DAYS OF AJWALA

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Xania by Goelway Ltd

Nairobi, Kenya

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ISBN: 978-9914-50-471-2

Printed in Kenya
First Edition: January, 2024

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE HUNGRY CHEETAH 1
DAYS OF AJWALA 3
BUSINESS MAN 5
MEMORIES OF MOTHER 7
ONE-SIDED COIN 8
THE UNSPOKEN 10
YOU ARE YOU 11
EVERY LIFE 12
WHO KNOWS? 13
THE MIRROR 14
SIDESHOWS 15
TWO WORLDS 16
BEAUTIES OF YESTERDAY 17
ADORNED 18
SPEAK IT, SPEAK IT NOT 19
YOUR LIFE, MY LIFE 21
EVERYBODY NEEDS 22
DEVILS UNSEEN 23
SECRET ADVISER 24
WHAT GOES AROUND 25

BEYOND THE FENCE 26
A HEART'S PRAYER 27
THE CENTERPIECE 28
CHANGE THE WORLD 29
MOURNERS' BENCH 31
CONNECTIONS 32
ONE TIME 34
THE LAST NAME 37
A HIDDEN LADDER 38
THE NEW BIBLE 39
ROUGH STONES 40
A SLAVE'S FREEDOM 42
A FREEDOM'S SLAVE 43
MAYBE TOMORROW 44
THE CONNECTOR 45
THE WILD PARK 46
THE FORGOTTEN DRESS 48
THE MISSING IDEAL 49
THE THIEF 50
THE IMAGINARY MAN 51
THE SPY 53
THE MISSING GEAR 54

OUT THERE 56
THE BATTLEGROUND 58
THE LONELY CORRIDORS 59
WHAT'S YOUR STORY? 61
WHAT THEN? 63
THIS NUMBER 65
COMPLAINING! 67
MIND YOUR LANGUAGE 68
DID I EVER TELL YOU? 70
GAME CHANGER 72
YOU GAVE ME A PEN 74

THE HUNGRY CHEETAH

Sometimes he sits quiet
In the brown savannah
The hungry cheetah
And keenly observes
The grazers of the field
None is aware of his arrival
Save himself; the master
of camouflage.

Other instances, he's the
stalker of all times
The hungry cheetah
Slowly riding on his
white underbelly
A brown tuft in disguise
Swayed by the gentle winds
of the African savannah.

At times he rises to
grab a catch
The hungry cheetah
Tiptoeing towards
an easy target
But realizing he's surrounded
Giving up becomes the
safer way out.

Then there are times
It's do or die for
The hungry cheetah
Either he has a meal or
he has a meal
The best of the prey
His ultimate prize
Marking the end of
a patient study.

DAYS OF AJWALA

Back in the days
The days of Ajwala
When Otambo was my name
And Brikicho was the game
When Jatelo was the village chief
Dreaded by Otoyo; the chicken thief.

Oh those days!
The days of Ajwala
When Akothe carried Otambo
Okeke went to the river
Oruthe helped mother in the kitchen
As Toto hastened to the shop.

Those beautiful days
The days of Ajwala
When there were no mobile phones
To hinder our interactions
Only one television
Served the entire village
And the entire village
Was its security.

How I miss them days
The days of Ajwala
When Dala was the place
Everyone longed to be in
When Dani continually narrated
Stories by the fire
And Baba was the only hero

In Otambo's little world.

Take me back to those days
The days of Ajwala
That I may shower in the rain
Roll in the dust
Swim in Aora
Slide downhill
Making my heart merry
And young just once more.

BUSINESS MAN

First as you enter
Is the visage he displays
Too strong a center
Of attention is his face
Warning of little importance
Attached to a stranger
To an idler's nonsense
The ever-looming danger.

Rough is the conduct
He chooses for his trade
Factory for many a product
Where losses are made
The hard work way
Maybe we can say
Or too much business
Unhealthy for his business.

Say what then
Of his tongue so careless?
Language long forgotten
With a jargon so useless
Holding with little regard
A customer's dismissal
Oblivious of bitter reward
Accompanying it withal.

Money mindedness
Maybe you can call it
Or business madness

If you so like it
A grim reputation
For this 'businessman'
Too dire a situation
In need of a talisman.

MEMORIES OF MOTHER

Before the world knew
Of this new arrival
Another special guest
The family's bundle of joy
She had the news
Joyously kept at heart.

After the grand welcome
She became the tour guide
Orienting the innocent guest
To the whole wide world
Carefully watching their every move
A faithful guardian angel.

Gaining a few years
Her guest knew the world
She shared their pain
When this world turned cruel
Rejoiced in their gain
After a successful duel.

Finally taking the back seat
She turns into a fan
Cheer leading with a smile
Watching them take the baton
To prepare a warm welcome
For yet another guest.

ONE-SIDED COIN

The one-sided coin
The elusive one-sided coin
Sought like silver and gold
Hunted with expectations untold
Through the fountains
Deep in the alleys
Climbing the mountains
Descending the valleys.

It is perfect
Glittery like a star
Devoid of defect
Shining by far
The curves just correct
Seal perfectly wrought
The edges all connect
Or so it is thought.

How unfortunate the fact
Of this open reality
That this thought in fact
Is nothing but vanity
Mainly thought of
Where selfish wants abound
Vainly sought for
But nowhere to be found.

Each one of us
Is but a true coin
Every one of us

A two-sided coin
Weak and strong
One way or another
Right and wrong
One time or another.

THE UNSPOKEN

Watch the unspoken
Deceive with its safety
Disguised as peace
But looms with danger
Telling not its nature
A ticking time bomb.

Listen to the unspoken
Deafen with its noise
A noise so quiet
Till its time to shout
Comes at the trigger
An unavoidable mistake.

Believe the unspoken
When it raises its voice
Warning you of the conflict
Between two companions
The unseen voice box
The seen impression.

But what unspoken
Comes out so loud?
Unspoken secret desire
Unspoken silent admiration
Unspoken eminent appraisal
But also unspoken adversity.

YOU ARE YOU

Your struggle everyday
The thought of your appearance
Frowning day by day
Changing your countenance
As you stand in front
Beaming with horror
Tempted to confront
The innocent mirror.

It doesn't seem sufficient
The portion you're allotted
Giving you discontent
The more you're added
The source of your problem
Your neighbor's greater portion
Perhaps to you an emblem
Of status elevation.

Thinking of personality
You find little reward
From yourself as an entity
Whom you so lowly regard
But give yourself peace
You also matter too
Put yourself at ease
Because you are you.

EVERY LIFE

Every life has its
bag of issues
Young and old alike
Have something to deal with
Though tempting this thought
Of another's perfect life
Admirable to yearn for
Yet the beginning of strife.

Every life has frustrations
That threaten its potential
Wrecking storms so torrential
Stealing peace so essential
Though abhorred by many
They finally leave a mark
Yet making life's course
Never the same again.

Every life has admiration
Great ambitions to live for
Better life to yearn for
Set races to run for
Though too big or little
Sometimes they may seem
Yet sometimes worthy
a cause to die for.

WHO KNOWS?

Who knows what tomorrow holds
In the quiet of its mystery
In the silence of its demeanor
In the hiding place of its corner?

Who knows the blessings a hundredfold
It may bring with it along
Till the joy that thrills my heart
Can only be expressed in a song?

Or who knows the sorrow untold
That may attack my face
Till the weight of my head
Only finds support in my palm?

Who knows; young or old
Whether in that tomorrow
I'll even be existing
To experience it all?
Only God knows.

THE MIRROR

Staring at the mirror
Expecting a complement of me
Surprised at first that
My reflection is all I see
Yet knowing well that it is
What it is supposed to be

Intriguing is the mirror
And it's perfect reflection
Portraying my every detail
As I watch in perplexion
Tempting me to take home
To keep it in my possession

The story of the mirror
To me even more surprising
Ends up in a shoulder tap
As from my day-dream am rising
And the fact that the one I behold
is the mirror realizing.

SIDESHOWS
Guard the sideshows
Against unnecessary woes
The enemy of visions
Creator of divisions
Impediment of construction
Precursor to destruction

Watch the sideshows
Stealing all the shows
Taking center-stage
Only to cause damage
Breaking every joint
Taking away the point

Flee the sideshows
That only magnify flaws
Run to compassion
Promoter of cohesion
Exercising rationality
Final picture of maturity.

TWO WORLDS

Every place in the world
Is an intersection point
Where these two worlds
Have a common joint
One a world of darkness
Representing the evil wing
Next a domain of righteousness
Complete with a supreme king.

How interesting it is
For the human society
That each of these
Is a secret society
One completely hidden
From members of the other
Until someone's bidden
To join by a brother.

More interesting even
Is how a given location
Becomes home and a haven
And for each world a station
Yet a member of either
May end up ever living
Without knowing whether
The other is ever existing.

BEAUTIES OF YESTERDAY

Beauties of yesterday
Oldies of today
Pass by in style
As I watch for a while
Reminding me, just to mention
Time, the other dimension.

Interesting is the hype
Special in its type
They brought in their time
With pomp so sublime
But even more interesting
Is the story's ending.

Hard to believe in fact
Is this painful fact
That we are all creations
Of time and dispensations
For the flower of our youth
Fades fast in its truth.

What of the earthly treasure
We seek without measure?
Making us busy chasing
It's possession without ending
Ridding us of every friend
Leaving us an empty end.

ADORNED

Adorned
Not in outward adorning
Not in plaiting of hair
Not in wearing of gold
Not in putting on apparel
But in chaste conversation

Adorned in respect and honor
Adorned in this ornament
Of a meek and quiet spirit
Greatly priced before God
Adorned with shamefacedness
Adorned with sobriety.

Adorned in modest apparel
And not in broided hair
Adorned with a golden heart
And yet not pearl or gold
Adorned with a priceless covering
And yet not with costly array
Let us be adorned.

SPEAK IT, SPEAK IT NOT
It's credible and true
Worth the mention
Separating for you
Any deceptive intention
Speak it
But it won't be appreciated
Or taken kindly
As if what you've stated
You've done so blindly
Speak it not.

It's good to say
To shed some light
Perhaps a better way
Meant for delight
Speak it
But it may well result
To be so demeaning
Taken as an insult
And lose its meaning
Speak it not.

It's a response appropriate
For a foolish question
Intended to reinstate
Reasonable interaction
Speak it
But all it will cause
Is a flare of strife
Such a needless loss

Of peace in your life
Speak it not.

YOUR LIFE, MY LIFE

Your life is also mine
Dear friend of mine
Difference only being
Our stations of seeing
I stand on this side
In this life to abide
And you on the other
Yet my sister, my brother.

Your life is also mine
Appearing all as thine
What comes to affect you
Somehow affects me too
If it makes you cry
I cannot just deny
That somehow I hear
And also shed a tear.

Your life is also mine
Through cords that intertwine
Perhaps invisible to the eye
Yet felt by you and I
Let's therefore put aside
Any tempting useless pride
Together this life to face
In each other's warm embrace.

EVERYBODY NEEDS

Everybody needs somebody
To fill them a gap
Formed by the creator
As part of their lives
Whose ability to fill up
Lays in the hand of another.

Everybody needs somebody
To help in time of need
Perhaps sometimes negligible
As pressing an issue
Especially viewed through
The spectacles of another.

Everybody needs somebody
Perhaps just a shoulder
To lean their weary head
Despite appearing strong
Or sufficient in all
As deemed by another.

Everybody needs somebody
To eventually accept them
For who they truly are
Not what they look like
Making them find love
In the heart of another.

DEVILS UNSEEN
I know not of the devils
am yet to see
Though looming around
the corner for me
But an overcomer
is all I want to be
When they finally
present themselves to me.

They may come in
two's and three's
Or like a forest
of many trees
All I want is to
enjoy their breeze
As I defeat them
like winter's freeze.

Truth is what
I must openly say
Concerning them that
stand in the way
Somewhere you'll find them
or here if you may
But you'll overcome them
If you kneel and pray

SECRET ADVISER
He sits at the back
Of every agreement
Keen on the conversation
Just enough to thwart it
His main interest
As an antagonist
Is to witness the failure
Of these relationships.

He appears quite insignificant
Easy victim of our negligence
Yet strong and powerful
Is this man of influence
When everything seems considered
He withholds some behind
Bringing them on the table
As an ultimate rude shock.

Though tempting as it is
Think him not insignificant
Rather make great effort
To locate him at his seat
Make peace with him
As much as you can
Win his favor to your side
Then watch what happens.

WHAT GOES AROUND

It came from the source
To the ear of the friend
Noble was claimed the cause
Unintended to offend
"Tell it not to another"
Concluded the matter
"You are just my brother"
Was told to the latter.

The story went on
Repeating the cycle
The "secret" kept on
Acquiring a disciple
Its final destination
The subject of discussion
Receiving an instruction
"Conceal the communication"

Ugly is the end
Of the story doing rounds
Only working to offend
In every one of its sounds
Yet proving the old truth
That what goes around
Is no secret in all truth
But has to come around.

BEYOND THE FENCE

Who knows of the promises
Laying beyond the fence?
Though enticing as they are
Though so touted from afar
To be worth reaching for
Who knows their true value?

Who knows of the predicament
Laying beyond the fence?
Though assuring of its safety
From the much dreaded snakebite
Though peaceful as it seems
Who knows the looming danger?

Who knows of the truth
Laying beyond the fence?
Though real as it may appear
Though invisible right from here
Who knows whether this fence
Does actually exist?

A HEART'S PRAYER

Give me the right spirit, oh God
A spirit that is tender and loving
A spirit that is gentle and patient
A spirit that is faithful and resilient.

Grant me to walk in thy ways, oh God
To gently follow the leading of thy spirit
To endure every mountain and dark valley
To understand they are part of my journey.

Raise up my feeble faith, oh God
That I may please thee according to thy word
Only believing and trusting what you've said
Following your every step without a single murmur.

Hold onto me when am broken, oh Lord
Sometimes this walk gets tough indeed
Sometimes the secret tears cannot be hid
When Satan gets the best of me.

Remember me when it's time, oh Lord
When you call the great drama to the ultimate end
Remember not my foolish unscripted acts
But grant me a place at thy bosom I pray,
Amen.

THE CENTERPIECE

One called it a force
Greatest upon the earth
Pulling hearts together
The tie-post of the soul.

Another claimed it's the ultimate
The game changer on life's sea
The North Star and a compass
Guiding sailors to their shores.

I thought it's the origin
Where the breakthrough begins
That starting right with it
A crown of victory is the end.

But now I know it is love
The centerpiece of it all
That when hearts begin to wander
Firmly holds them altogether.

CHANGE THE WORLD

For so long a time
I strongly wanted
Passionately desired
To change the world
I resented the wrongs
Committed by men
Offering great pieces
Of unsolicited advice.

So blind I was
To the world inside me
That in fact was the one
That needed the change
That this 'wrong world'
Could only be changed
By my own life's example
And little of my advice.

Garbage in garbage out
What goes around
Is what comes around
What I take in
Is truly what I radiate
If I invest the good within
It will act for good
In reinforcing my advice.

What is it that you want
To see in the world?
Is it integrity or is it love?

Then why don't you portray it?
That's the secret dynamite
To blast out the impurities
Truly changing the world
In the place of your advice
Go, change the world.

MOURNERS' BENCH
Soft and harmless
Is their best description
Too good for everything
Or probably good for nothing
Their least depiction.

They mourn and complain
At all of their misfortunes
Their undoing the thought
That bad things only happen
To bad and not good people.

They are weak at heart
And spend much time
Worrying at their problems
And the extent of the damage
With little thought of solutions.

They know not of the two cups
One as bitter as gall
The other sweet as honey
Indiscriminately served to all
By life in alternate turns.

CONNECTIONS

Connections! Connections!
Is the new age song
Connections! Connections!
For you to belong
Becoming the slogan of the day
That people are so crazy about
Believed to now pave the way
Bringing fortunes without a doubt.

"Work hard! Work smart!"
I thought I heard someone say
Work hard, work smart
But oh! That was yesterday
Seems a new era has dawned
Of whom do you know sir?
Sometimes you're even warned
"You may not go very far."

We are done! Completely done!
Without hard work and integrity
We are hopeless! Completely hopeless!
If we forget about equality
Disregarding the fundamental
Of opportunity meets preparation
Also forgetting the essential
meaning of true connection.

Listen! Oh listen!
My earnest call may you heed
Listen! Oh listen!

God is all that you need
But wait just a minute
Have you done your portion?
Now pray like you mean it
Is that not connection?

ONE TIME

One time man is born
Into this harsh world
Lets out his first cry
Plays about his
father's backyard.

One time man is grown
Into his young adulthood
Full of the pride of life
Walks about his
father's businesses.

One time man is renowned
In the realm of his trade
Busy with its prospects
Talks about his
numerous businesses.

Oh, one time man is gone
Into his mysterious destiny
To finally meet his maker
And reckons about the
account of his life.

THE ROARING LION

I heard his roar
And turned to look
The terror too much
The ground beneath shook
From his den of gossipers
He started his advances
Towards my weary heart
Looking out for chances.

I quickly took off
Through the hidden channel
Bumped into a duo
Laying in the dark tunnel
Reaching the other end
I heard a scream of horror
The lustful duo unawares
Had just met the devourer.

To the gamblers in front
I warned of the doom
The hoarders beside them
Filling up with gloom
But while the money lovers
Hesitated my call
To give up dirty deals
He came upon them all.

The last on my way
To the secret hiding place
Were malicious haters

With contempt on each face
Entering the Rock of Ages
For eventual safety
I heard them moaning
Their ravage was so mighty.

THE LAST NAME

I sat in silence
And thought of this name
Though so much sought
Yet mysterious all the same
The reapers are few am told
Though many are already out
The work is a hundredfold
More are needed to help out.

Many are the names
That have gone on before
Adding to the count
Just more and more
Sealing their testimonies
Some with their blood
Others escaping judgment
By riding on the flood.

Ever the more
I stopped and wondered
"Could the countdown
be over?" I pondered
Could this last name
Still out there be?
If not so
Could this be you or me?

A HIDDEN LADDER

From the day he's born
Till he takes his last breath
Every man is handed a ladder
By his creator for his use
To climb up through life
Be the best version of himself
And arrive at the peak
Of the life he's been given.

Many have used their ladders
Every other day
To reach for sweet fruits
That life has to offer
Yet many have been left
Salivating for these fruits
As they helplessly look up
Blind to their ladder.

Some find it in parents,
Friends or a generous uncle
Some also in a kind employer
Yet others in a total stranger
What's that golden fruit
You long so much for?
Have you checked around
To find your hidden ladder?

THE NEW BIBLE

It seems we've found
a new bible finally
That everyone reads
almost continually
From morning to the
setting of the sun
They flip it's pages
just one by one.

You hardly know or
see them reading
Upon its expressions
also meditating
Till you somehow
get a submission
Good or bad according
to the situation.

What then do you do
upon this thought?
That much of a paper
this bible is not
But embodied in you
A professed Christian
Lies this new bible
Read of every man.

ROUGH STONES

Rough stones
As rough as they be
Breakers of bones
And hearts as you'll see
Exist everywhere.

They dash your feet
As you walk along
Rubbishing your sweet
Street-walk song
Leaving you bleeding.

Interesting enough
They ain't entirely useless
Though quite rough
And often so ruthless
They have their place too.

Sharpest of knives
All pass through them
The best of lives
Owe it all to them
From the final outcome.

Through their scars
Lessons have been taught
Lasting for years
And lingering a lot
Are these stones' memories.

You too am sure
Remember that stone
You had to endure
It's scratch all alone
Don't you?

A SLAVE'S FREEDOM

The story of a slave
Locked in a prison
Serving a master
Disguised as freedom
Freely walking about
Yet locked in chains
Having fun no doubt
But no joy attains.

He says that no thrill
Can ever be found
Save from the craze
To which he's bound
Pursuing this mirage
Oblivious of its deception
Ignoring his stewards
Disregarding their direction.

Addiction to his ways
His said description
Of freedom these days
Though just a perception
Bringing the final test
The underlying destruction
All but vanity at best
Of this slave's freedom.

A FREEDOM'S SLAVE

Once I thought
I truly was free
Free to live
as free can be
Free to have
my way with all
Free from the control
of one and all.

Then in time
I came to know
That kind of freedom
was just but a show
Locked in its prison
I was living a lie
A captive of sin
Just condemned to die.

Now the story is no
longer the same
Since Christ into
my heart came
His truth and liberty
Mighty to save
Has finally made me
A freedom's slave.

MAYBE TOMORROW

Maybe tomorrow is the day
My answer will come
Maybe it is the victory day
That I'll overcome
Maybe the trials of today
Shall finally become
Treasures that don't decay
Any time to come.

Maybe that tomorrow
My patience will count
Forgetting every sorrow
I'll climb the last mount
Maybe on the last peak
My treasures will abound
Maybe the joy that I seek
Will finally be found.

Maybe tomorrow's gain
May cancel every pain
Truly break every chain
And cheer my heart again
Yet maybe this coming day
Called tomorrow as I say
May just have been today
But I missed its shining ray.

THE CONNECTOR
He controls the flow
And runs the show
The connector
Telling all his subjects
Just where to go
This connector

Sometimes he says yes
Sometimes also a no
The connector
Holding them back
Forbidding not to go
This connector

An aspiring wife on one hand
Ambitious bachelor on the other
The connector
Pulling the heart of the husband
To that of the significant other
This connector

He searches for a job
But knows where it is
The connector
Eventually employing himself
Right where he wanted to be
This connector

THE WILD PARK

I found myself
Confused on the go
Gadding about
Knowing not where to go
I thought I was in
For amusement and mock
But ended agape
In bewilderment and shock.

The lion exceeded
The limits of madness
Ruthlessly ravishing
His little cub lioness
The hyenas' greed
Spared not their own
Their bloody red mouths
Making it all known.

Turning to my right
Were two male pigeons
Chasing after each other
To the dark shady regions
The young baboon behind
Also let out a crunch
As he selfishly mauled
The family banana bunch.

From the land of my slumber
I suddenly woke up
To the land of the living

I quickly sobered up
Then got quite concerned
With this new remark
That this generation
Has become the wild park.

THE FORGOTTEN DRESS

It was the saving grace
Right from her birth
A shield from the harsh
Elements of the earth
The price of its loss
Just proving its worth.

It covered her shame
Grooming her young age
Giving her appearance
All through her teenage
But now she has changed
Saying it's of the village.

She deems it old-fashioned
Only good for the garden
Unfit for the city and from
her friends to be hidden
Oh what a pity! it's been
forgotten all of a sudden.

THE MISSING IDEAL

Everyone around us
Seems to be searching
Searching for this
So called perfect ideal

Ideal thing and reason
Ideally placed destination
Ideal way and person
Ideal mood and situation

I know not whether
it's high mindedness
Or if to just call it
The height of madness

Some hide in 'God's
time is the best
I agree 'But only
if it remains His'

What happened to
'Start now,
With what you have
Right where you are
And how you can?'

THE THIEF

Times and seasons
have told of thieves
Caught for reasons
that everyone gives
Some have been punished
With beatings so gross
Others also hanged like
the thief on the cross.

Yet in all these
Another culprit exists
Stealing in disguise
Of an angel that assists
He takes your money
Without you saying no
Grabs away your time
Yet you just give more.

A secret visitor
Yet around you all the time
Subtly enticing you
To say hi from time to time
Oh but wait!
Didn't we just call him a thief?
What a bait!
He's now the new chief.

THE IMAGINARY MAN

Some people imagine
Of this perfect man
Lounging through life
With no single trial
Having all the victories
With no single battle
While all life's left them
Is nothing but suffering.

He is wealthy they say
Self-actualized in his 20s
Wearing the best designers
Dining only with kings
If my guess is right
He also owns a castle
With a Lambo parked beside
Overlooking the pool area.

Mentor of the masses
An expert in marriage
The CEO of the classes
Yet quite youthful in age
Tall, dark and handsome
A darling husband and father
All nothing but awesome
No single obstacle to bother.

Sad is their conclusion
After this imagination
More is their affliction

Assessing their situation
Unbeknownst to them
Everyone's holding a cup
Equally given to them
By life to balance it up.

THE SPY
Someone said
that walls have ears
Another warned of
the all seeing eye
But today I simply want
to talk of the spy.

You think you are invisible
Oblivious of his watch
In the den of gossipers
You tell him it's a secret
You truly don't see him
Yet he seems ever present.

You wonder how
this so called secret
Painfully reached
Your unsuspecting target
Yet you don't recall how
the transfer happened.

Here is the simple
conclusion of the matter
You can't simply hide your
thoughts and attitudes
Because this unseen spy
Will always be you.

THE MISSING GEAR

Alvin was born into this
life's fierce battlefield
This he realized as he
was growing up
Depressed from the daily
struggles of life
He wished to undo it
Never to have been born.

Elsie got married to a
wealthy young lad
Colorful was the wedding
Yet no due considerations
The story quickly changed
When the marriage failed
Leaving her besieged
By their vows that bind.

Ilona was the village
information center
Parroting the issues
of one and all
After defaming the
illegitimate village midwife
She cried for mercy
wreathing in her birth pains.

Life is a moving vehicle
Without a reverse gear
A bicycle that must keep

moving to balance
Everyone is a driver who
must watch out
Engaging the right forward gear
To escape the wrong ends.

OUT THERE

We heard them of old say
"Welcome to the world"
We had just stepped
out of primary school
Leaving a cloud of uncertainty
Hanging over our young minds.

Out there life is tough
The world is ruthless and cold
Out there they seldom laugh
By the principal we were told
In a deliberate attempt
to get us working hard
Meanwhile justifying the
rough high school life we had.

"Take care of yourself"
I remember mama saying
I was just joining campus
For out there it's all up to you
You are a grown-up now
And your life is in your hands
Either you make it or break it.

After our graduation
It was all about out there
Every speaker on stage was
pointing to that mystic place
Leaving us with a blurred image
Of the road signs signaling our arrival

To this destination called 'Out there'.

THE BATTLEGROUND

The scene begins
with treason in heaven
Lucifer disregarding
the powers he's given
His rebellious angels trying
the kingdom to divide
Against the faithful ones with
Michael on their side.

Trouble begins on earth
after Satan is defeated
Causing the battles human
history has recorded
Kingdom on kingdom
conquering to overthrow
Each with their best of
weapons trying to show.

The curtain falls down on
a very interesting scene
Back to the battleground
where it's always been
Wisdom versus faith
the greatest battle to find
Taking center-stage
right in the human mind.

THE LONELY CORRIDORS

The lonely corridors
Filled with people
Connecting the doors
And not the people
Lots of talk and lots of laughter
A cheerful people the passers seem
I smile as I walk and wonder the after
A gloomy face and a heart that is dim.

The piercing ray
Through the window of my room
A brand new day
Grabs away the night's gloom
I look up to the ceiling
Wondering what predicament
Will this day be revealing
Of the corridor's testament?

Through the day I see
How hasty they walk
As busy as the bee
Very brief is their talk
That continues as the story
Till the day's comes the end
Culminating the corridor's glory
Before retreating to a lonely end

The lonely corridors
Of the heart of man
Has doors in doors

Quite hard to discern
Who can but shove away
This depressing loneliness
Filling hearts' corridors today
And replace it with joyfulness?

WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

Many are the inspirational
stories that have been told
Life's twist and turns of the
precious saints of old
Some so painful that have
only reduced us to tears
Others so victorious that
have only left us in cheers.

We are in God's plan too as
we are probably all aware
You also maybe have your
own story to share
How the Lord rich in Mercy
had remorse on you
Pulling you out of sin
with his arms around you.

You remember the hunger
and thirst in its fullness
The desire to find God as
you groped in darkness
What of the unspeakable
joy and sweet release
When the Lord saved you
and finally gave you peace?

Have you done anything to
show Him appreciation?
Your life a reflection of

Christ's true revelation
Have you remained true to
the course of Calvary?
Or maybe let me ask
What's your story?

WHAT THEN?
After I've been that wonder baby
An angel so cute
Mum's heartbeat
And dad's sweetheart
Cheered up my siblings
Grown to that admired young lad
A marking scheme for the neighborhood youth
What then?

What then after working so hard in school?
Topped the class all the way
Become the engineer mama would say
Set the next trend in the career line
Earned that six-figure pay cheque
Gotten that coveted award
Built that dream mansion
And span that fuel-guzzling machine.

What then after that romantic chase?
And I've won her to my side
That queen that every gentleman's been drooling over
With the kingly wedding behind us
Scarcity below us
Plenty around us
And the so-called bright future before us.

What then after amazing society?
And the connections are endless
And the applause is ceaseless

And the critics are speechless
With the prestige unfathomable
Social status adorable
And the respect commanded, unimaginable.

When all is said and done
It's the setting of my sun
The routine has come to its end
The old lion back to his den
After saluting this outside dictator
And oppressing the inside emancipator
That could truly free me
From the power of the grave before me
What then?

THIS NUMBER

It's featured as a topic
both far and wide
A silent number people
like so much to hide
You rarely hear it in
forums not convenient
But quickly emerges when
you pose as an opponent.

The old men don't like
this "old man" description
The youth on their hand
abhor the "young" ascription
Leaving you at a loss with
an understanding so vague
As to why this vital number
is avoided like a plague.

Though an important aspect
of any individual's life
Its disclosure has been met
with caution so rife
Some have ended up
calling it just a number
In an effort its implications
not to remember.

Friends help me find a
valid explanation about
How from this dilemma

we all can get out
That eventually people
in all of life's stages
May speak so openly and
be proud of their ages.

COMPLAINING!

Complaining, complaining
Why am I always complaining?
Complaining this, that and the other
Complaining of my sister and my brother
As if I have the control
To this life's circumstances
As if this life is perfectly whole
And smoothly flowing in all instances.

He has done, she has done
Seems to be my only song
They did not follow the intended plan
I rant all the day long
The irony is my approach
While others lift a finger to try
All I do is to be their life coach
And never stop to ask myself why.

My savior, oh my savior
Who shall be my savior?
To save me from this selfish ' Mr. Perfect'
The critical and unforgiving prefect
And remind me of life's beauty
With all its endless imperfections
That I may do that which is my duty
Joyously with the best of intentions.

MIND YOUR LANGUAGE

Someone said ' Mind your language'
Then I wondered in my head
What is 'your language'?
Is it really just about English
Swahili or Arabic?
Or is it much more
Than the words themselves?

Then this definition crossed my mind
That language is the medium of
communication, through which meaning
Is passed from one mind to another
Just then I realized that many people
Truly don't mind their language.

We communicate to people
through many avenues
Our dressing, our styles
Our facials, our smiles
Our choice of words, our company
Our choice of music, our attitudes
Our symbols and our signals
And the lives we live around others
Are all part of our language.

Though we may never realize this
But sometimes even our silence
And where it is placed
Speaks so loudly that it carries
the message home

Friends, it's time to stop, think
And mind your language.

DID I EVER TELL YOU?

Did I ever tell you
How this world is fake?
The wild dreams we pursue
And the relationships we make
None of it is true
But just a give and take.

Yesterday you became the boss
You had the business prospect
Today you suffer a job loss
Your subordinates reduce their respect
Tomorrow you bear your cross
As you put this life in retrospect

Young lovers say love is a force
Blind even to that spot you occupy
Next they are filing for a divorce
As if love is nothing to go by
Eventually, it's division of resource
While moral principles they defy

You looked to that church for hope
Against this corrupt domain
You said their pastor was 'dope'
The members were born again
It however proved hard to cope
When money became their main

But did I ever tell you
That all in all it shall be well?

Though you may not have a clue
There's light at the end of the tunnel
If only to God you'll remain true
And in His Word daily dwell
Did I ever tell you?

GAME CHANGER

He hurt her deeply
Without knowing it
Proceeding innocently
Attaching little to it
Only to get alerted
By her sad grimace
But being sorry created
Some light on her face.

She got too acquainted
With the love of her life
Probably also contented
After finally being his wife
Slowly ignoring to request
She commanded things at will
Bringing her the final test
Causing her their marriage to kill.

They brought disappointment
In the interview room
Their sense of entitlement
Spelling their doom
They focused on meeting
Every other qualification
Forgetting just a greeting
The basics of association.

My gentle nursery teacher
Introduced it as courtesy
The humble gospel preacher

Attached it to decency
'The small big thing'
Was also used to give it fame
But now let me bring
Game changer the new name.

YOU GAVE ME A PEN

Am not gifted in speech
I stammer and stutter
Am none of they who preach
With vocals that matter
All these I may lack
But you gave me a pen.

You gave me a pen
To clearly express myself
You gave me a pen
To through me glorify Yourself
You gave it all in love
That is why I thank you Lord.

I thank you for the stammer
The governor for my wrath
I thank you with no murmur
It hindered excessive mirth
But I also give you thanks
For the pen that you gave me.