smiles;
To the darker visitors from miles;
And uniting dances in styles;
I miss my peaceful Africa.

VINCENT MALOMBE (KENYA)

He is a poet whose words are captivating, leaving the audience in deep emotions. He is passionate about writing, inspired by the nature, and personal experiences.

AM NOT FINE.

Under the willow
I slept by the pillow
I am fine, it's just me, I am fine!
My eyes full of tears
I can't see the meaning of life
My heart full of fears
I can't see the meaning of time
I got pills to take
And the bills too need a stake
With me selfies you take
Infront of the cameras my hands you shake
Down the streets only my head I shake
On my side daily no one my problems to take
My pictures are smiling
You think am lavishly living
Am dead inside, and my grit is leaving
My face is sparkling
My soul is faltering
Full of melancholy music
Definition of life is what I seek
Am I the only one life bespeak?
No one is a trusted fellow
Who to lend ears when I fall below
You are ready for my problem blow
And take them down the village
Who is that one friend, who my wounds will bandage?

LET ME BREATHE.

You have ruined my face
You have destroyed my base
My colourless tears have no taste
My amazing beauty, turned into a smoking chimney
You needed my oxygen, I gave it to you
Now the sky is open, we are left a few
I can no longer take care of you
And the dry Land too
Even nothing for the zoo
My inner you made timber
And left in the kiln my fingers
My toes alone in the soil
With no mercy the land you toil
Without listening to my cry
Even when your mortals sigh
Why expect rain, when my tears you already drain?
I miss your ancestors
I was shinning like the stars
They knew my importance
And treated me with accordance
I will live their memories at the end
Though now we are all dead.

SIMON LODAI AMIN SALVATORE (SOUTH SUDAN)

He is a Comboni Missionary Seminarian, 22 years old; discerning vocation to religious life and priesthood in the charism of Saint Daniel Comboni with the Comboni Missionaries of the Heart of Jesus. He completed South Sudan Certificate for Secondary Examination in 2019 while at St Mary Minor Seminary, Torit diocese, and studying at Bishop Akio Secondary School. He taught for more than three years in Bishop Akio Secondary school, and St Theresa Primary school.

Additionally, he is a Youth Peace Ambassador since 2017, who, trained under the United Nations Mission in South Sudan Public Information Office, advocate for peace, justice, human rights and unity in diversity as well as human dignity in various ways such as poetry, drama, speech presentation, among other activities. He worked as a trainer for Conflict Resolution Education for Whitaker Peace and Development Initiative, Torit, and attended the Teacher Education Professional Development, Conflict Resolution Education, ICT training, Business skills and entrepreneurship.

At the moment, he is a student of Philosophy at Tangaza University College pursuing Bachelor's degree in Philosophy.

SORROW FOR HOPE IN TEARS.

In the world's relentless strife, tears flow free,
Sorrow and joy in an endless tide, we see,
Amidst the chaos, hearts heavy with woe,
Yet hope's flicker burns, refusing to go.

Tears of sorrow, like raindrops in the night,
Fall for the lost, for the downtrodden's plight,
In every corner, anguish fills the air,
But resilience blooms, amidst despair.

Injustice reigns, corruption stains the land,
Yet in the darkest hour, we dare to stand,
With voices raised, we fight for what is right,
For every tear shed, we'll continue the fight.

Tears of joy, like sunlight breaking through,
Illuminate the path, for me and for you,
In moments of triumph, when dreams take flight,
We find solace in the beauty of the night.

Let us rise above the tumult, and the fray,
With compassion and love, we'll light the way,
For though the world may seem bleak, and forlorn,
In our tears lies the promise of a new dawn.

In the land of South Sudan, cries fill the air,
Hunger grips the nation, hearts heavy with despair,
Political turmoil, instability reigns,
Amidst the chaos, the people feel the pain.

Dollar rates soaring, prices beyond reach,
Struggling to survive, the lessons hard to teach,
Families torn apart, in search of a ray,
Hundreds of thousands, in refugee camps, they stay.

Children's eyes hollow, hunger gnaws within,
Their innocence shattered, by the world's sin,
Mothers weep silently, for what they've lost,
Dreams shattered, at an unimaginable cost.

In the diaspora, their plight remains,
Echoes of suffering, across distant plains,
Separated from home, yet never truly free,
Yearning for peace, for a chance to flee.

But amidst the darkness, a glimmer of hope,
Resilient spirits, refusing to mope,
Community bonds, forged in the fire,
United in struggle, rising ever higher.

South Sudan, land of beauty and strife,
May your wounds heal, may you find new life,
May peace and prosperity, one day return,
And in the hearts of your people, hope forever burn.

PLIGHT OF CIVIL SERVANTS IN SOUTH SUDAN.

In South Sudan's plight, civil servants toil,
Months without pay, their burdens coil,
Families to support, bills pile high,
In the face of hardship, they bravely defy.

Teachers and doctors, soldiers too,
Suffer silently, with no breakthrough,
Their dedication tested, their loyalty tried,
Yet for their nation, they stand with pride.

In the corridors of power, corruption thrives,
A desperate attempt to keep families alive,
But the stain of greed tarnishes the soul,
As moral compasses lose control.

Deserted classrooms, empty wards,
Empty pockets, where hope once soared,
Soldiers on the front lines, courage unwavering,
Their sacrifice unnoticed, yet unfaltering.

But in the darkness, a glimmer of light,
The dawn of a new day, shining bright,
For South Sudan, young and new,
Hope rises, a dream pursued.

May peace prevail, may justice reign,
May freedom's song echo, breaking the chain,
In the hearts of the people, resilience found,
As South Sudan rises, forever unbound.

FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

In South Sudan's schools, children sit,
Dreams deferred, their spirits bit,
Studying in vain, future unsure,
In the midst of chaos, their hopes obscure.

Books in hand, but minds adrift,
Amidst the turmoil, their dreams adrift,
Education's promise, fading away,
As uncertainty clouds another day.

In the classroom's silence, hope wanes,
As dreams of tomorrow feel the strains,
Children's laughter, now tinged with fear,
As the shadows of doubt draw near.

Yet in their eyes, a glimmer remains,
A flicker of hope, amidst the pains,
For in their innocence, lies the key,
To a brighter future, yet to be.

Though the road is long, and the journey tough,
Their spirits resilient, never enough,
For in their hearts, the flame still burns,
A fervent desire, for lessons learned.

So, let us stand with them, hand in hand,
And together, we'll help them understand,
That amidst the darkness, there's still a way,
For hope springs eternal, in the light of day.

-----THE END-----