

LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW OF LIFE

STEPHEN OMONDI

CONCEIVED AND CO-CREATED WITH THE
ENERGY OF THOUGHT

Cover art by @nativenairobi

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Before you plunge into this unconstrained world, I would like to bring to your attention, the following revelation of the encounters I had, just before publishing my books.

In the event of compiling this book, a wonderful human being—on the 21st of June 2024—decided that he needed my laptop more than I did. So, he decided—in an unnatural manner—to keep it for himself, while I was left with no choice, but to accept. However, I kept wondering what I had done to deserve such treatment. All the same, it took minutes to accept my new life situation. A life without my laptop; the only hope I had in my writing journey.

I remained hopeful for two things, however: that the Man had decided not to take my life, and that I had already published the manuscripts for my earlier books—*Voices of my Old Self* and *The Take of Wapegotssa*. Had I not published both books, that would have been my greatest loss, and not the dispossession of the electronic gadget. This scenario reminded me of what transpired before I published those first two books.

On the 27th of February 2024, as I was putting my documents in order, I permanently deleted some files, and only realised later that I had highlighted my project file as well—the file that contained all my creative writing, including the manuscripts, songs (the songs I did not worry about, because they forever remain in my mind), and poems. That day, to me, felt like the end of my writing life.

For the next week, I kept trying to recover my files, but my efforts went in vain. Every file recovery software I tried returned null. Meaning the files were corrupted and therefore irrecoverable. It was one of those days that could be likened to that time, when one knows too well that they

have lost their money, but keeps checking, hoping to find it miraculously in one of the corners of their pockets.

Lucky for me, I found a backup of the two manuscripts on my phone. At that very moment, I swore to myself to never hold on to any writing for too long. A few days later, on the 3rd of March 2024, I unexpectedly received an email from Xania Goelway, a self-publishing platform. I immediately clicked the link and checked it out. This was a much-needed breakthrough! I was now filled with hope again.

Finally, I could publish the manuscripts! But the challenge was that they were backdated, and so, I had to re-edit and re-format them. A task that took me a month to complete. As soon as I finished formatting *Voices of my Old Self*, I designed the cover, shared it with a few friends for review and feedback, then published it on April 3rd, 2024. *The Take of Wapegotso* was then published on May 4th, 2024.

So, when my laptop was taken by its new owner, it dawned on me that I had to continue writing *Looking Through the Window of Life* with the Google Docs software on my phone. That memory of losing the manuscripts earlier kept flashing in my mind again. Writing was challenging, considering the limited ability of the software and the small screen. The process was painstakingly slow!

It was only after I got help that I was able to continue writing—with my normal speed and excitement—on a laptop. My old computer found its way to me through my brother on the 29th of August 2024. That was enough of a sign for me to keep faith and hope alive. I kept smiling, even though at the back of my mind, I knew that I could only manage to publish 70% of the original composition of *Looking Through the Window of Life*.

Why am I sharing this? These are just some of the challenges I have faced and conquered through this publishing journey. And I am also aware that I am not an isolated case, as we all face challenges in our unique experiences on this earth plane. While I still have this opportunity, I would like to share a letter that I wrote to my generation. A letter of request. We all know, through hearing and seeing, that the world is not short of prophets of doom. They have existed for a long time, and even now, most of them feed on our fear and lack of hope to drive their agenda. Most of us have even gotten addicted to negative news, so much so that any good news is ignored and not believed at all.

As I have strived to do with all my books, I wish to use the publication of *Looking Through the Window of Life* to spread the message of self-awareness, love, and hope.

Dear Man,

Greetings to your bright thoughts! I know the experience we call life is challenging in itself, and still, much is expected of us. We have responsibilities that require our attention from right to left, and some self-appointed teachers and prophets want to “help” us cruise through this experience.

Through this challenging life situation, I implore you, dear Man, to equip yourself with the knowledge of planting the right food, so that you can eat as you breathe. So that in the process of preparing these foods and plants in your motherland, you can interact and connect with the Creator anytime. So that you can create your own little corner of paradise here on this wonderful earth; a place that will give you, not only food for the body, but for the Soul as well. A place that will give you wealth unsurpassed to all that is material. A place that your descendants will gratefully inherit. A most treasured legacy!

Please equip yourself with eternal knowledge; knowing deeply that the Creator gave you everything you could ever need now and in the future. And if that is not enough, know that He even gave you the power to create. So, continue creating what your heart desires. Follow that feeling guiding you to be kind, to love, to forgive; follow it and see where it leads. Matters of the heart cannot be taught, and cannot be compared either; they cannot even be measured by the most advanced scientific gadgets.

Strive to equip yourself with knowledge about systems, political and whatnot. Know that all of them rest on ideology, and that they exist solely for the purpose of surviving. Know that these systems were created many years ago, and that ganging up in protest will not stop them, but will instead give them more power. We all know too well that war begets war.

If you cannot see through to the future, just plant a seed. In most cases, it is all that one can do. But it is more than having an underutilised farm, while holding on to a seed in hand.

Dear Man, before you engage, please abstain. Stop or pause, and reflect. Reflect on the consequences of your involvement in any action, to yourself and to the next person. Of course, abstinence is not inaction. It is a choice not to engage. A chance to employ the faculty of reason. An opportunity to respond instead of reacting. A chance to make a choice based on the far-reaching consequences, and not be blinded by the short-lived reward like a thrill.

Equip yourself with knowledge of the past generations. There is always something they are trying to tell you, though inaudibly. They insinuate instead of shouting. It is because they respect your freedom, and do not want to infringe on your free will, just as the Creator gives you this gift. In a world where there is so much doom, you can look for something positive to appreciate. Better still, you can be the creator of positivity.

You can be the reason someone smiles. You can be the reason someone believes that Man is a creature of love, kindness, and hope. So, instead of fighting or banning pornography, giving out contraceptive pills and condoms, teach sex education to children. Make it so pure and clear that the actors, directors, producers, promoters, and consumers of pornographic content come to these children for lessons, because what they lack is this knowledge, and that is why they are there. In a space of lack and misunderstanding. In a space ruled by programming of the mind and negative thought. And in knowing the truth, they will become aware that contraceptives may protect one from pregnancy and infections, but not telegony.

Dear Man, instead of arresting and sending people to jail, show them a better way of living; a way that will make them question their actions, and strive to change their lives for the better. Instead of channelling your energy to avenge an unkind act, show the offender love and kindness, in a way that creates in them a need to possess that love in themselves.

Dear Man, instead of building military camps, assembling ammunition, and training your children in anticipation of war, invest more in a peaceful future. Lead a life of truth, so that those who think of you as their enemy begin to see that you are indeed a friend. Let those planning to conquer your homes see that whatever they yearn to conquer, they can also create for themselves.

Finally, I say to you, dear Man, may this book give you an opportunity to serve the cause of good, now and forever.

And for those who, after interacting with this piece, want to reach out to me, either for collaboration or feedback, feel free to contact me at odhiambos003@gmail.com.

Gratitude to the beta readers who offered their precious time to preview the manuscript and give thoughtful feedback. Pepe, who has been very supportive ever since I shared the manuscripts of my other books with him. Wachira, for giving very honest feedback and expressing eagerness to see the final output. My sister, Florence, for assisting in cross-checking some of the names used in parts of this work, and many more who helped even without knowing.

One lad called Ken couldn't stop asking for the final copy. He believed in me so much, probably more than I did myself. But I needed it to conquer my doubt.

Many thanks to Mercy for going the extra mile while we worked page by page in the editing process, often stretching into the night as far as our schedules could allow.

I couldn't close this chapter without thanking the energy of thought for the information download and the necessary inspiration to bring this work to completion.

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The One and Only

Conceived and co-created in 2024

Life will always claim its own,
And the body will decay,
The moment will be forever gone,
Without a chance to replay.
You will come home where you belong,
And surely without a delay.
You will see that you are a Soul,
And life was just a play.

This knowledge you had all along,
But circumstances made you forget.
See, from the moment you were born,
You started walking afresh.
Your feelings were spot on and never wrong;
The filters you hadn't been given.
And the years went on and on,
Then dullness clouded your thought.

A reminder of your love for me, you strived to create.
I am the son of God; on your skin you wrote.
Knowing too well that this mark you couldn't correct,
A skin that was perfect in its natural state,

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The love we share, even the ink couldn't elucidate.

A physical space you yearned to create;
An external sanctuary where we could connect.
Justifying your actions, you said it was in my name,
It never mattered if I didn't put the request.

Named and baptised them worship days,
Yet from the beginning, they were all the same.
And on these occasions, you began acting strange.
That you love me more than on other days you pretend.
Doing works of charity for attention's sake.
Imitating the chameleon 'cause colours you change.

That you had wronged me, you were told,
So, on your knees you went down.
With your eyes lowered and your head bowed,
You begged for forgiveness out loud.
In a sackcloth you were adorned,
On your chest, you began to pound,
And you rolled on the ground.

In your tears, you were starting to drown.
I was held in a sorrowful cloud.
Of you, I was already feeling proud.
But how come you were not feeling loved?
This energy that is all so profound?
It is within you that I abound.

And in constant isolation,
You were engaged in meditation,
'Cause they told you that silence is my vibration.
In seeking perfection,
This practise, to you, became an addiction.
To you, it became nothing more than a ritual.
I am omnipresent, in every creation,
But did this ever come to your attention?

Then I heard that you were learning how to breathe.
Again! I was astonished,
'Cause it sounded rather unnatural.
In these schools, breathing techniques they teach.
They say it will lengthen your lifespan.
And have you not breathed since conception?

And does it matter if you take in all this pollution?
So does it make a difference,
Whether you do it with your nose or mouth?
Child, you are lost in ritual,
And it has dulled your power of thought.

Said you were doing research,
Searching for the hidden enigma.
And that in finding them, you would find me there.
Every day there was something new to hear.

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And you formed subjects and fields of knowledge.
Built schools and began to teach the people.

Labelled yourself civilised after gathering certificates.
You developed artificial spaces,
And called them homes and offices,
Within them, you built bathrooms and toilets,
Of the creation pattern there were no traces,
So instead of living in happiness, you wallow in sadness,
And it's all written in your faces.

After acquiring your accolades,
You reached your false targets,
And set another target altogether,
The goal post kept shifting,
For it was a creation of your imagination.
Your purpose then became proving my existence,
But you should have spent more time in nature.

Built them statures of beings,
'Cause the spiritual your eyes couldn't see,
Cared less for the sound of the winds,
'Cause to you it was just a meaningless breeze.
Created your own artificial beats,
Accompanied by unconscious dances.

But listen to me, child,
They say talk is evanescent, but writing leaves foot print.

But there comes a time when the frost bites,
And the pages turn brown,
And the worms begin to eat them up.
But it could be helpful,
Only when the voice box is damaged,
And no sound can come out of the throat.

Listen to me, child,
They say talk is evanescent, but writing leaves footprint.
But nobody can explain the language of the cells,
The stories of the synapse and the nerve endings.
Feelings you have,
And they relay information without error.
It has always been the way you connect with me.

Look around, child,
They say talk is evanescent, but writing leaves footprint.
But the gurgling of the waters,
Can cause a recalibration of your Soul.
The chirping of the crickets signals the end of the day.

The setting of the sun,
Signals the beginning of a nightly rest.
The rising of the sun,
Signals the beginning of yet another dispensation.
Fruits will change colour to show maturity.
Leaves will change colour to denote change in season.

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Listen, child, I am the one and only.
I love you regardless; I keep saying,
But you are not listening.
My face to you I keep showing,
But you are not looking.

My omnipresence I keep insinuating,
But you are not decoding.
My love to you I keep sharing,
But you have blocked your senses;
You are not feeling.

Listen to me, child,
They say talk is evanescent, but writing leaves foot print.
That they know what the eternal book of life is,
So they keep preaching.
That there is a record for the dead and the living.
And to these misleading words, you keep believing.
Yet, right from the beginning,
You haven't seen a book with my handwriting.

They say he works in the light.
But to me, all is just space.
They say love is sweeter in darkness,
That the two ingredients can't work without each other.
Love and darkness forever entangling.
Love and darkness forever intermingling.

Listen, child, I am you, and you are me.
I feel when you touch the water, touch the earth.
But you still think that I am separated from you,
So you end up thinking to yourself:
He doesn't praise himself, so I have to do it.
He doesn't see himself, so I have to do it.

I will show him the beauty of the flowers.
He has no hands, so I have to write for him.
He has no mouth, so I will speak for him.
He has no ears,
So I will shout and call his name countless times.

Listen to me, child,
The things that we cannot hold on to are more precious.
The things that we cannot measure are more valuable.
Your breath will always satisfy your hunger for life.
The rays of the sun will always make the cells vibrate.

The twinkle of the stars,
Will always make your eyeballs dance.
The light of the moon will always soothe your sorrows.
The wind will always wipe your tears away.
I was, I am, and forever will be the one and only.

Her Highness

Conceived and co-created in May 2021

The bell rang; the straps were fastened.
Up the stairs they went.
She rose, headed for the stairs,
And began descending.

She of the noble high, Ta! Ta! Ta!
They met at the stair landing.
They stopped and bowed,
Her head held high.

They didn't dare raise their heads,
Until she was long gone.
She of the noble high; shrill voice on phone,
Till you meet her, my guy.

This technology alright though?
Voice alterations!
Don't know her till you meet her, I guess.
She's mad at the boys; the observer's perception.

When they finally have a seat at the table,

The body language is the only tool of communication.
DO NOT take their words for it.
The observer is at a loss...

Amidst the thorns, she blossoms, head standing tall.
They say she ages and withers quickly,
But they forget that she gets reborn,
As long as the roots are in the soil.

She of the noble high;
Handle her roughly, and get pricked.
The bee stings and still makes honey.
That's why the boys are always too careful.

She is a meticulous art,
Perfect curves on the edges.
There are rich perfumes in the market,
But her scent is her own.

The boys are the roots.
The end of her; the beginning for her.
Still, she holds her sway,
It is her that the eyes see.

Her that the hands caress,
Her that the nose sniffs,
Her that the moon shines on,

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Her that the dew settles on,

Her highness, end.

Church is Born

Conceived and co-created in 2022

Gathered under the tree, or under the sky,
Walking in darkness, or walking in light,
Talking to ourselves, or talking to others,
Sleeping on the bed, or sleeping in the grave,
We felt the divine, so we proceeded with a smile,

Why go dancing all alone,
When we could dance with the Soul?
Why keep talking all alone,
When we could talk to the All?

Why keep mopping about the old,
When we could hug the new dawn?
Why sulk on the lack of rain,
When the morning mist was always on the lawn?
We saw the seasons change, so we played along.

At the stars we gazed,
And with the patterns we were amazed.
In every inch of space, through all the days,
His hands embraced.

Early before we rose, late before we slept,
Only His name we praised.
The birds sang, and the wind blew,
As proof of His amazing grace.
We were open minded, so we were never stressed.

Then the clouds gathered, thunder roared,
And lightning struck.
In a short while,
Only a star could be seen in the night sky.

The wind was held in a dance duel,
With the whistling pine.
Even the crickets paused their chirping,
Not to miss the unravelling.
We were attentive to nature,
So we could catch the slightest change.

In the dark night, on the wooden door,
Thrice a knock was heard.
To answer the call, stood the elder,
Just as the customs called.

The breeze blew, the lights flickered,
And their shadows surely danced.
As we all watched with our inner eyes,
Their Souls were left exposed.

We were good-hearted,
So the distant travellers we welcomed.

Came in the four strangers,
Adorning some rather peculiar dressing.
Are they dressed in sheets?
I thought, looking at their clothing.

Ambassadors they were,
For they gave cut from the same cloth a meaning.
The red cross being the only exception,
On their head dressing.
We had a different culture, so we were mesmerised.

Among them was an expectant mother,
But even she was dressed in white sheathes,
In no time, she was surrounded by our midwives.
But no, they didn't take any of their advice.
So with loud cries and name-calling, she gave birth.
We were sensitive, so we felt their pain.

And in pain the child was born,
When there was no cry, his mom shrieked;
Her face almost white.
With his legs facing up, his bottom was slapped twice.

They grabbed and massaged their crucifix,

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And gave thanks to God.
From his pocket, their leader took out the holy waters.
And pouring it on the child's head,
He christened him, Church.

With his palms upturned, he looked up the ceiling.
From heaven you have been sent,
On earth, you have been born in sin,
But baptism has saved your Soul from darkness.
He made a symbol of the cross on his chest to finalise.
We were attentive to his prayer,
Because ours were more private.

Two broke from the group and approached us now.
In their hands, the crucifix and the Bible rested.
The Son of God has been born in this house of pagans,
First, confess your sins before the altar,
Get down on your knees, so that you do not perish in sin,
Give thanks to Him, for this has been a blessing.

Silently, we listened and watched, pondering.
To their language, phrases, and words,
We could not pay less attention.
So the strangers before us,
Proclaimed themselves ambassadors of God,

Insinuating that,
They could mediate between us and God,

Observing that,
In their eyes, we were sinners and pagans,
Insinuating that,
They could broker for the forgiveness of our sins?

Their instruments and tools of trade, they named the altar,
Their holy book, they expected us to lay our hands on,
On their crucifix, they waited for us to plant a kiss,
Our culture, we had to abandon,
And conform to the Church,
And only then, would we be called the children of God!

As the customs called, the elders stood to respond,
At night, man goes to rest, yet the trees remain standing,
At dawn, the crickets resign from their nightly chirping,
As if to mark the register, the birds resume their singing,
Whether in light or darkness,
Bugs in grasses are always crawling.

Alas, among us His miracles abound!
The beams of the sun,
And the opening, and closing of the flower have a rhythm,
His plants only grow where they can flourish,

Darkness gives in to light, and light, darkness,
Man breathes out what plants breathe in and vice versa,
The dry leaves fall to the ground,

And new ones grow in their place.

The child you have chosen to call Church,
Is surely a gift from Him,
From his eyes,
The light of the sun and the world will shine,

In his heart, pure love will always vibrate,
Indeed, by His grace we have been blessed.
And for that,
Church we welcome to learn our culture.
His blessings we do not filter.

Be guided with your hearts,
Even as you see with your eyes.
Take off your shoes,
And let the pores of your feet breathe.

Feel free to walk and live among us,
Choosing any path you please.
Drink the waters of our blessed land,
And feel its taste.
Food we have in plenty from our gardens,
And freely we give.
Rest, for you have come a long way.

The leaders speak again,
Slender bodies trembling in long robes.

If you want to taste everlasting life,
Worship Him and only Him.
Join us, or else you will face His wrath,
And suffer eternal condemnation in the fires of hades.
Rest we will not, for we are at work to win your Souls.

Years and years have gone by;
We have watched Church grow by,
The sun's rays are a reflection of his feelings and beliefs.
And in the hearts of some of our peoples,
They have taken root.

Now we have people expressing their freedom.
Some say our old ways have no proof,
To show for the love of God,
That Church Himself is a sign of God.

And yet sometimes they say,
That Church was born within us,
They say, it is in us; the temple of God.
Yet in our lands they have built them altars,
The house of God they call them.
And only in there do they feel his presence.

But did you see the high seats on the altar?
They no longer bow to Him, but to them.
But they do not see, their eyes are always lowered.

They confess their sins, but they do not cease,
From going to confession every so often, it's a trend.

The system was created, and now it has to survive.
The altar was built, and now it has to be renovated;
Talk of painting and roofing.
The choir was formed, and now they require a uniform;
The white sheaths, remember?

On their necks, waists, and wrists, they are chained;
With the crucifix on necklaces, bangles, rings,
And whatnot.
And their pockets have to be emptied at the altar.

So we watch from the sides as time goes,
In corners, they stop to kiss,
And whisper to their instruments.
Mechanically, they genuflect every so often,
At the imagined, or real sight of their religious leaders,
And hoping that that holy hand will be laid on their heads.

And while this might be an added load,
To them, it is a blessing from above.
If God came down today, to which altar would he go?
The wind blows, and the sun shines.
The sun sets and the moon waxes and wanes.
Then the thoughts come back to us.

We were already loved, so we didn't need to be chosen.

We were given freedom, so we didn't need to be forgiven.

We already talked to the creator,

So we needed no medium.

Our spaces were holy, so we needed no altars.

We were all sovereign so we needed no exertion of control.

Double Tap

Conceived and co-created on the 14th of December 2021

Before I double tap,
I know it's a trap,
So even though they will clap,
It has to be a wrap.

Lately, I've been thinking of some rap,
Maybe to the wrist it's a slap,
And if it's true, I don't need that nap.

Tired of hearing all this crap,
We've all become yes-men,
All we do is say yap.
Let's go back to the beginning,
Maybe we should start with a snap.

Make it sweet like the fruit and the sup,
So we can suck it like a pump,
Then we slow down like there's a bump.

You've been so quiet, so I begin to wonder,
Hey what's up?

Where are you listening from?
Maybe I should get the map.
And we need to exercise, we should go for a lap.

You cannot give, what you do not have,
Maybe you should fill your cup.
Leave no loophole, and build a strong hold;
Don't you ever leave a gap.
Temptations are imminent,
But I hope you haven't given up.

The streets are dark,
So you think that you may need a lamp.
But within is a fire powerful enough to light it all up.
Put your foot forward and lean back,
You need to tie that strap.

Our content is awash, copied and pasted,
How do we still want a pat on the back?
Man, be original; now where do I even put my stamp?
I'm already bored and fed up with this,
Did you hear me just give a Burp?

Omuga is Dead

Conceived and co-created in 2023

Onyancha wails so loud the dogs stop to stare,
Afraid of competition, they are; they wait for the news.
Omuga, Oh, why do you leave me like this?
Nyar Tieko eulogises the one who has breathed his last.

Their only son is no more; the written eulogy awaits.
I just talked to you last month, Omuga, and you promised,
Yes, you promised to come and visit this weekend,
Omuga, Omuga, Omuga, Uui! Uui!
Three more cries, and the village goes silent.

The wind carries their cries in every inch of space.
Now the cateress wrings her hands; a new job awaits.
The tender is her gift; manna fallen from heaven, they say.
Does she kneel in prayer for these opportunities?
I would like to hear her conversation with God, please?

Yahweh, they call Him;
Our Father who is present everywhere.
He gives and takes as He wills.
So how does He judge?

If the prayer He grants, yours and mine;
Different as they are.
The curse and the blessing come to His table for blessing.
Piles and piles of files spread on top;
All a matter of urgency.

There must be a bin just beside the table;
Closed files and all.
Then the phone rings, and off He goes to see a lost child.
See, He's been trying that line for years on end.
Apologies if your file was just on top, maybe next time.
Perhaps it is Omuga who rang the doorbell,
Or a courtesy call?

A few minutes later, the village howls again,
Rare as a blue moon, the Onyancha's have visitors.
Atieno has never visited Nyar Tieko;
Omuga is a story she once heard.
He is well known;
He didn't even have to introduce himself.
So she cries for a stranger well known to her.

Next, Nyar Polo falls to the ground like a bag of maize.
Oh, my son! She cries, they finished you!
I swear I saw this coming; they couldn't just let it go.
The bravest of them all, so they couldn't face you directly.
They all looked at you with bad eyes,

Now your face remains in theirs.
She has not seen the diseased in ten years!

Luckily, there are genuine mourners for this ceremony.
Onyancha will not seek those who do this professionally.
He looks at the crowd in his compound and thinks,
My son was loved!
But crocodile tears are hard to keep rolling;
They vanish so soon.

Onyancha finally sits,
And before he can phone his daughters,
Seats arrive from the Okong'os, his neighbour on the left.
It is a sign of solidarity.
See, they have not talked for two years.
Nyatichilo, Okong'o's wife,
Was suspected of bewitching Omuga.
But she has the most beautiful smile;
Harmless eyes and all.

On a sober day he would stand and say,
Get this rubbish away from my sight!
You only come here to show your financial might,
These are proceeds of witch craft;
You are the cause of his death.
He had no idea where his guests could sit,
Now his silent prayer has been answered,
The Lord is faithful to His servants;

He gives when needed!

A tent is also donated to Onyancha.
And that comes with opinions;
This is for the in-laws,
No, it's too old, suits the villagers.
Suddenly, the compound does not look presentable,
For the visitors to come.
The home he has lived in for forty years;
What do they see that he hasn't?
The house is to be renovated,
But the leaking roof was just fine with them!

The firewood has to be hidden away,
The visitors will not like it, Nyar Ondak suggests.
The tent I brought should be right here,
So as the in-laws do not go round the house.
The toilet should be painted blue, brown is dull,
Thunders Okong'o.
Omuga has no house, he should be buried there,
Says Jaulalo, pointing to a spot next to the gate.
Give us five trees to fell and split,
Obara says, an axe resting on his shoulder!

One week now,
Nyar Tieko has been rising up to busk in the sun,
Her wifely duties now taken over by her village friends.

Now, if you want to see her,
You will have to go through Nyar Owes first;
Her aide at the moment.
Onyancha and the daily visitors,
Eat and talk in the tent all day long.
In the meeting,
They suggested to raise a hundred thousand shillings.

Oh, and Nyar Tieko has a matter to raise;
A pin drop silence awaits.
My son deserves a hero's send-off;
The value of the life he led.
At this point, Nyar Polo whispers to her neighbour,
He did not even build a *Simba*, what a disgrace!
And not even a wife could afford to live with him.

Drunk he was always, because his salary was guaranteed,
His children scattered, on the face of the earth, they suffer,
If it were upon me, a hundred thousand is just too much,
We have already contributed to his education,
Now we contribute to his burial too!
I bet we would have also contributed to his wedding;
What a waste!

Nyar Tieko's house is now cleaned by others;
The secrets laid out bare.
She pretended to be clean,
But all the filth is brought out for all to see.

Now it seems she had all the tools to bewitch her own son!
And the things she stored and never used; Oh, my!
How we hold on even to lifeless things!

Nyankongo shakes her head in dismay,
What she sees she can't believe.
Her jug that was long lost lies in the store,
But the contents!
Stones, pieces of paper, and scissors,
Was it so much of a game?
Oh, and is that a piece of Nyar Owes's shoal?
In just two days, there are words enough to write a novel.

Now there is a village gathering at the Onyanchas,
The tents and the seats are set, and the tea is ready.
A table stands front centre;
The legs are dug in just to ensure that it is steady.
Nyar Owes ensures that it's tidy.
Only one person appointed chairman will use this table;
The eldest person alive he is,
And a member of the extended family, of course.

Soon, the tent is full, and members begin the ritual.
Nyar Polo suggests that a beautiful eulogy be printed.
The face of Omuga must be seen by all and sundry.
If it were possible,
We'd use tablets, as you know, we are digital.

And this is important for remembrance, she insists.

Nyankongo stands to disagree,
She does not have to shout though.
My people,
How many eulogies do you have in your possession?
Some may be collecting dust,
And cobwebs, who knows where,
Some are rained on in the streets,
And most have been used to light many fires,
And to be used as remembrance, you say?

What is a eulogy to the ones who did not know Omuga?
Do you need it as a constant reminder,
That you knew him not?
If I say that he has changed a lot,
What will be your point of reference?
And if you never knew him at all,
What brings you after all?
I remember him always,
I still see him in my eyes, eulogy or not.

Oh, my son,
The people who killed you walk free within us,
Nyar Tieko cries out loud, see them here among us!
Point them out, my son, you are the bravest among us,
They attacked from the back,
And it must have been in the dark.

I know that if they faced you head-on,
You would have fought back.

They had you by surprise, my prince,
Yes, it was the one you trusted,
Here among us they sit; yes, flush them out,
And they laugh at us within,
Wolves in sheep's skin they are,
They greet us, yes,
But they have an iron fist in a velvet glove,
They smear themselves with perfume,
But they are choking with smoke from the stove.

Jatelo rises to the occasion, saying,
I will sponsor the purchase of the most beautiful coffin,
And not only that, I will also buy him a suit.
Jatelo and Omuga went to school together,
But have never seen eye to eye since Omuga stole his girl.

There are various whispers as Nyar Polo,
Almost muttering to herself, says,
And where is the source of your wealth,
We only seem to benefit from your money in funerals,
Are you an emissary of the dark forces by any chance?
A commotion arises,
It's between Omuga's friends and Jatelo's goons.

To regain his power, the elder stands up abruptly.
The chairman clears his throat once, then twice,
But his voice was just clear before he took the tea,
Could it be him?
But no, his voice is clear again; he confirms his authority.
The tent goes quiet.
His voice reigns in the whole compound.
Perhaps the tea is powerful.

This is a celebration of life, even though he has passed on,
The focus is on the life he lived, even though he lives on.
I have seen, I see, and will continue to see.
So he lives, his presence is felt in our hearts;
His image remains with us.
Happy he is; unconstrained, his Soul hovers over us.

Rejoice in the actions he did; learn from his mistakes.
He was no saint,
This lad we disagreed with; not once, not twice.
Yet here I am, and here we are;
What could we say that he doesn't hear?
As if we sitting here hold on to falsehood,
The truth has set him free.
What could we say that we never told him?

With that said,
I wonder whether we need another sermon.
Maybe, just maybe,

The chairman should be the preacher for the burial.
But Nyar Polo disagrees; her name is now a mystery,
Thought I that she was daughter of the heavens!
The people's voice is heard; the eulogy will be printed.
Otichilo will give two bulls to be slaughtered in the event.

The house is to be repainted.
The fundraiser will cater for all the expenses.
Okong'o must now use the main gate,
As the other entrances are blocked henceforth.
It would have ended well,
Had the question not been brought up,
Who will go and get Omuga's body from the mortuary,
And yet who will stay home and receive him?

Almost all wanted to go,
Even though the funds would not allow.
Oh, just look at Nyar Polo's distorted face,
Nyar Owes has asked her to stay back!
The van can only carry 14, and she was the 15th; Oh, dear!
Perhaps she has been pointed out.
Could she be the one? Only time will tell.
Alas, time is fleeting, and the moment is relative!

Now smoke comes from all corners of the Onyanchas.
Every visitor comes in style.
And no, it's not fashion I'm talking about.

All animals produce different sounds,
Today, man tests them all.
And what are the animals themselves doing?
They are busy scavenging for leftovers.
Shouldn't they have been given tribute,
For their cries at least?

And now to fashion,
We have black, brown, white, and all types of coding.
Some would go into the science of matching,
Mismatching and contrast.
That we leave to the ones we call the fashion police.
Let not one cry that they are colour blind.

Somehow, though, we are dressed to the occasion.
I see happy colours, but sad faces;
Did we need to wear face masks?
But hey, there in the corner, I hear some laughter;
Of course, Nyar Polo's spot.
Then suddenly, the signal is given,
And all hell breaks loose.
Starting with the daughter of the heavens;
Screaming, she runs for the entrance.

And at a neck-breaking speed, others follow suit,
Omuga, Omuga, Omuga, you have left us so soon!
And some words cannot be written here, dear reader.
The brave Omuga is to be laid to rest today.

And the mixture of emotions,
Match with a variety of meals.

From here on, there will be deafening music,
And all in the name of Omuga.
And not the songs he liked, but those that are danceable,
And not the ones his father likes, he is an oldie,
Nyar Tieko goes to church; use that as a clue.
They should have let Omuga rest in quietude!
But Nyar Polo gives the last cry, uuuuui! Uuui! Omugaaa!

Patience

Conceived and co-created on the 13th of September 2022

Had a damsel once, a model she was;
The name, Peshy.
Slim body making careful little strides like a cat,
I couldn't call it cat walking though.

She didn't purr, though, and she was on two.
She slid several times,
But never did she fall on her back.
The empress measured, not just her steps,
But her words too, even in vernacular, Luo

Small pink lips contrasting her white teeth.
Amazing how she never got tired of all that smiling.
Eyes so sharp,
I got lost in them sometimes.
Most times it felt petrifying,
When we locked contact too long.
Wonder if that's what the judges dealt with.

First time we connected, like it was our fate;
My life without art, and hers, creation itself.
She needed no expression.

Even in silence, we communicated.
Her wealth of words compensated my lack.

And there was no drama;
I was clearly a bad actor.
I couldn't even play her.
They say, oh, I say, that models don't act.
Never saw her on stage, but she remained herself.

With lady luck in the house, the boy had appetite,
'Cause the meals were well-cooked,
And the dishes cleaned after.
The end of badmouthing lazy people,
'Cause I joined the club.

Stupid boy didn't see the show.
This was wife material,
But Eric wasn't the star in this,
'Cause its real life, jokes aside;
No camera man saying one, two, three,
No director to say, cut, take one.

When the question came,
And the mic handed over to me, I lost my speech.
Thought I that I was academically smart!
Had my hand up in class to the teachers' questions;
How foolish not to answer a simple question as,

What are we?

Clearly, I'd been aloof my whole life,
In the class register, present I was always,
But absent from the school of life,
For I couldn't conjure up any magical word,
To cool down the temperature,
Oh, History says we are primates!

Creation story says I'm Man!
But this Man was now defined by name,
Defined by the course he studied,
Defined by the friends he kept around.

Thought he that she was not his taste,
Measured beauty with the size of the breast,
'Cause he needed her only for sex,
Like an over-the-counter drug to relieve his stress.

So fast he'd fallen to his disease, amnesia,
Forgetting how all these began;
A stranger offering to look for a house,
A stranger walking him to the bus stage,
A stranger helping to clean the house,
A stranger welcoming him in her house.

The stranger claiming to know him,
More than his friends did.

Could have been enough,
To make him redefine the meaning of stranger.
But no, he feigned blindness,
Couldn't see that she saw past his face.

Yes, he feigned deafness,
Couldn't hear the sweetness in her voice.
And all this blocked his senses,
So he couldn't know the taste of it: love.
Peshy sought the service of advisors,
The result is why I wrote this.

So Peshy knew me, but I knew her not.
Peshy slept at mines, but still left at midnight.
Peshy was open, but all I saw were her flaws.
Peshy waited always, but I never returned her call.
Sixteen years of studying hadn't taught me a thing.
I had the girl beside me, but I couldn't make a choice.

Yes, her name was Patience,
But she couldn't be herself for me anymore.
Even the model couldn't face one audience.
How much strength did she need,
To entertain the crowd as she always did?
Just how negative was my influence?
Just how impatient could she be with me?
Wasn't she there for me, only me?

As the cat walks, I only heard the door close.
At least a cat's tail could always be seen.
So much for learning to embrace patience,
When all the while she was there before me.
Oh, patience!

Reflection

Conceived and co-created in 2021

Every time I look into your eyes,
I see your concern,
Your thoughts, I've changed.
Only, you are afraid to state the exact change.

Afraid that you might hurt my feelings,
You smile even more,
And slowly begin to look away,
The plastic smile fades away.

The contorted lines soon return,
In your face is where they reside.
Your eyes blink repeatedly;
I know it's a lie, before you say it.

If you stared too long,
You might see yourself in my eyes.
You would grasp my actions,
My moves speak for me, yet I do not utter a word.

The image of you in my eyes remains in your eyes,

Uncontrollably so, you shut your eyes.
Now with your head turned away,
You stand to leave.

My image remains with you, though, in your eyes.
Whether in light or in darkness,
In sorrow or in joy,
In scarcity or in plenty.

Even when the booze clouds your judgment,
And the drugs blur your vision,
When the mist is thick,
And the sun's heat is no longer felt.

When old age comes,
And threatens to drive you blind,
When the lights are dimming,
And the eyes want to pop out of their sockets.

When the pain is too much, the vessels swell,
And the tears well.
When the whirl wind comes,
And covers all the openings in your face.

When you are standing on flat land,
Looking at the green grass,
When you are standing at a cliff,
Looking at the steep slope.

In boats or in steam ships, in jets or in rockets,
In cars, transit vehicles, or on foot,
In circles or in straight lines,
Wherever you go, I am your reflection.

My Vote was Cast

Conceived and co-created in August 2022

My vote was cast; I did not cast my vote.
My heart palpitations increased at the devil's hour.
My ears stood erect;
Alert now I was like a soldier on patrol.
I thought I heard someone being called out in the dark.

I listened as the door was banged, and a name was called.
Again, the door was banged, then silence.
My window was knocked repeatedly.
My name was called.
The message was delivered.

Come at midnight and don't be late.
The invitation now given, I have to accept.
The deliverer of the news was someone I didn't expect,
So I chose to go out of respect.

I went back to sleep, but I set the alarm first.
My ears now remained open; half asleep is what it's called.
I know my neighbour's voice; she prays in the morning.
Today, she called me before she said her prayers.

Men of light don't work at the devil's hour,
But today she made an exception.
Today, she even called me in place of His name.
Today, she forgave and forgot all the discord between us,

So, who am I not to turn up and honour her call?

Even as she called me by my brother's name,
I knew the hour had arrived.
I guess I am always ready for the second coming,
But I hope they call my name, lest I'm left behind.

My vote was cast; I did not cast my vote.
2 AM it was, and lo, it was warm outside!
My niece waits for me impatiently outside,
She could have seen heaven before me.
Then it would not matter that I saw the light first;
That I was born before her.

Humanimals can also be nocturnal at times.
When the full moon's brightness casts upon the earth,
Sometimes when there is a party and free booze,
And in a blue moon, when our votes are cast.

The moon took off her garments for a while,
Then, as if embarrassed by our behaviour,
She hid once more.
My feet kissed the morning dew; it was freezing cold.
I stood still, the soldier I was.

The moon exposes our filth,
But this is not the time to confess.
As if waiting for the moon to disappear,
The big white vehicles appeared from nowhere.
Well, maybe they could have said, we are now here!
My vote was cast; I did not cast my vote.

Only, we were told later to wait again for the real thing.

Yeah, what I had in hand seemed like an appetiser.
You could see some in gumboots and some barefoot.
Enough evidence that the vote would take different turns.

It was that time,
When we think we are getting what belongs to us;
A time when we are getting what we truly deserve.
It was that time when we use political sense.
A time when we move from ward to ward;
Without a map, and without a complaint,
And even without seeking rest.

The name of every giver we praise,
But only one will receive the vote.
Fools think they are smart,
Just because their pockets are full.
But the giver never worries over what they can recoup.
Give us time, and in five years, we'll be back to this loop.
We should have thrown some pebbles to mark this route.

Democracy is expensive, they say,
But who says it's measured by money's worth?
And neighbour took on a deeper meaning,
He who could stand nearby to share their body's warmth.

So, we waited, supposedly for the main meal.
Some already planned how they would use their gem.
Mine was in the pocket; I told no one my plan though.
Was it not just yesterday that I felt content?

I told my niece that choices have consequences.
That she should only engage in conscious acts.
To prove that living the truth was not a walk in the park,
Here I am with her lurking out in the dark.

Even in the dark corners, our eyes they spark.
To confirm my guilt, they blinked more than once.
My choice was made before my vote was cast.

My vote was cast; I did not cast my vote.
I have never been closer to them politicians,
Now here I was massaging the president's face.
If he were alive,
He would have felt the warmth of my hands.

No, my vote was cast before my choice was made.
I have the right to vote, but do I vote right?
I have the brains to think, but do I think at all?
Theirs is a voice yes, but it's not mine at all.
And the line was obviously long, with nothing to lean on.

I made the tick yes, but was it by my own will?
I saw the images, yes, but did I even look at them well?
Oh, I know their names now,
But do they use them every day?
I stood for so long, yet was it a worthy course?
After this, I may regret my choice, yes,
But what is the better option?
My vote was cast; I did not cast my vote.

Me in a Vest

Conceived and co-created on the 20th of August 2021

You must have seen me walking around,
Singing out loud, just wearing a vest.
I see you scratching your brains,
Profiling me for how I dress,
Then, aha, you conclude that I must be jobless.

Why do you mind most of what is not your business?
Flashing your teeth, wringing your hands,
Waiting for the interest.
Tell me how much of what is yours in this, did you invest?

Corrupted minds,
This generation has got itself in such a mess.
Children crying and comparing;
We need to redefine success.
I pray to God we remember our roots,
And save ourselves from this madness.

As we smile for the cameras busy trying to impress,
I'm concerned that our emotions we continue to suppress;
The beginning of disease,

Now we are suffering from stress.

I know we are in flow, so I'm sorry for having to digress,
At one time, I thought,
Yeah, it isn't a must to have a mistress.
Poor sex education,
In our bodies, we no longer feel the sacredness.

I see queens filled with fear,
Attracting men with their fleshly charms;
Just look at how they dress.
You are beautiful beyond measure,
But how long shall you remain in darkness?
To my chosen one,
Allow me to remind you that you are a goddess.

Won't you agree, with pure thoughts,
Creativity is easier to express.
And you achieve more,
When you look like you care less.
Lots of love, trust me,
No grim face, like you are playing chess.

Buried in the hustle and bustle of daily life,
We make most decisions under duress.
We run around worrying about everything,
Then we are left breathless.

Detached and watching all this,
From my end, I'm speechless.

In all honesty, we agree,
That most wars we fight are meaningless.
If you don't get it, I mean,
For what course, we are clueless!
With sober minds,
Misunderstandings we should address.

I see you trying to profile,
But I know life is priceless.
Don't you be the first one,
To judge you are not blameless.
And lessons coming my way, so I take all chances.

Life is short,
We party every day like it's our only business!
We've built classes around it,
Don't just assume that you will be granted access.
But if you gatecrash and get caught,
Just show them that you are mannerless.

What is the hurry in achieving?
We've all lost our patience!
You can't force it;
You know, most things just require willingness.
And if you stick just long enough,

Then you see the progress.

Raised in secrecy and technocracy,

Most of us fear brightness.

In the daylight, our loved ones we can't even caress.

So afraid to be seen with you,

They'd rather blow you kisses.

The Dunes

Conceived and co-created on the 5th of December 2021

It's pretty obvious that you want the clue,
But I swear it's clear like the back of baboons,
Haven't seen a party short of balloons,
I didn't think I'll be here singing to my tunes,
Now we are addicted, so we wait for the dues.

Sometimes they'd stop and say that you are fools,
But all that I knew I aimed for the moon,
Now I swear all they give is salute,
It's all too easy, we all have the tools.
But it all comes clear once you start to read the books,
You miss a lot by judging by looks.

But we are always listening to the news,
Don't we know that all we do is consume?
We tend to forget that also we can produce.

Hold up, you don't have to abuse,
Cross my fingers you don't need the booze,
How about we pay attention just to use,
It's not a competition you will never get to lose.

Now we are lazy alarms always left to snooze,

Who told you it was cool to get tattoos?
You're the one who doesn't want to sit on a stool,
Yet you are here with the strongest perfume.

You must have been brought up with a silver spoon,
And you're the one to always lose your cool,
Maybe you should go back to school,
And if you're keen enough not to drool,
They'd teach you how to work on them moods.

One day I want to go and see the dunes,
I heard they also cover all the plateaus,
Even though I'm not a tycoon,
I see the times are telling me to let loose.

And some things are often labelled as taboos,
It's got us thinking that we are true to the roots,
They keep us fastened to the rules,
We need to sweep them clean with the brooms.

Sometimes scaffolding comes from bamboos,
It seems they get you faster to the roofs.
And we rarely hang out in the woods,
Will we understand the use of harpoons?
I bet all we want to watch is cartoons.

Holding fast, all your hands ever do is zoom,

Your phones have got you locked up in your cocoons,
Game advertising is everywhere, getting us so duped,
We never notice our appetites coming up so soon.

One day I want to buy some shoes,
I bet I'll learn to dance some moves,
Every flower gets the chance to bloom,
That's why I'm manifesting everything good.

We'll all one day be aware of our will to choose.
You'll realise ancient rituals weren't necessarily voodoo,
It will shake the fear out of you once you do,
But nothing ever comes out of the blues.

Looking Through the Window of Life

Conceived and co-created in 2023

Looking through the window of life,
There are forces pulling strings, but remain unseen.
There are voices giving orders, and we obey willingly.
Voices saying, we ought to take the kids to school.
Voices telling man to trust nothing but modern medicine.
Voices saying respect authority; they come from Him.
Voices saying follow only the diet that I give.
Voices saying give a tithe of what you receive.
And the hypnotised Man acts without questioning.

Looking through the window of life,
It is the human kind that calls itself a conscious race,
Then goes ahead to create a superiority complex.
But we can always learn a lot from animal life,
When reproduction calls, they only pick a perfect mate.
Man will boast about his power to conquer bodily desires,
But then lose his patience all for the pleasure of sex.

Temptation comes and blinds him with anxiety thrills,
Artificial rubber then becomes an essential tool.
Abstaining doesn't earn a lot of praise.

See, most babies come along by accident,
And then the thought to abort is painfully born.
An animal wouldn't even have such a thought.

Looking through the window of life,
Industrialisation came about with surprising plots.
Chimneys came,
And were solely known for passing smoke.
Engines keep evolving, but never cease emitting smoke.
Time went by, and we began to mimic what we created.

Man evolved to passing smoke from his nose and mouth.
You will see him take a puff from paper once or twice.
In case of shortage, he has to take what we call painkillers.
If not, you'll see him shiver even under the blazing sun,
Like chimneys, lungs with time will start to clog.
But creation doesn't give replacement parts,
For damaged organs.

Looking through the window of life,
Children passing, holding sweets as if they are trophies.
Roadside sellers making profit without a hassle.
Cooking oil is nothing more than a lubricant for utensils,
But a sizzling dish will make a Man to kill for a bite.

We push and pull just for the rush of something new.
Just like a craving for the things that we are addicted to,
So, we serve a curiosity,

To be counted among the chosen few.
And that is why we want to live in developed nations.
But for technocracy, in eternity, we pay with tributes.

Looking through the window of life,
Televisions selling fear to the gullible Souls.
We make decisions basing on opinion polls,
But with it, we unconsciously terrorise our sensory organs.
So even if we decide to turn them off,
Some will demand to be given back their morphine.
But wait and see the way we react to a power outage,
Inexplicable illnesses will spread among the human kind.

We clap our hands,
With the launch of new development projects.
See, dams are only wondrous to the technocratic world.
We think that irrigation is a brilliant invention,
But who is aware of the dropping water level?
What of the farmers depending on the natural water flow?
And the aquatic life that lived in there before?

Looking through the window of life,
Even in this sad life, with mad men;
You can still find a relief.
There are people who'll do anything to protect their belief.
People who know that;
Bad people go as far as good people let them,

Living in the moment doesn't mean living on the edge.

But what does it mean to be called a terrorist?
 Is being a smoker enough to be given the tag?
 And what about ingesting a harmful product?
 To invent a toy that imitates the gun?
 To live a rather unnatural life?
 To create the borders that divide us all?
 What does it take to call a man a terrorist?
 The answer lies in defending different ideologies.

But to be called a terrorist is a permanent mark.
 An eternal judgement, a symbol of fear,
 A generational curse.
 What kind of harm is enough to be called a terrorist?
 And how does it feel to be called a terrorist?

Looking through the window of life,
 Do we all deserve to be called terrorists?
 Maybe we will all disagree, but from inside the body dies.
 And while we still breathe,
 The body gives a salute and caves in,

Because we have killed the lungs from smoking,
 The liver from drinking various poisons,
 The teeth from taking sugary foods, and fluoride.
 And the brain muscles are atrophied,
 From being lazy at thought.

We are always running from the past,
But crawling to the future.
We end up biting through the dust,
Then looking for a recourse.
Misguided, we end up falling for the lust,
Investing every resource.

Intuition is catching a lot of rust,
We should count it as a real loss.
Surprising how we are falling short of trust,
Without feeling any remorse.
Most of the time, we disregard a hunch,
And expose ourselves to darkness.

Looking through the window of life,
The world is murky and lacking any form of simplicity,
To find my way, I need a powerful lens to see,
So, I pick a spectacle over a healthy pair of eyes.
What's served as truth doesn't make an ounce of sense.
I scratch my head, you'd think I'm breeding lice,
Then draw a plan to help me break through the ice.

Now weaving through the entangled web of lies,
People scrambling, wanting to be seen as wise.
It's hard to judge when everyone has a unique experience.
And considering that nothing comes without an expense.

Few there are who will be ready to pay the price.
And patience running out, so I choose to roll the dice.

Looking through the window of life,
Obstacles making it really hard to thrive.
I can't afford a two cents worth of advice.
A rumbling stomach; we have to scrimp to survive.
To get a meal, you really have to strive.
I spend my energy working till I deplete my reserve.
I am in service whether I'm dead or alive.

Looking through the window of life,
A silver spoon I own, but live from hand to mouth.
Believers getting duped by men of cloth.
Their compass doesn't show if it's North or South.
What does it mean to have a lighter yoke?
You doubt yourself but trust majority vote.
Too many cooks, it's said, will spoil the broth.
To look presentable, there's just a type of cloth.
It's easier to succeed through chasing clout.

We are always running from the past,
But crawling to the future.
We end up biting through the dust,
Then looking for a recourse.
Misguided, we end up falling for the lust,
Investing every resource.

Intuition is catching a lot of rust,
We should count it as a real loss.
Surprising how we are falling short of trust,
Without feeling any remorse.
Most of the time, we disregard a hunch,
And expose ourselves to darkness.

Looking through the window of life,
If life were just a gamble, few would choose to bet.
With everything looking like a trap,
Who would fall for the bait?
Opportunities rarely come and have an expiry date.
If you fail to take a chance, you'll surely live in regret.
Those that take the risk will later feel impressed,
It's less of what was lost and more of how they felt.

Write a message to your friend saying you are broke,
Twice he'll think to pick your call or block,
Your sorry state will probably get exposed,
And chances are, you will become a laughing stock.
Feeling hopeless, you go to church and join the flock.

You put to test the testimony of those receiving miracles.
Impatiently, you leave the group and succumb to stress.
It's not surprising, reading the autopsy report,
The cause of death couldn't have been the lack of money,
It's hard to believe, but the body caved to stroke.

The sick will always appreciate life more than the living.
The living will barely notice that they are breathing.
The poor will prioritise receiving more than the giving.
The system will do anything just to keep on surviving.

Looking through the window of life,
People scrambling, looking for food with healing powers,
But plants exist to cater for our different needs.
Species are countless, and even some we haven't seen,
The Universe never fails to give us seed.
And science, in all its wisdom, gave us categories.

See, there is food for the sick, and food for the living.
Healers suggesting healthful foods to boost our health.
But we'd rather use them supplements than live on plants.
Too much salt and sugar is bad for your gut, they say.
We try to change just for a day; we lie to ourselves.
When illness fades away, we resume our unnatural state.

Now there is food for the children, and food for the aging.
For babies,
Hunger pangs have no respect for the ticking hand.
Day or night, they will give a signal for another serving.
Depending on what the parents have,
The difference starts with options given during weaning.

It is adults who depend on time to eat,

Like trained robots, thrice a day for meals, they sit.
They've alarms set to tell them when to break their fast.
Unnaturally, they depend on meal plans drawn for them.
Suppressed appetites, some prefer supplements to food.
But in old age, getting sickly,
We remember the natural ways.
We have no choice than to consume them boiled foods.
The tongue sees no satisfaction in fizzy drinks,
And greasy meals.

So, there is food for the man, and food for the woman.
The nutritionist said,
Organic food is always great for expectant mums.
The gynaecologist said,
Them plants will always help in giving birth.

The expectant mother said,
The challenge is keeping away from what I'm craving.
The elder said,
That drumstick is always left for the head of the house.
And now the people think;
Meat is a must-eat, and lacking it would mean we're poor.

And, there is food for the village, and food for the city.
Foods in stores are nothing more than profit items.
Distributors never care about how their goods are used.
See, city dwellers like to save for a rainy day,

And food is obviously not an exception.

Refrigerators humming, working late without a break,
But freshness will never be prolonged by artificial gadgets.
And there are those that now are called instant meals,
So a microwave is part of what we can't do without.
Village food won't taste the same the following day.
And a farmer doesn't worry about to stock his food,
Because plants will always follow a natural cycle.
Every season comes along with what he needs.

Nutritionists will always talk,
But it's your body that truly guides.
The food chain can suggest a lot,
But Man will always discern.

Now take a step and just contemplate,
Life follows a natural pattern.
How come we enjoy eating dead food?
This should be a real concern.
Who decides what becomes your staple food,
Must it be a grain of maize, or a grain of rice?
Than the one grown by your hands, there's no better food.

Thinking of the loved ones we have lost,
We are all filled with emotion.
To them we raise our glasses and propose a toast,
Their lives deserve a celebration.

You were their pillar, you will always boast,
You couldn't fail to mention.
Follow it up with a social media post,
We are addicted to attention.

Looking through the window of life,
Lose your mind over a social media post,
My wildest imagination.
Need new filters, content is awash,
You will need to proceed with moderation.
Being controversial at any given cost,
Will get you a lot of adulation.

Getting followers, they are higher than the most,
Maybe they deserve that coronation.
Dead inside and looking like a ghost,
But they will get a commemoration.
Material things are damned to be eaten by the frost,
Yet we try to give them a restoration.

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Looking through the window of life,
Back in time when I was still a teen,
I cracked a joke about the human being.
Saulo smiled and exposed a set of discoloured teeth,
He said he did not keep a brushing routine.
I said it was because of smoking nicotine.
He feigned a laugh and shook his head;
Of course, he didn't believe.

Looking through the window of life,
Experience changing schools was rather strange,
Hafsa's sweaty hands made her soil the page,
Sharing a desk with dirty Brenda made me feel on edge,
As time went by, they began to show some change,
Now they're grown and beaming with courage,
Their faces seem to imply we are from a different age.

Looking through the window of life,
Show me a thing but leave it half exposed,
And now you have my full attention.
So instead of focusing on what I'm seeing,

I'll be thinking of what I'm missing.

Dullness doesn't leave my sense of sight aroused,
Colour will always command more attraction.
No one really knows the secrets more than priests,
Some are locked away for the fear of the unknown.
Feeling unfulfilled, so we thirst for what's concealed.

Looking through the window of life,
The arm of the law is always long for ordinary people,
But short or lame, when dealing with rich offenders.
It loses grip even when they are caught red-handed.
Say the price and see them come with a group of lawyers.
Experience shows, to break the law,
Will increase your chance to get a political vote.

Looking through the window of life,
Men in blue are the ideal backbiters.
To prove this proposition,
Their backs always catch an irritation,
So they turn to be scratched by the offended and offender.
As they wait for charges,
The inmate is guarded with an expectation of payment.
A reminder of helpless people begging for handouts.

Looking through the window of life,
Even when the call is free,

A dedicated line for emergency calls,
 Would you reach out to report a case,
 When you are likely to be found at fault?
 And in the service charter, it's labelled free,
 But in between there are hidden costs.

Looking through the window of life,
 Thieves in a different lens are seen as saints,
 From dawn to dusk, they never leave their post.
 Books in hand, checking who has paid their dues.
 Sworn in service, they brace whatever weather.
 It's the men in blue, always in green reflectors.
 In stopping cars, don't assume they are giving flowers.
 Don't mistake their presence for your safer travels.
 They are under orders, taking what belongs to Caesar.

Looking through the window of life,
 Systems have been here for eons and eons.
 The founders thought them up to control us all.
 It's pointless trying to fight them on and on.
 It's building love that we should focus on.
 They are sure to self-destruct when left alone.

Looking through the window of life,
 When nature calls, how do you respond?
 The educated think they are civilised,
 Just for using modern toilets.
 Cities are prone to faulty sewer systems.

Locked inside, we only see artificial things.
From a distance, we only get a glimpse of life.

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But crawling to the future.
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Then looking for a recourse.
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In Service

Conceived and co-created in 2022

If I got mad and slapped them crazy,
Got involved in a fight and caused a blood bath,
Beaten or not,
I am in service to the all-powerful Creator.

Does He not give me the strength to fight?
If I stay weak, there are those ready to pounce on me.
So I will be alert like a soldier on border patrol;
I will be ready, like a beggar in the streets, hands open.

Come at me with your cynical shows;
Muscles I have in plenty.
What do I fatten myself for?
What do I grind on the mill for?

A beating I shall give without pity,
And if you fall, those at the sides are ready;
Stomp you, they will without hesitation.
Survival for the fittest it is.

The weak ones are left behind,

I will not be counted among the weak and paralyzed.
Let not tears be shaded on the battlefield,
Let no one thrive in weakness,

Don't you see, I do not feel sorry about it,
My strength is a gift from the Most High,
Don't you see the power in me?
As I fight, I serve diligently.

If I wronged them,
And got down on my knees to apologise;
Wrote an apology letter,
And even wrote a song titled, sorry,
And they did not forgive me,
They are in service to the forgiving one.

They couldn't even look in my eyes,
My sight filled them with anger,
My reflection was not worthy in their eyeball,
My image was dirty, filled with negativity.

Are we not forgiven to forgive?
My reminder of these words spite more anger,
Do I just choose to ride free with those words?

You think I am Jesus? They'd ask.
Even if I said that I forgive you,

I will never forget.
You will forever remind me of evil,
That nothing good comes from the Creator.

Those who call themselves the sons of God,
Have a slithering tongue; bloody serpents they are.
Lying like their Father;
The architect of all these lies.

Get out of my sight, they said,
Their body trembling with rage.
The ground was eating at my knees,
I walked away, head hanging low.

In my head, the voice was screaming,
Please release me from this karma!
Still, they couldn't hear me,
In service they were, yet unconscious.

If I felt free, like it was all rainbows and butterflies,
And spread my wings,
To embrace the wind that brushed my hair,
The birds would stop their singing,
And watch with beaks agape,
The moon would smile,
And join the dance until the sun came out,
The stars would shine and show the hidden space.

If I sat down grim-faced,
And let all the worries hold me down.
I would obviously get a reward,
But not one to smile about.

I would separate myself from every organ,
That makes up the body.
My ears would feed me with all the negative gossip.
My mind would show me visions of devastation.
My eyes would see only the wrong side of things.

My legs would swell with gout,
Even though I follow a vegan diet.
My hands would be fractured,
At the slightest weight I carried.
My heart would only give what is called a heart attack.

At all times, I will be in service to the Creator;
The choice to experience being the gift.
If done unawares, the consequence is judgement;
Of myself, by myself.

This Space

Conceived and co-created on the 1st of December 2021

Given a chance, I will always do what resonates,
And for that, my choice can never be a mistake,
For peace's sake,
I will do what it takes to maintain this pace.
To achieve my purpose, if I can't move with this pace,
I will readily choose to levitate.

In this technocratic world,
To cure my ills, I would rather meditate,
Compared to other options,
It's the fastest way to medicate.

In the presentation of your art, you better authenticate,
You are the one with the blueprint, so they won't imitate.
Just in case you see them ululate,
You should know that it's time to celebrate.

For your success, you are never really late,
It is obvious 'cause it's you that we wait.
But how do we disassociate from all those spreading hate?
Tell them that they'll regret,

If they don't learn to appreciate.

Life is a short, sweet story, but it's harder to narrate,
Instead of seeking to understand, all you do is separate,
The challenges can be overcome,
But you'd rather suffocate,
From the negative energies, it's easier to disconnect.
True to my purpose, I'm always direct,
But your imagination is corrupted,
So you think I insinuate.

So now that it's clear, would you rather build your fate,
Or think you're unfortunate?
We act like we know it all, so we like to dictate,
The route that life should take.

There is no question about this; if you want to live great,
Better watch what's on your plate.
Ironically, we worry about that weight,
But still fall for the chocolate.
Change is unsettling, but you should never regret,
Always keep a growth mindset.

In living the truth, have you felt yourself vibrate,
Got yourself amused yet?
It's disappointing that we all want to penetrate,
But we're not patient.

I think we should learn to negotiate.
And I can't help but ask, do you have that certificate,
So we know that you're literate?

To get attention, people nowadays fabricate,
There is always a chance that everything is duplicate.
To change perception, we need a clean slate,
With unconditional love, let's leave our sons to recreate.
It's the only world we have, so let's make a better place,
And thank God for what we get.

Life is simple, but why do we complicate,
Then find it hard to tolerate?
We should be honest so let's learn to complement,
Point mistakes where seems appropriate.

Before we take the kids to school,
How about we investigate,
On the best way to educate?
For the best result, you should sit down and contemplate,
When you get ideas, give them thought until you digest.

Shamanic

Conceived and co-created on the 26th of December 2021

Believing I was shamanic,
I drank more of the garlic,
I was thinking that I'd get some magic.
'Cause according to my instincts,
This was treatment for the asthmatic.
But the gases became more static.

Do we all have a link to the federation of the galactic?
I guess we all need to be pragmatic,
If you agree without a question,
Then you are just a fanatic.

Do you need a wild card to be charismatic?
What's all this perversion for control,
True power isn't being barbaric.
Life is a test of your energy,
And we all get unique tests,
So you don't have to be dramatic.

Inner peace added to freedom is fantastic.
In this space, you are less likely to be frantic.

So, stick to your lane where there's lesser traffic.
Don't you understand,
We don't all consume the same,
Some are allergic.

How do I convince you that my rituals are life,
And not necessarily satanic?
I've given up trying to prove that I work for the light,
It's tragic.
I chose to abstain unless the sexual union is tantric.
And I'll not play any music unless it's a classic.

I love the beaches; I want to live in the Pacific.
Times are changing, we have to be dynamic.
Temptations are necessary,
For evolution, they are catalytic.
The future is here,
But saying this makes you the lunatic.

I don't insinuate when I say,
We are going back to the source,
I'm not always sarcastic.
You've got to transmute negative energy,
Clinging to it is traumatic.

Reach out to God, you mustn't need a mediator;
Our relationship isn't bureaucratic.
That's why I'm high on meditation,

I have to do it every day.

So, yes, I'm an addict.

What love have I drawn from, why am I so artistic?

Be careful what you eat,

You would better stick to organic.

Tantra says, breathing is not all about the nose,

Sometimes it's also orgasmic.

Experience is unique,

Imagine living in the Antarctic?

Numerologists will now say,

Numbers are the hack of the matrix,

But probably not italic.

I use the mat more; pray five times and more,

Even though I am not Arabic.

If you see me quiet my mind,

And my body dance to the prana, don't panic.

Some knowledge is not just taught;

You only get it if you are a mystic.

Feels like you are talking to the birds,

Feeling the water, and listening to the wind,

When you are a psychic.

Been keeping an open mind-set,

And now growth mind-set,
Man, I'm feeling elastic.
These feelings come from my heart,
This smile isn't plastic.

I was scared of being dug in too deep in these feelings,
Now I know I'm empathetic.
The law of attraction taught that,
We are always attracting what we match with,
And it's because we are magnetic.

Thinking of the past, sometimes I was lost,
Afraid of facing God, thinking he was gigantic.
Embracing the idea that I am God was problematic.

I've been wrestling my demons,
And now the fear is gone;
And with it, my friends,
I'm left feeling nostalgic.
We are afraid to lose our limbs;
Nobody wants to be a paralytic.
So it was in the past,
That people cleaned their mouths by chewing mastic?

Life Calls unto Me

Conceived and co-created in 2023

Life calls unto me; the world holds on to me,
Life fades away mysteriously;
Inexplicable are its tentacles.
The world struggles to claim; vanity is its pinnacle.
A moment passes away; to be aware is a miracle.
So the eyes were open, but within, I saw first.
And the mouth spoke, but within, the thoughts created.

Into my creation I stepped; the creator I was amazed.
Above the clouds rushed; so far they seemed from me.
Below the ground was soft;
Enough to support my feeble feet.
Simplicity was its backbone, and in it I was so pleased.

I made it all, yet I craved not to own any particle of it.
I understood it all, yet I made no effort to beat my chest.
They were my subjects, yet control was not my interest.
I had nothing in my hands,
Yet I kept giving from my heart.

I watched gracefully at the sunrise and sunset.

In the vast space, I needed no compass,
To keep track of my movement.
In the morning rays, side by side with the breeze I raced.
For the consummation of His glory, with my hands raised,
I gave myself fully, with no regrets.
I bathed in his grace,
At the realisation of his eternal love and kindness.

My body trembled at the sight of the leafy suburb.
The pine, the oak, the aspen danced in joy.
Perhaps they were once more entertaining their creator.
The feathered friends,
Were all attracted to the blooming flowers.

Oh, the sounds were marvellous,
And where was the conductor?
The rhythm was sweet to the Soul,
But where was the audience?
Expression was free; free from any outside disturbance.
Suddenly, there emerged artificial sounds,
Blasting from the surrounding.

And then the world came in; technocracy, they called it.
This is the life; this is the way, they kept preaching.
Unconsciously so,
I plucked the succulent leaf from the tree,
Painstakingly, I tore off piece after piece.
Meticulously so, I searched for the life within it.

Next, I looked for the young saplings,
And pulled them out of the soil.
I cut out the shoots and put them under a microscope.
Next I cut the stem at an angle and merged it with another,
I rushed to the science encyclopaedia,
And called it grafting!
Oh, how intelligent I thought I had become,
Master creator, I thought myself.

But hidden from me was the light,
Artificial it was; the living dead.
Times are hard, began the sentences;
Earth is hard, they concluded.
Looking around, I couldn't cast a blame;
Born to suffer, I swore.
Take the torch and soldier on;
A victim of circumstance unfathomable.

Once I watched marvelling as the leaves fell,
Now all it brings is work, I break my back sweeping.
And the world is hard to plough,
We have to water the ground.
The newborn stares, a burden it is;
Her name is responsibility.

Life calls unto me; the world holds on to me,

Thought I that I was photophobic,
But now my face shines in the eulogy.
The stories I never told are there for them to read.
Alas, my voice was never heard, but now I am reading me!

How now do I deserve a stately send off?
These kinds of things are only done by the well of.
And my casket is so expensive,
The thieves can't put their eyes off,
I made my clothes by hand,
And now I wear the suit I never dreamed of.
But still,
I have to spend the night under the leaking tin roof.

Now, how do I come back,
And tell them that the life is gone?
Indeed, if they had a thermometer,
They would agree that the body is cold.
It's not too late to rush to the dictionary,
And change the meaning of passing on.
And here comes the priest sweating off to bless my grave,
Dear priest, your yoke is heavy,
But the pocket is heavier, coins I suppose?

I never went to church, but my grave has a cross on,
Talked about the mark of the beast,
And the symbol is conspicuous, but indiscernible.
The body will inexorably be devoured by worms,

But proselytising never ends.
They almost dressed me in white, you know,
For the Lord to recognise me.
I never said the Lord's prayer,
But they pray for the lifeless body.
All the while I was in paradise,
But they ask God to send me to heaven.
I rested when I was alive.
Now they say I have gone to rest eternally.

Some say that I have gone to sing praises with the angels,
How could I wait that long with this God-given gift?
Alive on this earth I was, and I sang a lot of chronicles.
Behold, the mad singer approaches;
Those were my praises.
In their mind, I lived rent-free,
Because all they did was gossip.

Dear World, please let go.
To the next world, I need to literally pass on.
This earth was made by God, so how can I put a value on?
I never owned an electric pole,
And now they struggle to erect one.
I couldn't afford bus fare, and now my body rides in.
So much space for one, because in the hearse, I ride alone.

My space was always quiet,

But now the speakers blast out.
My neighbours never spoke to me,
And now they cry the loudest.
Perhaps they couldn't master the strength to say,
We love you.
The trees I planted for the next generation,
Are now cut down.

Who's that planning to put a cow down in my respect.
A life lost because my life was lost; nonsense.
That's bloodshed, and it's all in my name, what a shame!
The life is long gone, but the world still holds on.

The songs I sang,
Didn't get a taste of expensive studio instruments.
To the universe,
Each verse created images worth a thousand years.
The body organs stayed alive,
Because of the effect of the rhythms.
For eons and eons,
The trees will sway, dancing to the master architect.

The second Self watches;
The complex of emotions and feelings it is.
The hands want to wipe the tears from their eyes.
My siblings still unaware of what is hidden in plain sight.
They agree to the suggestion,
That the grave should be plastered.

Do you hear me?
Oh, no, my mouth is stuck.
Can you feel me?
Oh, no, your feelings are numbed;
From the wailing, and the crying, and the lack of sleep.
The energy is drained;
Financially, emotionally, and physically, all the same.

Life calls unto me; the world holds on to me,
I go to serve, yet, another opportunity comes calling,
Don't deny yourself happiness, take the chance to love,
Don't conceive impure thoughts,
What will you do with diseases?

I still walk the talk,
Even though my mouth is motionless.
I still walk the path,
Even though my muscles are atrophied.
I still see the light,
Even though the eyelids are shut.
Alas, I have a heartbeat,
Even though the pulse rate is flat.

I live on, and I dream on; more space to create on.
No need to look back, it's all before me; limitless.
No cameras to save the image,

But it's there always; timeless.

No need to reach out to it because it's here now; formless.

Oh, dear God,

I visited my friends all along; maybe I was outgoing,

But my space was not a place worth going,

Only two came to visit, perhaps I was always so boring,

Maybe I should have listened,

But instead I went ahead with storying.

Oh, dear God,

At your feet, I never came bowing,

In the woods, I preferred to go for strolling,

Where the winds kept on just blowing,

Your voice I heard, and I thought it was so adoring.

Oh, dear God,

My name you kept on calling,

You had your full attention on me,

And when my heartbeat started falling,

I knew I was the one and only.

Life calls unto me; the world holds on to me.

Other books written by Stephen Omondi

Voices of my Old Self—The first book tells the story of Stephen Omondi's transformation through an awakening. This book, segmented into different chapters, takes the reader through the author's journey, put into poems and short stories. The awakening experience led the author into looking back at his past, evaluating his present and thinking more of the future. Majorly, he was led to think more about his life purpose. In time, he found that his purpose was to help other people become aware of their life purpose.

The Take of Wapegotsa—The second book is about expression in great consideration to perception. Perception of the one expressing themselves, and the audience as well. The book is made up of poems and short stories, in a similar fashion to the first book. The major difference being that some chapters are purely in story form. In this book, the author delves deep into the topic of perception, using his creativity to pull the attention of the reader. It is a literal—and a literary—example of putting one in another's shoes.