

THE VOICE OF THE POETS.



•ASIA •AFRICA •AMERICA •EUROPE

Compilers;

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

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One voice of writers all over the world.

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

He is a highly experienced writer, author, Public Speaker, counsellor, mentor, poet, and publisher whose writing connects both the elegance and wit. With almost half a decade in the English writing, his repertoire of experience has made his writing the depth, and scope it prides of. Many writers with excellent trails of achievements owe to his credit.

He has grown up in Machakos county, Kenya. He studied at Miu D.E.B primary school, Nturiri Boys High School and St. Martin Utithini Secondary School. He is C.E.O, and expert at Destiny Ink Publishers Ltd.

A RARE ADVICE.

Don't be ashamed of thine hustle
Cos nay one is going to take care of thee if thou fail
Intention is everything my inner lad
Work while they sleep
Learn while they party
Save while they spend
Live like they dream

Don't give up cos one day
Thine antidote will change
Love thyself; love what you're doing
You're worthy

It's going to be hard
But, hard does not mean IMPOSSIBLE
Don't place limits on what you're capable of achieving
Don't allow people to dim thine light
Cos they are blinded
Tell them to put some sunglasses on
Set goals that excite, and scare thee
At the same time

My inner self
Do that one thing thou think thou can't do
Fail at it
Try again
Do better the second time
The only people who never tumble
Are those who never mount the high wire
This is thine moment
Own it
Thou must make every step count

BE READY

To win is not vital
To be successful is not even more vital
How to plan, and prepare is crucial
When thou plan, and arm sore well
Then success can come on thine way
Then winning can come on thine way
Enshrine the agony thou feel today
Will be the strength yull feel tomorrow
Keep thyself armed

The adventure of life is to learn
The intend of life is to grow
The nature of life is to change
The challenge of life is to care
The opportunity of life is to serve
The secret of life is to dare
The spice of life is to befriend
The beauty of life is to give
But to realize this thou must be armed
Be ready for thy battle always

Yebo, Kelvin Hart it is true that
Everybody wants to be famous
But nobody wants to do the work
I live by that
Thou grind hard so this can play hard
At the demise of the day
Thou put all the work in
And eventually it'll pay off
It could be in a yonk
It could be in 30 yonks
Eventually, thine hard work will pay off

Arm thyself
Keep thyself on the correct track
And battle thy battle

MASTER OF MAN'S FATE.

Man is the master of his fate
Cos he is the master of his attitude
Nay more effort is required to aim high in life
To demand abundance, and prosperity
Than is required to accept misery, and poverty
Thou either choose to be rich or penury
Choice is always on thine hands

One thing Wangari, and I know is
No matter how dark the cloud
There is always a silver lining
And that is what we must look for
The silver lining will come
If not to us then to next generation
Or the generation after that
And maybe with that generation
The lining will no longer be thin
Continue battling
Thine antidote is not over until thou conquer
For the difference between who thou are
And who thou want to be is what thou do

I've found that the older I get
The less interested I am in how others sees me
And the more interested I am in how I see myself
For passion is the genesis of success
This is wherefore I concur with Katt Williams
That genius is often called crazy
But crazy is never called genius
So, thou just have to put out the work
And let the chips fall whence they may
For success is not final

Fizzer is not fatal;
It is the courage to continue counts
Keep battling
Keep going
And become a better version of thyself

A LETTER TO MY SON.

How many letters have I penned down
Advising thee to keep thy battle alive?
Have I not quipped that
If one dream should fall, and break into a thousand pieces
Never be afraid to pick one of the pieces up, and begin again?
My son, have I not advised thee to forget the mistake
And remember the lesson?

My son I've always told thee that nothing is free
No pain, no gain
No risk, no reward
No loyalty, no love
No trust, no friendship
No discipline, no result
No imagination, no opportunity
I've also informed thee that to be successful
You don't need a better job
You don't need a cosy home
You don't need a better car
You don't need better clothes
You need a better mindset

I've also told thee that hard work in the start
Will allow thee to achieve thine goal faster, and if thou fail
Remember you're sturdy enough to start again
And spend thine life to be good at every making

You'll never be great at anything
My son, don't make a habit out of choosing
What's good over what's actually good for thee
Thou must fight no matter what comes on thine way
You're a great person in making.

GUTSY FIGHTERS.

There is never a tear drop that God doesn't see
He knows when a sparrow falls from a tree
There is never a moment God doesn't care
Never a time when He won't hear our prayers
This is why Stephen Beasley quipped
"If thou can believe it, thou can perceive it
If thou can perceive it, thou can achieve it
If you can achieve it, you can believe for greater things"
Don't be afraid to dream
There is a door to be flinged open by thine prayers

My children don't care if people talk shit about thee
You were raised to flush it, not to play with it
Remember an idiot with a plan can beat
A genius without a plan
Keep focused
Know whence you're ending to
You're great people I've ever seen in the world
And never tell people what you're doing until it's done
Don't sleep like you're rich
Work like you're broke
And God shall bless the work of thine hands

My children
Every successful person has a painful antidote
Every painful antidote has a successful ending
Accept the agony, and get ready for success
And don't be afraid to be alone
Goals are personal
For thine will is the most accurate way to predict the future
Always know that no dream is too big to be achieved
My children, don't be afraid to fail

Be afraid of not trying
Be hardy people in life

BEWARE PEOPLE.

Don't wait around for other people to merriment for thee
Any merriment thou get you've to make it thyself
Hamper explaining thyself since other people
Understand from their level of perception
Thou should never be too much available for someone
Otherwise, you'll loose thine vitality
Child of God, thou should have no time for fake, and negative
people
You've to respect all thine opponents but fear none

Child of God
No one notices thine sadness
No one notices thine agony
But they all notice thine mistakes
Remember thine every breath thou take
Proves thou can live without them
This is why Netalie quipped
"When thou get older thou realize it's a lot less
About thine place in the world but thine place in thee"
It's not how everyone views thee
But how thou view thine self
Child of greatest generation hamper expecting loyalty
From someone who can't even grant thee honesty

Let those ignoring thee know
The doors can be locked from other sides too
And at that point they'll need thee to help them
Respect those deserve deference
Not those who demand it

Once again, forget about what everyone else thinks, and says
If it makes thou happy, do it

It takes nothing to join crowd
But it takes everything to stand alone
It's how thou deal with failure determines
How thou achieve success, not people
Success child of God

BITING REALITY.

Talent is God-given, be humble

Fame is man-made, be grateful

Conceit is self-given, be careful

Don't be distracted by criticism

Remember the only test for success some people get is to take a bit
out of thee

Yes, you'll fail in life cos thou listen to thine friends, family, and
neighbors

A family should safeguard thine treasure

No matter how smart you are

If thou don't know how to work with people, thine dreams will just
be dreams

Thou must know in this world not to live up to other people's
expectations

And understand other people are not in this world to live to yours
A family should be a people who build thee

Don't share thine plans with everyone

Don't talk about the intimate details of thine lifestyle

Never talk about how heroic you are

Never declare how enlightened you are

Never talk about family problems

Don't bring up unpleasant things you've heard

Not everyone in thine family wants to hear that

Not everybody in thine family wants you succeeding

No everyone in thine family loves thee

BUILDING A FAMILY.

Family is built on deference, and trust
And on this basis
God is fighting thine battles
Arranging things in thine favor
And making a way even when you don't see it
For thou should love thine family the way it is
There are billions of lights shining brightly in the sky
Yet thine family should remain thine favorite star
In a world full of passing temptations
It will keep thee enduring
Thou should pass via that searing agony
Remember, for water to move from the lowest boiling point
To the highest boiling point heat must be applied
For thine family to move from zero point to the top thou must apply
heat
Be humble in thine family
Remember, ego prevents thee from learning from others
Envy prevents thee from focusing on thyself
Anger prevents thee from seeing clearly
Ignorance prevents thee from making good decisions
Fear prevents thee from seizing good opportunities
Get rid of them all, and remain loving in thine family
You'll transform millions of people

PROF. GEORGE MEYA (KENYA)

He is an erudite poet, and a literature enthusiast whose main aim is to use literature as a medium of educating the society.

BREAKING.

The night you left was the start of the fall mum
We couldn't close the door that evening
Hoping you will return home well
We were breaking inside the room that was full of cheers, and joy
Now it's breathing grief, and tension

Mum we wanted you to stay
No one wanted you to leave
Father has not been the same since that evening
Drugs are his new partner
I am afraid we may lose him too

Do sun still shine?
I haven't left my room since that evening
My thoughts are winning me up
Suicide is my new research
I got nothing to live for mum
How will I be happy without you home?

I want to hate you for choosing another family than us
I want to forget about you
I want to erase you
But you are my mother
Yes, I want to accept, and move on
I will forgive you
I want to skin myself alive
I want to understand why you left
How will I tell prince you left us?

It breaks me, the entire thing you built for long is breaking up in
seconds
All in the house are in pain, and sorrow

Loving you is like breathing
We are dying each moment
Since the day you left

DEAR SON.

As you grow you will realize that only a woman
That embodied things like honesty, sincerity, kindness, loyalty
Respect for men, and gracefulness could keep you
Interested for a very long time without these kinds of qualities
No woman could or would be able to build a deeply intimate, and
powerful relationship with you
Some days back you wanted a woman that embodied that which was
good in the world
And beautiful in a woman
You wanted to have the kind of girlfriend that you could
Carry before kings and queens, she'd be able to fit right in if need be
In other words, you wanted a woman of noble character
A woman's character or lack thereof can make or break you
No matter how strong or in control you think you are as a man don't
be fooled
When you decide to develop a relationship with a woman
She will have an influence on you no matter what
This is why it is essential to seek out a woman
That has the kind of qualities that will add VALUE to your life
And if she's not adding value to you she's definitely taking it away
from you

ADAMA YOMA JALLOH (SIERRA LEONE)

With great enthusiasm, and hope that literature is the only way to foster unity, and understanding in a society, Adama is undoubtedly the most influential poet of his time in Africa using his words to create change.

MY POETRY JOURNEY.

He becomes part of me
I never noticed it's poetry
To me is a dream come true
I am so addicted to it

I wished to write a line
He gave me books of lines
Tears gives me inspiration
I can't explain why

I enjoy making people happy when am emotional
Changing lives is a sacrifice
Selflessness count a lot in poetry
Crying makes others happy

Using lines to create a difference
A journey I never want to depart from
Sitting, watching from a far
And imagining that beauty

Writing about wonders
Unfolding the meaning of life
Mother nature
Bringing smiles in faces

Poetry is a tough part
Ink, and paper works
Writing, and reading
Brain, and hands go easily

I am in love, in love with you
I proposed to you, stay with me till death

I need you in my life
Be with me in every tour

I beg you for passion
You gave me ink, and paper
I promised you my life
I saw words

I love you poetry
You are a part I can't ignore
HAPPY POETRY DAY
Every poet has their journey

METHEMBE LUBIMBI (ZIMBABWE)

He is a passionate poet, and a lover of literature whose works champions for Pan Africanism.

THE FIRST TIME I SET MY EYES ON HER.

Oh! What glad day it was!
Her eyes were of a gleaming star
Her laughter was amazing
Oh! How beauteous her face was!
Lost was I in her eyes
Graciously I fell in love with her

Her walk
Her dress
Her smile
Her talk
Her voice
Mesmerized in my heart was I

She took me from the world of loneliness
To the world of love
Her love rang like a bell in my hands
I felt her scent
How marvelous it was!
It was of a red rose from the garden
Garden of Eden

Oh, what a beautiful damsel!
Oh, what a beautiful maiden!
Oh, what an elegant lady was she!

There my Heart ran to, and fro
Oh, how lovely it was!
Oh, how I felt my heart
Clicking just like her laughter!

ENJOY THE JOURNEY.

A very good day to you all
Ladies, and gentlemen

Have you ever in Life
Felt like you didn't enjoy your days?
Or you're not enjoying your money?
Or you're not happy at all?
Be it either you're rich or not
Wealthy or not
And asked yourself why?

Like why? Why is this happening to me?
Why am I not happy?
Why am I still not satisfied?

The reason is because some of you think of being always serious
Serious about everything, and always chasing your dreams; your
goals

Your plans that even your families have never had time
To spend with you cause you're always busy

The thing is you always think that being SUCCESSFUL
Is where lies all your happiness, joy, and enjoyment
But, NO!

Did you know that there are many billionaires
And millionaires who are struggling for happiness behind those
proud faces?

And it's all because of those MINDSETS

They realized now, some of them died fighting for happiness
And without correcting their mistakes, and ways

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So, let us change this mindset of living
And achieve all our goals, and dreams in a great way

So, my point and message is "ENJOY THE JOURNEY"
The whole process in life
I repeat, the whole process of your plans, goals, and dreams
The whole process of life in whatever you're doing
Be it you're at school, work or wherever you're now in life

Some of you would, and will always say
"When I get to this level here in life
When I get my degree
When I get my diploma
When I get married
When I get a girlfriend or boyfriend
That's when am going to enjoy"

But, NO!
You enjoy the whole Journey
The whole process of your life
Go out, visit places, see people, see the world, have fun

WE ENJOY THE WHOLE PROCESS of life
We don't always find happiness by achieving big things;
Material things of this world
A wise man once said,
"It's not what you've, it's what you do with what you have"

AFRICA MY PRIDE, AND HONOUR.

Greatness, honor, and pride
You're your highness
You're the symbol of our dignity
Your breath is of a sword striking every enemy behind

Oh! What a wonderful creation you're!
Beautiful trees, amazing gardens
Gracious flowing waters
With Love we grow
With bravery we grow
You're flamboyant

You rule with greatness
Oh, what a great leader!
Like an eagle we stand with no fear on you
You taught us to grow with pride, honor, and dignity
Oh! Africa my motherland

We are what we are cause of you your highness
You're my dignity
You're my identity
You're my motherland
You're forefather's land

THE BLACK BADGE OF AFRICA.

I was born with the scent of wild flowers in the air
The smell of wood-fires, and the cooking pot
I was born to be proud of the Black badge of my skin

My first tears flowed
From the sting of smoke
From the pain of the thorns
In my naked small feet, bare footed how I loved to walk like that at
first
Oh! How gracious was my first ride, my mother's back
Oh! How wonderful was my first book, the ground itself
Oh, how precious it was writing on it!

How I hated at first the long hours herding cattle
But I loved the thatch of colours of dawn, and Sunset
To watch the beauty of the sky with shining stars
Oh, how I loved it at first when the moon gave us light

I learned to love the land that gave me
My own black badge
My own pride, and honour
The black badge of Africa

SUSAN GAZA (STAR JEWEL) -ZIMBABWE.

Born in a family of five in 2002, she was raised in Redcliff, and did her Primary School at Mafidhi Munangagwa and high school at Rutendo High. Being a promising prolific writer, she has been published in WSA Margazines, and is willing to shed the light with her ink for the betterment of future generations.

STAND STILL, AND RISE.

The world may seem like a pool of beverage
Waking up every morning with a hangover
Halting progresses are pressed external influences
But stand still, and rise

Dry skins exposed to wither with no undercover
Poverty comfortably clinging onto fate
Making life a mistake to regret
But stand still, and rise

Past life haunting sobber senses
Hunting for downfalls are enemies of progress
Fake love, and heartbreaks
Destroying the nurtured emotions
But stand still, and rise

Progress may seem a mile
Steep stairs swelling feet
But persevere to reach for the throne
Rise up, and shine

TAMBA J. LEBBIE (SIERRA LEONE).

He was born on 19th November 2002 in Sandema village, Sao chiefdom, Kono district, Sierra Leone, West Africa. He started his primary school at UMC, and later continued at SDA primary school, Kenema, Sierra Leone. He did his junior and senior Secondary School at Government Senior Secondary Kenema. He started writing poems since 2019 and his love for poetry grew to express his emotions and feelings to the world. He's also a motivational speaker, and writer who inspires the young to be enthusiasts of English literature.

MOM

The smile of her motherly love gives me solace
Life without her is like living in the dark world
I still can't imagine the pains she went through to make me see the
world

Her treatment towards me still keeps me growing among others
Why not unconditional love for her?

The first mentor, and teacher who taught me how to go about life
The life of pains, and agonies

Her stories still keep me awake, and her love for me is natural
She needs to be cared for, and treated like the queen of the moon
Her beauty can be compared with nobody who treats her children
like her angels

She must be given an earthly heaven
Heaven that will make her think nothing but love on earth
She treated me like a king
A king with one kingdom, and the kingdom is eternal love

Why must I not treat her like a queen?
A queen with one kingdom
And the kingdom is eternal love

She must be worshiped like the gods of my forefathers
And she needs to be crowned above all other gods on earth
I feel her nine months pains like a flaming fire

Her heart is pure, and her mouth is a heavenly gate of blessing
Her blessing lives forever, and her love flourishes every minute in
my heart

She is my mother, and the mother of love
She needs to be worshiped like the gods of my forefathers

THE FEAR OF LOSING MY BIGGEST PASSION.

The world is too big for me to cry my sufferings
This life is becoming unbearable to continue
My dream is getting tired to continue my life
My mouth is closed to tell my sufferings
And my dream looks like dying early

Fraternity becomes my bread, and butter
Which I treasure with my life
The world became so helpless to me
And I started inculcating narcotics

I thought my dream was lost, and my hopes pessimistic
My hands were tired to fight my thoughts
My dream is becoming tight, and my heart bleeds for optimism
I fear losing my biggest dream of becoming a man of substance
My heart bleeds for optimism

I have a hope in the future that my dream will not be lost
And there will be a light at the end of the tunnel
The tunnel of success will save my dream against loss
And I know that I will succeed in life
I know that my dream will be actualized into reality
The hope of getting my biggest dream is near
So, I will get it soon

SPRING.

I am the spring of my family
The spring that falls on many people
I create a source for people to fetch me
If I lack water, many people will dry
And if rain falls on me, I will become a river of hope
The river of hope for people's survival
My people pray for rain, the rain that will add more success to their
lives
Some people swim in me, and some people find pleasure in fetching
me
I am a spring of hope, and my water is life
My water survives many people
People who seek for wealth, and wisdom by fetching me
My family depends on me to spring fresh water on their survivals
I seek prestige to the world
The world that believes in fetching me for survival
I am the spring of my family
The spring that falls on many people hence there's rain
I still have hope that my life still exists
My water survives many people
People who need my knowledge by fetching me
I still have hope hence there's rain
The hope that will survive the world by fetching me

YOUR BROTHER MAY BE YOUR ENEMY.

If life can be filled with challenges
Why human beings should be trusted?
If Cain killed Abel
Why should you trust your brother?
If Jesus Christ was betrayed by Judas
Why should you trust your best friend?

They pretend to be brothers but truly in their hearts they are enemies
Their smiles are of jealousy, and their teeth are evil
Trust no man, every man is fallible to boy'lng errors
They bite you with white teeth, deep in heart black
Men are evil, and they must be feared

They will come with goodies but it will be a trap to put you down
I smell evil from their eyes, and hatred in their hearts
If a brother cannot be trusted, why friends?
Your cryptic thought shared with them will be used as a gossip to
them
Why the world is full of evil people?
Why the world is full of pretenders?
Why the world is full of evil minds?
Their hearts dark, they dwell in evil.

HAPPY WOMEN'S DAY.

Women should be treated with respect, and my mother is one of
them

They should be honoured, the honour of chivalry
They are the provenance of men, I feel annoyed when being treated
unfairly

They are not objects of caricature, their love is excessive
Every man came from a woman, and they should not be treated
unfairly

Not only on blue moon day, they should be celebrated
Their work is tremendous to be named, every day must be theirs
They are precious, and they should be treated with care
The world disrespects those who disrespect them, and respects those
who respect them

A woman is as precious as a diamond, and should not be molested in
public places;

And they should not be ignored in the society or treated with a
grievance

They are born to be respected, do not neglect one and love the other
They should be loved equally, they are born to be praised; the praise
of a celebration

They should not go on bed hungry because their secret cries is a
million sins

The stomach is the root of men's success, and their blessings are a
disguise

They should be giving a celebration of thanksgiving

If you are cursed by them, you are cursed forever

If you are blessed by them, you are blessed forever

Women should be treated with respect, their love is excessive

They are as precious as diamonds, and should be treated like
demigods;

Because I owe them something I can not repay; respect.

I AM A SOLDIER.

I am a soldier, and a soldier of peace
I protect my country against external aggressions
I worship my country with all my heart
I protect lives, and property to maintain the land
I use arms, and ammunition to defend my land
Dictatorial governance I kick off without any delay
I use compel to obey the law, decree is my Constitution
I sleep awake to assure my people mindful peace
Hoodlums, and law-breakers are the ones I beat
I do not use my gun to terrify my bloody citizens
I fight for my country, if peace reigns my heart beats for unity
Do not fear me, I fight for peace to maintain the prestige of my land
I have no friends in the pervert of my justice for a peaceful
coexistence
I am a soldier, I give my life for patriotism
I listen to my people's cries, and I give them solace
Evil in my country I scatter to obey my nation
I respect my national pledge like the way people respect me
I fight for peace but not war
I am always there to give refuge to the people
Do not fear me by my look
I fight to protect the people, but not to kill and humiliate the people
I am a soldier, and I stand for my country
I fight for peace, but not people

SHARON C. L (POETESS RAY) B.A -KENYA.

She is a professional teacher, a lover of literature, and an author of Quick Poetry Revision for Secondary schools.

LIFE IS SCIENTIFIC.

Life is so scientific in its nature
When you go about love
It is Chemistry
When you go about reproduction
It is Biology
When you ask why you are able to stand
It is about Physics, and equilibrium.

IT'S BOLDNESS.

You don't have to be born gold to be golden,
You don't have to be born in United States to be in states,
You don't have to be born a butterfly to fly,
You don't have to be born a ray to be radiant,
You don't have to be born a servant to serve,
You don't have to be born a dancer to dance,
You don't have to be born a lover to love,
You don't have to be born God to be holy, and Godly,
You don't have to be born mercy to be merciful,
You don't have to be born success to be successful,
You don't have to be born a writer to write,
You don't have to be born a teacher to teach,
You don't have to be born a winner to win,
You don't have to be born a leader to lead,
You don't have to be born a driver to drive,
You don't have to be born an angel to be a saint,
You don't have to be born a sinner to sin,
You don't have to be born clean to be a cleaner,
You don't have to be born a reader to read,
You don't have to be born talkative to talk,
You don't have to be born fruitful to be a fruit,
You don't have to be born a sower to sow,
Everything earned in life depended almost on the choices we made.

I CAN.

I can laugh, and smile
I can cry for the season
And all by greetings but you still do not understand

Maybe I should raise my voice, and speak
Or write me, in writing let me say
I also dreamt that I saw you
Let me close my eyes, and see
In the middle of the text let me read

Yet all nine, ten is you
Yes, ten is you yourself
It's not summer, it's not spring, so, why don't you understand me?
Be it a day or a night with you, even the sun and the moon are my
own

It is my responsibility to make it a point
Cut off my leg, my manhood do not oppress me
Give me all the wrong, do not hesitate to accuse me
Do not be afraid to judge me for the provisions of the Law, and the
Article

Do not treat me like pac
Fill me with harsh words that are not obscure
Attack my face in a hurry
Turn me to your enemy's demo of your fighting power

Food is on the torture table
Let me serve you the devil with a troubled heart
You gave them a chance
So I say then.

LIFE IS A JOURNEY.

I spent my whole life travelling from country to country
Living a different life, each time, living unapologetically
Without knowing which place could truly be mine
Still trying not to feel left behind, I found myself through it all
I found home from within, I've found more ever since
I found comfort in knowing who I could call
I found that this life is all about finding your calling
And maybe you travel, maybe you don't
Maybe you find something, maybe you won't
Not everyone is lucky to embark on their own personal journey
They find themselves not through, travel but in other ways
Even if they are still going through a phase
So, travelling could mean nothing to someone but it means
everything to me
Because I have found everything through travelling
Travel is more than what one may assume it to be
The adventure, the excitement of crossing borders
Makes one forget that they are actually foreigners
I've been an African stranger in a land, not my origin
But never cared much for the division
For the change in season, for whatever reason
For the innocence in every tour, and cookies at every door
For the greetings of neighbors, and more
For no matter where the leaves may fall
In this journey called life, I will stand tall.

FACE.

We are at a pivot time
Women have a voice recognized thro' their creative expression
It's a time open to change

I feel fortunate living in this age
I have a duty to build a healthy, and positive image of women in
industry

I feel connected to womanhood because I can fit the mould of a
woman
Fitting the mould feels like a safe place
I clearly have a long way to go but am hopeful

Being a woman is not about childbirth
Being a woman is not about wearing a dress
Being a woman is not about becoming a wife
It's not becoming a subject to men

Being a woman has always had its difficulties throughout history
Standing with other women is to be a woman
Protecting a woman is a perfect way to be a woman
Fighting for, believing in, and rising up all women is an excellent
way to be a woman

Women deserves all good
Worthy of respect, needs fulfillment, and most importantly love

Let's strive together towards a world that honours women
Because a woman is the face of every society

I MISS.

I miss your eyes
They were like full moon
Your face filled by the stars

I miss your smile
Brighter than the sun
Decorated by rose flowers

I miss all nights
You would wait with an endless smile
Life then had a beautiful smell

I miss those mornings
The way you would wake me up
An angel's voice would call me
"Honey," then slowly "Sweetheart"
Whilst you were on my chest, your Lips on mine
After you would whisper, "Wake up baby"

I miss every noon
Every dinner we ate together
Fed each other

I miss even those written evenings
We spent together
Walked as we played
Laughed as we would chase each other

I miss every moment
I miss your real love
I miss you my love.

AFRICA.

Gift of legs in dancing Zimbabweans represent Africa
It's home for us
Today, is this Africa?
Short skirts were a taboo
Now it's a part of rights in Africa
Grandparents ask, "Is this the new African Identity?
Stuck in trying to discover myself as an African
Coming to beauty, our mothers and sisters a true reflection
African dishes give rhythm to our stomachs
European dishes leaving a squarrel
Natural herbs a source of healing
Identity discovered because of being everyone's child
Community made me who I am
Our slogan remains
"Africa, I am because we are!"

FAITH CHEPKEMOI (KENYA).

She is a passionate writer and a literature enthusiast whose literary works have left a mark in the lives of the readers.

**THE VOICE OF A WORDERFUL AFRICAN
WOMAN.**

You were, but never stayed
I know it hurts but it's never my fault
With heart, mind, and every bit of me I gave my all
But you betrayed, and chose assault
Now, having silenced me 12 feet down, are you not happy?
Definitely that's a fact, you succeeded in making me a living dead
Crushing every sick bone remaining

Handsomely, watched me walk away the empty shadow
When I was with you, I got nothing but lies
Sad enough I believed you
Look, I chose to love you in vain
But it has gotten to a point of no return
Since I got no more tears to shed
No more flesh to carry a void fuselage

Having killed me don't weep because I'm gone
Come dance around my grave, carry no roses
Alive, I was always a dead flower to you
Remember the vows we made, and random pictures we took down
the aisle
All are now forgotten memories as you chose another maiden over
me
Who stood by your side at all times
My burial is due, goodbye my love

AFRICA.

Blessed to be called African
Gone are the days black was rendered wicked
We rose from fear of losing where blacks were made different
How sweet it is to be born an African?
Find the many tribes talking different languages but one voice
Motherland is a land where strength is enormous
Rich in natural statue that gives the earth the beauty earned

Our voices as Africans it's in our creativity
We are undermined by many but we know very well
We are strong, and powerful people on earth
Our parents have taught us very well
Ubuntu it's what makes us united as children of the soil
We carry the richest history of our continent
And our ancestors have worked so hard to build us
That we are proud in Africa

Africa is my home, a place where I find refuge, and peace for my
soul
Everywhere I go, I know I have the respect I have learned
From my fellow brothers, and sisters in Africa

SAMUEL SAHR NGOBEH (SIERRA LEONE).

He is a poet, an editor, and a graphic designer who is passionate about his work, and literature in general.

UNBLEMISHED LIGHT.

Lights out, what shall become of the darkness?
That worry burst-out siding here and there, awaiting sorrow?

A lot happens indoors, many sins are committed in closed doors
Guided and guarded by the four walls, we think we can stay hidden
forever

As days pass, I cry, my eyes went blind at what they see
Beautiful faces, dark hearts inside
Such a thing worries me, it has a strong power

Yet, 'my hope built on nothing else'
His light makes the unseen be seen
All the things done in secret, shall be revealed
It will be clearly seen
His light fades not, it spots every blemished spot

The hearts of the beautiful, which are dark
Light shall overcome darkness
It doesn't bounce back, it clears all uncleanness

Even if you're heavy laden, the light will make it light
Your heart being filled with sadness, joy shall break in
It shall set you free, you'll sleep happily, day and night

**A. B KAMARA (DE SIERRA PHOENIX) - SIERRA
LEONE.**

He is an erudit poet, a co-author, and a lover of literature whose writing connects the dots that the literature has left unconnected.

THE PATRIOT'S SONG.

Let's sing a song with notes reminding us
To put our country first with all rights, and obligations

A song in place of our pledge to transform our naivety
Into maturity, and our troubles into surmountable challenges

Come, and let's sing a song with shields of unity firm
At heart for love of our country to never falter, halt or waver

A song to make hearts sing with a melody of one Salone
And lower in tune the ear-splitting echoes of division

Oh, the Jeliba will thumb the Kora giving a token of praises to
bravery
And the Koranko will harmonize the message with a shrilling
Balangi

The Creoles will improvise a soprano to this song
While the Limba will lattice drums of Gbangbani to befree hearts of
hate

We will hear the thrilling sound of the Tabule
Gathering us to see the sampas dancing the Teffeya to the rhythm of
the Segureh

The Susu with the Bote drum will sing to the Hordu of the Fullah
To complete the instrumental jiest with a toast to no tribal lines

The dance to the tempo of the Kele will be at a steady pace
Of the lanes of a rigmarole dance orchestrated by the patriot's song

JOHN MOHAMMED MOSERE (MOSERE D'POET)
-SIERRA LEONE.

He is a poet, a writer, a motivational speaker, and a Catholic Christian. He was born in BO Town, Southern region, Sierra Leone. He had his nursery and early primary education done at his hometown where he wrote to the National Primary School Education (N. P. S. E.)

Upon completion of his Primary School Education, he catapulted to the shores of the great and prestigious Catholic School -Christ the King College, where he is still studying.

John has a passion for writing, and poetry. He began his work as a motivational speaker in 2020, and came into writing (Poems, stories) in 2021.

POETRY.

Oh! Poetry, why have you become my breakfast?
My strength lies in your ability to shed sideways light on the world
So the truth sneaks up on you
Every time I sleep and wake up, I remember to write you
And why have you been my gem-like sugar inside a teacup?

Is poetry like music that drops
Or the tonguefires that a gun shots?
Indeed poetry is designed for ranting
That would be free from the claims
Poetry, and prose lets understand each other without jeopardizing

I have always been aspired to more spacious room
Poets come out of your doors
You have been holed up too
Long in your closed worlds
Poetry is life

MOTHER.

If I was able, I could give you the whole world for each tear you pun
for me

If I'd the ability I could name you as JOSEPHINE for each truth
you've helped me see

For the gift of life, and a friend to me you are

We have a very special bond which only comes from God

I'm sure you agree mother

Mother, sorry you didn't give birth to a musician who could sing for
you

If I would remember all the time I spend into your residence

You always keep me out of dangerous things

Mother, today I want to tell you

Just how much you mean to me

You are my world

You are my money to many banks

You are my travel gift

Thank you for your love, and caring

You are my friend

God just blessed me with a beautiful mother like you

I love you mother

JONATHAN FRANK JOHNSON (SIERRA LEONE)

He is a writer, a poet, a Motivational Speaker, a dramatist, and an educationist. He hails from Koindu town, and lives in BO town. Due to his endless effort and love for education, he has written hundreds of poems, novels, and drama scripts. He got inspired by his English and literature teacher, Yusuf, and his aunt, Grace Jannet Quinn.

DIFFERENT COLORS BUT ONE PEOPLE.

The supernatural king who is call God
Lived, and made many things to live on earth
At the time of manufacturing
He designed accordingly from the genesis to the end

He fashioned many things in different ways, and forms
All He needed from His creation was to serve Him,
Obey Him, and put hope and trust in Him

The blacks, and whites He created in the same image
And likeness to show the uniqueness of different colors
The whites kill the blacks, and the blacks kill the whites
But the King Himself can't be questioned

Different colors but one people
We are not seeing such any longer
God please come down to us
I don't see the manifestation of different colors
One people no longer, so I ask again, "Why?"

Racial discrimination, tribes on war
Colors that were meant for uniqueness
Are now symbols for war, and differences
Oh, what a doom world, instead of fighting the evil we are fighting
ourselves

How can we blend those colors to see the uniqueness of God's
creation?
Let's keep writing,
Let them remain documentary because the Thomases are still herein

SWEET BITTER DAYS IN SCHOOL.

Waking up early in the morning
Seeing a beautiful cloud happening
It is really a blessed time turning
Calling friends like John, and Johnny
On our way to school marks the sweet company

But to approach the classroom is really cruel
The eyes in the classroom are plenty
How can I comprehend what the big eye says
Or even remember about the things of yesterday
When the cane is about to judge me?

Because I have no time to think
When I've spread all over the ink
Just to fine myself under the verdict
Then conclude all is not well in the school
Tell me how can I comprehend?
Mom, and dad have no action
Because they lived in separation
School now is full of suppression
When trying to react, you will be put into suspension
But I will school hard to have a repercussion

MY DESERT WIFE.

I know you are deeply in pain
But thy cry all goes in vain
Deserted, so just stay, and maintain
Herod did all this in hope to gain
The silly birds are lost
killing the innocent was most anguishing
Teeth mounting thee worse
In array my desert wife horse
Oh! O thy weeping outcast
Rachel refusing to eat at last
The massacre was panting
Can't you see it at the walls pointing?
The wee-wee of the birds never woke thee
She opened her eyes but couldn't see
Helter, and skelter the barren sea
Darkness overtook thee, and all the seal
Memories last till lifetime changes I must know
Though no mooses but God knows
Piep, kpata-kata, killing all was what she could tell
Frankly to thee, her heart is a desert
Sweet better days can she tell?
Oh, my dear desert wife
The birds couldn't wake thee

THOKOZANI NDINISA (SOUTH AFRICA).

He is an author who has published 8 books, and two collaborative books with writers all over the world. He is an evangelist, and a publisher.

WHAT I NEEDED WAS ATTENTION.

I have found myself in a place I never dreamed of because I needed
to feel welcomed

I chose to give myself to all kinds of substance abuse
Because I wanted to close the void of emptiness in my heart

Yes, I am not proud of whom I have become now
I selected friends more than my biological family
Because no one among my family members was capable of giving
me attention...

I dated multiple boyfriends, and girlfriends attempting to find love
Which I didn't get in my parent's house...

None of the people whom I dated gave me unconditional love
All I saw is this; 'they all only love me because of my beauty and
body'

Yes, I am longing for more attention, my parents were always busy
Each of them, when I attempted to speak to them about my cry didn't
care

Yes, I felt life it's not worth to be lived
Even now, I am still crying for the attention of my biological parents
When will I find the attention that I need?

Yes, sometimes I feel like just to take away my life
Since it seems nobody is willing to love me unconditionally, and
give me full attention...

I thought to smoke, and drink alcohol was going close to the void of
emptiness in my heart

Guess what? Even when I was drunk I still felt more emptiness, and
lonely

Yes, I feel broken, and lonely
Who will give me full attention?

Indeed I am still looking for more attention
And I don't know how I'll come out of these issues of life which I am
faced with
I am still crying out for help, who will come and rescue me out of
this situation?

DEATH.

Oh! Death you don't get satisfied
How long will you continue to leave families in heartbreaks?
Oh, death, where do you come from?
Indeed, it's only you who continues to break people's hearts daily
Each day, and night we hear that you did visit some families

You look as if you can control us
You know how to ruin people's happiness
Oh! Death, you don't enjoy seeing people living long
Oh! Death, you don't enjoy seeing people enjoying good health
while growing up in years

Death you visit families in different times and seasons
Death you leave families falling apart
I guess one day you will run away
On that day people will attempt to kill themselves
But they won't be able to die because you will have ran away
Death, you know very well that Jesus Christ defeated you on the
cross

Now, you no longer have the power
You can continue to happen daily but I no longer fear you

My master Jesus Christ defeated you on the cross
Oh, death, where is your power now?
Oh, death, where is your strength now?

WE ARE ALL HUMAN BEINGS.

We are all human beings
I was born without my choice
Yes, I was not given a chance to choose to be born or not to be in
this world
Neither was I given a chance to choose the skin color I should be
All that I know is I have red blood flowing in my veins
The same blood I have, it's found in every human being alive in this
world

We look different by the skin color
But all of us are as we were created by Jehovah,
In His image and likeness, He made us to look different and
beautiful
Yes, we are all human beings created for a certain purpose in this
world
Our skin color should never make us to undermine each other
It should never make us human beings
Who hate each other based on the skin color
We are human beings
So, hatred and jealousy should be far away from us

WHEN AM NO LONGER THERE.

They will arise, and start to say things about me
Even those appreciated me while I was still alive
Will have something to say about me
Yes, some will even cook new stories about me
Since they have failed to face me when I was still alive
Why must you be a hypocrite?

All these years you pretended as if you don't see my hard work
Yeah, you saw me working hard, and doing remarkable things before
your eyes

But you never said any good thing to me
But now, since I am no longer alive you want to say something
Why now? Is it hard for you to remain silent as you have been doing
since day one?

I started my vision and mission, you never supported

I will rest in eternal peace
Knowing very well I have served my assignment, and purpose in this
world

Learn to appreciate, and value people while they are still alive
People deserve good comments while they are still alive
Not only when they are no more alive in this world
Say something good to me now or hold your peace forever
Please when I am gone don't prepare speeches
Since you never told me how much I meant in your life

FAITH.

Yes, I lost hope and I thought nothing will ever come right in my life
Everything seemed over, and everyone thought it was the end of my
life

People lost hope in me while others were saying, "He will never
arise again."

No one had faith in me, nobody believed I can make it ever in this
world.

Yes, it was like my life was coming to an end
But FAITH made me to realize that all things
Are possible, and that it's not yet over with my life
My faith keeps me going, and makes me strong
Through difficult moments, and seasons in my life
My faith is capable to move mountains of this world.

Don't lose faith
Choose to believe even when situations seem impossible
As faith it's the only thing that makes impossible situations possible.

BROKEN PIECES.

I look strong outside, inside my heart I am struggling and suffering
Each day I am praised for my good works I do in the society
But no one seems to recognize how I feel inside my heart

Wherever I enter I am seen as a hero, and many say to me, "You're a
good role model."

Yes, I receive praises everywhere I go or enter
No one seems to recognize the broken pieces in my heart
I am broken inside, outside I look strong

I break daily whenever I am undermined, and rejected
Furthermore, I break whenever I am insulted
Or being falsely accused by people on the streets of my society
But still, I choose to walk tall, and strong while I feel hurt in my
heart

Likewise, I break whenever I am taken for granted
Yes, I am a human being with emotions
Not only that, but I do feel emotional sometimes
Whenever I am alone I cry loud
But no one can hear my voice
I have now realized that even grown up men still cry
Because they have emotions, and get hurt or heart broken

I have been trying to be strong but I have realized
That I can't afford to pretend while I am hurting in my heart
Now I am asking myself this question
"How many people will continue to pretend
To be okay while they are dying inside their hearts?
How many people will continue to please others
While they are not happy in their hearts?"

I guess it's time I seek for healing before I could die a physical death

As I can't take it anymore to live a broken life
With so many pieces to be fixed in my heart

SHALL PASS AWAY.

What have I done in this World?
Can somebody tell me, each year I mourn and cry
When will I have peace in my life?

Life you don't get satisfied
Yes, I don't enjoy what I am passing through
I wish I was young again so that I won't encounter such great
distress

Why must I always cry over one thing?
Disappointment has become my new nickname
No one values my worth neither do I see people standing with me
Why me? Not other people?
In my life I see pain after pain
So, when will I have a life without pains, and sorrows?

Life you are full of surprises and shocking moments, why this
difficulty?
I believe one day I will have rest, and forget about all my painful
moments
Who will rescue me in difficult situations I find myself in?
Indeed, I need a savior who will rescue me in these daily troubles of
this world

When will I become successful in life?
I guess even this one, it's going to pass
I believe these difficult situations I am finding myself in
Are temporary, and won't last forever.

YOU'RE GONE.

You said that you'll never leave or forsake me
You said you will always be there for me
You said you love me, and you need me in your life
You said you need me to be part of your life forever
You said you don't wish to loose me

Now I am surprised that you left me without saying a word
You left me alone after all the things you said to me
Where are you now?
You have left me when I needed you the most in my life
You have left me without saying goodbye
Why have you left me like this?

Yes, I remember that day we went out for dinner
And you left me when I was about to pay for our dinner
You promised me that you were going to pay for our meal that night
But you left before you could pay anything

You have left me being broken inside
And you didn't say any good word to me
You left me without saying goodbye
Even now, I am still looking for you
Where are you? Where did you go that night?
I am still crying within my heart, and keeping those vows

Remember you said you will love me forever
And you also said you will never leave nor forsake me no matter
what happens
But I am shocked now that you have left me before Valentine's day
Why have you left like this? You called me all sweet names

You said you'll always be there for me

You said that I am special to you
You said that I am the person you need the most in your life
You said that I am a treasure in your life
But now I am shocked that you left me after making such vows to
me
You have left me even after I have done all good things to you
Why have you left me without saying goodbye?

ABDUL YUSUF KOROMA (SIERRA LEONE)

He is a Mende, a Muslim, a poet, a motivational speaker, a barber, a footballer, and a social activist with a humble beginning.

WHY POETRY.

Why am I using my pen, and words to find you
As if you are the best? Yes, I guess!
The best from morning till night
Why are you with me as your love?
I love you, and you've done greater things
Why are you so gentle, and calm?
I just can't imagine that we are now one
Why are you so emotional?
Why are you so motivational?
Why are you serving as a source of light to poets, and poetess when
it's dark?
Little did I know that you are a spirit
When I knew I started using my ink, and book to percolate through
First things first, we love you more
Even poets, and poetess can agree that you are a Spirit of no war
Not even when you are happy or bored
HAPPY POETRY DAY TO ALL POETS, AND POETESSES

THE SMILING FLOWER.

The attractive ones that smile today in the morrow die
I love those petals, and sepals like sagie
Are beautiful, and bright
A crowned, and shiny queen at night

Accept the fact that it's a flower, not a seed
You are free to call it a flower, not a weed
It's indeed supernatural
Thus fit on its skin as a modern model, super cultural

All the flowers do smile at the hills
It's a great business for decorative purposes indeed
With splendid dance steps by a heavy wind
Yet, a magnanimous rose still

I shall build a flower garden in my backyard
I will carve a cage to serve as a bodyguard
Accolades to "CHARLES DARWIN" for his great works
It's true, nature still exists in all walks of life

I promise to buy you some beautiful smiling flowers
But wait, allow me to take a nap, and work to get money in just few
hours

Please don't set for thee any trap as I saw your hitting hands, and lap
I know If I give you the smiling flower, you will applaud me in a
billion wages, and start to rap

JUNISA JOSHUA SALLU (SIERRA LEONE)

He's a young graduate of Njala University with a Bachelor of Science (with Honors) degree in Environmental Chemistry, a youth leader, a passionate writer, a researcher, and a teacher.

AFRICA IS NOT INFERIOR.

God's creation is marvelously beautiful
Truly, in the infidelities of men God has been ever faithful
But the Africans are a people not thankful
Offended by their dark skin they are so hurtful
Even the daughters of my people who are uniquely beautiful
Are rather disillusioned, and regretful

Disillusioned by Western vanity
They have lost their originality!
They have jettisoned their African beauty
How shamefully they have despised their noble dignity?
Their mimicry tend to their poverty
They are inferiorly complex
Because they have rejected their own identity
Oh, how I wish they esteemed their peculiarity and novelty!

Somebody plead with the daughters of my people
Tell the young men of my people
Their black skin is not a curse but a shield
Their identity is their God-given power to wield
Their birthplace is the cradle of the rest of humanity
The absolute dependency on Africa for diverse frigid entities
Unarguably depicts Africa as the hope of western society

MIMI MACHAKAIRE (ZIMBABWE).

He is a writer, a journalist, and a media specialist aged 27 living in Maseru, Lesotho. He holds a diploma in Film Production from the University of Zimbabwe, and a diploma in journalism from Rutherford Hayes University, United States of America. He is an author of Princess Gangster, and a coauthor of ECHOES OF THE KINGDOM (2021). Currently, he is an Editorial Production Manager for Stadan Media Company.

A POET'S CRY.

I'm a poet, holding on to an in-text duty
In-text to be deduced by expert writers
In-text to be subpoenaed by them

Considered by the ordinary reader
My pen sweating down
The waste of it fill in
Begging me to abide it dry

Endless commitment foresees me
Bond to resist the pen from being silent
Fetching the taste, and flavour of poetry
Teaching the lessons of mind, and thought
Inking out mental symbols alive to readers
My ink gaining taste alone

Poetry is my game
Playing so hard for results
That is how I remain all-day

SHERO.

Mother's scent smells so divine
Smells of power, beauty, and confidence
She buys only the expensive fragrances
Her bedroom aroma lingers with her favorites

My nose twitches as she walks through the door
While my memory hungers for more
Her perfume pulls me closer to her
Watch me buy her fragrance as a souvenir

My idol, teacher, biggest supporter, and mother
As I shadow every move she makes, and every step she takes
I feel her warmth, and smell her scent in every embrace
Singing a melody of the woman my mother will forever be

I maybe older, and wiser in this life time
Though, I'll always wish for that mother of mine
No matter how far away she may be
Her fragrance will forever follow me

You are beautiful from the beginning
You are unique in your own way
The rivers begins at your hip
And moves with the tides, the planet, and the Maker's breath
Flows all the way from this world to the eternal ocean
Where the dance has no begging middle or end

Your period rises with the moon
Your period is an acean tide
Blood of the lunar sisterhood
The holy blood
The lifegiving blood
You have a whole world inside you

I MISS.

I miss your lips
Our first kiss still lives
Inside my memory

I miss the way
You would close all two eyes
Slowly breathe in
Then...
Love drove me crazy

I miss how you touched my chest
Then all my body would sense as it brought
The taste of your sweetness

CAMOUFLAGE.

The year 2020
None can see
We fight to be

Days are plenty
World is watching
The year 2020

Plans did change
We think it strange
We fight to be

Truth is hidden
Concealed by many
The year 2020

Expectation rises within
Battle, who wins?
The year 2020
We fight to be

NEVER ASK ME.

Never ask me how much I love you
For nothing can measure it
You're my breath
Can't survive without you

Never ask me why I need you
Like a body in need of air
Simply, without you I can't go on
It's the nature, I can hardly explain
Be carefree, so we can own the moment
So, we can enjoy it

Never ask me
Since when I began to love you
Feeling speaks more inside
Emotion receives it outside
Spare you words, and let's enjoy love

AASHIQ S (INDIA)

He is a passionate writer, and a poet who uses poetry as a medium of creating awareness.

FEAR.

If I switch on the light
Rotten needs, and deeds will pick a fight
Feigned oblivion is reserved for the night
Which is even feebler than the darkness of the sight

PROGRESS.

Invisible bars to stand on
In between the breaths of passed on
Internally bled to the dawn
Intolerant, the beholder's pawn

PROGRESS.

Let's begin with invisible bars to stand on
In between breaths of the passed on
Internally bled to the slow dawn
Intolerant, the beholder's blue pawn

Let's move on to cardinal angles, full of potential
Waiting to unleash upon the useless
Standards are set to double
Glimmer a little more

The first awareness is akin to augment
Swirl along with the stony ripples
Glitches represent the entire source
So, convenient erasures are an accepted farce

Let's focus on scenes that are evolving static
Sentient pride is the instinct
Reflected beholder's grin
And play skipping stones, unending

Let's conclude in the submerged pawn
Who is a relative of the doomed, proud, free, feather...
Let's end leaving its landing to the weather

DESMOND DECKER (SIERRA LEONE)

He is a young passionate, and determined poet with a global goal of reaching the whole world with his educative literature.

WHY I WRITE.

I write because I'm lost
I'm lost, and can't find my way
I don't know which way to turn
The compass of my heart is broken
My emotions, and my thoughts
Are constantly raging wild
There's a daily battle in my soul
I turn left and right, there's no way out
No way out of the turmoil, I am still lost
My pen hovers over the blank page
My words linger on the edge
The blank page reminds me
It reminds me of myself
I'm wide open, and a blank slate
My words rush, and gush out
Poetry is my native, and mother tongue
It's my language, it's what I speak
It's who I am, it defines me

JOHN S. KAMARA (SIERRA LEONE).

He is a passionate writer, a determined poet, and a grammarian who is so passionate in English writing.

TEARS OF AFRICAN CHILDREN.

Children are crying, and suffering
Government why?
No better electricity in the country
The children want to study but no light, how?
Can the children wipe away their pains
When teachers are not paid good salaries?
The people voted for you to help them with good electricity
Good roads, and good education
No food to chop, you are busy traveling around the world
The children are the future leaders

We need food but not flood
We need education but not degradation
We need shelter but not a disaster
We need peace but not a prison
We need corrections but not corruption
We need friends but not fools
Children are treated as slaves in our country
Government why?

Children are dying with anger
The Government is busy with its family
The world has become a trooper
We're for you
See Children killing themselves to survive
Who will come to our aid,
The predicament has become the suffering cat

Is this true that children are the future leaders?
Yes, but why our future lies in the hands of the government?
Things that we should enjoy have been taken from us
Government let me ask you this question
"Are you not seeing the children that are suffering?"

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DOUGLAS VUDAMBULA LIKHAYO (KENYA)

He is a Kenyan, born from Shamakhokho, Hamisi sub-county, Vihiga county, who is a born again Christian, married, and blessed with three kids. He holds a Bachelor's degree in Education (Arts), specializing in English and Literature. He has taught Friends Secondary School Bumuyange, St Joseph Bumira Secondary School and Samson M'maiti Secondary School Mungavo. Currently, he's teaching Ananda Marga Academy in Kangemi, Nairobi County.

THE PROMISE.

The first time we met
We allowed fate to bet
Over our own course in life
With a blade of a knife.

The moonlight was all we wanted
To be a priest of what we planted
As love bade us welcome
Before the fortune could come.

Your gentleness towards life
Made me make you my wife
In death I promised
Our paths not to be compromised.

To love you in faith is mine
For days ahead to be fine
Let's not follow the path of a dice
To spare us from paying a heavy price.

Let me be your morning song
For in my heart you belong
For love's sake
Which I dream not to forsake.

THE SCORPION STING.

Ineradicable sting
A killer virus
A ghostly monster
An indiscriminable visitor
And a strange stranger.

Young, and old
White, and black
Rich, and poor
Are all executed
Like a pest.

The sting; so kind
Eats its host alive
Crushing away its flesh
And sucks the defensive
Mechanism
From its white soldiers.

Nee nee coughs
Thread-like mucus
Prolonged diarrhoea
Quick loss of massive appetite
A dehydrated skin
And skinny bones
Escort the host to the grave.

I have called it a scorpion sting
A kind friend
That wipes in seconds
Like a black *mamba's* poison
What was good becomes polluted
And many are abandoned

With large scars of death
Fresh, and large mounds of death
Stands in front of deserted homes.

I WRITE YOU A POEM.

Tonight dear son
I sit in this lone lane
To write you a short poem
For the years are running so fast
Like a mourning storm
The winds are growing stronger
The sea tides are rising up
The dusty jungle is getting angry
Pregnant with extreme coldness
Like the isolated ice caps
For this life we live
Is like a dry dust
Placed loosely on
A shaky hand palm
And soon blown away
Never to be seen again.

The remains son
Shall systematically symbolize
A life that ever existed
But never blossomed up
For it was swallowed
Prematurely
In a hot jest
By the mighty gluttonous ground.

But keep this rough reed son
On which I scribble down
These short lines for you
In dull darkness
And always remember son
That poetry shall never die
In the poet's mind

For poetry is a wandering jew
That's unbeatable by death
And can't be erased easily.

THE PETITION.

He was not a kid
But he was treated like a bid
Though they thought he was an idiot
But he was not really a kid of riot.

They thought him an illiterate
But the boy walked in majestically
His head held high
Ready to plough
With the petition in his hand
That nursed his share of the land
The disputed ancestral cake.

The faked guardians
Craved like wild warthogs
For what was not theirs
Their tongues dribbled dreadfully
Thinking that he was alone
No mother, no father
No friend to lean on
But he was with the invisible
Supreme eye
Guarding him.

The petition was taken
The kid not being shaken
And laid on the judge's table
Rubber-stamped, and signed
Puuf! Dead they fell down
With cardiac arrest.

THE SONG OF THE HUNTERS.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Comes the cry of doom
The sons of a great hunter march
Faces concealed
In a seal of a painter
To disguise our prey
We lay our traps.

Oh, brother
Do not bother
Leave the brush
And let's rush
For today we must eat
The sweetest meat.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Let's move
Leaving nothing in the way
Pick your sharp arrows
And let's hunt down the sparrows.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Hunters know the test
That hides in the Sparrow's taste
Its superfluous soup
Drives soldiers from a planned coup
One must be careful
And not so cheerful
To make a haste
To copy, and paste
For the bile will burst
And destroy the meat in a blast.

NALISI SINYA (POETESS DAISY)- KENYA.

She is a young Kenyan poetess on her early 20s who writes poems, motivational quotes, and short stories. She chose writing to emotionalize her own feelings, and those of the readers; to encourage, and motivate.

ROMANTIC BREEZE.

Listen my love,
A blue diamond you're,
Hold me tight,
Lets have a dance in the rain,
Kiss the floor oh sweet gaiety,
Let's make love tonight,
For my heart is but a stereo,
Feel it when you feel low,
Just like the viola,
Be the broth to my heart.

Just like the oysters,
Then are your soft, and tendering lips,
Lemme be your lovesick butler,
Quenching all thirst on your lips,
In the sheltered shade of death,
In the misty shroud,
In a den of corpses,
Will you scratch my back or you'll hold it?
Will you give me a shoulder to lean on?
For in your eyes I see nothing but a blue diamond.

AN ALBATROSS LOVE.

Rekindled by his romances,
Drowned in the ocean of love.

I devoted my life to him,
A charismatic charming face he is.

He ain't that slightest in giving a flamboyant love,
But unique in an undescrivable way.

He's a juggler,
In his finger tips, I can feel my nerves tossing around.

He ushered me into the world of "Love still exist,"
He is but a snippet to me.

HASTE.

C'mon, let me take you to the warm room
And cuddle with kitty caty moves

As I caress your cheeks
Not forgetting the smooth neck of yours

My fingers playing around with your breasts
As my tongue rolls over your neck up, and down
And towards your mouth letting out a sugar lick bacteria
As the two snakes play by.

As for the two balls I roll them slowly, and steadily as I suck,
With my fingers holding the sweet snake.

My fingers steadily fixed by the nipples,
Feeling the heat up, and below,
As you strike the next move.

Shake, spank, rub, and feel the cosy-mossy warmth,
Fill the pot with sweet aroma of juices,
To the next level, allow me to go.

Feel the grip of your pants,
So tight I hold on the left as I grip your neck,
In a second you're up on my laps feeling the rub thud movement,
On, and on slowly.

Wet my pant,
Oh, hungry beast,
Fill my dry well again, and again,
Make me release that love lyrics,
Once again make me reach those peaks.

I LOVE.

I love the fact that I love,
Your charming face give a clove,
Yearning to have your shoe,
Sailing in the same snowshoe,
Together walk on the aisle of love.

THIRST.

Yearning to have a savory sip,
A quenching sip for my long dryshell love,
Yearning to sink into the deep ocean of love,
To experience the sinus,
The sweetness of having a glass of wine with mine.

I want to ignite my own bountiful bonfire of love,
Tickles as I caress her,
I need to dance in the ocean of love,
I just want to be a sailor, a helmet of my oneself,
Diving into the sweet love as I gather pearls from the heavy rains,
Just like the rose,
I wanna quench my thirst from this sweet rose, and its pungent
smell.

MILLICENT WEKESA WABUKE (KENYA).

She is currently a student at kibabii university, pursuing a Bachelor of education arts, English literature, with a passion in transforming people's lives through speaking and writing. She's also a poet, and a mentor. For over 2 years she has served as a student mentor not only at the College but also in highschoools and in the society impacting students' lives with her inspirations. Her overaching vision is to educate, empower, and explore new horizons.

MY FRIEND, THE SNATCHER.

I am out of breath in this fond chase
The more my prayers the less my grace
Happy is Mary where she lies
For she is blessed with attractive eyes
Beautiful, and alarming smile that awakes a dead corpse

How come her eyes so bright
Not with salt tears if so?
My eyes are often washed than hers
No, no, I am ugly as a bear
For beast that meet me run away for fear
What wicked, and dissembling glass of mine
Makes me compare with Mary's outlook?

That through thy bosom makes me seethe heart
The tedious minutes I with her have spent
She's my friend, Mary is my close friend
But the fact is my boyfriend loves her but not me
It's really disgusting, and embarrassing
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of a man is by his reason swayed
She says she's the worthier wife for my boyfriend, and not me
Things growing are not ripe until their reason
So, I being young till now ripe not to reason
And understanding now the point of a human skill
Reason becomes the marshal to my will

And leads me to his eyes where I see
And look love stories written in love's richest book
Mary, your beauty has swayed away my boyfriend from me
At night he doesn't call me as usual, he has changed and speaks so
rude

And does not apologise either, he's so rough, arrogant, aaah!

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach
Brings as he says, men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive
And in all my powers I must address my love to my fiancé
I don't want to leave him

Help me, help me O God to the best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast
Mary, you used to be my friend but you've turned to be a serpent
Look how I do quake with fear

And you sat smiling at this cruel prey middling in my relationship
And acting weird for me to be seen the bad one
Excuse me lady, Mary
I have my fiancé back; I'll not beg you again to have my fiancé
But next time I repeat myself you'll see smoke without fire

He's the only one I love please, let me have him back for me,
Mary! Mary! How many times have I called you?
Putting on lipstick, and wearing high heels should not give you the
audacity
To snatch away my fiancé, soon we are getting married
Please rethink, we are friends, give me back MY FIANCE.

WEEP NOT MY CHILD.

Oh, my child don't be worried about the world,
We are living today,
Trust, and have hope in everything,
As it shall be possible,
Have faith in your Creator, and all shall be well,
He is so faithful, and caring,
He knows our problems, and soon,
He will answer our prayers,
Stay focused my child.

I know that you are not happy,
With drinking everyday porridge without sugar,
Sleeping on a mat, walking bear-footed, and walking naked,
As your peer wears new, and expensive attires,
My child don't worry, you are my only hope,
You are the reason am living today,
Since the demise of your mother.

I've never been at peace,
So stressed, full of depressions, and thoughts,
Every now and then,
Stay focused my child,
I believe you will one day change my identity,
Change my life and dressing code,
Stay focused my child.

The presence of your mother in our life,
Could have been of a great importance,
Lord, please see us through,
We are really suffering, and going through a lot,
Weep not my child, I trust the process,
That one day we shall rejoice and,
Have merry in our life again as we used to.

The bad thing, and embarrassing,
Is that I lost my job during the burial of your mother,
Because I went late to job after her burial,
It really hurts, and stresses me so much,
Can't imagine how evil and inhuman people are outside here,
They don't have mercy!

Since that day, I have been so weak and confused,
Thinking how I will provide food, medicine, clothing,
And school fees for my child,
What kind of problems are these?
Lord, please where have I gone wrong?
Please have mercy on me, and bless me
Also with good life as my friends.

Weep not my child, believe, and have hope,
We shall withstand, and endure all,
My child life is so hard, things are so expensive,
And everything is hard, to get nowadays,
See now you are not in class because of fees and uniform is torn,
I pity you my child, weep not my child.

Ensure you pray everyday for our situation to be better,
See our house is leaking,
Yesterday our only cow died,
Where will we get milk again?
Everything is not good,
But we only hope one day,
We shall be out of this mess,
Weep not my child!

FALSE IDENTITY.

I woke up early to prepare for work,
After arriving to the work place,
I met a certain lady who had come to seek,
For an opportunity in my company,
That day there was an interview.

So, I told her to be part of those waiting for an interview
So, that she can secure a chance,
If possible, God willing,
She now put a fake smile on her face,
Became active, and jovial.

The smile on her face really portrayed how pretty,
And beautiful she was,
I started falling for her, wow what a beauty!
She was called Merina Njoki from Machakos,
Before interview started,
I told her to go back home,
And bring the documents,
And requirements for the interview,
She decided to give me her contact,
So that when interview commences I call her,
It was now time to the interview when I saw her coming,

She was walking quickly towards the interview room,
she was the last to be interviewed,
Indeed, she was beautiful,
Very pretty but didn't have the real documents,
All her details, and documents were fake and invalid in the system,
Her beauty forced me to qualify her among others,
During the working period, I encountered very hard time,
To deal with her.

She didn't know how to handle her co-workers,

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She started portraying her real characters,
And I got embarrassed,
She was rude,
Was coming so late to work and had no rapport,
With any member in the company,
As a 'FALSE IDENTITY' she misused her job,
And this brought about a strike,
By her co-workers in the company.
This forced me to fire her,
And advertise for a vacancy of her position
As Merina Njoki faked her identity to earn,
She lost her job due to arrogance,
And lack of respect to her bosses,
And fellow subordinate workers in the company.

OUR BEAUTIFUL SCHOOL GARDEN.

I enter the garden and stroll leisurely
Along the red-brown brick walkway bordered
By dark-green bushes,
Some of the birds seems to be nesting
Imagining new life soon emerging into spring sunshine
The bushes give way to birds of roses
Vibrant deep, red, yellow, and pink
Some metal trellises higher than I can reach.

The brick path way blends into concrete steps
And a wood canopy
Beneath which are several stone benches for sitting
I keep on admiring the beauty of the garden
As I rest for a moment
I look east towards a marble fountain,
And see the water arch up
Break into glistening drops, and splash down into a pool of lily pads

Many of their bright bosoms floating around the pool's edges
I single out individual droplets flashing in the sunlight
And follow them on downward journey
My mind drifts pleasantly mesmerized
I stroll towards the fountain,
The heart of the garden passing from the cool shade of the garden
Passing from the cool shade of the canopy into the relaxing warmth
of the sun.

All the beds are newly mulched in a brownish- orange cedar chips
Giving a pleasant scent to the air, and reminding me of an old cedar
chest
In the room I always slept in when the family visited gran on the
farm

Several squirrels are overturning leaves, and digging in the grass for
their lunch

No doubts a corn they buried last fall
The animals in the garden are in no more hurry than I am
They know they are safe here in their garden at home
As much as I would like to stay in my place of ease I have a dinner
shift to work
I drag my wrist upward to see the time
Ooh! My break is over.

As I retrace my path towards the classroom
I found myself once again refreshed by the rose garden
One of the few places can come to be by myself, and collect my
thoughts
Our school garden is indeed beautiful, and pleasant
It gives a pleasant scent to the air
It has beautiful rose flowers.

With spring of water sprinkling in the air everyday
Looking at my school environment makes my mind
And thoughts so fresh, and cool
Wow! Our BEAUTIFUL SCHOOL GARDEN.

ABDULLAHI ALIM HAJI.

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

DEPTHS OF THE MIND.

Lakes full of fish form lines, and slide clear,
Black ones with white stripes, they cheer,
Wisemen's minds they seduce with fear,
Once consumed, ready to cool and stir.

Black lines vie on the plain paper,
Soothing like hot water vapor,
Ideas that make me appear like pepper,
My mind they move deeper, and steeper.

Enough history, I know cover to cover,
Emotional romance, once a hopeful lover,
With slow steps, hunting night movers,
At the table, analyzing book covers.

When I read, I feel deeply engrossed,
A finger in between, I never closed,
A leisure it was, never was I forced,
A book on my lap, nights I dozed.

SUNSET.

Sunset whispers at the beach,
Darkness in with beseech,
Day moon hits high the sky,
Golden sun says bye, and die.

Goats, and cattle from the grazing fields,
Fill up the spaces in the zoos, and pens,
Slopes of the hills down the steeps,
Blessed daughters descend the hills.

Firewoods fastened with ropes, rails the back,
Mothers beside the fire at their work,
Here the whole space is black, and dark,
To pray Maghreb, I come out with my sack.

ECHOES OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

Countryside, when I went home,
I saw something different, something magic,
Maybe something wonderful or tremendous,
Some points good, others I pity.

Granny here, countryside isn't granny at town,
Granny at town stays in her house, and is served,
Granny at countryside hustles more than the youth,
Even more energetic than a teen.

Grandpa is a camel or cattle herder,
Or the best farmer or a good advisor,
Grandpa in town is on his death bed,
Maybe the best is to visit the mosque,
He must receive sleeping tablets to have a night.

Kids in town can't help themselves,
They can't dress, neither can they eat,
But kids in the countryside can do better,
At six they drive he-camels to the water points,
The girls take charge of goats all day,
No food, no water till night falls,
Gentle women are raised here,
Heroes originated from these hills.

MERCYLENE K. ANDANJE (KENYA)

She is a Kenyan citizen, a lover of literature, an author of BROKEN FLAMES and Other Stories, a co-author of BOUNDLESS VOICES, an actress, and a Fashion Model.

IN SORROW.

In the depths of my sorrow, I'm pleading, unseen,
Wrapped in this darkness, where hope is a dream,
Give me my roses while I still breathe this air,
For when I am gone, they hold no solace.

Why wait for the years to turn, for the skies to dim?
To travel miles to visit, when the light grows dim?
Show me support while I'm present in this realm,
Feel the weight of my struggles for my fears overwhelm me.

Can't you see I'm crumbling, like ruins of old,
Dying silently, and my spirit shivering in the cold?
The debt that suffocates me, a merciless grip,
Extend your hand now, help me loosen its tight grip.

ONE MORE MEMORY.

Today I feel lost, and forgotten,
I carry a heavy heart that calls for vengeance,
My soul burns within me,
I need a walk alone in the dark,
Maybe because you won't agree to come with me.

Would you give me one second to make a wish,
I'd want you to take me back to the mountain side,
Take me back to the day we met,
When all you wanted was to see my lips curved in a smile,
And my heart boiling with your love.

Today I feel forsaken,
Hold my hand one last time so that I can gain stability,
Don't let me know you are leaving,
Do it silently so I won't hurt,
Tears race their way down my glands,
I need one last memory with you.

THE HORIZON.

Happy because he'll come back,
Sad because I know my heart will enslave again,
I hope we haven't driven past our great moments,
I hope something beautiful awaits us,
By the horizon.

Stayed in the dark waiting,
The red sun kissed the horizon bye,
You sang a lover's song to me,
And carried my heart away,
Where you, and I met,
At the horizon.

Head in the clouds,
Feet on the ground,
There is a place of hope that touches the earth,
Where our love must reign,
Holding hands at dusk,
Beyond the horizon.

MY PLACE.

Sweet lilies, beautiful tulips,
Within me lies a world,
A universe of existence,
A place I call my own, and uncover new grace,
I embrace my flaws, and acknowledge my beauty.

I will travel a journey within myself with an open heart,
With courage, I will face my shadows and a new start,
A reflection of perfect love I will be for me, myself and I,
I will find the path that leads to me.

I want the key to my independence,
With no one to hold me back with doubts,
I will explore my world, and make it my destination,
When my experience, and actions are stories untold,
My place of self-reflection will be where the truth is sought.

WALK WITH ME.

Walk with me,
Let's take a stroll down the heart of the forest,
Hands tangled that we can't let go,
Forgive me even when you have no more reasons to,
Let's enjoy the fresh breath of nature, and serenity without a word,
Just me, you and silence!

Let's communicate telepathically,
No words,
Just our minds, and souls getting each other,
Let our breaths talk,
Let's sigh deep in without speaking,
Just me, you, and silence.

Walk with me,
We can write another story again,
Let smiles melt our hearts,
Let's listen to the trees sway,
Like they are saying happy love life to us,
Hold my hand when you don't want to,
Don't let my shoulder drop,
Walk through rustles, and hear the creek sound,
Just me, you, and silence.

MY DREAM.

I have a dream,
A dream that someday,
My land will be governed,
Governed by the power,
Power of love,
Yes! I have a dream.

When I was given this land,
It was all green,
Genuine smiles it bared,
Everything was awesome,
Then came the love,
Love for power,
We lost everything.

My heartbeat so fast,
I don't know when the next black man in red will come,
Last he came,
I lost my favorite person,
Bandits attacked my village,
Killed my noble soul,
I was left broken.

YOU'RE GONE.

I know you're gone, I have to deal with that,
I know it's hard to trust processes,
Especially those that are obviously null,
Everything looks empty,
Your space is not filled,
I so wished you stayed, to let me accept.

Everyday am hoping to wake up,
Knowing it is just a dream, and that you will come,
I have watered my eyes all nights, hoping a rose will grow,
Don't tell me you didn't know you will leave,
You would have prepared me well, so, I know you will go.

When you came you promised me forever,
You made me believe bonds, and connection are destined to last,
Suddenly, I stopped being what you ever wanted to be with, you
chose a life,
You don't care if your choice hurts me or not, you are selfish.

My keyboard has been soaking in waters from my eyes,
Whenever I remember the plans we had,
As if I have no choice, I have to hold on to a part of you that is with
me,
A promise under the moonlight, for as long as my mind would think,
I hope you miss me, and you will come back to where I think you
belong,
Or maybe you can just stay there, I will be fine.

Candles ain't helping, they bring back all the memories,
As it melts down I see everything fading away,
All desires lost, and hearts no longer want to hold,
Go, I will be fine,

All roses peck, just seen their thorns,
You would have prepared me well, so, I know you will go.

WORLD OF DIFFERENCES.

In a world of differences, we stand apart
Judged not by our hearts, but by our skin
Unequal treatment, a stain on society's art
Dividing lines drawn, where do we begin?
Prejudice rears its ugly head, tearing us apart.

Labels define us, limiting our worth
History's weight, a burden we bear
Invisible barriers, strangling our mirth
Struggling to breathe in the biased air
Unity's call ignored, dividing the earth.

Embrace diversity, let compassion lead
Shatter the shackles of ignorance, and fear
See beyond the surface, plant a new seed
A world of equality, drawing near
Together we rise, fulfilling the human creed.

COLLINS ONJALO KONGOTI (KENYA)

He is a trained, and a professional teacher, poet, novelist, and co-author of BARUA YA HUKUMU NA HADITHI NYINGINE and BOUNDLESS VOICES.

BE HAPPY.

Be happy, be joyous
Be happy before the shame comes
Yes, be not coy
Pretend to have charms
And sing like a little boy
Be happy as your heart harms

Oh! Man be happy with laughter
Sit with heavy synergy
When anything comes after...
To break your energy, be happy.

Be happy O woman
Lest you are frown, and become old
Give to them thy surmon
Be happy, and bold

Be happy often times
Chase your entire dream
So, that no one ever sees your maims
The joy be your cream.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

The sun sets right on time
All stars starts to appear, and quickly at once the darkness
Where did it come from?
Only here where I should have laughed that bright hour ...
Then here the gloomy hour emerges
Who brought this hour of tremors?
I'm confounded at the darkest hour
I want to rise
My cheers are dwarf now
I'm covered with tears
I see only mimics of light
No, it's not hope at all
This darkest hour
Even insects that shouts are silent
The comforting spirit is now gone away....
This is the darkest hour

THE MORNING STAR.

An amazing it is
Shining, and blazing
Some ask what it is
It remains dazzling

I know you want the bright star
That morning jewel
Either riding a car
Or waiting for a camel

Your heart knows the morning brightness
Giving you a descent anticipation
Not forgetting happiness
Though it be reincarnation

Keep on waiting again
Trying once more
Forgetting all your pain
Though it seems to be war....

I WISH I WAS...

The zeal is right on time
The yearning of my soul
Mixed apparently with lime
Waiting to get that shining soul

Just in that position
In the helm of the pearls
Though I take the caution
To ride over miles

On the peak of goodness
Swimming in deep seas
Seated in happiness
That could be my keys

Of course my desire
To yell laughingly
And sweetness to hire...
I wish I was...

WHAT IF I DIE.

My days are never ever on the planet
I came as a visitor
When I arrived
The trouble, and havoc was right with me
Here on the face of the soil I fell
I yelled to the loudest
My heart pounded
Due to the friction of the ground
Here I live, and nothing good is
Except pace, and irritating odor
No one is clear
They do not want me in their faces
Me, alone
I am deserted like a real cemetery
See how I am very desolated
I see no anticipations of positivity
I say now
I am running short of breath of life
And brightness is swiftly diminishing
I keep on questioning my soul
What if I die?

DOWN THE RIVER.

Back then,
Down the river of calm waters
I saw ripples extending
Westward, and Eastward
Changing intrinsically
And step by step the entire river was in a mess

Agony, and pain befell the silent river
Ripples became storms
Storms of riots, and hard pans prevailing
What! Amazing trouble of unknown
Broke up, and seized the innocent waters
That dwelt in the river
The water varnished, and suffered

The disturber now waits again for the waters to gather
So that he can stir it up
The waters return step by step
Until it's full ...
But when he appears,
The serenity vanishes, and dies...

WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE.

It shines, and glitters
It laughs, and gives life
Not embracing the haters
Be it to give you a wife
When the time comes...

All hope becomes all it wants
And when the time appears
The truly needed time chants
When that time minds
The real time of happenings...

When the correct time shows up
To give the harvest of resilience
To fill the most protected cup
Which encompassed patience
And if the ripe time comes on time...

The ego, and the super pride
Claps, and dances in serenity
As they remember years ago
When they felt pain in totality
Eventually the said time comes...

THE GREY HAIR.

I saw my granny
How humble he sat
With his walking stick upon his chin
And the head bend forward
Then there was his grey hair...
The most significant feature
Which he earned from nature
And sat like he was asleep
Yet his grey hair spoke to me

The grey like hairs
Seemed different in the alignment
Too many, and uncountable
Placed, and well combed
Full of Hope, and preparedness
It spoke well, and meant it
Looking behind the grey hair...
Had no peace again

Once in a while it was black
Now in a blink of an eye it is already grey
Why then?
How comes it changed suddenly?
He laughed desperately
And said...
"Time wasted won't be recovered"

LIFE, AND DEATH.

The two are friends
One precedes the other
Life always trends
And later comes the brother

To live is precious
Dying gives null
Living brings joyous
Death seems dull

When I live, I want
When I die, I lose
Living improves my brand
Though death we can't choose

Live, and die
Die or live
Going to say bye
Living here to serve

The two lives in a bracket
One exits to pave for the other
Death is a target
That life wants to gather

THE LITTLE BOY'S CRY.

He was young, and little
Both in size, and mind
In the heart squeezed like a bottle
Yet thought of being kind

How the nature gives freely
And doesn't complain
The same the little boy does
Cries deeply

He feels annoyed as he is blind
Blind to the fact that the world is not
Where kindness is found?
Even though you tie the knot

The boy is hungry he, begs alone
On the streets he wanders
With his clothes dearly tone
His mind keeps on to wonder

No father, no brother
Everyone is an alien
Because they apparently don't bother
It's true salient, yet sudden.

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

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

THE ANATHEMA OF LOVE.

My son, listen to my counsel,
As I lie on my death throes,
Take heed of my parting words,
Never listen to the buzz of the wind,
For it is a grapevine that may destroy you,
Seek love only in God,
And not in a man,
Kings have fallen at the hands of women,
Mighty men of valor have died in the palms of the beguiling women,
If you see them light skinned,
And clad in broad smiles, run!
They have mouthwatering geography,
Choose not the plump for they are liabilities,
They have the propensity to milk you dry,
And still play you,
Use wisdom not sentiment when you decide to settle,
For marriage is peace mortgaged,
One day you will cry.

NOT WILLED.

At the zenith of my sorry self,
Lies dearth,
At the hilltops of my story,
Lies the tales of a failed generation,
A generation condemned even by the nature,
Purposed to die like a poor rendition,
What illuminates these smiles,
Are the shared pains,
Upon which the DNA of our curse is defined,
We are genetic mongrels,
Purposed to die on the albatross of arbitrage,
Who is the hero to come to our rescue,
When all saints self-recuse themselves,
For fear of the immortal foe,
Self-gratified like a medal worthy urchin,
Whose only prayer is driven by that desire,
To someday be truly free from the shackles of penury.

THE CONVENTION OF FOOLS.

Butterflies color the veld,
The veld discolor life like moist moss,
To death we trudge,
Through life's highways,
Willed by the fools,
Jesters at an unilateral convention,
To determine the course of our lives,
Yet they are by necromancers of doom,
Naysayers who soothsay falsehoods,
And make cosmetic appeals,
The bait to which we take with the line, and sinker.

THE TURMERIC OF THE GRAVE.

Time is but a dead rhyme,
We grope, and tread in slime,
Towards the grave we edge,
As willing merchants,
To a life's turns,
On the pews we are willing slaves,
As we gulp the opium that enslave our conscience,
Bloating our own definition,
Calling our melanin a curse,
Tell me not to carry these flowers,
They are not a token of honour,
But the turmeric of the grave,
Under these sods of dust,
Bones shall lay to ruin like rust,
And from the earth's crust,
Shall rise the wraiths of our past.

SLAVES TO PASSION.

Let me sing this song,
The song of Ngugi dragging the onerous yoke of love,
It was marriage that bewitched my life,
I tumbled from a melancholic disposition like an acrobat,
I watched the pearls of my life scaling off,
And the brutal world crushing over me,
Not so long ago I send one packing,
And smuggled another into my heart,
She singed, and blistered my soul,
And lacerated my spirit.

I watched my children sinking into oblivion,
Relegated by the new monster into vagrancy,
Like a deathbed,
She reeked with the scent of death.

When she played gospel music,
You would think she is a saint,
Yet she is a Devil's incarnate,
A messenger to destroy my life, and wipe out my progeny.

Her main error is believing that without her I am aimless,
I grew up without a sister,
And performed every chore a woman can,
Marriage was not for me,
But for my kids to have a mother figure,
Yet I knew not I was bringing war to my doorstep.

I called her Meredith,
Because I wanted her to have a new identity,
I believed in change,
Yet it was merely an elusive dream,

I watched her in silence,
As she plundered my bank account,
She was like a storm that withers not,
With a heavy effect of traction,
She was an erosion of fortune,
A wave of siltation that transported the grains of my life to the abyss.

She made me see women from a wrecked angle,
And I asked myself,
If beauty was truly a virtue,
All women would have been Queens,
And not a juncture of marital parody.

I don't seethe with wrath,
I just pour out the salvo rotting in my decrepit soul,
I am but a maimed lover,
Who has lost appetite in the delicacies of love.

I am but an injured lion,
Bruised in the hunt for happiness,
I am down like an Iroko termite ravaged,
Fallen to the brisk cloud of uncertainty.

WHEN THE SUNFLOWER GOES TO SLEEP.

Love is that sunflower of vain,
A seed of infatuation, and deception,
It is a ray of futility,
That blinkers at the advent of a new turmoil,
Under those sad bright petals,
Hope mazes, hope unredeemable,
As petals bow before the ground,
Nectar bees buzz away in fright,
What so petrifying desiccated flowers,
Drip sweet dew no more,
Flora glory warped, shriveled,
Prairie expanses moan,
Country fields a desolation where devils roam,
Unremarkably the supplicating flower,
Glowing in her ambience,
Lauding God, *Ra*,
Deep in her silence,
Her neck she cranes,
Not in grief but in a total submission,
To the will of love,
She coils in grief,
As the sun flies away,
Like a widow whose husband death robbed!