

Acknowledgement

I write to express my deepest gratitude to all those who have inspired, guided, and encourage me throughout my journey as a poet. This collection .My Many Poems, is a reflection of my experiences , observation and the beauty of life as I see it.

To my family and friends, thank you for your unwavering support and for believing in my voice even when it was just a whisper. Your encouragement has been the wind beneath my wings.

I am also grateful to the teachers, mentors, and readers who have shaped my understanding of language, rhythm, and expression. Every lesson, every conversation, and every critique has enriched my writing.

Lastly, I thank my readers -those who find meaning ,joy or reflection in these pages. It is your engagement that gives life to my words and purpose to my poems.

Many these poems spark thought, inspire hope , and remind us all of the beauty and complexity of the world around us.

-David Kipino Nkalo

PREFACE

Poetry is the heartbeat of life captured in words. It is a mirror of our emotions, a window to our thoughts, and a bridge between our experiences and those of others. In this collection ,My Many Poems' ,I have attempted to explore the many facets of life -from love and nature to society, culture and the human spirit.

Each poem is a reflection of moments , and stories I have imagined. Some are joyful, some are reflective, and some are a call to awareness -yet all are threads of the tapestry that binds us together.

Writing poetry has been , for me,a journey of discovery . It has taught me patience, clarity, and power of words to touch hearts and minds . I hope that ,as you read these poems , you find pieces of your own story , inspiration for thought, and a sense of connection to the world around you.

This book is a humble offering to all who cherish the beauty of language , the rhythm of life, and the depth of human experience. May it speak to you , challenge you, and move you as it has moved me.

-David Kipino Nkalo

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

David Kipino Nkalo is a Kenyan poet and educator , currently teaching Geography at Najile Boys Senior School in Kajiado West Sub county. A keen observer of life ,he draws inspiration from his experiences and from firsthand information collected through careful observation.

He studied at Maasai Mara University, and his educational journey began under the 8-4-4 curriculum . David has also been at the forefront of the Competency -Based Education (CBE) system, teaching the first CBE pioneer cohort at the Senior School level.

His poetry reflects a deep understanding of human nature , society, and the world around him, making his work both insightful and relatable .passionate about language and storytelling , David continues to inspire students and readers alike, capturing life’s moments and turning them into memorable verses.

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An Open Letter in Verse to His Excellency Dr. William Samoei Ruto, CGH President of the
Republic of Kenya

Your Excellency.

From the hills of Kericho to the plains of Kajiado,
From the wym of Gikomba to the calm of Turkana dawns,
A nation watches, walks, and work –
And in it’s stride , your footprint shows.

You rose from soil known to calloused hands,
From stories stitched with hunger and hope,
Carrying in your chest the rhythm
Of the hustler’s dream, long ignored.

You spoke not only of power,
But of possibility.

You placed the tools back in the people's hands,
And called dignity by its rightful name -work.

Under your watch, roads stretch like promises kept,
Markets breathe with renewed life,
The farmer finds a listening ear,
And the youth a door no longer bolted.

You stood firm when storms were loud,
Choosing dialogue over division,
Nationhood over noise,
And patience over panic .

In the language of unity , you have spoken,
In the ink of reform , you have written,
In the sweat of service , you have labored –
For Kenya, not for self.

As seasons turn and elections beckon,
This letter does not Command,
It appeals-
That continuity May guard the seeds already sown.

May the journey begun not be abandoned mid-stream,
May the vision tested not be denied it's harvest.
Let the work mature ,let the plans breathe,

Let leadership finish what it has faithfully started.

We honor effort, we acknowledge sacrifice,

We appreciate the weight you carry.

And with hope as our witness.

We ask -walk with us once more.

For Kenya is still rising,

And the road , though long, is clearer now.

With respect ,faith, and patriotism.

David Kipino Nkalo

Citizen of the Republic of Kenya

THE POET'S GIFT

I am an author shaped by quiet fire,

Where words gather like cattle at dusk,

Patient, knowing my voice will call them home.

In ink, I herd feelings across the page,

Turning silence into meaning, breath into song.

My pen listen before it speaks,

It hears the cry of the land,

The laughter of children, the ache of memory.

From these ,I weave poems-

Not to impress, but to tell the truth beautifully.
I am talented, yes, but talent alone is bare ground;
I till it with discipline,
Water it with reading,
And wait , humble, for inspiration's rain.

Each poem is a footprint of my spirit,
Left on the road of time,
Whispering, I was here, I felt deeply ,I observed keenly.
When my words reach another heart,
They rest there like a familiar story.

I am an author –
Not crowned by applause,
But by the courage to write,
Again and again,
Until language itself calls me it's own.

AT KARUKA , TWO CRIES ROSE WITH THE DAWN

At Karuka, where hills breathe slowly,
And the Earth remembers every footprint,
The morning broke into joy-
Two Cries light as birdsong.

First came Entito,
A girl wrapped in the softness of dawn.

Her cry was gentle, yet certain,
Like a river learning it's name.
She arrived carrying tomorrow in her eyes,
A promise of warmth, wisdom, and grace.
The wind leaned closer to hear her breathe,
And the land smiled-
For daughters teach the world how to endure.

Then followed Enkayioni,
A boy born with the sun on his shoulders
His cry cut the air like a spear of light,
Bold , unafraid , alive with fire.
He came as a drumbeat to the soil
A song of courage, strength and becoming,
The Acacia trees stood taller.

Two lives ,one moment.
Girl and boy, moon and sun,
Woven together by the heart of Karuka,
And the ancestors whispered approval.

May Entito walk gently yet firmly,
Carrying peace in her hands.
May Enkayioni walk bravely yet wisely,
Carrying justice in his stride.

At Karuka, life has spoken again –
Not once , but twice –
And the land will remember this day
As the day hope was born in two voices.

A BOY WITHOUT HIS FATHER

I was just a boy, too small to know,
The weight of life, the winds that blow.
You, Father, strong with gentle hands,
Guided me softly through life's demands.

Lematura Shayo Nkalo, your name I say,
In whispers, in tears, in night and day.
Old age claimed you, left me behind,
Yet in my heart, your love I find.

I remember your voice, so deep and kind,
The stories, the laughter, the peace of mind.
I reached for you, my small hands bare,
But found only shadows and quiet air.

Through years have passed and I have grown,
The seed of your wisdom, you had sown.
I walk the paths you showed to me,
In every step, your memory's key.

Father, though gone, your spirit stays,
Lighting my might's, guiding my ways.
I carry your love, both gentle and true.
Forever, Shayo, I honor you.

SHE TOOK ME TO SCHOOL

When my father's voice fell silent,
And the house learned a new kind of quiet,
My mother held my hand
And taught the morning how to begin again.

She woke before the sun,
Eyes heavy with unshed grief,
Yet she tied my shoes with hope
And combed my future into place.

The road to school was long,
Dust rising with every step,
But her courage walked ahead of me,
Whispering "Education will save you."

She carried my books in one hand,
My fears in the other,
And in her heart –
A promise never spoken, but always kept.

When tears threatened to stop me,
She became my strength.
When hunger spoke louder than lessons,
She became my sacrifice.

Father gone,
But not the dream,
Not while my mother stood –
A living shield against despair.

Today, every word I write,
Every step I take forward,
Began on that road to school,
With a widow who refused to let me fall.
Mother,
You did not just take me to school –
You carried me into life

MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE

My beautiful wife,
You are the quiet miracle of my days,
The soft sunrise that finds me
Even after the longest night.

In your eyes ,I see a home
No map could ever draw-

A place where my worries rest
And my courage learns to breathe again.

Your smile bends time itself;
Hours become lighter,
Burdens learn how to kneel,
And the world remembers how to be kind .

You walk with grace that needs no audience,
Love with a patience that teaches,
And speak with a gentleness
Stronger than thunder.

When life grows rough and stubborn,
It is your hand I reach for,
Steady , warm, unafraid –
A promise that I am never alone.

My beautiful wife,
You are not just the love of my life,
You are it's meaning,
It's rhythm,
It's forever.

MY CHILDREN

My children ,

You are the sunrise that finds me before dawn,
Soft light breaking through the long night of worry,
In your laughter ,I hear tomorrow
Learning how to speak.

You walk with small feet
But carry enormous dreams,
Dreams stitched from courage, curiosity, and hope,
When you fall, the Earth itself seems to pause,
Waiting for you to rise stronger than before.

Your eyes hold questions
Older than mountains,
And answers still forming like rivers
Searching for the sea.
I watch you grow and learn –
That love is not possession –
It is release.

My children,
May the world be gentle with your hearts,
And when it is not,
May you be gentle still.
May wisdom guide your steps,
And kindness guard your names.

Long after my voice grows quiet,
My prayers will still walk beside you,
Whispering courage into your days
And faith into your nights.

You are my legacy written in living ink,
My forever,
My children.

KUTOK AI

Kutok Ai, daughter of the red earth,
My heart follows you like cattle at dawn,
Trusting the path,
Knowing the water lies where you walk.

Your beauty is not of towns and glass,
It is of gourds, beads, and open skies,
The sun knows your name
For it rises gently when it meets your face.

Beads circle your neck like a love promise,
Each color speaking what my lips feel to say-
Red for my brave heart,
White for the peace you give me,
Blue for the sky that witnesses our bond.

When you step, the ground listens
When you dance , the drums remember you –
Even the cattle grow calm,
As if they know you were born to bless the land.

Kutok Ai.

If love were cattle,I would give you my best herd.
If love were a journey,
I would walk with you from enjang to enjang,
Until our shadows grow old together.

Let the elders speak,
Let the fire burn low in the manyatta-
My heart has already chosen you,
Under the endless Maasai Sky.

OLASITI SONG OF BECOMING

At Olasiti the dawn holds it's breath,
Mist chings to acacia thorns
Like elders guarding a secret.
The Earth is quiet,
Knowing a boy will not return the same.

Ochre-red Earth stains bare feet,
A covenant between flesh and land.

Mothers sing low, voices trembling –
Not of fear,
But of letting go.

The elders stand tall as time itself,
Beads resting on chests carved by years.
Their eyes have seen many suns rise,
Many boys walk in,
And men walk out.

No tears are allowed here.
The sky is watching.
The ancestors are near.
Pain must be swallowed,
Like bitter herbs at first light.

A blade flashes-
Not cruel ,
But honest.
In that single breath,
Childhood falls away like a shed skin.

Blood touches dust,
And the dust remembers.
It has tasted courage before
It will taste it again.

When the cry refuses to come,
The hills answer instead.
Wind carries the news across the plain:
A warrior is born.

Later, the sun climbs higher,
Drums wake the silence,
Milk is poured, meat is shared,
And laughter returns-
Careful, respectful, proud.

At Olasiti ,
A name is remade,
A spine is straightforward,
And a young heart leans
What it means
To stand for the people.

SUSWA MARKET DAY

On Wednesday dawns, the market wakes,
Suswa hurns, the Earth it shakes.
Cattle low and goats do bleat,
Farmers come with joy so sweat.

The sun ascends, gold on the ground,
Livestock parades in a bustling round.
Prices high, the people cheer,
Good leadership brings this year

Hours shine bright, tails flick with pride,
Buyers haggle, sellers stride.
From far and near , the crowds do flow,
With happy hearts and pockets aglow.

Suswa thrives beneath the sky,
Opportunity for all, none shy.
Wednesday whispers wealth and gain,
Thanks to guidance , none in vain.

A day of trade of laughter loud,
Of pride that lifts the humble crowd.
In Suswa's heart, the market reigns,
Where hope is sold alongside the plains.

WHISPERS AT SUSWA

Beneath the Sun, Mount Suswa sleeps,
It's crater deep where shadow creeps.
The Earth hurns secrets, warm and old,
A power hidden in molten gold.

The Maasai watch with wary eyes,
Their cattle grazing under skies.
Homes of stone and huts of clay,
Generations have lived this way.

Drills rise up with metallic gleam,
Tapping the heart of Suswa's dream.
Steam and heat, a promise loud,
Energy to lift the nation proud.

Yet in their hearts a quiet fear,
Will they be sent to lands unclear?
Will voices fade like morning mist,
As progress writes a list of dismissed "?"

Elders speak in whispered tone,
"This land is ours ,we are it's bone,
Let power rise ,let turbines turn,
But respect our roots ,let none burn."

The government comes with plans and maps,
With engineers and safety caps.
But in the crater , life is slow,
And Maasai ,they ebb and flow.

Oh Suswa, may your fire and might,
Bring light to homes without blight.
Yet May those who call you theirs still stand,
With cattle ,hut, and loving hand.

PRAYER AT MOUNT SUSWA

The scorched the endless plains,
Where acacia shadows once danced now vain.
The herds, life blood of the Maasai's pride,
Lay silent , many perished under the sky so wide.

Cracked Earth whispered the tale of thirst,
Rivers vanished , and walls were cursed.
Children's cries and mothers' sighs,
Echoed beneath the unforgiving skies.

To Mount Suswa, the people climbed,
With hearts heavy v, hope entwined.
Hands lifted , voices rose in prayer,
Calling Enkai , the one who watches everywhere.

"Rain ,O Enkai, hear our plea,
Let the clouds gather ,set our cattle free.
Bring the waters ,let the grass appear,
Restore our herds ,our homes, our cheer."

Thunder murmured through the sleeping hills,
A promise hidden in the wind's soft trills.
And though the Earth had worn them thin,
Faith endured , for life would rise again.

THE CBE LEARNER' S PATH

In the heart of learning, a seed is sown,
Not just in books , but in minds it's grown.
Knowledge light the path, a guiding flame,
Each fact , each truth, shaping the learner's name.

Yet knowledge alone cannot make one rise,
Attitude molds the soul, sharp and wise.
Respect, courage, and heart that strives,
Bring life to learning, and purpose thrives.

Skill is the hand that turns thought to deed,
From classroom dreams to actions we need.
Crafted with care , practiced with will,
The learner becomes competent, ready, and still.

Together they dance, these three intertwined,
Knowledge, attitude, skill-one unified mind.
In every lesson, in every test,
A CBE learner strives to be their best.

THE KEEPERS OF WORDS AT NAJILE

Within the walls of Najile Boys Senior School ,
Where young minds sharpen like morning dew.
Stand guardians of language and thought,
Teachers who mold silence into meaning.

Mr. Mayaka, steady as a full stop,
His voice precise ,his lessons firm and clear,
He teaches grammar not as rules alone,
But as order in the chaos of ideas.

Mr. Itibi, a question mark in motion,
Challenging minds to think beyond the line;
From novels deep to Unseen themes,
He lights curiosity like a hidden flame.

Mr. Mathenge, sharp as an exclamation,
Awakening expression with confident tone,
He urges boldness in speech and writing ,
Teaching boys to speak with purpose and power.

Then comes Madam Atieno, gentle yet strong,
Her words flow softly, rich with insight,
She opens poetry like a window at dawn,

Letting boys breathe beauty , truth and hope.

Madam Dorothy, patient as a paragraph,
Guiding every sentence towards it's place;
She teaches that writing is courage –
To speak clearly ,honesty, and with grace.

Madam Nelly,warm as a guiding comma,
Passing us when meaning runs too fast,
With care she nurtures confidence in speech,
Teaching boys to trust their own voice vat last.

And Madam Risper firm yet encouraging,
A Steady hand in the art of expression;
She polishes rough thoughts into clarity,
And trains discipline in every composition.

Together they are the Keepers bof words ,
The custodians of voice and vision;
They turn boys into thinkers,
And thoughts into future.

At Najile,chalk become destiny,
And English is more than a subject -it is a path.
We rise because they taught us to read,
To write , to speak , and finally -to become.

THE GEOGRAPHY TEACHER (CBE)

In a classroom drawn with maps and dreams,
He teaches more than names of streams.
Not just capes and lines of trade,
But skills for futures still being made.

He asks not, "What did you cram last night?"
But "What can you do? Can you reason right?"
With compass, question, chart, and scale,
He trains young minds to think, not fail.

Through climate graphs and satellite skies,
Learners question test analyze.
They measure rainfall, debate land use,
Turn real-world problems into truth.

He shows how rivers shape both land and life,
How human choices sharpen strife.
From local soils to global heat,
Geography becomes lived, not neat.

Assessment comes not just by open,
But by projects, teamwork, why, and when.
Competence grows in word and deed,

As curiosity takes the bleed.

In CBE paths ,he walks beside,
A coach ,a guide, a learning tide.
Shaping citizens aware and wise,
Ready to face the world they map with eyes.

THE STEADY HANDS OF NAJILE

At Najile Boys Senior School, where young minds rise,
Stands a man of Vision, calm and wise.
Senior Principal Mr. Wambua by name,
A quiet force guiding purpose and flame.

He walks the paths where futures are formed,
Where discipline is taught and character is honed.
Not by fear,not by harsh command,
But by truth , example, and a steady hand.

In morning assemblies,his words are light,
Teaching boys to stand firm for what is right.
He speaks of effort, respect, and time,
Of chasing excellence bone step, one climb.

When challenges come like a stubborn storms,

He stands unshaken , resolved and warm.

A builder of order ,a keeper of peace,

Ensuring learning never shall cease

Najile echoes with lessons he plants-

In classrooms, fields, and silent stands.

For beyond exams and passing grades.

He shapes strong men for life's long roads and days.

So here we honor a leader true,

Whose work speaks loud in all boys do.

Mr . Wambua , your legacy stands tall,

Written in hearts at Najile – beyond the wall.

“PATHS OF POTENTIAL ”

From early step in learning light,

Children rise prepared to fight.

For skills and knowledge , strong and true,

In everything they dare to do.

Arts and social sciences call,

With stories , cultures, wisdom ball.

History whispers, Geography shows,

Government guides, literature glows.

STEM'S bright beacon lights the mind,
Physics, chemistry, Biology aligned.
Mathematics counts the stars above,
ICT and Engineering pave paths of love.

Technical pathways shape the hands,
Agriculture grows in fertile lands.
Electrical, mechanical, building strong,
Entrepreneurship teaches right from wrong.

Sports and Arts lift hearts high,
Music , Dance ,Drama reach the sky.
Media tells stories, paintings speak,
In every move , the future we seek.

Each path a journey , each subject a key,
Unlocking dreams for all to see
Competence and skill, courage and might,
CBE pathways guide us to light.

FROM CHALK TO COMPETENCE

For years we walked the 8-4-4 road,
With heavy books and minds well stored.
Eight years of hope, four shaped by tests,
Four more where grades defined the best.

Chalk dust dreams on wooden desks,
Timed exams, one final test.
Success weighed by memory's might,
Passing nights , revising nights.

Then came a call,both soft and bold,
Not just what you know , but what you hold:
Can you solve, can you create?
Can you build a kinder state?

Enter CBE , with a different tune,
Learning by doing not cramming till June.
Skills bin hands and values in heart,
Every child given a meaningful start.

No longer trapped by a single scare,
Talents speak that slept before.
Art, science, farming, code, and care.
Each learner seen, each gift laid bare

Teachers shift from judge to guide,
Walking with learners side by side.
From fear of failure ,we slowly bend,
To growth , reflection, try again.

The old had roots, strong and deep,

It taught us discipline to keep.
But time has turned a newer page,
To match the world the modern age.

So we salute 8-4-4 with grace,
For the minds it helped to shape and place.
And welcome CBE with faith and might,
A future built on skill and light.

“THE HEART OF LEARNING ”

In classrooms bright, our hearts take flight
With values guiding what is right.
Patriotism fills our souls with pride,
Responsibility walks by our side.

Integrity stands firm and true,
Respect in all we say and do.
Excellence whispers “Give your best”
Peace invites us to calm each quest.

Innovation sparks a mind anew,
Social care shows what we can do.
Equity and inclusion light our way,
These core values shape us every day.

“THE GARDEN OF SKILLS’ ”

In the garden of young minds seeds are sown,
Not just of knowledge, but skills they own.
Reading, writing, numbers that dance,
Critical thinking gives dreams a chance.

Hands work boldly, minds explore,
Collaboration opens every door .
Digital streams and circuits bright,
Guide their journey , spark insight.

Resilience grows like roots deep and strong,
Ethics and values teach right from wrong.
In every challenge , every test,
They learn , adapt , and give their best.

Citizen rise with hearts aware,
Of nature , people, justice, and care.
Career paths glimmer like morning light,
Prepared for the world , ready to fight.

In this garden , each child blooms,
Skills and wisdom fill their rooms.
Competencies , not just grades define,

The beauty of learning ,in every line.

“DRIVE WITH LIFE IN MIND”

Engines roar, the roads stretch wide,
Lines intertwined on this daily ride.
But haste is a thief, silent and sly,
It steals our joy, makes loved ones cry.

Slow down ,take care, check your way,
Every life matters, every day.
Seatbelts hug, helmets protect,
Respect the signs , never neglect.

The road is not a place for pride,
Not for racing with time at your side.
A moment's rush can end it all,
A careless step, a tragic fall.

Look both ways , give space , stay alert,
Avoid the pain , the tears, the hurts.
Together we can make the streets safe,
For every child , for every face.

Drive with life in mind, not in haste,

Cherish the journey , don't waste a taste.
Of tomorrow's sun, of laughter, of cheer,
Roads are for life ,let's keep it clear.

ONE KENYA ,ONE HEART “

From the peaks of Mount Kenya high,
To the shores where Indian waters sigh.
We are threads of different hue,
Yes woven in a cloth called true.

Maasai,Luo, Kikuyu, Kalejin,
Mijikenda,Kisii, and Luhya kin.
Every tongue and every face,
Holds a story,a sacred place.

Our rivers speak in shared refrain,
Our fields bloom after common rain.
From Savannah winds to urban Streets,
Our heartbeat in Unity repeats.

Let not our names divide the land,
Nor separated by hand from hand.
For strength is born when we embrace,
Each culture each creed, each smiling face.

In markets, school and village square,
Let brotherhood fill every prayer.
From Rift Valley to Coast so wide,
One Kenya , one heart, with nothing to hide.

So let us stand,side by side,
A nation where all fears subside.
For in our Unity,we find the Key,
To peace to love and harmony.

UNITY

Across the lands, across the sea,
A single thread binds you and me.
Through voices different, colors blend,
In Unity ,we find no end.

Hands together,hearts aligned,
Strength in numbers, courage combined.
No wall too high,no night too long,
When we stand together,we grow strong.

In fields of tools,in streets of strife,
Unity gives a richer life.
We rise as one, each soul in tune,

A chorus under the same bright moon.

Let differences not break our chain,
But weave a tapestry from joy and pain.
For in Unity , the world will see,
The beauty of what we can truly be

THE GIFT OF LEISURE,

In the quiet hours when the world shows down,
And the sun dips gently, painting gold on town.
Leisure whispers softly "Use me wise,
Not in vain hours,let me help you rise".

Read a book,let knowledge take flight,
Sketch a dream in the soft evening lights.
Plant a seed, watch patience bloom,
Or hum a tune to brighten the room.

Craft your mind , strengthen your heart,
Let Leisure be more than just a part.
For idle hands May lead astray,
But thoughtful pause lights the way.

Teach ,learn , explore, and grow,
Let every quiet moment glow.
Time spent well is a treasure rare,
A gift of Leisure handled with care.

RIVERS AND STREETS , KEEP THEM CLEAN

Rivers whispers , streets they plead,
“Please do not harm us with your greed.
Plastic, papers,cans and waste,
Are treasures of earth we cannot replace ”.

Each throw bottle, each tossed bug,
Turns sparkling waters to a stagnant drag.
The trees once green,the flowers bright,
Now wilt and fade from your careless blight.

Think of the children, the birds , the bees,
The homes of fish beneath the trees.
Your garbage today, your apathy shown,
Becomes tomorrow’s pain,all our own.

So lift your hand, and hold it high,
Keep our streets clean,let rivers sigh.

Recycle, reduce, and always care,
For Earth 's gift is precious,bare.

A cleaner town a river that sings,
Health and beauty that true joy brings.
Let's walk together , let's take a stand,
And give back life to sea, town and land.

THE MORAN'S OATH

He is born into Enkipaata,
Where elders sharpen boys with silence.
Teaching respect before strength,
Obedience before the spear.

With shaved head and patient heart,
He waits for the day of crossing –
When childhood is laid down,
Like old sandals at the kraal gate

Through Emuratare,
The blade flashes once,
Pain swallowed without a cry.
Blood seals the covenant
Between courage and manhood.

Now a Moran,
Clothed in red shuka
Skin marked with ochre and sun-
He walks the plains of Enkang ' .
Guardians of cattle,
Shadow of the Lion,
Keepers of community breath.

His nights are filled with Engilakinoto,
The deep warrior chants
That steady the heart
Before danger and dawn.

In the jumping dance ,Adumu ,
He rises not for pride,
But to show the elders
That his spirit is light,
His resolve unbroken.

Years later come Eunoto,
Where fire is cooled,
Where the warriors hair is shaved again,
And the spear yields to wisdom.

He leaves youth without regret,

Carrying stories instead of weapons,
Becoming a pillar
Where young Moran will learn.

Thus the Maasai do not rush time-
They walk with it.
And the Moran shaped by ritual and land,
Stands as history made flesh,
Faithful to cattle , people , and sky

THE GRAIN THAT SPEAK

We were born in the palm of his hope,
Tiny prayers dropped into the soil.
The farmer bent low, whispering names,
And the Earth opened it's ears.

At dawn we stretched our green fingers,
Brushing the ankle of the sun.
Rain laughed with us,
Calling us children of patience.

We learned the language of wind,
How to bow without breathing ,
How to stand tall yet humble,

When birds sang temptation above us.

“Grow,” the farmer urged,
His shadow a shelter at noon.
We listened, thickened our voices,
Turning silence into weight.

By harvest time,
We were heavy with stories.
Our heads nodded in gratitude,
Golden elders ready to be heard.

When the sickle kissed our necks,
We did not cry-
We sighed with fulfilment,
Knowing our lives would become bread.

Now we sleep in granaries,
Dreaming of hands and hunger,
Waiting to be called again
By fire, water, and love

For we are not just grains –
We are the farmer’s faith,
Stored carefully
Against tomorrow.

PRAISE SONG OF MUJIE,COW OF LLAITAYIOK

Mujie ee.....

Cow of the red plains,

Daughter of llaitayiok.

Born where Suswa speaks to the sky.

Your hide is a story,

White like early mist,

Brown like fertile soil after rain,

Black like the night that guards the kraal.

Your horns rise gently,

Curving like the crescent moon,

Pointing the way for blessing,

Holding the pride of my father's house.

Mujie,hear my voice,

For you know the clan that calls you,

Llaitayiok , children of cattle,

Whose wealth walks on four hooves.

When elders sit and speak wisdom,

Your name is counted among riches,
Not measured in coins,
But in calves ,milk and honor.

You stand calmly at the gate ,
Eyes wide like the open land,
Teaching patience to men ,
And strength without anger.

O cow of beautiful markings,
May Enkai lengthen your shadow,
May your horns never break,
May your calves fill the kraal's of llaitayiok.

Mujie ee....
As long as the sun rises from the east,
Your name will be sung,
In the homesteads,
In the hearts,
In the blood of my people.

EWUASO ENKARE – THE RIVER THAT WAITS

Ewuaso Enkare lies open to the sun,
A long ENKARE of dust and stones

Silent as a manyatta at noon,
Patient beneath the watch of old olkaria skies.

For seasons it rest,
Cattle cross without fear.
Moran footprints stitch the sand,
Bells of inkishu echo where water once sang.

But when Enkai remembers the land,
When clouds rise from the hills like prayer,
Thunder calls across the plans-
And Ewuaso answers.

First ,a shy whispers,
Then a rushing voice.
Brown, strong,alive .
Running like young Moran in dance.

Banks bow in respect,
Paths disappear,
And the river spreads wide,
An elder reclaiming his story.

It feeds the grass for inkishu,
Fills the gourds in the manyatta,
Teaches the people once more

That waiting is not forgetting.

Soon the fierce sun returns,
The enkang grows quiet again,
And Ewuaso slips back into sand,
Leaving green footprints of blessings.

For Ewuaso is not bgone-
It listens,
It waits,
It obeys Enkai,
And when the time vis right,
It flows.

WHISPERS OF THE FOREST

Beneath the sun, the green leaves sway,
Home to birds that bsing all day.
Roots that drink from earth so deep,
Guard the soil while rivers sleep

Yet chainsaws roar, and axes bite,
Silent forest fade from sight.
The air grows thin,the soil turns bare,

Where once was life , now despair.

Think of the streams , the shade the rain,

The forests song,not sung in vain.

Each tree you fell ,a breath you steal,

From future hearts , from life so real.

So pause,O hands that cut and tear,

Remember life lives everywhere.

Plant a new ,let forest rise,

Before the Earth weeps our demise.

WHISPERS OF THE SKY

Clouds drift like soft dreams above,

Silent carriers of rain and love.

Veils of silver ,hints of gray,

Dancing slowly through the day .

They gather secrets from afar,

And cradle the sun,moon and star

Some are playful , light , and white,

Others thunder with fierce might.

In their shadows , rivers gleam,
Mountains bow to their gentle stream.
They teach us freedom without bound,
Floating softly without a sound.
Oh clouds, you wander ,ever free,
A fleeting art for eyes to see
You point the heavens,day by day,
Then vanish quietly ,gone away.

THE LIGHT THAT GUIDE

When morning breaks and skies turn gold,
A story of the day unfold.
The wind may whisper,soft and low,
Yet in your heart,a fire will glow.

Through storms that howl and nights so long,
Your spirit hurns a steadfast song.
No shadow lasts,no dark can stay,
For hope will always find it's way.

Step by step, with courage near,
The path grows bright,the sky more clear.
And in each heart both young and wise,

Shines the light that never dies.

THE SONG OF ENERGY

Energy the force that makes life run,
From rising sun to rivers that run
It moves the wind ,it warms the land.
It flows through water ,at our command.

Renewable sources never end,
Solar , wind, and rivers ,our friend.
Geothermal heat from deep inside,
Biomass fuels where nature's supplied.

Nonrenewable once they're gone,
Coal and oil, the flame moves on.
Natural gas, nuclear too,
Give power today, but not for you.

When demands grows and supply runs low,
An energy crisis begins to show.
High prices , blackouts, industries stall,
A warning to one and warning to all.

Along River Tana,dams stand tall,
Hydropower hums, providing for all.
Turbines spin,water flows free,
Lighting up homes for you and bme.

Deep in the Rift,heat from the Earth,
Geothermal energy proves it's worth.
Steam drives turbines, turbines spin,
Electricity flows ,clean and thin.

So cherish energy both old and new,
Conserve, protect,let nature renew.
For the world keeps turning,day by day,
With energy lighting the human way.

THE HOUSE THAT HOLD US

Walls of timber, strong and true,
Windows framing skies of blue.
A roof that shelters from the rain,
A hearth that warms us through the pain.

Floors that creak with stories old,
Rooms that witness laughter bold.
Echoes of footsteps soft and light,

Memories dancing in the night.

The garden blooms with fragrance cheer,
Whispers of seasons through the year.
Every Carrier , every door,
Hols a tale ,a heart,a lore.

Not just bricks,nor word,nor stone,
But a place where love has grown.
A house is more than walls around,
It's the soul of home,where we are found.

THE ACACIA TREE

Under the wide Africa Sky,
The Acacia stands unhurried,
It's crown spread like a blessing
Over dust , hoofprints, and memory.

Thorns guard it's gentle shade,
A lesson written in barks
Strength must stand watch
Over kindness.

Goats pause beneath it's arms,
Warriors rest their spears,
And the sun, fierce and proud,
Softens it's fire at the leaves.

Roots drink deeply of patience,
Finding water where none is seen,
Teaching the land to hope
Even in seasons of thirst.

When the wind speaks in Maa Songs,
The Acacia listens and nods.
Ancients witness of journeys,
Of births, of goodbyes .

O tree of endurance and grace,
You stitch earth to sky.
Reminding us that life survives
By bending , not breaking.

OBSIDIAN

Born of fire, cooled in silence,
A dark mirror of the earth 's breath.

You carry the memory of volcanoes,
Locked in as single, shining skin.

Black as a moonless night,
Yet polished with hidden light.
You cut the air with ancient sharpness,
Truth-edged, unyielding, precise.

Hands of ancestors once shaped you,
For tools , for rituals, for sight beyond sight.
In your glassy face they read the world,
And saw both danger and destiny.

You do not shout your strength,
You whisper it.
A quiet power, waiting,
Still warm with the echo of fire.

Obsidian, stone of endings and beginnings,
You remind us that beauty can be fierce.
That even darkness, when formed with purpose,
Can reflect the soul.

THE BREATH OF THE EARTH

Above the dust of footsteps and roads,
The atmosphere dropped the world in blue –
An unseen shawl, softly worn,
Holding oceans ,hills and dreams in view.

It is the breath in every lung,
The hush between thunder and rain.
Where clouds are stitched with wandering winds
And sunlight learns the shape of pain.

In the layers, stories rise:
The whispers of ozone high and thin.
The restless troposphere below,
Where storms are born and journey begin.

It carries birds on invisible paths,
Lifts seeds to distant , waiting ground.
Turns a sigh into a breeze,
And gives every echo it's sound.

Yet fragile as morning mist at dawn,
It bends beneath the weight of smoke.
When wounded ,skies lose their calm,
And seasons forget the words they spoke.

O guard this breath, this silent shield,
For life leans on its fragile art-
The atmosphere, unseen but sure,
Is earth's wide sky and beating heart.

THE EAGLE OF VISION

High above the quarrels of dust and doubt,
The Eagle circles the blue silence.
Eyes sharpened by distance,
Seeing tomorrow before it is born.

It does not rush the wind –
It studies it.
From the cliff of patience,
It measures the world in truth, not fear.

Storms are not its enemy:
They are ladders.
On broken clouds it lifts its wings,
Turning thunder into direction.

Below the earth argues in shadows,
But the eagle reads the hidden paths,

A single movement in tall grass,
A future stitched into the present.

O bird of vision, teach us this art,
To rise above noise without forgetting the land.
To see far without losing the heart,
To stride only when purpose is clear.

For vision is not sight alone –
It is courage trained by silence,
A soul that dares to fly higher
So others may learn where hope lives.

ENKII

By the cattle path where dust remembers feet,
Enkii rests-
A quiet rock, older than the hills first shadow.

Hands know it well.
Before the sun lifts its red spear,
Steel meets stone,
And Enkii sings-
A soft, patient whispers of sparks.

It sharpens more than blades.

It sharpens intent.

A spear for protection,

A knife for bmeat,

A promise that work must be done well.

Passed from father to son,

From season to season,

Enkii never asks for promise.

It only asks for touch,

For rhythm,

For respect.

In it's rough skin lives wisdom:

Strength is born from friction,

And readiness comes quietly.

When cattle move and warriors rise,

Enkii stays behind,

Faithful,

Holding the memory bof every edge

That ever trusted.

THE MIGHTY FIVE

In the garden plains where the sun beats high,
The lion roars, King of the sky.
Through the rivers and grasslands wide,
The elephant marches with majestic stride.

In shadows where the Acacia trees thrive,
The leopard prowls, silent and alive
Across the Savannah, strong and bold,
The buffalo wanders, fearless and old.

By the waterhole under the sun's bright glow,
The rhino stands, steady and slow.
Five mighty creatures, wild and free,
Guardians of Africa, proud as can be

KENYA CALL OF THE WILD

From sun-kissed shores where waves embrace,
To Savannahs wide, a golden space.
Kenya beckons with a gentle call,
Where nature's wonders enthrall us all.

See lions roam in majestic pride,

Elephants wonder,side by side.

Giraffes stretch high , touching the sky,

And flamingos paint the lakes in dye .

Mount Kenya stands , proud and tall,

It's peaks like whispers of nature's thrall.

The Maasai lands,rich with lore,

Stories and colors to explore.

From Nairobi's streets alive with best,

To Diani's sands ,soft and sweet.

Adventure waits in every hue,

Kenya's heart is calling you.

So come,traveller ,heed the song,

Where every journey feels like home.

In Kenya's arms , both wild and free ,

Discover the magic, come and see

"HANDS OF PEACE "

Oh youth of Kenya,hear the call,

Do not let anger make you fall.

Our streets are not for fire and stone.

The dreams you holds ,so bright , so near,
Will vanish quickly if met with fear.
For broken windows,charred remains,
Cannot heal the wounds of plains.

A country's heart beats in our hands,
It's future built on thoughtful plains.
Your voice is strong ,let it inspire,
Through words,not flames,let hope catch fire.

Remember mothers , fathers,kin,
Who cry when chaos seeps within.
The nation waits for hearts that guide,
Not those who rage and let love slide.

So stand , speak ,march with care,
Let actions show how much you dare.
Create , not destroy, the path we weave,
For in our Unity ,we all achieve.

NADOLOKONYA

At dawn you rise with the soft bell sound,

Hooves pressing dew into waiting ground.
Nadolokonya ,red -headed and calm,
Moving through grass like a whispered psalm.

Your coat holds fire ,yet your spirit rests,
Warm as the sun on the valley 's chest.
You graze where acacia shadows lie,
Patient beneath the wide , open sky.

When noon grows heavy and wind falls still,
You chew in silence beside the hill.
The land breathes with you, the hours slow,
As roots remember what herdsmen know.

At dusk you turn when the cattle turn,
Homeward paths that the feet all learn.
Red -headed keeper of field and fold,
A quiet wealth no coin can hold.

Nadolokonya gift of the plain,
In your small life , the seasons remain.

THE CRY OF THE MAASAI MARA

When golden grass ,meets endless sky,
The Maasai Mara breathes in pride.
A living land where hooves rush by,
And ancient rhythm still abide.

The wildebeest in thousands run,
Across the plains,bold and free.
A timeless march beneath the sun,
A sacred pact of land and sea.

The lion rests in amber light,
The cheetah bends the wind in flight.
Each life a verse each track a sign,
Of nature 's careful grand design.

SAMPLE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A BOY WITHOUT HIS FATHER

1)Who is the central figure remembered in the poem?

-The poet 's father, Lematura Shayo Nkalo.

2) How does the poet describe his age when his father passed away?

-He was just a boy ,too small to know the weight of life.

3) What emotions does the poet express about losing his father?

-sadness, laughing, and a sense of loss, but also love and remembrance.

4)How is Lematura Shayo Nkalo portrayed in terms of characters?

-He is shown as strong , gentle ,wise and loving.

5) What memories of the father does the poet recall in the poem?

-The father's voice , stories, laughter , guidance , and peace of mind.

6)How does the poet show that his father's influence continues after death ?

-The poet says he carries his father's wisdom, walks the paths he showed , and keeps his memory alive in his heart.

7) What literary devices can be identified in the poem.

-Imagery (e.g. "Shadows and quiet air")

-Repetition(e.g.father's name)

-Metaphor(e.g."seed of your wisdom , you had sown "

8) How does the poet convey the theme of love and guidance from a parent?

-Through memories of his father's care , teachings , and gentle guidance , and by showing that love continues even after death.

9)In what ways does the poem reflect the poet's personal growth despite the loss ?

-The poet has grown by carrying his father's wisdom and following the paths his father showed him , showing resilience.

10) What is the overall tone of the poem?

-Melancholic , reflective,yet loving and respectful.

SUSWA MARKET DAY

QUESTIONS

11) On which day does Suswa Market take place?

-Wednesday

12) What types of Livestock are mentioned in the poem?

-cattle and goats

13) How do the farmers feel when they come to the Market?

-They feel joyful and happy

14) Why are the prices of Livestock high this year?

-Because of good leadership

15) What effect does good leadership have on the Market?

-It brings prosperity and high prices for livestock, benefiting the farmers

16) Describe the atmosphere of Suswa Market according to the poem.

-Bustling, lively, and full of energy , with crowds, haggling , and proud livestock.

17) How does the poet describe the livestock?

-Cattle have shining horns ,goats and cattle move with pride and energy.

18) What is the significance of Suswa Market to the local people?

-It provides wealth , opportunity , and hope for the community.

19) Which lines in the poem show that the Market brings hope and opportunity?

-"Wednesday whispers wealth and gain,/"

Thanks to guidance , none in vain,"

WHISPERS AT MOUNT SUSWA

QUESTIONS

20) Where is the Geothermal power being drilled according to the poem?

-At Mount Suswa , specifically in it's crater

21) Who are the people dwelling at Mount Suswa?

-The Maasai

22) What emotions do the Maasai feel about the drilling?

-They feel wary , fearful, and uncertain about their future and possible displacement

23) What do the elders about their land?

-“This land is ours; we are it’s bone .

Let prayer rise ,let turbines turn , but respect our roots ,let none burn ”-

They emphasize their ownership and deep connection to the land.

24) What is the Government’s role in the poem?

-The government plans and executes the Geothermal drilling , with engineers and maps , representing progress and development.

25) What natural resource is described as “hidden in molten gold ”?

-Geothermal energy

26) How does the poem describe the Maasai’s connection to the land?

-Their connection is deep , ancestral and enduring , with homes , cattle and generations tied to the crater.

27) What is the conflict highlighted in the poem?

-The tension between development (Geothermal Drilling) and the Maasai’s right to their ancestral land

28) How does the poem suggest progress and tradition can coexist?

-By harnessing energy while respecting the Maasai’s homes, culture and heritage.

29) What is the overall tone of the poem regarding development and displacement?

-Cautiously hopefully , balancing the promise of energy and progress with respect for tradition and fear of displacement

PRAYER AT MOUNT SUSWA

QUESTIONS

30) What natural disaster is described in the poem?

-A severe drought that affected the Maasai region

31) How did the drought affected the Maasai people and their herds?

-Many herds died, water sources dried up, and people suffered from thirst and hunger.

32)Where did the Maasai gather to pray for relief?

-The Maasai gathered at Mount Suswa

33)Who is Enkai , and what role does he play in the poem?

-Enkai is the deity or God whom the Maasai pray to for rain and blessings.

34) What actions did the people take to ask for rainfall?

-They climbed Mount Suswa ,raised their hands , and prayed aloud for rainfall.

34)Which images in the poem show the harshness of the drought?

-“Cracked Earth whispered the tale of thirst”

-“Rivers vanished , and wells were cursed”

-“The herds lay silent , many perished ”

35) How does the poet describe the emotional state of the Maasai’ during the drought?

They were grieved, desperate , and full of hope showing both sorrow and faith.

36) What signs of hope or faith are mentioned at the end of the poem?

-Thunder and wind suggest a promise of rain v.

-Faith endured despite hardships, indicating hope for restoration.

37) What is the central theme of the poem?

-The struggle against nature and the power of faith; human dependence on God during hardship.

38) Identify at least two stylistic devices used in the poem.

-Imagery:”Cracked Earth whispered the tale of thirst ”

-Personification:”The sun scorched the endless plains,

Where acacia shadows once danced ”

40) How does the poet show the relationship between the Maasai and nature?

-The Maasai are deeply connected to their herds, and land, relying on rainfall for survival .
Nature is both a challenge(Drought) and a source of sustenance (rain)

41)Why do you think the poet chose Mount Suswa as the place for the prayer?

-It is likely sacred or spiritually significant , symbolizing closeness to Enkai.

42) What mood does the poem create, and how does it change from the beginning to the end?

-Beginning: Despair and suffering due to drought

-End: Hope and faith in divine intervention.

NADOLOKONYA

QUESTIONS

43)Who is Nadolokonya , and what does the name mean?

-Nadolokonya is red-headed goat . The name mean “red -headed ”

44) How is Nadolokonya describe in the poem ? Mention at least two qualities.

-Nadolokonya is describe as Calm , patient , and strong . She is also connected to the land and nature.

45) What natural elements are mentioned in the poem? How do they relate to Nadolokonya?

-Elements like dew,sun,grass, acacia shadows, wind,hills, and plains are mentioned. They show how Nadolokonya lives in harmony with nature and the land.

45)Where does Nadolokonya graze according to the poem?

-She grazes in the grass under acacia shadows beside hills, and across the plains.

46)How does the poet describe Nadolokonya’s life at dawn, noon and dusk?

-Dawn: She rises with the soft bell sound and moves calmly through the grass

-Noon: She chews in silence while the wind falls still.

-Dusk: She turns and follows the homeward paths along with the cattle.

47) What is the tone of the poem? Give examples from the text.

-The tone is calm, peaceful and respectful. examples "Moving through grass like a whispered psalm " and "The land breathes with you the hours slow "

48) How does the poet use imagery to show the connection between Nadolokonya and the land?

-Imagery like "Hooves pressing dew into waiting ground " and "Warm as sun on the valley's chest " shows that Nadolokonya is part of the landscape and her life is intertwined with nature.

49) What does Nadolokonya symbolize in the poem?

-Nadolokonya symbolizes patience, harmony with nature , simple strength, and quiet wealth in life.

THE CBE LEARNER' S PATH

QUESTIONS

50) What are the three key aspects of learning highlighted in the poem?

51) How does knowledge help the learner according to the poem?

52) Why is attitude considered important in learning?

53) Give an example of how skill is applied according to the poem.

54) What does the poet mean by "Together they dance, these three intertwined "?

55) Why do you think the poet compares learning to a seed being sown?

56) How can attitude influence the way a learner applies knowledge and skills?

57) In your own words , explain how knowledge, attitude and skill work together to make a learner competent?

58) Can a learner succeed with knowledge alone? Why or why not?

59) How can a CBE learner practice their skills in real life?

60) What does the word "Competent" mean in the context of the poem?

61) Find a line in the poem that shows the importance of practice.

62) What does "guiding flame " symbolize in the poem?

THE HEART OF LEARNING

QUESTIONS

- 63) What is the meaning theme of the poem
- 64) Which value in the poem is describe as “walking by our side ”
- 65) How does the poem describe integrity?
- 67) Which core value encourages giving your best?

“THE GARDEN OF SKILLS’ ”

QUESTIONS

- 68) What is the “Garden” in the poem a metaphor for?
- 69)List two skills mentioned in the poem that learners develop.
- 70) According to the poem,why is critical thinking important?
- 71) What role does collaboration play in a Learner’s growth according to the poem?
- 72) How does the poem link ethics and values to learning?
- 73) Can you give an example from your school life where you used digital literacy or teamwork like in the poem?

“DRIVE WITH LIFE IN MIND’ ”

QUESTONS

- 74) What is the main message of the poem?
- 75) According to the poem , what can haste on the road lead to?
- 76) Name two safety measures mentioned in the poem that prevent accidents?
- 77)How does the poet describe the road when people act carelessly?
- 78) What does the poet mean by”Drive with life in mind , not in haste ”?
- 79) Explain the meaning of the phrase “Engines roar , the roads stretch wide”
- 80) Imagine you are giving a speech about road safety . How would you use the poem’s message to persuade drivers?

VOCABULARIES

Applause -approval or praise expressed by clapping

Astray -away from the correct path; mistaken

Bare-without covering; exposed

Beside -next to ,at the side of

Bleat-the cry of sheep or goat

Bloom -flowers,or develops fully

Bold-brave and confident

Breathe -to take air into and out of the lungs

Breeze -a light wind

Cease-to stop or end

Combed-arranged or untangled with a comb

Creep -to move slowly and quietly

Cruel -causing pain or suffering deliberately

Curiosity -a strong desire to know or learn

Dawn -the first light of day

Deed-an action, especially a notable one

Demise-death or end of something

Despair -complete loss of hope

Drag-to pull along with effort

Dusk-the darker stage of evening after sunset

Embrace -to hug or to accept willingly

Endure -to suffer patiently

Enormous -very large in size or amount

Entwined -twisted or linked together

Fierce -violently intense or aggressive

Flight -the act of flying ,a journey by air

Footprints -marks left by feet

Fragile -easily broken or damaged

Gleam -a small bright shine

Granaries -building for storing grain

Grief -deep sorrow , especially from loss

Horns-to cause pain or injuries

Insight -deep understanding of something

Intertwined -twisted together closely

Kraal-a traditional African village or cattle enclosure

Legacy -something handed down from the past

Majestic -grand and impressive

Mist-tiny droplets of water in the air

Murmured -spoke softly and quietly

Pause -a short stop or break

Pride-a feeling of self respect or satisfaction

Prowls-moves around quietly , like a hunting animal

Reigns -rules as King or queen

Rhythm -a regular pattern of sound or movement

Sigh-a deep breath expressing emotions

Sparks-small fiery particles or triggers

Stall-a small sharp or stand or to stop moving

Stitch -a loop of thread in sewing

Stride-to walk with long confident step
Strives-makes great effort to achieve something
Stubborn -refusing to change one,'s mind
Subside -to become less intense to calm down
Sway -to move gently, back and forth
Swallowed -took something into the mouth and down the throat
Sown-planted seeds in the ground
Thrives -grows or develop well
Tide-the rise and fall of sea level
Troposphere -the lowest layer of the earth 's atmosphere
Vain-having excessive pride or unsuccessful
Vanish -to disappear suddenly
Weeps-cries with tears
Worth -the value of something

MAASAI GLOSSARY

Enkai-Deity or God
Enkang -Home
Entito – Girl
Enkayioni-Boy
Enkii -Sharpening stone
Enkare-water
Nadolokonya -Red-headed
Mujie – name of a cow

Kutok Ai- word used by a man to his lover

