

VOICES OF MY OLD SELF

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To my young self who wallowed in sadness, afraid of himself.

To those days spent in the park (Hon. John Michuki Memorial Park), with mosquitoes screaming for my blood.

To those days I quit my work and remained in a void. To those days I spent meditating on the soft loan.

To my newly found love, freedom of expression and more.

To those nights I woke up, scribbling in my notebook. Sometimes crying because of the emotional energy of the information download.

To those who help strangers and friends alike.

To those that are bound by whatever restrictive energy, not allowing them to let loose and express themselves.

To those who have become aware of the freedom of this freedom.

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Reunion Between Father and Children

Dear Father, I am your son. I know that you love me, because I feel great love for you, even though I do not see you. I cannot wait for the day that we will reunite, and I know that you are eagerly waiting for me to come home. I know that you have been patient enough with me, but I ask just a little more patience. I want to bring my brothers and sisters home with me.

My Father, this love that you have given me, I want to share with them. I want us all to come home together, and no one should be left behind, right Father? I want us all to be part of that loving embrace, when Father and children reunite for eternity; and we all vibrate with resplendent joy.

Father, I know that you have given me all that I could ever ask for, but I need all the help I can get from the forces of light. To spread this love, I will do my best; and I know I will do even more with your love beside me. Eventually, when the time comes for me to come back home, I know that others will follow soon, even if it takes time.

My Father, help me to spread this light. You already know that this is my purpose, so what I am really asking is that you collaborate with me. I will take the lead, and you can be there beside me, as my most trusted companion. I know we will all put our powerful energies together, and do wonderful works. To more heart melting work!

Dear Father, do you remember, when I was mastering this works, and someone came to me, asking if I had a plank. I looked at them blankly, and asked, "Plank?" In a confident voice she said, "Weed, I saw that you were so focused, and thought that you must be having at least some." "I do not have that", I replied. "I tried smoking it a while back, but couldn't go through with it; and I am focused just because I love what I am doing," I added, unconvincingly for her. "So then, where is that scent coming from?" She asked, smiling,

then took a deep breath while facing the windows that surrounded us. When she was done, she looked back at me, and we shared a hearty laugh. Remember my joy as I consumed myself in this experience?

Just a Lion Rained On, Not a Cat

From a time not so distant from now, I reminisce sharing a space, and talking with two other people one night. I was telling them that I had found my passion. I went on and on about all the love and freedom I had fallen upon. I had 'found the light', and I wanted to share it, because it was not mine alone to keep. I was looking for the right words just to say, "I have found my purpose, and from now on, I will dedicate my life to fulfil it".

This was one of those conversations that had replayed in my mind a thousand times, because I did not know how to manifest it. Now that everything was aligned, I took the chance even though my heart was throbbing, unknown to my companions. Not that I was afraid of talking, but I just knew that having that conversation would change the way I would be portrayed from that night henceforth. I still wanted to retain that 'good image', but deep down, I knew that it was beyond my control--I couldn't change their perception of me, that is. I knew that once I crossed that bridge, things would change; but whether it would be for better or worse was a mystery.

Several questions were put to me: Are you delusional? You do not even go to church; so how do you now talk to other people about God? How sure are you that you are working for the light, and not the dark side, seeing that you are not referring to the creator as God? What monetary value will you get from this so called passion of yours...?

I came up with a response to all the above questions except one, was I delusional? Of course I knew what delusion was, but I still looked it up in the dictionary; just to confirm, before making a conclusion, on how I thought I had been perceived. I was not ready to believe that all the work I had done to get to where I was then, was all for naught.

I have been to church countable times since then, almost three times. For some time, it only resonated to use the word, 'Spirit' to refer to the creator, and I have only started assimilating the word, 'God' recently. All these titles are for the understanding of those who are consuming this material. I hope you know that it is boxing the creator in labels that gives birth to all the confusion created around it.

I have not gained financially from my passion yet, but what I have found is satisfaction, peace of mind, love, and many other indescribable things. I read what I have written, and cannot stop vibrating with joy. I sing my songs, and connect with those very words. I recite my poems, and feel free; and even more creative. These manifestations I take as the fruits of my co-creation with the Divine Energy. This form of payment, for me, has been and continues to be, priceless. Namaste, to those I shared, and continue to share my space with

Untamed Thoughts

I believe that there is a force responsible for our creation. I sometimes think of it as a grand architect. To be able to put everything in balance, it must be very creative and attentive to detail. Looking at our life situation now, however, I sometimes wonder if there is a misfit in His creation. With my spiritual sense sometimes, I get very inquisitive, and I end up thinking:

“Dear God, I find myself in this bustle of life, and sometimes it is a little confusing for me. Should I only thank you for the positive things, and not blame you for the negative things, or should I look the other way when it comes to evil?”

“Dear God, tell me why I need to use salt in my food. Could it have escaped your attention that our food needed to be tasty? Could it also have escaped your notice therefore, that the tongue needed to sense the natural taste of all these foods you created for us?”

“Dear God, your soil must be the most unreliable, since we are now forced to use a lot of fertiliser. Just how long was this plan of yours supposed to take us? Did we already outlive our stay, and are hopelessly living on borrowed time?”

“Dear God, you must have forgotten to give us enough food. I am sure you know that we are now forced to add some artificial foods to the foods you created for us. What is even surprising, is that these artificial foods can last longer than your natural foods. Talk about a contingency plan! Well, how could you not think of this?”

“Dear God, I do not mean to be ungrateful, thank you for the food that you have given me; but we are now suffering from diseases, and the doctors are telling us to cut on our most beloved foods. Why of all the things did you have foods as the breeding ground for diseases?”

“Dear God, someone tells me that the body is an indestructible creation, your grand creation; but have you seen my body ridden

with all sorts of illnesses? I thought the body would be self-medicating through the process of homeostasis; why now do I have to inject myself, and ingest all these drugs to stay alive?

"Dear God, why do I need to exercise to stay fit? Why do I tire myself with daily push-ups and sit-ups? Why do I need to adapt a diet to be

healthy? Couldn't you have thought up a balance, so that the body would be fit through any circumstance?

"Dear God, your world is so dark at night that I need artificial lights to find my way through. Why do you put the extra cost of lighting on me?

Why isn't the moon light bright enough to light up the whole world? Is this what you call a grand creation?

"Dear God, why do you expect me to worship you? Will you also listen to my complaints with equal measure? Did you only envision that I would spend the rest of my life worshiping you, and what satisfaction do you derive from my worship?

"Dear God, if you are the only God, why are you jealous, and who are you jealous of? Do you mean to say that the devil is really giving you a chase for your money?

"Dear God, if you really love us so much, why did you put us in this most difficult environment you call earth? Why for all reasons, would you want us to be tested to see if we really love you? Is this the best way to demand us to love you back? As if that is not enough, you expect us to run back to you after all this suffering! What kind of Father are you?

"Dear God, you expect us to keep asking you for forgiveness, and yet you call yourself our Father; I wonder, what kind of father does not forgive His children, unless they ask for forgiveness? At this rate, if you withhold your forgiveness, I withhold mine too. Let us see who needs the forgiveness of the other more.

"Dear God, I cannot keep any secret from you, but why do I still need to pray, and ask you for things through speech? Can't you just see what I need from my heart and thought?

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"Dear God, how unfair it is for you to want me to be fair to those who are unfair to me. They step on my head, and you expect me to smile back at them. They slap me, and you expect me to turn the other cheek; would you have done the same?"

"Dear God, why do you exempt yourself from this challenging experience, and expect us to deal with it by ourselves?"

"Dear God, why do we need to cook our food? It would be better and even less time consuming, if we just ate food that did not need any cooking."

"Dear God, why do I need intermediaries to talk to you? What a mode of communication you thought of right there, genius! Seriously though, I am just pulling your leg, I would love to talk to you directly. What parent uses this form of communication with their children?"

"Dear God, why do I hear that there are those who are chosen. Does it mean that there are those more loved than others? Those whose prayers are prioritised more than others. Am I loved like they are?"

Voices of My Young Self

With extremely long holidays in the campus curriculum, I almost forgot my admission number, and my handwriting too. To keep myself abreast with the madness around me, I challenged myself to journal my daily occurrences. I became friends with sheets of paper and a pen. Some papers were almost fading out, turning brown in colour.

Perhaps signalling me, one day an anonymous entity sent this script to me. I was at my brother's house sitting idle, as I did on most days. His language did not meet the threshold of our modern-day vocabulary, so I had to do a little editing here and there. It could sound familiar to you, probably because we all get similar messages; and as most of us do, I ignored it, even after writing it on a plain sheet. I labelled it then:

The call

Stephen come, it is not too late yet,
But father, I haven't tasted the brand-new drink,
That everyone is talking about.
Just give me a few, I'll be right there.

Stephen come, it is not too late yet,
But father, I haven't rocked these new clothes.
Just see how good people look in these clothes,
Let me get one first.
Just give me a few, I'll be right there.

Stephen come, it is not too late yet,
But father I am expecting a call from a job interview.
See this job pays a lot,
And it could be my first and only chance,
To be counted among those who earn a respectable salary.
Just give me a few, I'll be right there.

Stephen come, it is not too late yet,
But father, I just earned my first salary,
And I wanted to enjoy it.
I wanted to buy a car and a nice three-piece suit,
I want to be like my friends at work.

Stephen come, it is not too late yet,

But father, there is this girl I am courting,
I want to get married and have kids of my own.
Let me enjoy this life just a bit.

Stephen come, it is not too late yet,
But father, I want to watch this game with the boys,
Plus, there is a movie coming up,
And to top it all, some good music.
Just give me a few, I'll be right there

Father! Father! My father! I have lost everything,
Nothing has meaning to me anymore.
I cannot find happiness in anything.
What was it you were calling me for, father?

Stephen, your call is no more,
You cared less for the purpose I created you.
All this time I tried to remind you,
But you were into the world that you will die and leave,
As your call is no more, so are your blessings.

But Father, Father!

A Man-Eat-Man Society

Having gone through some challenging experiences, I looked at the happenings around me and thought, "Is this not the cruel world that I have been hearing about? Everyone says that the world is not fair and that is exactly what I see." When I got reunited with my pen and paper this is what I thought my world was:

"It is a world where I sleep with one eye open, yeah literally; so that I can catch the thief trying to break into my room, and steal my computer. It is a world where you eat what you are given, and you don't question its source; furthermore, you need to be grateful for it. A world where you wear anything that fits. A world where you are being watched by everyone.

Basically, there is someone watching you, and you, them.

"A world where everyone wants to mess with your psychology, see everyone guilt tripping you? A world where everything you do, or say is recorded just to be used against you. A world where speakers are everywhere telling you what to do, and what not. Needless to say, there is no freedom of choice, because your path is chosen for you. A world where lies save your skin, but the truth kills you.

"It's a world where you are banished from home because of hear-say propaganda. Yeah, it's that bad; I mean, messed up. A world where people can take the law into their hands, and rough you up. A world where fathers marry children, and children, their siblings. It's a world where it's right to do wrong, and wrong to do right. It's a world where you work for your parents, and they decide whether you deserve a pay, or not; and the amount, if any

After contemplating on 'this world' for a long time, the following poetic expression of it was conceived in me. It did not all come at once, but I downloaded it bit by bit, gradually just taking in what I was capable of discerning.

Every day now seems the same
I can't even recognise my name
I wonder have I reached the end
Pointing fingers, who'll take the blame

What's the point in playing this game?
Someone tell me I'm not a slave
This every moment I try to change
But I'm still stuck like an eternal stain

No, I don't want to do this over again
Someone says keep doing whether I lose or gain
What's the point when all I get paid is pain
Couldn't write it anymore, so I threw the pen

Feeling expressive and I can't restrain
The feeling burns in me like an eternal flame
Maybe this's what they mean by I can't be tamed
I close my eyes and jump on stage

I'm past the point of feeling shame
But I hope to make you scratch your brain,
So I'll understand if you think I'm going insane

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I'll be dammed if you think I do this for fame

This is all decided I've got no part to play
Now I'm going through so much disdain
This doesn't mean that my choice is lame
I'm not looking around for who will come and save

A voice inside me said Stephen it's the only way
I won't stay here and just waste away
So if you don't ever get to see me again
To God I pray, to keep you safe

Lonely Times

A time when you feel abandoned, you try to listen, but all you hear is your own heartbeat. You look around, and everything else seems invisible. A time that you hesitate to do anything at all. Time seems to have stopped, and you are alone in your own world. You think of all the crazy things that you have done, and even those that you have not done yet.

At this time, your Soul feels empty, and vulnerable. Thinking of the general meaning of life, do you serve the purpose of your creation; wait a minute, creation? There are all sorts of theories on our origin, and at least all of them make sense. I mean, they have reasons to support them, and at the same time, they question other existing 'theories of origin'. As for purpose, you have no idea what it means.

From where did you drop to get to this point? You can barely explain the journey your life has been. Did you, or do you make the best of it; and thinking about it now, does it even matter at all?

Would you care less if life was to end now? You were not so over ambitious; all you ever did was live the moment. What does it mean to live more on this earth? Wait a minute, have you even added value to this world, and so, is your presence felt by anybody?

You have been alone too long. No other voices to be heard, no shadows to be seen. Have you anything in your name yet, something you will be remembered for? Do you even deserve to be remembered, when you were so self-centred? All the while, you were busy concentrating on your life.

Did you do anything with all the education you mastered, and what of the skills you acquired? Did you even make a difference with them? Wait, did anyone appreciate your ser-

vices, or the part you played? You refused to honour promises of those who did not do theirs. You refused to wait on those who did not wait on you. Well, how else could you explain life? A tooth for a tooth, and an eye for an eye it had to be; otherwise, you would have been overwhelmed with confusion.

If you were to believe in religion and politics, would you have come this far? Instead, you believed in fate. You believed that everyone had a path that had been chosen for them. That's why people don't live forever, right? Stop... imaginary life is fun, and much simpler than real life; have you heard of imaginary friends? What is your potential? What is your talent, and where on earth is your concentration?

Above all queries, you tried to be positive-about yourself. You shouldn't have cared about other people. In any case, they have their own beliefs and principles. Speaking of principles, those are things that are not ideal—I'll say. People make principles that they eventually break. They are as good as new year's resolutions. Things that help other people set a pace for their lives. You did not pay attention to those all the while.

Conception in the Evenings

As a form of connecting with myself, I retreated to have evening walks. During these walks, I allowed myself to think freely. Talk about self-love! Honestly, I did not feel much of that then; I just loved the idea of talking to myself, but I could not do it with people around. So, I had to find some alone time. I would get all these thoughts written after my walks.

“Sometimes I wake up, and the first thing I want to do is pray, do some work out, then head for a cold shower; but none of these happens, simply because it’s never that comfortable to allow the flow of those activities in that order.

“Sometimes I take a pen and paper just to admire my handwriting, I mean, most people have said that I have a good handwriting. I think it’s only fair that I give props to myself.

“Sometimes the things that you pray for over ten years are not delivered, Instead, you get those that you never mentioned at all. Do you ever wonder why?

“Sometimes when I am in deep conversation with my friends, I nod my head to show that I am following, when indeed my mind has switched off to another; I can’t explain.

“Sometimes you have greater expectations of places you haven’t been to, or people you haven’t seen in a while, but you get disappointed when you finally meet.

“Sometimes you walk away from a fight, not because of your dignity, but because you want to avoid the humiliation of being beaten.

“Sometimes people want you to see, and know that they have moved on, and are much better, when indeed it does not affect you at all.

“Sometimes I am afraid of myself more than anything else; afraid that I could catch myself lying, or that I could find myself in places I swore never to go. I hide from myself, seeking the company of

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friends, and even a meaningless conversation with a stranger is more welcome.

"Sometimes you keep quiet and listen to people's argument, even if you know you are right; then a chance to make corrections is created.

"Sometimes you stop telling your story, and listen to those of others, and you are amazed just how much you don't know.

"Sometimes you hang out with people that you don't like, and they teach you quite a lot"

Recreation

At first there was nothing,
Then all that surrounded me was darkness.
Then came the images of me, my family, my friends.
Clearer than the camera lens they were.

Rooted I was to the rolling frames,
My memory fresh as a tulip.
My awareness spread out,
Yet concentrated on the event.
The questions followed next.

Am I the One being watched,
Or the One watching me?
If I am looking down at myself,
Then who is looking back at me?
Why am I seeing nothing but myself?
Who cut me from all creation?

And with each question,
I felt like tearing out of my body.
And with that came the ever increasing heartbeat,
Only, it felt and sounded different.
It felt like I was beating away with it.

With every question, it beat slowly, then increased.
I became increasingly afraid.

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I looked down at the image of me,
Getting even more scared.
Why does the sound of a switch frighten me?

Why do emotions run through my body like a heatwave?
This is tormenting, I need to get away.
Is this the much prophesied hell fire,
Symbolical as it may be?
Am I alive or is this the other side?

I mean, I was in my room,
But all it was then was just space.
All the questions now seemed like poison,
And I was killing myself slowly with every one of them.
It felt like I was in my own prison.

But I did not know how to get myself out of it.
There was nothing that I could do other than just watch.
Now feeling helpless,
I thought of the one thing that I had denied,
Denied for the last three months, God

I closed my eyes,
'Cause it seemed like the only right thing to do
And felt all the mixture of energies running through my
body,
Which was trembling uncontrollably.
Could I even make it through this?

Was something else taking control of my body?
With my eyes closed now, I felt insecure.
I thought I had lost all sense of power.
My heart was beating,
Threatening to be let out of the rib cage.

Tears ran down my cheeks,
I couldn't stop them either.
But something kept me going.
From a distance not so far, not so near,
A heartbeat started resonating with my cells.

It felt like my cells had received a pint of fresh virgin blood.
The blood hit my heart first,
And travelled like a wave across my body,
Awakening the somewhat dormant cells.
As the waves grew in size, more tears welled in my eyes.

My body felt warm, my mind felt clear.
Inside and outside never made sense anymore.
All that filled this suddenly light body was peace.
The fear long replaced with what I felt to be love now.

Somehow, I knew this was necessary for rebirth.
Trust me, when you see the light,
You want to run back into the receding darkness,
Because it's what you related with for a while.

But look at me now, I made friends with the light.
 I never stopped crying though.
 I gave myself up and took up the new version,
 The most uncomfortable thing I have ever done in my life.
 And I learned to let go of inclinations,
 And just call it life. So, the story begins.

“Tell me that you love me, me? You must show it. I will not believe in mere words; and for that reason, long distance relationships do not work ever! How do you begin to trust that your partner is trustworthy? Some things are just obvious, like your partner interacting with other people who flirt with them; and it is surely hard to say no, when indeed your partner is not around...” Oh, welcome to my mind, this is the 19,20,21,22,23,24,25-year-old me.

Sorry for those many digits, I got carried away. I know I should have just written: “Ages between nineteen and twenty-five”. Was I an expert in relationships? One might ask. On the contrary, that was just how my friends and I talked. Well, apart from the hit songs and studies—this was very rare, we talked about relationships; and we put our weight on one or two of us who had been ‘played’, or whose relationship had gone sour. We could have really made a good team of professional moaners, as we lamented on issues that we were not privy to.

What business did we have getting into meaningless rela-

tionships at that young age anyway? A serious Afrikan parent might ask. Groups helped us to make decisions. We were not authentic in what we wore, the type of music we listened to, and even how we talked; at least that is what I came to see later. We merely copy pasted it from our peers, who had copy pasted it from celebrities; more so, from those music shows we watched on the television. One might say that we were all fake.

With that, one could conclude that we had fake friendships. Do we not sometimes say that we do not want fake friends? Also, when people wrong us we sometimes say, "You don't know who you are messing with." If you think about it, there is very little chance that they would know you, because you do not know yourself.

The fact is that, you first know yourself in terms of your identifier, name. The next form of knowing yourself, would be to look at your surroundings; and who would be close enough? Your family, then your friends, and the circle grows bigger and bigger. Sometimes you might hear people saying, "We are the...you don't mess with us." I am sure it is usually fun to shelter under that umbrella, but, to what end? Ultimately, these umbrellas contribute to the stands we take in life.

So, in my head I would think, "Me being hood winked, or brainwashed in that church? No way, I would rather not go. How are those guys continually lied to; and yet, they still go on to the same place every other worship day?" I would then carry my neatly arranged thoughts to one of my friends, or groups. I also got these thoughts from somewhere by the way. I will not take all the credit.

In coming up with those statements, I never factored in the belief of those people involved; but then, it was just fun to see myself being far away from their predicaments. At least those people knew why they were in that circumstance, as for me, I

did not know. That was their advantage. At some point in life, I used to think that I was at a loss for not knowing what my talent was; and I even enjoined myself in a group thought of those who did not know their talents.

It was so bad, that whenever somebody showcased their talent, we thought that they were better off for knowing what their talent was, while we on the other hand, did not even know if we were talented in any way. The truth is, we were always sitting on our talents, but continued to lament that we were not talented; and one might have gone, "Look at the nine-year-old, they already know what they are good at, and here I am not having a clue as to what my purpose is, life is just not fair at all."

Yet I had written two manuscripts, and surprisingly, this kept escaping my mind. There was a time when I enjoyed writing, and, nobody forced me to write anything, because I was driven by something from within. Through this writing, I had even begun practising on my patience. I felt great while doing it, and I thought I could even make an impact with it. So, what crushed the writer in me?

What do you think fear is if I may ask? I request that you answer this question without going to the dictionary. At the thought of this, are you not taken by your thoughts, to those fearful escapades that you have experienced in life? Obviously, for some reason, you would not like to go back to those experiences again. They must be things that you are not proud of.

Would you hide in the comfort of a group to protect yourself from fear? Would you hide in a religion because of fear, fear of the devil; or could it be the fear of the supposed punishment from the creator? Maybe you are afraid of your own power. You fear that it may lead you to darkness; maybe, that is what has been drummed in your ears repeatedly.

Are you afraid to stand out, afraid that the audience will

expect more than you can give? Are you afraid to lose, so, you hold back and do not play; all the while, keeping your cards hidden in your hands? Are you afraid to lose someone? You cannot imagine being without them. You do not know if you will survive without them. In other words, you depend on them.

Are you afraid of falling in love, so, you do not commit to any relationship? You keep moving from one partner to another, because you think it is not possible to love. Are you afraid that you are not capable of being loved? You have not managed to get a long-term partner. You think that time is moving, and you are not getting your chosen one; the one you will spend the rest of your life with.

Are you afraid of cockroaches, and other harmless creatures, so that when you see them, you think of crushing them? But they are there just to take food droppings, some that you even fail to notice. Are you afraid that someone is going to laugh at you, if you wear the same pair of shoes too many times? Are you afraid that if you wear that shirt to the party, your friends will laugh, or even make fun of you?

Are you afraid that you, being part of a group, are the only one who has not had sex? Are you afraid of telling people that you want to be celibate? Are you afraid that you will not look cool, so you take a cigarette and draw a puff, you take a sip of that alcohol, you pull that trouser down a bit, change your accent a bit; just to be in line with the rest of the crowd?

Are you afraid that you will die without anything, so you focus on nothing else but hustling, no time for rest? You say to yourself, "I cannot lower myself and associate with those people, what will my friends think?" You worry over surviving without money, so you say, "I will do anything, even if it means that I steal it (money) from somewhere". All these we can do in the control of fear, but fear makes us do things that we regret later.

Somebody close to me lost a child. When I got the news, I was in the company of a friend, but I kept quiet for a while just processing what I had been told. I had never experienced such a thing being so close to me.

When I finally told my friend about it, I wondered what had really caused the death of that child. I questioned what the child was being fed. "What drives an infant to suffer from anaemia!" I thought repeatedly. I decided that I was not going to stress about it, because I had not seen the child anyway.

Not long after, I was at home because my mother was sick. The doctor said that there had been a mix-up in her medication, so she was experiencing something close to madness. She would wake up every day at midnight, start talking for almost an hour, then go back to sleep only to awake again at 3 am. Her waking up was not as worrying as the things she was saying.

That is when I started experiencing, real fear (In your head enters the debate about real, and unreal fear). I was afraid not only for her, but for myself too; afraid that she was facing all that internally, and there was little I could do, other than just wait until her recovery. I was afraid that maybe one day I would wake up, and she would be stuck on the other side, gone, and not merely lost to be found again. What would I do then?

It was this fear that got me up every day exactly at midnight. I usually felt my heart beating hard on my chest, and my clothes were always soaked in sweat. This was unexpected in those cold nights. It was a month of fear for me; and I never slept for two hours straight without waking up, because I thought I would miss out on something. I even started having nightmares, something I had not experienced in a long time.

I got past that though, but shortly after, my sister fell sick. She was suffering from cerebral meningitis. A disease, or is it

a condition, that is incurable. At least this is what I believed then. In her last days, she was unable to move her limbs. As I massaged her, she clearly observed that her body was dying slowly. I did not know how to respond to her observation, so, I fell silent for a while, then told her that she would make it; even though the medical team had told me that she would not survive, as it was an acute condition.

I avoided her sometimes because I did not know how to handle the situation. Nearing the end of her experience on earth, she lost her memory, and we had to take her back to the ward. I literally carried her to the taxi on that day. In the hospital, my mother stayed back to take care of her. I remember looking at her straight in the eyes; they were white without any discolouration. I knew that she would not come back home. I was holding a plate in my hand helping her to eat, and there she was stubbornly refusing.

All I could say to her was that she needed the food, as she had not had anything in her stomach in a long while. She was evidently weak, but just how long could her body make use of that food anyway? How could I convince her that that food could make any difference? My mother then took that plate from my hands, and succeeded in doing what I could not do. The connection between mother and child, even in this fleeting moment! I turned away from her bed, still glancing at those white eyes; and that was the last eye contact we had as I left her, and went home.

A member of my family was gone! I would no longer talk to them. I would no longer laugh with them, or even argue with them, as we sometimes did. Eventually we always made peace though. We had conflicting opinions, but never fought. How come I was having all these thoughts after she had passed on, and they never crossed my mind while she lived among us?

From that point, I began allowing myself to think that one

fateful day, I would also have to leave people, or someone behind. Perhaps it was this experience that triggered the change that I began to feel later. I managed to pull myself out of group mentality, and began to look at life minus the material possessions. Somehow, I worried less of what I did not have, and thought more (gracefully) about what I had before me.

I imagined the possibility that I could be alone sometime; alone with no one to call on to, no one to get support from. I looked around and thought, "How can I be going through all this, and no one, absolutely no one is aware? What is true in my life, and what is false? Am I living for other people, or for myself? Can I say that I have lived a worthy life; and what is this madness called life anyway? Who is controlling everything from behind the scenes? Who is controlling me? Who is this person looking at people getting born, and others passing on; and all he does is just watch?"

Tired of all this, I zoned off. I became a zombie, but I was filled with fear; thinking that one day I would die, and all my secrets would be known. See, I had thought of myself so highly, but my background was so humbling.

I had associated with the wealthy and cool, but at home there was nothing to write about. All the things I had done would be now open to the public. All the things I had wanted to do, but failed to do. How could I lose my life, when I had not been given enough time to achieve my goals? Not only that, but when I died my body would be left bare for people to observe, helplessly lying there. What a horrifying sight!

I lost the motivation to even breathe. As I looked at other people, all I could see were people unconcerned of their purpose; but constantly waking up, working, sleeping, and suddenly they would be gone. So, my heart raced anytime the thought that I would leave any minute, crossed my mind.

What proof was there to show that I was still among the living?

I had heard about the afterlife. Could it be that I was already there, and was just reliving one day in eternity? Perhaps I was already serving my judgement in hades. I had seen it in movies, how it would look like. I had heard stories of those who had supposedly been shown visions of the underworld. This kind of endless repetition, and mental torture was appropriate for hades. No fear would ever surpass this. So, I asked when eating, "What am I even eating for, is this all real?"

While laughing I would pause and think, "Is this real?" I got lost in that thought, and just looked at the way I interacted with other people. Could they see what I was going through? What a short-lived life indeed! What of all the knowledge I had acquired, was it all for waste? All those years in school? All the commitment in the University? I had just graduated, and yet here I was, stuck in my own reality that seemed more like an illusion. I wondered if I was the only one experiencing such things, but I could not dare ask anyone.

I remember crying a lot, thinking that I had really gotten lost in the maze, and not even God could save me. No one else knew what I was going through; it was more of an internal war. Fear was crushing me down, and clearly, I was losing.

After some time however, I let loose and gave up the fight; and it turned into an all-new experience. The confusion had not all worn out, but I could feel my heartbeat slowing down. Had I lost count of time during that last battle? I could not make sense of what had happened, but there was some slight change.

This only meant that something had happened, something beyond my comprehension. Fear was defeated on that day, not by me, but by forces I could not fathom. The only reason

I am writing this, is because I became vibrant with life again. It took patience as I began piecing together this new perception of life I had gained. I was not afraid anymore; not afraid of death, and not afraid of losing, as this was not even true. This experience opened me up to a new connection.

Maybe it was new, or it had been in existence for eternity. One thing was for sure though, I had never felt anything like that before. Not when I had tried smoking weed while on campus. Not when I was having sex. Not when I was laughing with friends. Not even when I was enjoying my favourite meal. No, this was a new world; one where I could actually be in charge, one where I could create. I believed that I could collaborate with the creator to come up with the best life ever!

It made more sense that I could talk with the creator anytime, just like I did not need permission from anyone to talk with myself. My life took on a new direction; from one of constant despair, to one full of love, unconditional I say. My life purpose became clearer, as it began beating in my heart. I am not so much of a Web developer, as I thought I would be at some point, but, Hello New World!

What is This Life Though?

My eyes are open, but I can't see,
I say I am sensitive, but I cannot feel,
I get one thing, but lose another,
Someone tell me, what is this life?

How come,
You give more when you have less?
You achieve more when you care less?
Satisfaction comes easy when you share with others?
You are clingier when you have a lot of possessions?
There are more chaos and insecurities in bigger families?

Please tell me why,
We want to avoid the challenges that will help us grow?
Having it easy and smooth,
Has less opportunities of growth?
We go through what we don't want,
To know what we want?
We pretend to be who we are not, to know who we are?

Amidst this brewing storm,
You look at yourself and think you know it all,
Look at the neighbour,
And think they do not know as much.
You forget that you cannot see through them,
You forget that they also know something,

Something that you do not know.

They say that wisdom comes with age,
But, I feel like the knowledge I have is older than my age.
Even as I count my years, I know I'm too old for this body.
How can I keep this a secret and pretend to be younger?

I am so happy when making my choice,
Yet not so happy when you make your choice!
I think you cannot be trusted with this freedom.
I want to make your choices on your behalf.

We say we are one, but this only applies to us humans.
How come it does not apply to all creation?
We look at ourselves with one lens,
And other creation with a different lens,
Then we conclude that we are superior.

I still can't put my hands on the vastness of life though.
I wake up to find everything waiting for me,
Everything seems to know its place.
But who oversees all this order?
I do not see any supervisory element at all.

It is easier to believe the things that I see,
Than those that I do not see.
Yet the driving force of creation is seen,
And unseen at the same time.

For the unseen, we give them terrifying characters,
And powers that we imagine darkness possesses.

I do not see the blessings in my life,
But pretend to see them in my neighbour's eyes?
First, I think I am unlucky, then I am filled with jealousy!
I plan to take away my neighbour's blessing for myself.

The movie on the screen looks more real than my life.
The sound on the radio sounds better than my voice.
The voices from outside are louder,
And more appealing than my inner voice.
My eyes only see the conspicuous things,
Dull things are old, fading away and lacking life!

I am looking for something good all the time,
I need to quench some unquenchable thirst.
I am trying to reach out to something,
Something that I cannot really grasp.
I want to hold on to this dear life.

I am breathing, but I cannot feel the breath.
I am listening, but I do not hear my heartbeat.
My thoughts are always playing,
And I fight with them.
My emotions are always fluctuating,
And I ride with them.

38 VOICES OF MY OLD SELF

Someone tell me why,
I am stuck on the same reality every day.
Did I not just get into a fight again,
Did I not just lose a loved one again,
My heart has been broken yet again,
And I am tired of this cycle.

Why do I not have the freedom to choose how I live?
Why does someone else have to decide,
What I can or cannot do?
Why are other people enjoying while I am suffering?
Why am I the only one who doesn't seem to get it?

After the academic schooling, I thought I knew so much.
But after graduation,
I knew that my life was coming to an end.
In this realisation, I knew that I knew so little,
And with this acceptance, I gave in to the unknown.

I got the knowing that,
Life knows and does not know itself.
Life sees and does not see itself.
Life feels and does not feel itself.
Life hears and does not hear itself.

I am you, yet you see me as separate,
More like an adversary.
The birds are part of us,

Yet we hear them as separate entities.

The weather seems to be more dangerous than friendly.

You seem to be watching yourself against everything else.

What is this life though?

Just twenty-eight earth years, yet I feel like I know so much. I wonder why they say that the older are wiser. I have not had the opportunity of celebrating all my birthdays. In fact, this is a culture that I was not born into. I only came to know of it later. I learned that it was a treasured tradition among the peoples in the city.

In these birthday celebrations, I observed, the hosts were usually showered with gifts by the invited friends. The occasion was capitalised by the cutting, and sharing of a cake, which would usually have the name of the host written on it; not forgetting the decorative candles. I had the chance of hosting such a party once in my life, and so I have the privilege of experience.

I still remember inviting my friends from school, and a few from my neighbourhood. I remember wearing a suit in the early morning. I looked in the mirror and walked out. As I paced back and forth in the compound, I kept visualizing my friends' reaction after seeing me in that suit, and it was not a cool one. I decided that I would dress differently, so I went for what felt comfortable, a pair of jeans short and a t-shirt.

I was anxious because it was my first party, at thirteen years of age! The guests also took long to come, and I thought they would not even come after all. Eventually, not all of them came, but my closest friends were present, and that

mattered most to me then. Well, if I may also add, I was really feeling entitled, because I had been to some of my friends' parties, and I felt like they owed me their presence, and participation.

The company of my friends was more important than the cake on that day, and it is what stuck in my mind to date. From that event though, my birthdays did not engender any appreciation whatsoever. It is only thanks to my awakening that I have begun thinking more of the time, place, and the purpose, or reason, I was born.

As a result of change in my perception, it has become a day of looking at the part, or role I play in my relationships, more than just a ceremonial tradition. On my 28th birthday, I really thought about my life purpose. I brainstormed on the direction my life had taken. I had gotten an education, graduated, been jobless for a while, gotten employed, quit my job, started a blog and a YouTube channel.... There were many other minutiae that I could not list entirely, not on that day, and not even today. Simply put, it is a long story.

Is it not said that we are born here with a purpose, a specific goal? I had had my chance of questioning theories, treatise, the constitution, religions, and even temptations. It had dawned on me that I would not move forward with life if I did not see the sense, and necessity for all the things I took part, and believed in. "I should be conscious of everything I partake in," I thought.

Well, I did assume the role of the seeker, the observer, the judge, and researcher; and I did this with such zeal, one would have thought that I was doing a thesis on what life really is. The focal point was my life, my personal experience. I thought that by understanding my own experience, I would be able to understand other people's lives better.

I was not amused by my findings. After this consuming task, I felt like one who was high on substance. Only, I was

literally high on life, and needed no induction of toxic substances to feel what high life really was; and did I not now proclaim myself a wise man! I saw some beliefs and traditions as just an obscurity to the realisation of our life purpose. For instance, I saw no reason in seeking mediators while talking to the creator.

Feeling philanthropic, I went round preaching to strangers and friends, albeit not in a theological way. My goal was to make them see what I saw myself. At some point however, I felt fatigued. Not only that, but I also felt that my friends were embarrassed for me; they were afraid that I had lost it, and not found my way as I thought.

How did a boy who was so focused on life suddenly a don't care? For that is how they perceived my image. I had just learned to let go, but clearly, I was being misinterpreted. Before this, I had found it easier to throw my hands in the air and say I do not care. Now it was very difficult to utter those words. The reason was that I cared so much for life; too much to miss out on any experience.

I had lost a lot of time convincing people that I was, in fact, happier, but as it seemed, they did not believe me. Nevertheless, I had to live. No, nothing was going to die within me; especially not this new-found space of love, this life. I assumed that everything happened for a reason. More than ever before, I was aware that I had a choice; an influence in everything that happened around me. I was ready to take responsibility; and by this, I mean, I became aware of my ability to respond. Goodbye victimhood!

In the long run, I realised that masters are never entirely happy when the slave realises that they have the power to set themselves free. I read books and listened to music with new energy; but still, to the question, "What was this life?", I had no answer. Nobody claimed to know the meaning of life, but everybody hinted at there being forces pushing, and pulling

in the Universe.

Various laws were brought to my attention, the law of cause and effect, the law of gravity, the law of attraction, and many others. All these, to me, was one and the same thing with different names. I once looked up the meaning of natural law in the dictionary, and as I read and made sense of it, it really sounded unnatural to me. Funny, right?

I know that life is not one-sided, as there is the spiritual as much as the physical; obviously, whatever happens in the physical reflects in the spiritual and vice versa. I know these terms are not new to us. We must have come across these vocabularies before, and many others that we have inherited from our predecessors.

Other than just vocabulary, there is a lot that we inherit from others. It could be from our elders, our siblings, parents, and teachers. Perhaps, this is the reason why we sometimes say that life is a school. There is a never-ending loop of learning opportunities. Although, we spend more time receiving, or consuming, and less on digesting.

After finishing my four-year degree course in the University, I was worried that I had spent more than sixteen years in the academic corners. My main concern then was that in three months, I had learned a great deal of information, more than the cumulative sixteen years! So, I began questioning what my input had been all that time. Had I applied anything I had learned anywhere, and how impactful was it, if any? I did not have much to count on, so, I decided to apply what I had learned in those three months; however, I was going to make an impact in my own unique way.

Is this not what the world teaches us? All through school the teachers kept reminding us that we were born alone, and would therefore die alone. The whole academic system, however, did not invest in our uniqueness. We were all being trained to fit into already existing careers of medicine, law,

engineering, hospitality, etc. Although, the fact of the matter was that, not all who graduated were absorbed into those professions. Some had to create their own niche and excel in them.

I never thought I would be part of those who would have to create their own thing, so to say. I had dreamt of a career in Information Technology. Well, this was not the dream I had at a younger age. In primary school, I thought I wanted to be a doctor. In high school, I thought I would make the cut to the school of law. When all this did not give, however, I decided to settle on Information Technology.

I thought I was a creative thinker, but when it dawned on me that getting a job was not that easy, I was lost in confusion; but it is amazing how free time affects us. No wonder they say that time is the answer. In those three months I keep mentioning, I started feeling the urge of being in service. This was the most confusing time in my life, for I felt like I had not lived any purposeful life; but what was my purpose?

It was all there before me. My passion was the answer. So, I figured that I could offer service to people through writing, which was my passion. Before I knew it, I was producing a lot of content through songs, poems, and even art. I was filled with joy when I saw that I could do so much. I remembered how I chose a path in Information Technology, yet I had always felt at ease when writing.

I had been sitting on my talent for more than twenty years without realising. I remembered how other people would show a work-piece of their talent in school, and the rest of us would ask ourselves when we would discover our talent. I never thought I would rediscover my talent, because it seemed like something I had forgotten intentionally, or tucked away for later.

This rediscovery of my passion, or talent, is what I saw as the proverbial Nicodemus on the road to Damascus. My eyes

were opened, and alas, I saw what appeared to me as the most elegant creation. First, I saw it in myself, and then in all creation. I would look at the stars and just marvel at those heavenly bodies. As the wind blew across my face, I would close my eyes and feel her rubbing against my skin, before she moved to other businesses—the things we throw at the wind though, hands, caution, and what not!

At this nexus, I remembered the song, “Cast your burdens unto Jesus for he cares for you...” I did not think that I had to literally cast them to Jesus, but I knew that my yoke was lighter. I had with me, an empty page, so to say; and it was now my honour to start scripting my life a fresh, the writer that I was! Time has moved so fast, and it is almost four years since all these transpired. If I was asked what life is now, I would have so much to say; Certainly, it would not be a conclusive statement that starts with, “Life is...”, but I would say quite some.

This Path

You took me everywhere you went,
You gave me everything I needed,
But I had to choose my path,
Sorry I couldn't bring you with me.

I have been supported all my life.
It would be impossible to pay all that back,
Still, there is a feeling that tells me to try.
And another feeling tells me not to break my back.

In the middle of all this confusion, I closed my eyes.
Where shall I put my focus, growth, or repayment?
I stopped everything and asked, what is life?
What is my life purpose,
And what am I not getting right in this life?

In moments I got whispers into my ears.
I was told to stop everything and begin afresh.
I did not know that this was the beginning of the path.
I had opened Pandora's box unknowingly.

I had tasted both wealth and lack,
So, there was nothing that would hold me back.
I made the decision to let go of my fear,
Then everything started fighting back.

How could I give up my life for no life?
How could I give up my focus for uncertainty?
I had chosen to walk alone, metaphysically that is.
The path was strange in all measures.

My inner voice was becoming louder,
And this was strange.
I was made aware that everything was a belief system.
And it was then easier to shake off old habits,
'Cause they were not necessary.
Everything began to make sense once I dropped the title.

I felt a strong love for the foods that I consumed.
I felt a connection with everything,
Like I never did before.
I viewed relationships in a different way.
There were some that needed to be cut away from my life.

I became more silent and began to listen more.
I wouldn't share information unless it was informative.
My opinion on people and things was more reserved.
'Cause I was beginning to understand perception.

I observed more than I acted or reacted.
Between watching television and my life,
I choose the latter. I was led to separate reality from illusion,
But it would be weird to share my thought.

Soon I began meditating and praying more.
I felt things deeply, I felt like my senses were heightened.
This was better than being under influence,
But I was only high on life!

Soon I separated from loved ones with every step,
Only to learn that in separation there is union.
I stopped sometimes to look at all I had left behind,
But I chose to see where the path led.

I was now addicted to uncertainty,
Besides, this is what I had asked for.
And I realised this was very personal.
It was not going to be easy to sell this to anyone else.

How can I tell you that I have found myself,
That I found God in the darkest part of my path?
How can I say that this is now my reality,
That everything out of this path is metaphorical?

I have been going back and forth,
But now I have set camp here.
I want to show you the good things here,
But I am at a loss for the medium that I can use.

Words are only a signpost or a map,
You will interpret them differently with biasness.
Those who read will see it differently,

And those who hear will interpret it differently.

Travelling can be overwhelming, depending on how often you are immersed in this activity. There are those whose career has tied them to constant travelling though. These are pilots, long distant drivers, photographers, videographers and various content creators and researchers. To an ordinary person, travelling evokes some happy, or positive feeling; especially if you are going to tour some place you have never been—physically before.

Travelling is something people plan for, and do occasionally. Consequently, you must prepare psychologically, and even financially. Apparently, it is not cheap to move around, with the fuel prices shooting up the ceiling nowadays. I had an experience of travelling when I was young. I used to accompany my mum on her visits to my grandmother's. Having other siblings meant that one had to be on their best behaviour to get this chance.

We would always start the journey with walking for some kilometres before we boarded the bus. There were no motorcycles then, so we followed footpaths that would lead us to the tarmac road, where we waited for the bus to pass by. This, according to my mother, was the short cut; but to me, it was a long way indeed.

When we eventually came back home, I would have so much to share with my siblings about the journey, and from their interest I knew they also wanted to have that experience.

When I first had a long-distance travel, I did not like the experience at all. I felt nauseated throughout and my body

was fatigued. Why did it have to be so exhausting? I wondered how my brother, seating next to me, was feeling. Of course, we were all curious; but he was led to question things out loud while I seemed to internalise my questioning. I was doing the comparison, digestion, and filing all in my head. It was a strange place, and perhaps I was at ease only because my brother was beside me.

I have never been left behind while travelling; but I have seen people forgotten in the bus, while others simply take the wrong bus, and only realise when the bus has covered quite some distance.

These occurrences have happened to both children and adults. It is truly a depressing experience when you finally realise that you have been forgotten, or left alone in the bus. In the victim's head, a lot could be going on.

Maybe they could be asking if those that have left them really care about them. Maybe they could be beating themselves up, telling themselves how careless they are. There are those who are abandoned intentionally though. We have all heard of mothers abandoning their unwanted children in vehicles. The driver, or conductor may only realise when they are doing their last drop, that there is a child alone in the bus. I would be devastated if I were abandoned like that; alone with strangers, and in a new place!

I have been talking about travelling a lot, but mainly because I take it to be metaphorical to our relationships in life. In life, you meet new people that cross, or join your path at different stages. Some you only meet once. You may like them, and want to spend more time with them, but the forces at play are not supportive of your desires. They leave as soon as you begin to know them, and you therefore do not get attached to them. Others, however, are your eternal travel companions.

You begin to form attachments with people who are in

your company. So, the first people you get attached to are your parents, siblings, and maybe your extended family; depending on the family set up. Well, immediately you form these attachments, you go on expanding your tentacles, and are pulled, or you pull new people into your life.

It could be your neighbours, friends or playmates, church members, school mates, and so on; but by then, you have invested in the feeling of belonging, and you know that those close to you will never abandon you. You however, have no control over how long these attachments will last. You may move away from your settlement, and leave your neighbours behind. You may change schools, and leave your classmates and school mates behind. It could also happen the other way round, where you are the one who is left behind.

Whether you are leaving somebody behind, or are being left behind, it does not feel good. You have certainly formed meaningful attachments with your relations, and so feel as if you are tearing apart from a safe zone, or a comfort zone. Some people end up not making new friends, because they feel like their old friends could never be replaced. What of those who lose their loved ones through death? This is the most hurting, because of the emotional attachment.

However, whatever we do, as I mentioned earlier, we do not have control over how long someone will be together with us in this journey. Even though they give us courage we must figure out a way to adapt when they are gone. In special cases, there are lovers who keep breaking up, and mending things repeatedly. I wonder what really transpires here; all the same, it is difficult to accept that one who had been with you, is not meant to be with you for the rest of the journey. Can you accept that you will always have to move on; believing that you will find people who are aligned to your journey, no matter how many we leave behind?

The decision to walk out of a relationship that you invested

a lot of emotions in, is certainly difficult. People struggle in letting go of the memories; but then again, they say that it is those trying times that make us. Well, unless we allow them to break us. So, what if you are the one leaving your relations? Do you think it would be easy on you? How about the people, or person you are leaving?

When leaving, there are those who offer the silent treatment, thinking that their relations may not have the strength to process, and accept the truth. Some people, when they know they are departing, pretend that everything is okay. I am sure they do not want to bring despair on their loved ones. Then there are those that tell their relations the truth. It all depends on all those involved; you cannot call one brave, and the other a coward. Either way, the truth catches up, because it cannot be hidden.

I currently have just a handful of friends, which was not the case some years back. I was close with my school mates, neighbours, teachers, and even relatives; but different factors led me to cut some friendships. Some are controllable, and some are not. I mean, there were decisions to cut some friendships that were made for me. This is where my parents, or adults around me constantly told me to leave a particular friend. There were friends I parted with simply because of jealousy, which was born from comparison and competition; yes, there were petty reasons for these decisions.

When I was younger, it was not so much of a big deal to lose friends, and form new friendships. There were all sorts of games and activities to bring us together. As I grew older though, things got a little serious. As I lost friends because of change of schools and beliefs, it was hard to make new friends. Maybe I had become too choosy; but no, this would have been my older version. As it were, I had told myself that I was a lighthouse; and I would attract those who saw the light!

In this sense, people would come to me, and not me going to them. Of course, a lot had changed; I was not threatened by comparison, and neither was I slave of the feeling of belonging anymore. I was honest, meaning: I would not pretend to be who I was not, just to win one's friendship, or acceptance. Somehow, I had raised the bar of friendship, and what did I risk losing?

If anything, I had realised that it was far more advantageous to have a real, or true friendship. One not based on fake principles. I stayed far away from group associations, something that would even come to hurt my close relationships. It was then that I understood why people say, "I kept it from you to protect you." Being honest sometimes hurts. People form, and hold on to their perception of you. One that they feel comfortable around, because they associate with it.

When you suddenly change, they quickly assume a fearful position; of course wanting you to go back to who you were. If you were a staunch member of a group, they would want you to continue your membership; but honestly, some groups need you more than you need them. So, to them it feels like you are abandoning them halfway through the journey. To you, that is how far you are willing to go with that path.

Sometimes it is said that you should not share your plan before you are well-rooted in it; that it is better to announce it after you have already made a milestone. This is not necessarily easy, and depends on your relations, and their resilience or willingness to accept new things.

There is a lot of talk on paths though. There are those who talk about the two-fold path, the middle way, and the path of least resistance. All these are used to denote a path that one is mostly at peace with, one that resonates. I tend to prioritise internal peace above everything else. So, while making decisions, I must check and ensure that in the long run, I will have a peace of mind. Ultimately, whatever is good for me, does

not become naturally acceptable to those around me, because they do not see the immediate advantages.

This is how I have made decisions. I know I have sacrificed some relations for a greater good. They have certainly not seen the sense in this, but may witness it later. You are ultimately on your own path, and you decide how long you want to spend on the journey. You know there are people that are holding you back. You certainly know that there are things that will keep you away from the focus; obviously, with a blurred focus, you will not execute.

If you are uncertain in your decisions, you achieve results reflecting the same energy as the input. Just like mediocre input will give mediocre output, or what they call, "Garbage in, garbage out". There are no miracles in this case. Those tough decisions will not make themselves. You will have to soldier up; and yes, do not remind me, it is your life. Your life, your choice, right?

Afrika

The tourist destination, Afrika.
The cradle of mankind, Afrika,
Rich in minerals, yet the poorest of continents,
Afrika, And the weakest of links, Afrika.

Afrika, the books say that you are primitive.
How did you treat the sick?
How did you live in peace, harmony, and oneness?
How did you know the connectedness of life?

How did you know that there was a supreme being,
The watcher of the universe?
How did you learn to give thanks?
How did you see the sacredness of the trees,
The rocks, the caves, the animals and the earth?

Afrika! Where are we now?
Who are you today?
The books call us cradle of mankind.
But is there anything to show?

Wait, are you still kind enough,
To offer shelter to a stranger?
To show directions to a lost traveller?
Allow somebody to shelter in from the pouring rain?

Are you still kind enough to care for your neighbours' animals?

I see many who wait to come out with a machete,
This after the animals have stormed into their *shamba*.

You would rather loosen that knot,
And let the animal astray wouldn't you?
Well, unless the neighbour comes,
And says that you have ill intentions,
When indeed you intended to help!

No more words than Hi when you meet your neighbour.
But in your respective houses,
You share more than anyone could readily let out.
Oh, if these walls could talk, Afrika!

Are you still kind enough to share,
A homestead with the whole extended family?
We are having trouble just living with one neighbour.
We steal from the closest neighbour,
And sell it off to the other.

Gossip has killed our small connections.
Are you still kind enough to yourself?
We are so hard on ourselves.
Clearly, we don't take care of ourselves.
So much for self-care.
Do we even know what it means anymore?

Our bodies do not get the desired nutrients anymore!

We run back to the sugars just after a day,

Of lying to ourselves that we have quit.

Do you exercise by running?

Forget exercise by running, do we exercise at all?

I think I should have asked about walking.

With transportation you only walk while indoors.

You have vehicles dropping you from door to door.

Do you get to ground as much?

Grounding seems to have taken a turn.

It is a term only parents and their kids understand.

Wait till the kids do something undesirable.

We are afraid of stepping in the mud.

I have said dirt is good,

Hey, this is not a campaign; I'm serious.

We are afraid, aren't we?

Of some small organisms lurking in the soil.

Have you seen the sole of the shoes though?

They look like they have very powerful springs.

Those that can shoot one straight to the moon.

And sometimes, we sing that Afrika is united.

I wonder if we stay true to these words.

I doubt it, the individual countries are a mess.

We cannot have unity,
If we are unaware of our individuality.
There is chaos, and most of them behind the curtains.

But we all know our entitled eternal leaders.
Those who think presidency is an eternal seat.
Hold fast to the echelons of power,
That's the only language they understand.

Their homes are in palaces abroad,
Their children in boarding schools abroad.
Big kitchens, they even bake their own bread,
While the rest struggle to break some bread
Hey mama Afrika,
From who do we ask for our daily bread?

They curse the monarchs during the day,
Their sons they groom to take over all night long.
Same old faces in our notes again,
Yet the believers struggle to be born again.
With no shame they say, proud to be Afrikan.

Hurray, its independence!
We, smart enough to model our constitution,
Do we still say,
Say that we borrowed from the oldest constitution?
How then do we keep blaming others for our institution?

The solutions are always in our faces.
Yet we close our eyes and point the fingers,
Of course to everyone else, but ourselves.

What have we to offer the world?
A shit hole they call us now.
That touched a nerve, don't you see them wail?
We demand apology, is what they say.

When Gold and diamond freely we gave,
They bled us dry, for more they craved.
With our flailing hands now seeking Aid,
We are your only donors, in spite they say.

What does it mean to be a slave?
They had guns and powder, and we sat afraid.
Time has passed, but we are still in chains.
Afrika, they still control us with dollar signs.

Newlywed they were,
Holding hands everywhere they went,
They walked in the bushes fetching firewood together.
They even fetched water together.

Evening strolls, they wouldn't miss.
The dad carrying the curious child,
His left hand in the hands of his beloved,
Engaged in their banter they laughed heartily.

Poems they sang to each other,
You should have seen him command the air,
The butterflies lulled around them.
In another world they would have been called romantic.

She told him once,
I do not take sugar, but you are the only exception,
I've heard you sing in many languages,
But mother tongue is the most romantic of them all.

It's got me sampling nectar from all these flowers,
Scent sweeter than any fragrance I've smelled in my life,
The only sweet thing in my life now.
I don't even need to wear perfume anymore.

Did I not meet them today on the way,
The man was quite ahead and the lady lagged behind.
In her arms was the crying babe,
And I swear she was talking to herself!

Last evening, she carried firewood on her head,
To cushion her head, she used a *leso*.
The child was sleeping on her back.
She was accompanied by other women.
They seemed happy and creative.

They sang and even stopped once or twice to dance.

All without holding the load on their heads.
But to the masculine, all they said and did,
Was labelled, gossip.
Before, she did this with her beloved,
Now he says childish things are left for the women.

Now they are like a secret, not seen or said in public.
Like politicians, they only sit together in the house,
As he waits for the first meal of the day.
When I asked, I was told, Afrika happened to them.

The man was spotted in the company of other men.
They talked of politics and games of power.
Then he came home at midnight, knees trembling.
He's young, but grows old in the eyes of his son.

In a stupor and sluggish speech, he sings,
They say I am soon going blind,
Leave me alone if you don't mind,
I'm just here for what is mine.

And what is there to see in Afrika,
That is worth my eyes?
No health nor wealth, no honesty.
What shall our sons embrace, oh Afrika.

Where is the smoke, the passers-by would ask,
Are people staying hungry in this house?

Better come in and find out for yourself, the host chided.
That was invitation enough.

Now they say where there is smoke there is fire.
The passers-by would rather mind their business.
They wouldn't talk because they will get burnt.
Even if the house is on fire, it's the new Afrika!

The chief comes to put me in cuffs,
My daughter is not going to school, he says.
Mr, the fees are high, and the government is to blame.
Education is expensive don't you agree?

You taking me in, doesn't cure the system.
They take her to school to save me from poverty.
I am content but they still call me poor.
Do we need the government to pass knowledge to our children?

The technocratic world says Afrika is ailing.
In their lab they diagnose and prescribe.
And the cure for this illness is Education, they say.
And I must take the pill?

My ancestors look at me in spite, the pill in my hand.
I would be seriously ill if I did this unawares,
And no I wouldn't be suffering from poverty,
But from mental illness and laziness of thought.

They go to school and sing, education is the key.
Smart ones are they who keep the key,
And the foolish ones keep looking for it.
This is a game, and the playing field, Afrika.

They brushed with charcoal, who says this is true.
We must brush with toothpaste, three times a day.
There was a time when nobody cared less,
Whether teeth were white or brown.

Now it is a beauty contest,
And the one with the most aligned, white teeth wins.
Brushes plucked from our bushes are exported.
Then branded and imported, only then do we believe.

Believe that we can really use a guava branch to brush!
Charcoal is put in tooth paste; only then do we believe.
Believe that we can brush with charcoal.
This can only be a game and the playing field, Afrika.

Afrika! we have said the time is now so many times.
Now, these words taste foul in my mouth.
It's time to look within and not point fingers.
Let's go back to the end from where it all begun.

The tourist destination, Afrika.
The cradle of mankind, Afrika,

Rich in minerals, yet the poorest of continents, Afrika,
And the weakest of links, Afrika.

I was born in this continent, Afrika. Even though I do not remember the first time I opened my eyes, I know this is the most beautiful place. I may not remember my first baby steps, but I enjoyed playing in the soil. I have precious memories of rolling in the grass. Even though afterwards, I would suffer from an itchy skin, and think twice about taking a bath; I still love this place dearly.

This was the only place I knew. I never imagined that there were other places than here, home. I never imagined that I would one day leave my home and go out to look for something they called, 'a job'. It did not strike me as normal to move away from home, and work for a stranger far away.

My mother, who is a farmer, often took me with her to the *shamba* even before I started walking. She would put me in a basin to prevent me from crawling everywhere, and eating soil. Stubborn as I was, I still managed to grab a handful of soil and get it to my mouth. To date, I still laugh heartily when my mother says that compared to my siblings, I ingested the largest amount of soil.

In my younger years, I was constantly worried when my mother took too long to return from her endeavours. She would always go to sell her goods at the local market in the evening, and my patience could not have it when she stayed out longer, even for five minutes. I always thought something bad had happened to her.

I remember this one time, tricking my brother into accompanying me to go and get my mother from the market. A dark cloud was spreading across the sky, and it was getting dark at an unusual speed. I went into the house and grabbed the umbrella; then I lied to my brother that my mother had said that we pick her in case it rained. I knew that he would not question any instructions mother gave; and besides he was concerned just as I was. As we rushed against the strong winds that threatened to tear the umbrella apart, my brother hit his big toe on a stone, and I felt that pain as if it were my toe making contact with that stone. The bond between us must have been strong!

I had seen quite a few cars and machinery at large by the time I was eight years old. I do not remember it, but my mother told me later, that I was even afraid of getting into a car. I did not feel like I was missing anything by not boarding a car. I had all I needed: Clothes that were not as new, sometimes patched, a few books in my school bag, food every day, and a ball made from nylon paper bags. I was enjoying life. What would stop me?

Of course, as I grew older, I experienced other perspectives of life. I saw that forests had been cut down as people shifted homes; moving from their father's home to their own land. It was only the last born who had the choice, or privilege to remain on his parents' compound. When I went to town though, I realised that this cultured movement was not possible because land was a treasure, and it was scarce.

There were skyscrapers everywhere. I could no longer see the grass-thatched mud houses that I knew as the common form of shelter. It was in these towns, also called urban areas, that I saw tiles used for roofing. In town also, it was fashionable to have the best clothes than your friends and neighbours. You had to board vehicles to move from one place to another. Those who could not afford bus fare, together with

those covering a short distance, could be carried on bicycles.

The place was covered with tarmac and railway lines. One could no longer walk barefoot unless they wanted to really hurt their sole. I also observed that there were very large farms in the outskirts of the urban areas. Even though I had seen sugarcane farms, these ones were larger and contained different crops too. In them were cultivated tea, coffee, maize, and other crops. Beside some farms, you could see smoke coming from buildings called factories. This system, as I later learned, was called, 'large scale production'.

The air in the city was not always pleasant to breathe. As a result of industrialization, there were factories emitting pungent smells into the environment. The same factories would discharge some emissions into the nearby rivers. In some street corners, plastic wrappers could be seen covering somewhat neglected spaces. The music was almost always foreign. I did not see people composing with traditional instruments. There were always artificial sounds accompanying the music and vice versa. The more time passed, the more I grew accustomed to this new place though. This was my home now, but did I have any other choice?

In school, I learned about the expedition of explorers, the first aliens to set foot in our continent, such as Vasco da Gama. Friendly visitors who called themselves missionaries followed next; and then the colonisers came. All this we were taught in history class. With knowledge and their weapons, our colonisers were portrayed as the superiors. This is mentally, spiritually, physically, and even emotionally. Have we not seen people adopting their ways? People often joke that when the missionaries came, they said, "Let's close our eyes and pray". By the time we opened our eyes, they had guns in their hands, and we had Bibles.

We soon threw away our norms, traditions, and beliefs.

Consequently, a certain gospel begun spreading among

our kind, and is still preached to this day: "They are more developed than us, life is sweeter and easier for them-abroad, that is". The aftermath of the gospel is all too clear to us, we need no rocket science to figure it out; we have piles of green card, sponsorship, and visa applications at the embassies in this continent. Majority still feel that escaping from this continent is a blessing. Every time you pass by the immigration department, you will not fail to see a long queue of Afrikans wanting to go abroad.

But to whom are we leaving the business of shaping this continent? How do we become an example to the next generation? How do we portray to them a better future, when we ourselves have given up on this continent? How do I tell my son that I was lucky to go abroad, and never come back to my roots? How do I tell my daughter that I do not know where her grandfather, and great grandfather were buried?

Whoever has this book in their palms, know that it is your duty to rebuild this continent. Yes, whatever influence you command; whether it is by your moral or official authority. We must retell the story according to what we feel is right. I have no feeling whatsoever of running away from this continent. I still want to breathe in fresh air.

I want to eat food from my *shamba*. Food that has not gone to the factory for processing. Food that has not been poisoned with the pesticides and fertilisers. The latter being given at subsidised rates with the belief that we can produce more, within a short time, while consuming less space. I want to step on the soil again; soil that is healthy and not wasted by all the impurities and excessive farming.

I want to be buried on this land. I want the most beautiful flowers to grow on my grave. Let not my grave be cemented, or a stone mounted upon it, and words said by someone at one end of the world written on it. Words that have no rela-

tionship or association with me, or the life I lived. Words nobody had the courage to say straight to my face, while I was still breathing, and walking on this continent. I want my spirit to walk among my people; and yes, I will be happy to incarnate and enjoy life yet again, in another dispensation with my peoples, Afrika.

I want to be able to feed myself and not depend on the government's subsidy. I want this for every single person, not in this continent alone, but the whole world. Does anybody feel within them a calling to continue God's creation; and not only by giving birth and filling the earth? We can give birth to our own spaces of love, our own corner of paradise. Our own creation that mimics natural law. It is our duty, from the beginning, to take care of all this creation.

Our land calls back to us, Afrika. Why do we abandon it at this precious moment? Our conscious ways are always ringing back in our ears, Afrika. Why do we forsake them now? Yes, I am talking about those virtues, values, and principles. Sharing, kindness, love and all the immeasurable beauty of our culture. That which we threw away and replaced with the degrading values of modernity.

Our true nature still beats in our hearts. My people, Afrika, I have a dream, and this is it. A time will come when we will once again become the richest continent. We will neither depend on foreign aid nor our own governments. We will be self-sufficient, but we will achieve all this with the awareness of interdependence. I say this with utmost confidence because the richness will begin in our hearts and spread outwardly, oh Afrika. My heart goes to you dear Afrikans. This is our home.

Songs from My Heart

What shoes?

My foot loses a balance!

My bones lose a shaping!

At the strike of the second the chiropractor calls.

He who straightens bones comes to me smiling,

He walks majestically, barefoot.

Is it because he is going to enjoy my money,

Or because he is barefoot?

What is the connection between happiness,

And walking barefoot?

I cannot hide the pain on my face any longer,

And all this for fashion!

Do I look good at the expense of the bark of animals?

Alas, the animals are skinless!

Their barks I massage on my feet!

Where is the love, the love, the love?

How long will I cushion myself,

From the loving embrace of mother?

How long will my feet sweat in all this heat?

How long will I carry my weight, and that of the shoes?

How long will I breathe heavily,

And yet I can rid myself of this burden?

I want to feel the earth on my feet.
Let my feet dance with mother.
Let every step I make be in connection with mother.

And if I slide and fall, I rest in her hands forever.
Oh, dear mother who clothes me,
Heal my broken bones and reshape my feet.
Make me feel young,
Young enough to jump and dance again.

Young enough to write and sing songs of joy,
Young enough to chase the butterflies everywhere.
Hug me and never let go until I draw my last breath,
And we will reunite again in eternity.

At last I connect with you my beloved,
You have become smart in your folly,
The wealth of life you found.
Rejoice in the glory of the sun,
As you run barefoot and rub against the dew.

What sole?
Does a stone hurt a stone? Does soil hurt soil?
Does a thorn prick a thorn?
Does a sword cut another sword?

So, it is with my sole and mother.
As I lift my leg, the dust is stuck on my legs,

Invincible is the divine connection between us.

Oh, this divine chemistry!

Virgin is my sole, pure and perfect!

My sole needs no replacement, it is eternal!

My sole needs no mending, it is indestructible!

My sole kisses the early morning mist from the grasses.

And the soil massages my sole, reverence to my Soul.

What beauty is this creation!

What is the need for pedicure,

When nature takes care of me?

Oh, this resplendent space!

What Study?

How much more do I need to study?

My eyes grow weary and sleepy.

Away with the books I say,

Let me join in the dance.

I know that my steps will fall in place,

And naturally be in synch with the eternal beat.

Come on now, it is time for action.

I let go. Get to action now!

I close my eyes and only visualise now.

I host a bank of knowledge, when do I use it?

I am My Father's Son, and the seed is in me.

This is the seed that contains the pattern of creation.

What am I seeking that is not in me?

What secret did My Father supposedly keep from me?

What new thing will I learn from all this studying?

What is the need for fixing my gaze,

On words dancing on paper?

Shall I lose my eyesight easily like this?

Shall I strain my senses like this?

Shall a man not learn while having fun?

Some say that they drink knowledge and feed on books,

But, how many books can one read in just one lifetime?

How many pages will I ruffle through, and cram?

See there is no sense in cramming.

How many degrees and certificates will I acquire?

And what is it to be crowned the king of knowledge?

Oh, what a loss if I can't use this knowledge?

I could repeat all rituals,

And gain nothing if they are meaningless to me!

I could boast of the many books I have read,

I could write about the books I have read, But to what end?

So, I rest in this space of love.

I embrace the knowledge that comes to me,

From these complex energies.

Rejoice in this bliss!

What pattern?

Let me jump in synch to this prana,

That flows through me.

Let me dance with the wind that blows beside me,

Whispering sweet nothings in my ears.

Let me hold her hands and feel the softness of her palms.

Let me feel her blow through my fingers.

Let me close my eyes and know that I am one with her,

That I am taken care of,

That I am just a fractal but at the same time,

I am in her, and she is all but me.

So, I rise with the sun to greet its warm rays,

I kick off my shoes, lessen the clothing,

And spread my hands.

I run side by side with the wind and breathe in the pollen.

I greet all creation with the rising dawn.

I join the birds in the morning symphony,

An orchestra with an invisible choir master.

Oh, my ears relish these organised rhythms.

The butterflies are ever flying, so lightly,

So quietly, so beautifully.

Tonight I have an invitation to the stage,

The moon is my elated dance companion.

I now lose myself to this dance, Oyeeaaaah!!

What cry?

Life gives into, and out of itself.

Life takes from itself, and gives to itself.

Who am I to cling unto myself,

Not to give and receive of myself happily?

I am but a conduit.

Do we not read in preparation for the test?

Do we not read the ingredients of food stuffs?

What are they put there for anyway?

Oh, my life! I give you myself in offering,

As I haven't found anything more valuable.

Accept me as you are.

You know me, don't you?

Just like I know you.

I know you do not ask for more,

For I know you know what I offer is just enough.

Days are spent writing marvellous songs,

Evenings get me strolling and singing with the birds,

Cold nights? My heart warms me up.

Warm nights? My songs cool me down.

Restful nights I say, what time do I have for crying?

My Father has thought up everything for me,

I will not wail in tears.
I shall bathe in tears of resplendent joy only,
Brought forth by love.

Join me in this eternal bliss,
I tire no more.
Join me in this eternal bliss,
Celebrations have no limit.
Join us, the energy of love and I,
Forever in entanglement.

It's a cruel world they say,
But a space of love I create.
I look out for my chosen one,
Together in union we shall thrive.
And our beautiful children we shall bring up in joy.

What space have I to cry, surely,
When the smile never fades from my face?
My muscles never tire as I smile all day long.
And no, there is no magic, every word I say I mean.
Every dream I actualise.
Alas, I am paralyzed with joy!

What music?
How long will I plug the gadgets in my ears!
How long do I listen to the technocratic highs and lows?
How long will I be lazy at thought, and just press play?

How long will I consume other people's production?
How long will I be shaken from side to side,
By these loud noises?

The noise is deafening!
Why now do I corrupt my listening apparatus?
I am addicted to the speakers blasting,
I am afraid of the silent melodies within.
Tell me why I do not appreciate my own beautiful voice.
Tell me why I do not use my creativity.
Tell me why the music is not soothing anymore.

But, there is a rhythm that plays in my heart,
One that has no lyrics at all,
And my whole being trembles when I connect to it.
It was all weird at first, was it all me?

Could I write my own songs,
Songs from my heart?
Could I sing this beautifully, me?
Could I sing for my ascendants?
Could I tell stories purely from my heart?

Aha, this is the way to enjoying life once more!
So, I promise to bring forth a lineage of singers,
Those unafraid to use their talent,
Those unafraid to express themselves from their heart.

And amongst the trees we will sing,
And along the stream we will compose,
And with the butterflies we will rejoice,
And our voices will reach far and wide,
And the birds will gather amazed.

This is my true self, I am singer!
The source of this joy, and so I am the creator!
Creation sings along to my voice,
Life dances to the tune of my musical instruments.
Yeees! This is my expressive nature.

There is fun in this, don't you see?
There is play in this don't you see?
There is joy in this don't you see?
This is the nature of my abode.

I want to come to this place all the time.
A place where the cells vibrate and become rejuvenated.
It is this rhythm that massages my soreness,
And heals my wounds.

Oh, my cells dance to this tune.
I suddenly forget about my worries.
I forget my quarrels.
I forget about my heavy weight,
And just float about as I dance all day and night.

What ruling?

I run away from the chains of manipulation and control.

My insides turn at the thought of manipulation.

Someone tell me,

Why should one suffer under the yoke of control?

Why should one answer to another?

Are we all not capable of leading ourselves?

Why should one be watching over another?

Why should one be employed to tire for another?

Oh, My Father who is present everywhere,

How did this escape your notice? What parent is okay,

With one sibling ruling over another?

What father closes his eyes to this kind of manipulation?

My Father, I close my eyes to all this pain.

How long will I bear to see the suffering of your children?

How long will oppression be entertained?

Now tears are welling in my eyes as I write,

And think about this.

Do I not have a big heart?

Do I not have the secret ingredient, which is love?

Do I not aspire to live equally with all?

My Father, do not all your sons have power?

What of the love,

That you gave us without thinking of yourself?

Why did you make yourself present through all creation?
So that one does not rule over the other?
So that each understands its role?

Now what nonsense do I seek to rule,
And why on my people,
Why on your children?
Aware they are as I am,
Intelligent they are as I am.

I say I have tested true power!
There is power in me that gives me the sense of direction.
I do not have to run outward to look for this power.
I do not have to fight anyone for this power.
This power gives me internal peace.

This is my abode, but they call it the kingdom of God.
This is the only power I want to hold,
In a sense, it is not mine to cling to.
It does not put me against brother.
It does not put me against neighbour.
Oh, away with ruling clans and ruling parties!

The sun is scorching hot and a group of students has thronged the road. Any passer-by would not fail to guess that it is lunch

break. There are mixed emotions among the pupils as they get into a banter. The biggest part of the conversation is about the just concluded classroom session. You can hear giggles as they mimic, and make fun of their teachers. There sure are good actors here!

I run from school, not because I am trying to keep time, but because the sand beneath my feet is burning my sole. The other option is that I walk by the roadside where I could step on the grass. The only challenge would be being left on the road alone. I want to keep up with my classmates, and my siblings too; yes, we attend the same primary school.

It was so normal for us not to wear shoes to school. Later I would only wear shoes during Christmas season. Shoes were a reserve for special occasions which included, when visiting relatives, when expecting relatives to visit, and during burial ceremonies at home. School did not just make the cut. So, we had to save the shoes for the more important events.

There was this tendency among our parents to save things for special occasions. These were utensils, clothes, and other household items that were tucked away for the moment visitors would show up. Nowadays we make fun of our parents, asking them to serve us with those utensils they were saving for the visitors. We often ask when these awaited visitors will come.

Through primary school, I had limited options on the type of shoes I could buy. The main question then, was whether I could afford them. What mattered most was that I had something to put my feet in. When talking about shoes, I often remember some episodes when I had to dry my shoes by putting them next to a coal burner. I depended on a single pair of shoes, and I had to have them ready-to-wear by the next morning. This mostly happened when the weather decided to act up.

I grew accustomed to having shoes though, and I somehow forgot the fun of running my feet in the soil; running them in the mud was even more fun. There were all sorts of campaigns against walking barefoot: Talk about those who wanted to promote the anti- jiggers campaign, the killing germs campaign, and the others who just wanted to promote new models of foot wear. Over time, the shoe designers have taken to develop shoes that are more comfortable. I guess there are those who have necessitated this; for instance, those with foot conditions.

We have not been spared by those who also just create for fun. Thanks to them, we have some very funny-looking shoes, if you ask me. The current version have very huge soles. Am I the only one who keeps wondering where people want to bounce off to with those huge soles? I may be the poorest fashion judge because most times, I ask myself, "what is really necessary?"

Of late, I have been reminded a lot about those days I walked bare foot, without worrying about a thorn that could prick my sole, or if I would hit my toes against stones. One memory that keeps coming back to me, is from this one time when I was coming from the *shamba*, and I stepped on an ant. It was one of those big black ants. Those are the real stingers; and of course, when I stepped on it, I was not spared.

Most times I would go to the *shamba* and worry less about any insects that sheltered in the soil. Although there were times that something bit me, in the end, it was not that serious. They were not poisonous bites. I bear witness to that because I once lay on a snake in the *shamba*, and look, here I am writing all this! My point is, some of these things have been overrated or blown out of proportion. For whose advantage? I wonder.

There are some dangers that we magnify and thereby build the fear around them. Most kids now have been

brought up with the fear that walking barefoot is dangerous. That they could get jiggers, or even get injured; but how do we forget that our ancestors walked barefoot on this planet? We like to hide behind the word safety so much. Do 'safety boots' ring a bell?

Although, one could argue that, then, our ancestors did not have tarmac roads. This is also true. Once, I read in a history book that our ancestors referred to the tarmac as, "The snake that eats up everything on its path." We are certainly filling every inch of space with tarmac; and those places filled with tarmac are considered very clean, and modern, of course.

Do we know that this tarmac causes faster wear and tear to our sole? I am not talking about the shoe sole, but have you seen what tarmac does to that shoe sole anyway? If it does that to your shoes, just imagine what it could do to your own sole. It would be a horror, wouldn't it? So, we have taken from ourselves, and the future generation, the most beautiful experience, to walk barefoot in our towns and cities.

Are we aware of the benefits of getting connected to the ground? There seems to be less awareness about the benefits of grounding; and I least expected this coming from us, Africans! Are we not considered the cradle of mankind? How do we not heed this information? Our ancestors did not walk barefoot out of a circumstance of lack; but now walking barefoot is frowned upon, and judged from a position of lack.

It is a fact that most of us, as we get older, develop some bone conditions, and even foot conditions. Well, this is because we strain our feet with shoes for the most part of our lives; and because all the bones in the body are connected, a strain at one point has an effect everywhere. I have seen some highly educated people grounding, and sometimes I wonder why the rest of us do not do it as much. Is it because we are ignorant of the essence of grounding? But how so, when our

uneducated ancestors understood so well?

What is this false perception about having shoes on all the time? We constantly have shoes on even in the house. At this rate there is no point that your feet get in contact with the soil. I once took an initiative to show people that walking barefoot, as part of grounding, was not so backward or evil. So, this is what I did.

Because I would work on weekdays, I chose weekends to walk. So, at about 10 A.M. on Sundays, while most people would be walking home from church, I was walking barefoot from my house to a quiet environment somewhere. It was never muddy on those days; maybe coincidentally, but I would still have done it no matter the condition.

This is how the idea of walking barefoot was born in my mind. I was walking uphill once, and I felt myself breathing heavily and literally feeling heavy; so, I decided to take off my shoes. They were what we call 'Maasai sandals'. They are usually fitted with soles cut from the tires of vehicles; but mine had a thin sole because I had already worn them for a long time. Still, going uphill with those sandals on my feet was making it worse. So, I asked myself what I would lose by taking them off. Getting my feet dirty, maybe? A voice from within said, "Well, you have enough water to clean up later." So, I took them off; and I was so grateful for that decision, because I did not feel that weight anymore.

That is how I started that routine. I remember meeting people on the way, and they would turn their heads and stare at me for long. In my head I was like, "This is Afrika, you guys should not be surprised because our ancestors did this." One lady, looking at my feet asked, "What is the problem, why do you not have your sandals on?" From her question, she must have assumed that I was having a problem of sorts. "I am okay, I just felt like walking barefoot," I told her. She did not seem satisfied with my answer so I asked, "Why is it

not okay to walk barefoot?" Unable to get a worthy response, she smiled. I smiled back and went on my way. On another occasion, I went into a compound and asked the owner, an elderly lady, for some guavas. See, there were kids at home waiting for me to bring them something from my walk, so I decided that I would borrow guavas and take to them.

As I talked to this lady, I realised that she was looking at my feet and then at the sandals in my hands. She might have been thinking, "What have we here, a mad man carrying his slippers in his hands instead of wearing them. Now what do I do with this one?" She obviously was not at peace. I could only guess that she was forming all sorts of conclusions in her head; and it could be the foundation of misunderstanding, so I decided to make myself clear--there are so many myths in Afrika, and most are associated with negativity and fear. As I told her that I like walking barefoot, I could see her loosen up and even smile a bit.

With all the tension gone now, I took it upon myself to be an ambassador of grounding. I shared quite a lot of information on grounding with her, and when she finally understood, she told me to get as much guavas as I could. "The only challenge is that there is no kid around to climb the guava tree," she lamented as we gazed at the tree expectant with guavas. Remembering my tree climbing skill,

I went up the tree, to her amazement. When I got home with the guavas, I found my neighbours' kids impatiently waiting for me. I gave them their air share and saved some for myself, not knowing that it would be of help to me...

Let's not build tarmac in every inch of space, especially the rural areas. Do not cover every part of your compounds with gravel, or tarmac. Leave some grass where you can ground, and your kids can play around barefoot. They need not play with toys all the time, or all these gadgets in the market today. I want my ascendants to walk on bare earth and enjoy that

connection.

Grounding creates a balance in our bodies. Have we heard of the mind-body-spirit balance? I am sure most of us have. Grounding has so many health benefits that I will not list down here. Maybe I will just say that one feels happier, becomes aware of cosmic connection, and in them is awakened a greater goal of life. Do you still want to walk upright at a hundred, and not complain of any back pains?

Eternal Flame

As long as this fire burns within me,
And I feel like spewing it out to you,
Regardless of who you are and where you are,
I am a warrior of the light.

Who says a warrior must come out breathing fire?
Ready to pounce on the opponent?
Who says a warrior must be holding a physical weapon?
One to be seen and feared?

I need not come close to you for you to feel this fire,
And it burns without burning itself out.
Unlike the mortal flame. Now, let me just confirm,
That we all have the spark within.

What I am here for is to share my light,
So that your spark becomes a big flame.
And you have the breath to keep the fire burning.
Isn't oxygen necessary for the flame to keep burning?

This one spreads like bush fire.
This breath will act as a strong wind
The catalyst to spread it to all the necessary points.
This fire cannot be put out.

And while fire is thought to cause destruction,

This one creates opportunity for reconstruction.
You know how the phoenix rises from the ashes?
Such are the opportunities of this flame.
This fire was created with light and it in turn gives light.

So, you wonder,
Between the fire and the light, which one came first?
I say they are one, each is part of the other.
Each being a creative component for the other.
While light is what is seen, it is not felt.
Fire on the other hand can be seen and felt.
This light you see when you give yourself to it.

It is cultivated and burns for eternity.
Have you felt the gates open?
Have you seen this light guide you to the veil,
And the fire burn the veil of separation?

This light I carry within because it lightens my path.
The light and the fire work together,
To transmute unnecessary dense energy.
Heavy burdens are burned down to become lighter.
No, I do not have to come in breathing fire.

I may not even be required to speak.
You know the lighthouse holds its position,
And it does not announce its presence.
Yet who does not change course,

And respect its position and purpose?

Darkness shirks in the presence of light.

Did you know though,

That darkness tries to break from the light?

So, it will crash against the truth.

But as it disintegrates, the particles fall back to the light.

The light is the source of all that is.

It is the creative mechanism.

The engineering of all manifestations perceived with our eyes.

This light makes my cells vibrate,

I'm feeling high; Why am I smiling so much?

I am always energised, like I am fully charged.

There is joy in the light.

Disease is transmuted in the light.

Emotions are transmuted in the light.

Dense energy is transmuted.

All that remains is the light in its purest form.

The light builds up, and what you see,

The second density entities growing towards the light.

The light enables us to see,

I wonder, have you tried to see in the dark?

If you ever feel lost, look nowhere but within.

If you find yourself in darkness,
Close your eyes and find your breath.

This will connect you to the eternal fire within.
From there you will feel guided and comforted.
In the light you can say and do anything.
There is no fear, the truth prevails.

“Those who have a lantern will not hide it under a table, rather, they will put it where everyone can see”. In public domain, there is such a statement. It must have been written in one of the scriptures. It would not make sense to hide a source of light; and even if one hides it, light cannot be put off just by hiding it. Eventually it will be noticed and uncovered.

There is a statement that reads, “There is light at the end of the tunnel.” This one is used mostly in motivational speeches, urging one to push on and be patient in their endeavours. Things associated with the light are assumed to be positive, while on the other hand, those associated with the dark are assumed to be negative. The latter is always oozing with fear. Most people would choose light over darkness, but sometimes we find ourselves in the middle.

Some of us find ourselves in situations where we are driven by the darkness in us. We allow ourselves to be filled with jealousy, anger, revenge, and hate. All these being a creation of destructive thought. These emotions can be brought up when we are filled with fear, and mostly impatience; but fear hides in many names. It could make you think that you

are not getting what you deserve, and someone else is being given what is rightfully yours.

It is largely believed that there are forces of light, and forces of darkness. The former is associated with love, compassion, openness and creativity, while the latter is closely associated with fear and destruction. For some time, it has been believed that those things done during the day, in broad day light, are sincere in nature; while those done at night, in darkness, are full of evil.

I am sure there are those who believe that there are two spirits ruling these opposites. God ruling the day, and Satan ruling the night; but sometimes what we consider evil, could be carried out in broad day light. We have witnessed theft, and many other darkness- associated actions, being carried out during the day. I know God does not only choose daytime to do His work. He has appeared to people both at night, and daytime.

People also assume that there is a war between the forces of light, and forces of darkness. This is what we call, the spiritual war. There are so many theories being thrown left and right; and because of this, sometimes we are not given the space to think, and make our own conclusions. Why would there be a never-ending war between these two factions? And why are we, Man, suddenly in the middle of this war? Could they be fighting for our attention? Could they be fighting to rule, or control us?

The nature of fighting, to me, is negative in nature. Remember, the negative faction has all sorts of illusion to get people to follow them. Yet it is filled with so much deceit, that when you think you are getting something helpful, you are in fact losing more. There are all sorts of treachery and deception because the dark side, ironically, is more conspicuous than the light side, which appears dull from the onset.

We have developed gadgets like flashlights to help us see,

especially where there is no electricity. Although as I have observed, we fail to notice the importance of the natural lights. In fact, we do not enjoy the beauty of natural light in the presence of artificial lighting equipment. In observing this, do I consider myself a warrior of the truth or of the light?

I know I have used the word 'warrior', but it would make perfect sense to use the word 'emissary of the light'. I hope this brings the meaning of messenger. It would not make sense for light to fight darkness; as the only way to defeat darkness is by increasing the light. This can be done practically. Assuming you are up against an evil spirit, do you fight evil with evil, or do you resort to positivity?

We all have a choice: Free will to choose whether it is positivity, or negativity that appeals to us; whether it is creation or destruction that appeals to us. But we all think that we are doing the right thing, don't we? A father stealing to provide for his family would think he is doing the right thing. Isn't his role to provide? A ruler might decide to go against the law and do what he thinks is for the greater good. These acts may have negative consequences on the victims though. Does it mean that those behind these actions do not just care?

It is said that we have a conscience that guides us on whether something is good or bad-if I may use these words. As one man's meat is another man's poison, one person's act can be devastating to everybody else. I like to believe that there is harmony in creation though, some form of mutual understanding between these forces (good and evil). Back in high school, when asked why there was evil in the world, some of us said that without evil, the world would be boring. Others observed that good and evil exists for the purpose of balance.

Is evil something that we have created for ourselves, together with other things? You know, throughout Man's evolution, he has been able to create so much. We can see it all

around us; things that were not in the last century are here with us. We have made some advancements in almost every field. It is said, however, that evil has also advanced; that thieves are getting smarter. In fact, we have always been told that those that create viruses are the same people creating, and selling antiviruses.

The same applies in the medical field. People create viruses and antidotes. Some people even create viruses without knowing the antidotes. They then fund research to come up with the antidote; meanwhile, the virus is terrorizing the very people that created it. They say that, "The more you own, the more you are a slave to your possessions." Again, throughout evolution, we have increased our possessions, and this has made us go crazy.

Every time we sit down, we are worried, thinking of how to add to our possessions, while at the same time, those that we have under our arms are demanding our attention. Our creations come with advantages and some disadvantages to them. Doesn't this sound like the combat between the light and the dark? With advantages being the light and disadvantages being the dark. Think about it, could all these be metaphors for something else?

We have created cars that demand us to fuel and maintain them. They get us to our destinations faster, but are prone to accidents. We have electricity that powers our electrical gadgets. However, we must pay for it, and sometimes it is unreliable. Sometimes it could electrocute us, and we die. Most times when there is a black out, caused by different factors, the electrical gadgets become useless.

We have music systems that produce some nice sounds, although they also contribute to the damage of our ears, when the volume of the musical gadgets is too high. Lights could contribute to the damage of our eyes too.

I am a believer of the statement, "Everything comes at a

price." Everything has a consequence to it that one should be ready to pay for, be it negative or positive. We sometimes cry that our governments have become expensive to fund, we say health has become unaffordable, or education is expensive. Ironically though, we are the creators of these systems; but now we have become slaves to them. We have no option, but to continue feeding them.

You cannot reproduce, then somewhere along the line, reject your offspring saying that it is too expensive to raise. You will have to do everything to make sure that it thrives. Are there things that we were born and found here on earth; creations that do not need our constant maintenance? Trees, for one, have been growing ever since. We have always had natural forests.

Lakes have been here, the soil has been here, rain has been here too, and so many other things. What is it that has called for our action to bring them back to balance? What negative consequences have we gotten from these things? Realise that these are universal things, we are not able to claim ownership of them. What are the disadvantages of trees, soil, rain? Are there any?

Could it be, that only those things we create are imperfect? So, the question we might not all be ready to ask is, are they necessary? Obviously, some things are not necessary for us to live. If I may express my opinion, we necessitate things that are utterly meaningless; and before we know it, we are slaves to them. Maybe you could begin to list these unnecessary things.

As if our creator foresaw the need for it, He gave us free will, and this is what makes things interesting. Everything else is not constant except the fact that we have free will to choose. So, one could hold a vegetable in one hand, and a cake in the other, and have total freedom on what they would prefer. No one, absolutely no one judges you for your choices;

but choices have consequences. So, we begin to judge ourselves as the consequences begin to play out.

We may regret our choices, but then again, with free will, decide that we are slaves to our choices. Remember, it is the free will that is constant and not the choices. They are subject to change, subject to us. We on the other hand, are not subject to anything, well, unless we believe it to be true. If we believe that a particular day has negative effects on us, so it shall be. If we believe that we cannot change, then no miracle will work against our free will.

As you can see, nothing is hidden from you, dear Man. Nothing is acting on you against your free will. There is no secrecy at all. Isn't everything clear until we complicate them. Isn't life complete until we think that it is not? Then we begin to create things that would supposedly make it complete. Isn't life sweet until we decide that it should taste better? Then we strive to add a little sugar to it, some colour to it. So, how's it going?

When You Become Aware

Conceived on the 30th of June 2021.

When you become aware you begin to:
touch your thoughts, taste your words,
feel the colours, and smell your feelings.

When you become aware,
You begin to feel the colours.
There is colour that is soft and smooth,
I feel her touch my heart because she's full of love,
And sometimes we call her, baby pink.
Attractive for young girls they say.

Yet there is another colour that feels warm,
And vibrant with life, she feels wealthy.
We associate her with a very high value,
And sometimes we call her, gold.

There is a colour that is chill like the snow,
She gives us the motivation to use our will and power,
Maybe to pierce through the temporary challenges.
You know the snow which melts after some time.
We give her the name, blue.

This one colour is delicious,
And feels rich with abundance,

That which heals all wounds and cures all diseases.
This is the one that beams with love too,
We call her, green.

There is another colour that feels, feminine.
She keeps only what is necessary,
And transmutes the rest.
She is direct and does not insinuate.
They say she is violet.

Another colour feels thoughtful and very witty.
I feel her guidance with the little ray.
But powerful insights she gives every so often.
She is the yellow one, and I feel her call to me always.

There is a colour that feels protective,
She could be overprotective, for she never leaves my side.
She hugs me to keep me from harm.
She is white whence all the other colours are birthed.
I feel her ready to add more layers of protection,
And ready to give life to the other rays.

When you become aware,
You begin to touch your thoughts.
There are times when your thoughts are soft,
And malleable.
You are now in a creative space, a space of love,
And your thoughts have given you the seat of control.

Do you feel the touch?

Sometimes the thoughts are hard and stiff.

They rub against your palms,

And you cannot take the heat of the friction anymore.

These are the times when you are being stubborn,

And inviting a battle with the thoughts.

Sometimes the thoughts brush past your fingers like wind.

They are somewhere between tangible and intangible,

As they squeeze between your fingers, it feels good.

These are the times that you are quieting the mind,

And just letting go.

When you become aware,

You begin to smell your feelings.

Yes, I can always smell the feelings from a mile away,

Even though some of them are evading.

What is that sweet smell of feeling,

That when whiffed past your nose,

You do not want to sit down,

And all you do is get active, start dancing?

There is a feeling that smells like wood.

You do not know what you should do exactly,

So, what you do is lie down on the ground.

By lying you want to connect with mother earth.

Surely, this is usually mother calling you.

There is a feeling that smells like the earth,
Or stone, or rock.
It makes you not want to do, carry,
Or even watch anything.
All you want to do is lie on your back.

There is obviously that feeling that smells like,
The food you do not want to eat ever again.
Trust me, when this one comes,
Beware of any lurking danger.
Maybe, I should have said that this one smells like danger.

When you become aware,
You begin to taste your words.
Now, how could I fail to talk about the taste of words?
Sometimes, I begin to talk,
And words do not want to leave my mouth for a long time,
Because they are delicious, warm in the mouth.
This is when you are talking about your passion.

There are times when you force yourself,
To avoid certain words,
Or just force words out of your mouth.
Often, these words taste like wood ash.

In a discussion, it could be debated which part of the body, between the heart and the mind, is more important. One might say that without the mind, the heart would not function. And another would say that it is the heart that pumps blood; and eventually supplies oxygen to all parts of the body, including the brain. This discussion, without openly stating it, is asking, "Between the two, which is the master, and which is the slave?"

It has also been said that the brain is a good servant, but a bad master; of course, in comparison to the heart. If you think about it though, these power battles we have, are just but imaginations. In reality, all the body organs are important. Their relationship is mutual and each one benefits from the other. You need your fingers as much as you need your kidneys, and your eyes.

Imagine if you will, that you are suddenly caught up in a dangerous situation, and the brain sends a signal to run. You will need your legs to move, and of course, your hands should be free too; and you need your eyes are needed because you must see where you are running to. If the signal is to scream, you will need your lungs, throat, and your mouth too. But the general thought is that the brain is the seat of consciousness, and even logic. And they say that the mind is a function of the brain too. Ever thought about it that way?

Yet when you use the word mind, it seems separable from the brain. You imagine the brain to be physical and the mind as some void, or space. One that you cannot touch or see; yet we still say, "...in my mind." Do we equate the memory function of the brain to the mind? Sorry for digressing, but this is interesting.

A great teacher, Lee-Kryon, once taught that Angels are a collective memory complex. Okay, not his exact words but, this is what he said, "There is no Angel that is more powerful than the other. Certainly, not one is superior to the other. It is

just that one is appointed to be the mouthpiece of the whole.” Do we not also choose representatives to voice our interests? We have, most times, the father voicing the concerns of the family. We may have the village elder voicing the concerns of the villagers, and it goes on as we ascend the representation ladder up to the presidential level; and even further to international level.

So, the brain here—back to the debate, acts as the representative. When you have a problem, most times the signs could start with a headache. It will always accompany pains or precede them. What I mean to stress in all this never-ending banter is that, we should pay attention to our feelings. I know the priority in society has been put on mental intelligence over all else. It is more a question of mental logic over spiritual or emotional logic, or sense.

I believe that feelings tell us about ourselves; about what we like and what we dislike. If you think about a scenario from your past right now, your body will shudder in fear or it will vibrate with joy; because guess what, feelings are still the same. I hope you see where this discussion is going, because I am just about to take us back to your past, and our past as Man generally.

If you were to be retold a story about the good times that your ancestors had in their time, you would feel something close to what they felt, happy. Maybe this happens by you imagining that you are, or were, part of that revelation being given to you. Likewise, if it were a revelation full of negative energy, you would feel it sweep through your whole body.

We are all aware of the wars in the past, the world wars. There could be blame games about who did what, but the whole thing carries negative energy around it. A wedding ceremony done in the past, or at the present still evokes happy feelings. So, feelings or emotions are the same; in the

sense that, the anger you feel now is, the same that your ancestors felt. Ultimately, those who will come after us, will still feel the same anger that we are feeling now.

Love felt thousands of years ago is still the same. Yet some people like to try so hard and nail themselves to emotions. We can clearly separate ourselves from emotions. There is no such anger that belongs to one, more than the other. There is also no such love that belongs to one, more than the other. These emotions have always been, and will always be. I tend to believe that we are the ones that open ourselves to them.

You have the choice to throw yourself in the anger, and even drown in it; and when you decided to pull out, you free yourself of it. If you get lost in it, it somehow becomes part of you. You call it your own, like it is your companion. This will apply to love too.

There have been different views about love though; and sometimes I hear people, jokingly or even seriously, saying that one cannot eat love. My focus on these emotions does not necessarily imply that one is the opposite of the other. But you agree that two cannot live in one house divided, right?

If you decide to house one, the other one vacates. I am now led to share how in the past, I relied on my negative past experiences, of course filled with anger, to create content. I also used all that negativity as a motivating factor to focus on my goals. Now, things are different because I let go of that anger, and negativity in general. I chose love. This does not mean that I am not aware of instances that trigger me to really get angry. I just do not hold on to that feeling.

There have been discussions about happiness from all over the world. Of course, people will always have differing opinions. What do you think we are, the hive mind? There is free will people, and we cannot be boxed up to think the same. There has been a question though, on whether we can

be happy always. People have used examples of our life situations, or challenges, to prove that being happy always is quite impossible.

Personally, I mean to be happy as much as I can. Perhaps I will let you in on my secret; well, it may not be a secret as I know other people are also doing it. One should focus on a higher goal, or something bigger than themselves. Think of somebody being nice to other people because they want to have a piece of mind. I hear someone saying, "people will not always be nice to you just because you are nice to them." This is where Mother Teresa would come in and say, "be nice anyway!"

What really stops us from creating a positive environment around us? Some people call this light and love, where everything is all rainbows and butterflies. Is it possible to achieve? You decide for yourself. Some people have formed a thick skin because of what they have gone through. Someone may decide that they will never be nice, they must be tough instead. Who's to blame? In this man-eat-man society, we believe that if you are nice, people will step all over you to get what they want.

Sometimes I wonder, "Can we not all be like Mother Teresa or Mahatma Gandhi?" I know, we will all quote from the verse of authenticity; to the point that someone will look at you and ask, "Who do you think I am, Jesus?" The main reason why they were able to achieve their goals was because they did what they did for a greater good. A higher purpose. You could say they stopped thinking of themselves and thought of everybody else. Maybe this is what we call martyrdom. How I see it: They were able to create a positive space around them to the very end, despite the challenges.

In society, it is not common for boys or men, to use such words as, 'I miss you' or 'I love you', on each other. If one were to utter them then they would be given the look. One to

suggest that we should check which gender or sex they belong to. As it is evident, most men suffer from depression because they are not allowed, or do not allow themselves to express their feelings or emotions. Their state of mind-not mental, but emotional-is usually in a mess.

This, however, should not be used as an excuse. You, reading this now, can chose to create and maintain a positive energy around you. Think about what your child will inherit from you. A space of love, wealth, stern life lessons...? Think of what your intended will find when they join hands with you. An empty space, a space filled with anger, a negatively motivated individual...? What can you offer society? What can you offer humanity at large?

All this is your choice. And as you can see, one stops thinking of themselves alone, and begins to think about other players in life as well. Ultimately, the actor will even benefit more. If you wish love on another, you get more love. If you wish peace on another, you get more peace. Again, this is from observation, reading and personal experience. But which is easier to believe, your story or my story? Is it easier to see, and then believe, or to believe, and then, see?

Would it be easier if we saw Mother Teresa, or Jesus in flesh? Keep in mind that there were those who saw them, but still, never believed in them. Likewise, there are those that live and laugh with you, but do not believe in you. You, perhaps; do not even believe in yourself. No one can make you believe in yourself though; you can get inspiration or aspirations, but the final decision is yours.

Before you begin to express yourself, do you pause to look around, and worry about how the reception is going to be like? Do you think that your contribution is not worth a penny to others?

What then do the next generation sing; what do they read and study from us? Shall we go under with our melodious

voices stuck in our throats? Shall we be buried with all the priceless wealth that we carry within? Let us loosen our grip and speak, sing, and dance. For what it's worth, let's do it for the next generation.

My Intended

I cried unto Spirit,
My Father present everywhere,
I am tired of watching this dance from the back.
Let me watch it from the front from this day on.
I want to walk and approach her from the front,
And look at her face,
Catching every nuance of expression.
So, my search for her began.

Now that I have found her, I will venerate her body,
Because it is a temple.
Perhaps one that does not demand worship,
And I will also give my body for her to revere.
I will keep it clean as the sanctuary it is.
Let each one of us know the body of the other.

We should extol and bless this abode we call the body.
And it is easier this way, because I give, and she takes.
She gives back what she receives.
I will give myself to her without limit,
As I receive from her without bounds.

We will partake of this conscious act,
With the seriousness it deserves.
I mean, let it be as spontaneous as possible.
We do not hold back.

We will dance to the rhythm of our hearts' beating,
And it will set the pace for our eternal embrace.

I want to touch her body knowing every place,
As if it were my own.
Let my hands connect with hers and become one.
Let our bodies connect and become as one.
I want to breathe in her out breath,
And she, breathe out my in breath.

Our respiration is one and complete.
Now I will stand by her side always.
I will see what she sees because our eyes are one.
I can see my eyes in hers as she can see hers in mine.
Our thoughts merge as one, there is no secret between us.

Our bond is strong never to be broken,
This is a classic example of Devine chemistry.
We need not talk, as we connect telepathically.
I feel her joy as she feels mine,
I feel her pain as she feels mine.
I feel her hunger as she feels mine, Love!
Who dare comes between us, without our consent?

I will love her for as long as prana dances in my body.
For as long as breath makes my spine erect.
I will love her without fear, without holding back.
I will love her unconditionally, Love!

Look into my eyes and see what I mean to say,
I am lost for words.

Love, these feelings are deep, my heart is elastic.
Love, you put a smile on my face,
And obviously it isn't plastic.
Love, this feeling is real, I know it must be organic.
Love, love!

She has taught me to be free.
She has taught me to love myself even more.
She has taught me to be easy on myself.
She has taught me to let go.
She has reminded me of spontaneity. Love!

She taught me to open my heart,
And now this fierce love consumes me.
This love!
This love tastes warm in my mouth.
This love is vibrant,
A gift I have gotten from the Source.

So, who am I to hold back and not be consumed by her?
Who am I to keep this secret for myself?
I will give in to her needs, and be like a fountain to her.
Let me give freely of my love as I have received.
I open the gates of my heart, close my eyes,
And open my hands ready to receive her.

We need no external catalyst,
No, this union is complete.
We are the ingredients and the final product.
This love!
My heart is ever warm.
It beats slowly, for I am always peaceful.
Geographical distance does not separate us at all, Love!

Love, a stone wall we need not erect,
'Cause a living fence would make more sense,
To attract the birds and every insect.
And our house we make out of living accoutrements.
Our creations last and in them we forever live

But then I am reminded of the death of physical things!
I know life will always claim its own
So, in the end, if I don't leave this earth plane with her,
Let us part with the awareness we have gifted each other,
That she is a goddess, and I am a god.
I was her king, and she was my queen.

The king owes allegiance first unto himself,
This is his kingdom,
Then second comes the queen.
The king serves only one kingdom and one queen.

The kingdom is sovereign and powerful,

And the queen makes it complete.
She is my companion,
Together we participate in this sacred union, Love!

At class one, or grade one in the modern education system, I already had a girlfriend. She happened to be my desk mate. Whenever the teacher was not watching she would put her legs on my laps. Well, sometimes, I would push her legs off and most times I didn't. I will not say why; I could have been acting under the mercies of my fluctuating mood. This was not a class of two; no, we were about thirty pupils in all.

At grade three, in a different school, I had yet another girlfriend. At this time, however, I had some knowledge about love. In my judgement, it was not corrupted knowledge. No, I had witnessed adults being in love. I had clearly seen it in soap operas, on the television. At this stage in my life, it was not apparent to me that television and reality were two different dimensions.

Almost three quarters of the class had paired up into boyfriend and girlfriend, and no one wanted to be labelled backward, least of all, me. Oh, how enlightened we thought we were! I would often share my break time snacks with this girlfriend of mine. She even kissed me on the cheek several times.

Sometimes she would come to me, her hands covering my ears as if wanting to whisper something to me, and yes, she said, "I love you". And before I digested those words, she kissed me on the cheek and smiled. I returned her smile; and it must have come from deep within, for it never faded quickly. And of course, she was my desk mate. I thought we

would be together all the days of our lives.

"This is just fiction," you might be thinking; but I do not consider myself a fiction artist at all. If I tried, I would only embarrass myself. This young man thought he was in love! Whoever thought up paring boys and girls in class? Pure genius, huh!

Consequently, this was the trend for the other relationships I found myself in. I did not know the fundamentals of boy-girl relationships. All I knew was that it was normal, and necessary to have one. We even competed amongst ourselves, to see who had the prettiest girlfriend. Others competed in winning over other people's girlfriends. It all looked fun and cool.

Later the issue of sex between partners had to come up. We obviously learned this from our seniors, who apparently learned it from their seniors as well; and long was the loop. Who's to blame? I personally experimented on kissing and embracing, but did not get further to having sex. Not that I did not want to get there, but the opportunity just never presented itself. I could have sworn that luck was not on my side. Of course, bearing in mind whatever experiences my friends would share with me.

The first time I fell in love though, I was a little confused, not with the feeling; but by the circumstance I had found myself, or rather, put myself in, to be honest. At that time, I had numerous partners in my circle. Of course, I lied to the others that I loved them, and each one believed me. I was insincere with myself, and with them too, including the one I loved truly.

When I separated with my beloved, it dawned on me that I would never find one like her. It was real—love; and for the first time, I had not even thought about sex throughout the relationship. It had not been the foundation of that relationship.

Somehow lost in the game again, I chased partners only for the purpose of intercourse. My meter gauge was at the mercy of peer pressure, so to say.

Years later, I experienced what I would call an awakening. It opened my heart, and suddenly, I was reminded of that pure love I once felt. It opened my eyes, and I was filled with joy as a blind man who regained his vision, Hello Bartimaeus! In the intertwined memories of the past, it was brought to me, the last time I was having intercourse. I wish to point that I had by then dedicated my time to self-growth, and withdrawn from sexual intercourse.

In this vision, before I digress further, I was shown how I became conscious of the action in a way I had never experienced. At this last time, I was filled with an awareness of what I was engaging in. I felt like a space was opened in my mind, and new knowledge was allowed to pour in, or rather, be at my disposal for learning. A voice in my head said, "Look, do not close your eyes. Open yourself up and don't block the flow of energy. Allow yourself to feel and observe! See, it is about giving and receiving, nothing to do with control..." The smile on my face led into laughter, and within, I felt and knew why. It was another enigmatic awakening step.

Trust me, I had not read any prior literature on sex that talked about anything I had experienced. So, from that time on, even though I did not engage in sexual intercourse again; I vowed not to engage in it unless my partner and I were conscious of this sacred union. It later became open to me, the sacredness of sex. This, of course, coming through self-development and/or self-realisation, and reading other literature now.

As it is now, I know that there is in fact a higher, interdimensional sex. Sex not only of fleshly desire, but one that leads to co-creation. One that leads to birthing, not only of an offspring, but of more love, joy, and even bliss. My inner

guidance tells me that I do not have to just look for sex, but first I must strengthen my bond with my partner. And with pure intentions we could all give each other unconditional love. This is the only true love, I believe. And together we could create a space of love, for ourselves and our children.

Our children will learn this from us, not necessarily through teaching alone, but through intuition, and their own observation. This knowledge of relationships between two partners, is what I yearn to imprint in the hearts and minds of this generation; and consequently the next. I am totally aware of the challenge I'm throwing myself in, but I believe in my commitment, spirit, and will-power.

Tongues of Snakes

You all need to know something,
There is no other way around this.
If you don't know how to take care of this body,
Then you won't know how to take care of anybody.

First things first,
How does my body not seem right for me,
When yours is right for you?
How do you not like me, do I have what you are lacking?
What insecurities do you have about me?

Doesn't everybody dream of giving the best to their loved ones,
To provide them those things that we never had?
Doesn't everybody want to give their visitors the best treatment? Sometimes you give them what you have never given yourself.

I want to take the girl out and buy her anything she wants,
When in my house I do not have everything I need.
I would give my heart to have her,
Yet I won't do it for myself.

We call it sacrificing for a greater good huh!
I should look presentable to the public.
Do not air dirty linen in public, they say sometimes.
Would I rather air them in my own house?

I say charity begins at home.

If I am organised at home, then I will be in public.

How do I teach hygiene to the public,

When I do not do it privately?

Have we teachers who teach what they do not understand?

How can I pour from an empty cup?

Here I am promising to take care of you and you believe me,

When I do not know how to take care of myself.

My eyes don't flinch when I say I know what is best for you,

When I do not know what is best for me.

So much talk out there about self-care,

When it is just public relations.

My skin is screaming for some moisturiser,

My face is sun burned,

Yet I give you a dermatologist's advice!

Sadly, you still trust me when I say,

I will take care of you till we grow old together.

Darling maybe our bodies will die first,

Even before we grow older.

Was this the easiest way to make us die together without asking?

I may not know how to cook, but I still say,

I want to cook you the best meal ever.

I am ready to go for the ingredients at the grocery store.
I'll even ask if you need water,
Something I don't remember to ask myself.

Do I not show that I could break the bank,
To give you the most expensive gift?
And my dreams are valid,
But I want to support you through your dreams first.
I was supposed to be resting, but hey,
Ask away, what do you need?
Or better yet, what can I do you for?

Man, when was the last time your ears heard that?
When last did you talk to yourself,
Or even listen to yourself? Has it not been said already,
That you should listen to your heart?
But you want to win somebody else's heart first, huh!

I run out to take care of the sick in the hospital,
When I have a disease killing me slowly every day.
But I do not go within to assess the situation.
There is no time to sit down,
The world will leave you behind, right?

I go out offering help to the needy,
When I need it more than they do.
Sometimes my body needs this love more than you know.
But here I am giving myself up to service.

I have seen people suffer and I want to help them.

Have I ever been of service to myself, though?
How many times have I been so hard on myself,
Index finger pointed to my head,
I say, you are useless,
Yet I preach about forgiveness?

How many times have I judged myself?
Yet I teach people not to judge others?
How can I even be waiting for the grand judgement,
When I have judged myself enough times already?

Clearly, I can see everything else, but myself.
I see the suffering of others when I do not see my own.
I don't see other people's faults but I see mine.
Why do I not just stop,
And take a break from all this madness?
How many times do I promise to never make you cry,
But I make myself cry?

I do not want to break your heart, but I break mine.
In the process,
I want to give other people more than second chances,
Yet I do not give myself any chance at all.
I organise meetings and give lectures upon lectures,
Yet I do not listen to my own words at all.

How am I working for you at my best,
When I cannot work for myself the same way?
How am I promising to do anything for you,
When I cannot do it for myself?
How do I believe that I am your saviour,
Yet I cannot save myself?

Martyrdom still rocked this world in the nineteenth century. From the books written around that time, we see very many people who were service-to-others oriented. They had a burning desire to help others. Perhaps they had come to the realisation that there are greater forces at play in life. More like complex energies seemingly independent, but interdependent after all. There is a long list of people who depicted this kind of life.

There could be more people practising, or choosing martyrdom, however, it is not so common a choice; but let us zoom in on our daily lives. Generally, life seems to be biased towards service-to-others. What I mean to say is, there is a feeling in most us to act kindly, or compassionately, when interacting with others.

Sometimes it is said that those who are in love could do anything for each other. Maybe that is why partners take vows. This, to me, however, is like signing a covenant in a relationship to keep the involved parties accountable. In my opinion, one is unable to commit to another if they do not commit to themselves first.

Imagine taking an oath to love yourself until death, to take

care of yourself in sickness and in pain, and through whatever circumstance. Try this and discern how it sounds.

Normally I wouldn't write such a covenant on paper. Well, maybe I would have, four years ago. Now, some factors have changed; but I must have changed too. Before, I believed in taking oaths or vows during marriage, and I thought, "My partner must show that she will be together with me for as long as we live, through any circumstance whatsoever."

Now I look at the whole thing and see a lot of insincerity in taking the vow. I feel like true love, just like any other commitment, is showed and tested with associated action. Is it not said that faith without action is dead? I believe this to be true; and let me just add that I am talking about unconditional love here. Not the corrupted love where you hold one thing against another, or keep a misdoing to use it against them later.

The corrupted type of love, I believe, sprouts from individuals that have not invested in self-realisation, self-acceptance, and perhaps self-actualization. These three words may be synonyms depending on the way they are perceived. I could use one word for them all, knowing thyself. In knowing oneself, one goes through a process of unlearning what they thought they knew, to learning what they do not know about themselves; and consequently about other life-forms as well.

At the furthest point of this process, one realises that they can only have internal peace and abundance if they are honest with themselves first, then with other people. Notice: I did not use the word, end of process, because I believe the process continues infinitely.

Some years back, I would look at myself in the mirror and say, "I love you man. You are doing great, and you are not making any mistake at all..." I used to have long conversations with myself just staring at that image in the mirror.

That sounds so simple, and trust me it does not represent the whole journey of knowing thyself. I could give my experience as a testimony, but then again, my life is not the ideal experience. Life is rich with authentic and unique experiences. At some point in my life, I wanted not only people but places, to be just like I pictured them in my mind. But it dawned on me that things were not always as I imagined. And I had to deal with the fact that I could not change people; something I learned the hard way. However, there was one thing that I had the ability to change, myself.

I guess with time, as I took the initiative to change myself, my surrounding environment also changed. The first thing I learnt was honesty. I had to be honest, and not through forcing myself, it had all become natural, because lying to other people was basically lying to myself. Along this line, it was impossible to unconditionally do anything for another, if I could not do it for myself. We are accustomed to getting rewarded for our actions, even by a casual thank you.

Everybody has their chance to know themselves waiting for them, if they have not begun the process yet. It may be triggered by anything. With most people, I see it triggered through chaos, and it could happen several times before one really takes the bait. We have all heard of inspirational stories of people who experienced something phenomenal that changed their lives around. The best example I can think of now is, our religious teachers.

They usually have compelling stories during their sermon. They have the most arduous task of showing people that this is also possible for them. But unfortunately, people take too long to believe, or in other words, their faith is invested in someone else other than themselves. They have trained their focus on a different goal, when it should be directly on them. Why would anyone depend on another to be a mediator between them and their father?

We cannot apply this scenario to our earthly fathers, can we? Direct communication would be more effective; wouldn't you agree? Saying that there are those who are chosen to speak, or act on behalf of others, to me, is insincere, unfair and shows an absence of equality. And you do not have to give and think of yourself last. What kind of self-love is this? We sometimes confuse self-love with being self-centred though.

I do not see a scenario where one loves themselves and fails to love another. Neither do I see a scenario where one loves themselves and depends on others or holds a victimhood mind-set. Those who love themselves unconditionally will not wait for other people to complete them, so to say. Love is a beautiful thing yes, but how can a relationship be stable when one of the partners is not? The relationship should be balanced and not dependent on the stability of one partner, right?

Does one person keep sacrificing for the relationship to work? This is not unconditional love. The partners are insincere with themselves at this point. The one who sacrifices and the one who does not. It leads to afflicted hearts; great wounds that take time to heal. Eventually when the afflicted heart explodes, the relationship is filled with toxicity. We are familiar with people who once loved each other later falling out of love.

True love or compassion does not dictate to one how they should act. Naturally, they are guided from the beginning, on what action would bring balance and harmony in their life; and ultimately the whole universe at large. Maybe you could sacrifice something good now for something better in future, but I am sure you will be involved in the whole journey. Consciously adjusting where necessary along the way.

Have we certainly fallen short of sincere relationships? How so, when we see couples getting married all the time?

My friends get into new vibrant relationships every so often. They all say they are in love. But for most of the relationships, they end up crumbling; when either or both partners realise that they have not gotten what they were looking for in the other person. So, what is this thing they are looking for? Could it not be found in themselves?

I wanted to find out the exact thing we look for in a relationship and not within ourselves. So, I prematurely ended a relationship I was in, to allow myself to get this thing that I kept looking for outside of myself. Of course, my partner did not take it lightly, but I had to tell her my honest intention. So, this young man gave up all the kissing, embracing and sexual intercourse to know himself, how funny! Would you believe your lover giving you this as an excuse for ending the relationship?

I have not had any history in chaotically breaking up with my partners. I obviously do not thrive in chaos. There were of course instances that I put my tail under my legs and disappeared from the scene without as much as a goodbye. Either way one, must think carefully about breakups, so that they do not throw away a chance with their intended or chosen one. But here is what I told myself, "If she is my chosen one, she will wait for me until I come around."

Just to give an update, well, because I am a joyful Soul: We haven't gotten back to dating, but we are friends! I repeat again, we are friends, because I did not even imagine in my wildest dreams that we could be anything. From our last conversations she had made it clear that I never contact her again, even as I asked for friendship. I was not on a mission to drive people away. I was just in a confused state.

My friendships have been honest ever since I took the step to know myself. I have a small circle, and might talk to my friends after long periods of time; but we are genuine in everything. I am not snobby as I was before, and I also learned to

appreciate people as they are. I would want the next generation, which will be our kids, and their kids, to embody this honesty. This, I know, will give them a peace of mind.

I do not believe that in a world where people love themselves, I would be worried for my child's safety. I do not believe we would join hands to fight rape, corruption, or theft. I mean, who would have time to do this, when they are guided in their hearts to act compassionately? None of us would even do things just to please the other. I do not expect people to do something for validation.

A society that is honest with itself will understand uniqueness and allow it to thrive. And this must start with us, individuals. The basic unit is the family. If the father and/or mother is not honest, the children will not embrace honesty; consequently, they will portray what they learn from their parents to their own families. Is this not how the conscience of the society is developed?

I take my place and decide to create a space of love. I do it whether someone is watching me or not. I am honest whether I want to win somebody in my life or not. I am honest whether I am getting what I want or not. I believe that my children will find me, find us, with integrity and such is what they will uphold. We will not have to drum it in their heads. We will not have to pretend when they are around, and switch back to normal when they are suddenly out of sight.

And it is easier when we do it for a greater good, because I want my neighbours to be honest too. So that I do not stop my kids from playing and interacting with their children for the misdoings of their parents. We will build an honest society where children will hide nothing from their parents, siblings, and friends. Nobody should feel insecure for being unique and holding on to what is true. Who will hold our hands, beginning now?

Free Space and Rest

Conceived on the 8th of January 2022

Everybody wants some free space,
A full day with no stress,
And a private life with no press.
Just say yes, this's the time to say less and do less.
Take off what is excess.

Trust me when I say that Man needs time to hibernate.
Take some time off from the noise and meditate.
Pour some sea salt in your bath and cleanse your body.
Stay in a quiet environment with less contact,
And trust this to detoxify your system.

Kick off your shoes and let the air blow your feet.
Let go and lie on your back,
You know you deserve the rest.
Close your eyes and take in a deep slow breath.
Get lost in the moment and only think about now.

Stop for a while, you can pull out of that race.
When you feel like you are stuck, it's okay to reset.
Look back when it was all but a dream.
Now celebrate the milestones you've made.

Quit comparing,

Remember everyone has a different taste.
Relieve yourself from stress life is just a test.
Let go of the thoughts, mind battles is such a waste.
You may be better off just observing the thoughts play.

You cannot take the blame for your actions.
Consequences are just the result of your actions,
Don't take them to be punishment.
Do not feel guilty for the choices you make.
Be easy on yourself, you deserve internal peace.

Switch off your phone,
And only answer to a higher calling.
If you must, just allow the texts.
Switch off all the screens and only watch yourself.
Disconnect all devices,
And only connect with yourself and the Source.

Everybody wants some free space,
A full day with no stress,
And a private life with no press.
Just say yes, this's the time to say less and do less.
Take off what is excess.

Dust the floor and clean your room.
Open your closet and rearrange your clothes.
Open the curtains and let in the sunlight.
Open the windows for fresh air to fill the room.

Drink enough water and quench your thirst.
Get all the ingredients and make your favourite meal.
Make this the time for aromatherapy,
And give thanks for the food.
Sit down on the mat and take time to enjoy the food.

Take a walk to the park,
And listen to the birds singing.
Walk barefoot and feel the soft grass.
Breathe in that smell of fresh flowers.
Let go and have fun running around this space.

There is no hurry, you choose the pace.
Don't burden yourself, just take off what is excess.
Take time to decide and drop what doesn't make sense.
Clear your mind every day and start with a clean slate.

Everybody wants some free space,
A full day with no stress,
And a private life with no press.
Just say yes, this's the time to say less and do less.
Take off what is excess.

You can decide to be celibate.
Let go of your exes.
Live a full life with no sex,
And still have fun in other ways.

Go to the spa and get a full body massage.
Go to the swimming pool and dive into the cool waters.
Apply some sunscreen and sunbathe.
Switch off the lights and light some candles.

Apply some essential oils on your body.
And only put on some loose clothing.
Sing that song that repeats in your head.
Dance with yourself until you've had enough of yourself.

Everybody wants some free space,
A full day with no stress,
And a private life with no press.
Just say yes, this's the time to say less and do less.
Take off what is excess.

Apart from retirement, do we ever get some time to take a break from all this madness we call life? We are constantly bombarded by worries all the time. We are always thinking of making things better, improving our lives, and even trying to provide for the next generation. People widely say that they will rest when they are laid in the grave.

Are we really able to make things better to our satisfaction? I think our desires are always changing, or are in constant competition with each other. If you work hard and buy a car, you suddenly want a more elegant, and obviously more

expensive one than the first. If you earn a high salary you work towards earning even more. This, of course, is intertwined with competition and comparison.

Any time you tell a man to take a break from all the hustling, they say they have people depending on them; that if they rested, then they would have failed them and ultimately lost their pride. Resting has certainly become a privilege. We have parks that are not fully utilised. If you look around you will see that most people are totally unaware of their existence.

Others have got it all confused. They associate rest with going to entertainment joints, listening to loud music, smoking cigarettes, gambling, and taking booze. I thought the main point of resting was to pull oneself from all these engaging activities. Is it not to put the body at ease, just like sleep does? As if all the clubbing is not enough, some of us are now carrying this booze to the parks; seriously guys, this is a place to get some fresh air!

The idea of going to the park should be one to rejuvenate your body, listen to birds, and generally spend time in nature. You could do some grounding, if you are open to the idea. This, since we rarely go to the countryside and connect with nature. Some people also just think of showing off that they are at the park; all they do is walk around taking selfies, unaware of all the beauty around them.

Sometimes I wonder how one could be walking in nature and be listening to music at the same time. How can you be in a marvellous garden where crickets and birds are singing, and you have got earphones on? How can you be at a place that can cure your eye problem and yet you are watching a movie on your phone? Others would be playing games on their phones the whole time.

Would we rather pay large amounts of money at the sauna, spa, hospital? How do we strain our senses when we

think we are relaxing? Perhaps we have gotten used to the noises in the city. With all the rivers passing through the city being poisoned with sewage, I cannot blame anyone for not noticing nature sometimes. I agree; at this rate, it would make more sense relaxing in your house while watching a movie, rather than standing over a stinking river.

There is a place I loved visiting a lot: A park in the middle of the city. It even had a river passing right through it, and the water was always clear. Every time I visited the park, and the water level was low, I would walk close to the banks, stepping on the stones that led to the middle of the river. Standing on those stones, I would visualise myself crossing that river one day; thereafter, I would give thanks for the river and all the aquatic life in it. If one were to follow the river from the point it entered the park, they would be lost in the gurgling sounds as the water meandered through its varying depths, to the lowest point of the landscape.

The park was well maintained: The grasses were occasionally slashed and weeds cut back. Walking around, you could satisfy your curiosity as your eyes feasted on the indigenous trees spaced both naturally and artificially; the air was always filled with different scents released from the flowers of these trees. The grass was green for as long as the rains were on. It is thanks to these beautiful scenes that I made it a routine to visit the park at least twice a week.

The smell of flowers here was so relaxing, it got me taking in deep breaths while closing my eyes. Even though I could still hear cars passing by while in the park, they would be dissolved by the sound of the running river, the rustling of leaves, and the singing birds. A few times, as though nature was breathing in and out, everything would go quiet as if all the sounds were swallowed in a void; then they would come back to complete a continuous rhythm. Oh, this was my little corner of paradise on earth!

I know this could sound weird to many, but this was my favourite place in the city. Compared to all the technocratic development I had witnessed; none could surpass this ecosystem. I could not achieve a level of ease and relaxation anywhere else like I did while in the park. I even recommended it to my friends. Some had been in the city longer than I had, but didn't know about it.

When I moved out of the city later, I felt like a part of me was left behind, and there would be no other place like that park anywhere else. My energy had been intertwined with that space from the beginning.

I went back to that park in 2022, a year later, and was somehow heartbroken. The river that I used to wash my hands in was now darkened with sewage waste. Even the wild ducks that used to swim in it now just walked by the banks. My nose was now hit by a very foul smell emanating from the river. I took out my phone and made a video lamenting about the situation, something that I rarely do. I wanted to go to the authorities maintaining the place and ask them just one question, "what happened?"

But deep down, I reminded myself that this was the city. As they say: "In the city, nobody cares." If we do not even care about each other, would we care for nature? In the video I was asking if those poisoning the river really thought about the organisms living in the water. The fish and other aquatic life must have died from insufficient oxygen. There wasn't even enough light penetrating into the water.

This was the biggest joke ever! A park that was opened by the president was being poisoned with sewage. Just how shameless were these people poisoning the river? They must be hard-headed for going against the wishes of the president, and the rest of the city residents. But were they the problem, or this just showed cracks in the system? Maybe the relevant

authorities had not ensured that there was a good sewer system in town. But then again, how do we put up residential buildings when we do not cater for sewer systems?

So, can our rivers survive in cities? The other question then is, how long will these parks survive before somebody turns them into a private entity? Somebody will argue that the park does not add value to the city, and that it should instead be developed. And before you know it, skyscrapers fill the whole space that was once therapeutic. We already have railways passing through some of our parks, next we will have roads. Who knows what will follow next, airstrips?

Someone could be thinking, "If you want to be rejuvenated, go to the countryside." But some people were born in the city and have no roots elsewhere; and yet, some people completely cut their roots with the countryside. The countryside, that is always seen as backward, is also having some development of its own. There are tarmac roads all running from one centre to another. There are electric poles erected on people's *shambas*. Soon, they are going to get into their compounds. Before we know it there would be artificial lights everywhere. There already are rental houses being built in people's compounds, you know.

In a few years it would be hard to differentiate the city from the countryside. Soon, people will not see the need to go to the countryside because they will not have anything to call theirs. As the older generation die in the villages, more people are selling land and relocating to other places. Some do not even have enough land to build houses, so they end up renting apartments in the city for the rest of their lives. And as space diminishes in the rural areas, there is less farming taking place. People are now taking to purchase food products. Imagine people in the village now resorting to have their meals in hotels!

Clubs and entertainment joints are finding their way to the

village too. Of course, there existed other forms of entertainment, but now we have imported those from the city. Now people go relaxing in the bar over a few drinks with music booming in their ears till dawn. Whenever a person dies, some deafening music is played for around two days until the burial. Where did our musicians go? And what of their musical instruments? These were friendlier to our ear drums.

Am I anti-development? Someone may accuse me of biting the hand that feeds me. If everybody's opinion matters, then I would be proud to say that I do not thrive in closed spaces. Closed spaces, for me, are those offices in tall buildings. Those twenty storeyed apartments with music being played from left right and centre. Closed spaces are those where there are vehicles in every inch of space, because tarmac has swallowed up the whole earth.

Question: Where will the kids get the space to run wild, play without being pricked with some nails? Without hitting their feet against some waste material? Without being run over by the next vehicle? Have you seen cows in towns grazing in waste disposal areas? If I say the end of the world is nigh, I could be taken for a joke; but I grew up seeing cows grazing in grass fields. Am I alien, or is it the cows that are? And we still milk these cows, regardless of their lactic composition, obviously made up of what they consume.

We should not rear animals only feeding on chemicals, do we not care for their health? Which ultimately affects our health by the way. Let us take a break from our busy schedule and look around. Let us see how our surrounding environment is changing. Otherwise, we are going to be surrounded by nothing but dead matter. Soon we will not be able to breathe in some fresh air because we would have polluted our environment.

Soon we will be forced to pay for a rejuvenating experience because we have destroyed or neglected the natural

sources. What then will we teach our kids? How then would we have made their lives better? No, I will not raise kids who only interact with artificial nature in their video games.

Yes, we are to blame for the worsening environmental situation. We are the ones who make life challenging day by day. We raise the standards of external development over internal development daily. We try to modernise everything and thereby introduce, and increase their monetary value.

When do we stop? We pause in our deathbeds, but by then, our sons and daughters would have taken the cue from us. To be honest, the drainages which were meant for water, have been taken over by sewage. Our rivers, which would be otherwise graced with a multitude of fish and other aquatic life are instead filled with plastic waste—have you seen them swimming by the roadside! Our parks are not as full as those entertainment joints that we love visiting, especially during the weekends.

For most of us, our bodies are long dead by the time we are lying in our graves. We have killed the ears with blasting sound, the eyes with artificial lights, the lungs with polluted air, the liver and the kidney with hazardous alcoholic poisons, and many other organs; together with their sensory function. What a toll we put on the body! When do you rest, dear Man?

Truth Emissary

As long as this prana dances and flows,
And turns and twists in my body.
As long as breath makes my spine erect,
And my third eye guides me through this life,
I am a warrior of the truth.

It is my eternal duty to hold this energy,
In its utmost pure nature.
I am a guard of this gate of truth,
And I shall not leave my post of duty.

To convey this truth, I need not say a thing.
You can see it in my actions.
You can feel the vibration, it's contagious.
You can see the body trembling.

Those who have shared a space with me,
Will all have different words for it.
Some will call it God, Chi, Yahwe, Source,
Others have no name but images, visions, feelings.

The naming does not matter,
The truth will vibrate through your bones,
And your cells will become vibrant as never before.
There is no need to fight for the truth.

Whatever is not of the truth defeats itself,
For it can never last long enough.
That which is defended clearly tries to prove a point.
There is nothing to prove.

And no convincing to be done on the part of the truth.
The truth is everywhere,
And reveals itself to everyone free of charge.
The truth brings together to show connectedness,
To show oneness.

The truth is a symbol of union,
Where all separation collapses,
All that remains of the skeleton is the truth.
The blueprint of our existence.
That which is not of the truth tries so hard to separate.
To bring one brother against another.

Don't we all know that the opposite of truth is fear.
Do we know that love is the synonym of truth?
The truth rings in our hearts.

Whenever you force yourself to tell a lie, you feel it.
You feel your insides turning,
Whenever you hurt another.
It is said that the truth sets you free.
Have you asked yourselves yet,
What does it really free you from?

What burdens have we put on our backs?

The truth is in us all and we can all pledge to guide it.

We can all effortlessly live by it.

The truth is more natural than fear.

It is our true nature,

Does anyone struggle in living the truth?

Is anyone afflicted in speaking the truth?

In truth there is true peace.

In truth there are blessings.

Truth is eternal and never dies,

Only, we move away from it.

It never really leaves.

The truth is the same, today, tomorrow,

As it was yesterday.

It is only us who change towards it.

The result is obvious, we crash ourselves against it.

As a warrior of the truth,

I pledge to live by it always.

Whether in sunshine or in rain.

Whether I find that I am the only one in support of it.

However challenging it will get,

I will not leave my post.

With us all, there comes a time when we have a fire burning within. Suddenly, one feels like spewing this fire on everybody. You want it to consume them as it consumes you. Any fan of the 'Avatar animation series', would surely think of themselves a fire bender. Naturally, we do not like fires; well, unless we are cooking or looking to keep warm.

This now reminds me of the invention of the fire, so allow me to digress. According to my history lessons, teachers, and books, Man invented fire, then started cooking food. The advantages of fire were many, including keeping wild animals away. I have not digressed much because we are still talking about the truth. In fact, it is the search for the truth that led me to review my history or simply, the history of Man.

If you will, visualise how it was like in the first days of creation. Allow me to use the two characters Adam and Eve. Now, visualise first Adam just going about his business, well, because he was joined by Eve later. My belief seems to imply that they ate plants. Basically, most of their food came from the soil. It could be fruits, grasses, tubers, nuts, and many others. So, at what stage did Man realise that he needed salt in his food?

Again, at what stage did he then realise that he needed to change his diet; and eat meat? That is: animals and their products altogether. If Man was put together with animals during creation, why did he need the fire to drive them away? There must have been a broken relationship between Man and nature. Just like I have demonstrated, my search for the truth usually begins with questions.

I have found that it is easier to question things, rather than coil my tail behind my legs and take things as they are. I cannot just consume; I must know what I am consuming, where it came from, and how it affects me. Fire, of course thus far,

has given us more of its disadvantages than advantages. Think of people burning their homes and their family members, forest fires that destroy the earth's ecosystem, and several other explosions caused accidentally daily.

Now, back to the fire that burns within us; personally, I have felt the power of this fire. If I were to describe it, I would say it is fierce, yet does not destroy. It is eternal, as it does not burn out, unlike the mortal flame. Obviously, I have not found negative characters to associate with it. Sometimes after finding something out; something that rings true, I feel a zeal to share it. The search for the truth, in my experience, can never be turned into a selfish agenda.

There were times that I would lie in bed and think of all my relations. A surge of energy would rush through my whole body starting from my heart, and all I would want to do was talk to them, and thank them for the part they played in my life. Sometimes I would be talking to some friends, and I am suddenly paralyzed with this subtle energy. Next thing I know; I am telling them how much I love them!

I would sometimes find myself in trouble though. A few times while talking to some of my girlfriends, I would tell them that I love them, and this would build expectations in them. Expectations of us being more than friends. If I did not behave to their expectations, but still said I loved them, they would accuse me of being insincere. At those times I felt lost because I felt genuine love for them. So much so that, however hard I tried, I would not be insincere even for a second.

A lot has been said about Pandora's box, and sometimes I even wonder who this Pandora was. It is sometimes said that, you should not go down the rabbit hole if you are not ready to deal with whatever you will find down there. Most times, people get depressed, because they find out that what they know constitutes a small portion; and what they do not know constitutes a larger portion of the pie.

It is said that, the more you think you know, the lesser you actually know. Meaning that your knowledge shrinks with every new information that is added to your field of awareness. What you do not know on the other hand, keeps increasing. In a sense, we will never know it all. But could we be able to hold all the information in our capacity? Most of this knowledge to me has a spiritual nature. So, could our bodies hold so much spiritual knowledge?

It is also said that, the truth shall set you free. So, after pondering on this statement I asked, "Free what?" While I was in the process of digesting that statement, apparently said by none other than our brother Jesus Christ, I pushed the question to my friends. None of them were able to crack the shell, or they shied away from too much over thinking, as they believed that is what I did. I, on the other hand, have seen that the truth has kept me free from suffering.

The truth has kept me free from fear: I do not carry a burden on my shoulder anymore; and I feel like this is the greatest gift that I bumped upon. I do not feel like I need to wait to be wiser when I am older, because I see the process happening in real-time, as in, now. I can evaluate what I am learning because I put it into practise. What good is information not practised? And what good is good news not shared? So, as much as I practise it daily, I have also taken the initiative to share it; as I said before, the truth cannot be used for ulterior motives.

I am sure we all have goals to achieve for whatever period we have set for ourselves. Some people say that it is their goals that keep them going, or in other words, their goals give them the purpose to live. But are we really aware of our true purpose? Have we put ourselves and our lives to question? This would surely begin with one question, what is life?

Jesus Christ also said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Forgive me if I seem to be using, or quoting Jesus Christ

for reference a lot; but if you think about it, most of his teachings are enlightening! From this statement again, I take that the truth and life cannot be separated, they are one. Another take also, is that we are one with the truth. I can confirm that you are what you believe in, what you practise, and what you think about mostly.

What you believe in shapes your character, or should I say that your habits sharpen your character. Consequently, you are what you know. That is, if you practise what you believe you know. So, everybody's character would be a compass to what they believe in, or what they know. This could be a matter of debate; but I would be happy if one were to put my opinion to question, because they would be led to open their thinking to other alternative knowledge or facts.

After spending more time trying to teach what I had been learning from my seeking adventures, it eventually dawned on me that I could teach no one what they already knew. Everybody has a conscience that guides them on whether they should do something or not. Most knowledge comes from prior experience and other times it is from intuition. The latter is what we keep shutting down most times though.

Behold, there is multitude of information on different realms, and it is all calling on to us. This is the salvation that is talked about, I believe. Salvation from sin. Sin would be that which we do without knowing, unconsciously. Given the chance, I would choose to be conscious every lifetime. Isn't Man here purposely to evolve? What then are the tools that can help us evolve if not this truth? There is, obviously, spiritual development and physical development. Man has however buried himself on the latter.

People say that they just want to live, laugh, and love. Most lack the desire to leave a legacy. I could say, that a pinch of this truth, if dropped on your tongue, would set the flame in you ablaze; and you would not want to stop at all. The call

for the truth rings faintly in our hearts, but we cover our ears with external noise; so much so that we do not know what happens within us. Our pleasure hormones are at work all the time, and as a result, our feelings are numbed. We cannot even afford to employ emotional logic for once.

Our lives are more of a mystery to us than it is to neighbours. No wonder people say they know you more than you know yourself. No wonder we work ourselves out and only begin to enjoy life after retirement. We begin to wake just as the body prepares to depart from all the toil that we have subjected it to. At that time, one is not strong enough to climb a tree: he is too weak to play with his children and grandchildren. Their eyes see no joy in life anymore, and all they wait for is death. They think, and even say, that they have played their part.

How can we spend our lives protected in a shell? We do not know the smell of garden soil because we do not go out to the *shamba* at all. We do not know the taste of living water because we have been taking supposedly treated, dead, water that runs through pipes. We do not know how it feels to be massaged by rain drops because we are locked from its contact all the time. We are even afraid of the wind. When all it wants is to caress us!

We certainly do not know how to plant our own food. We do not know how to make our own clothes. The knowledge is gone, tucked away in the untold and even hidden history. The essence of this life is alien to us; but what would an alien coming to earth perceive of us? I am sure they would be wondering why we spend a big percentage of our time running around, pretending to be busy, but achieving the most minimal of our intended result.

We are moving backwards to the dark ages; where the truth takes time to appear to us. But we have a choice: Free

will, in fact. And this realisation in itself is knowledge of immense magnitude; if only one were to meditate, and even go further and act upon it. "Whatever you ask with no hidden intention, shall be given unto you," as the Christ taught. Ladies and gentlemen, what is the truth to you?

Mouth Painting Brush

Conceived on the 24th of June 2021

I want to speak, write, paint and draw.

I need to use my voice.

I want to speak, write, paint and draw.

I need to use my hands.

I want to speak, write, paint and draw.

Speak, write, paint, and draw.

Make sacrifices today so that we have a better tomorrow,

Aren't we tired of nodding at this platitude?

We are afraid of expressing ourselves as vibrating form,

Will we ever experience our amplitude?

You there thinking that you are free to speak your mind,

You are always put in check,

What do you think is your latitude?

I know most are afraid to talk,

You doubt if you would make logic.

I wonder if you also consider emotional logic.

Every word you speak is put on litmus paper,

And tested for the presence of sense.

After that it is put on a weighing scale.

We have to know, how much does your word weigh?

We have to know if you went to school,

And not just any school, a recognised institution.
While much of this is happening on the outside,
You keep doing it within yourself so many times,
By the time you speak the words out,
They are over edited and malnourished.
You have scrapped all the minerals from your words.

The vibrant energy that they carried,
While in your throat chakra,
Is now long dissipated.
You are afraid of judgement.
You have seen one, two brothers being heckled,
And decided that your fate will not be any different.

Imagine the spontaneity that you let go,
So that you are portrayed as good.
You have sold out your creativity for the vote of morality.
Now you sound like every Tom, Dick, and Harry.
Trust me, you do not have to crumble to this pressure.

Whatever happened to being authentic anyway?
Nobody is ever so sure, but we still do it every day.
Sometimes it feels shaky and sweaty,
But when it's done, it's just done.
It cannot be undone.

So, go back to the source,
And summon as much courage as you need.

And remember to speak, write, paint and draw,
For this is your birth right.

Every parent monitors their child's speech. The moment the child mentions something not approve of by the parent, they are given 'the look'. With that, they know better to apologise or retract the word or words in question. But where do they learn these words from? I remember watching the television one night, and on came this interesting show called, 'Dear God'. As always, my attention wasn't fully invested, but it got interesting when they started showing notes containing questions from random kids averagely seven years old.

These notes contained questions apparently addressed to God. I even started laughing as the notes were read out loud. One of the notes read, "Dear God, I know you are a boy, but I am a girl so please be fair". Another one read, "Dear God, I am a Luhya (bantu ethnic group), but what are you?" Another one, "Dear God, how did you know that you are God?" The last one, that I am going to paraphrase because I do not remember the exact words, read, "Dear God, if you are a loving God, why are you jealous?"

These questions being asked by seven-year-olds are very interesting, and perhaps are what every child should be allowed to ask. These are the type of questions that our researchers and professors of philosophy, psychology, and theology should have been allowed to ask. Now we have people putting some of these questions as the title of their theses, only, they use different words. Interesting, is it not? You know, sometimes it is said that if we failed to do somethings

in childhood, they will certainly catch up to us.

I know that if some of these questions were posited to some parents, it would be the beginning of war. But parents will only train their children as much as they were trained when they were young. While spending time with my nephews, I like to play with them, and be as open to them; so that they can also reciprocate. I end up learning quite a lot from them. Sometimes I am surprised at what they reveal to me. They tell each other things like, "God does not like children who lie, God will burn those who steal," and so many other things that God supposedly does not like.

You know, this teaching will at one point shoot itself in the foot. Dear teachers, or all those who call themselves teachers, are there no other ways you can teach children to be more positive in action; or to act compassionately towards one another? Personally, I do not see how God can be hating and loving at the same time. It will not be long until these kids start seeing the cracks in our teachings. Just like the kid asking God how He is jealous. Someone please explain to that kid how a loving God, the only God, can be jealous. Who and what, is He jealous of?

One day my eight-year-old nephew asked me who gave birth to him, and I told him that it was his mother; but I reiterated that God is the one who gave birth to everything in the Universe. My reason for reiterating was brought about by their weird behaviour towards animals. They would get grasshoppers and cut off the legs, something I did myself while at their age, but did not seem okay anymore, as I watched them do it. They even dissected a frog! And they did this while laughing. My youngest nephew orchestrated the whole experiment!

On another occasion we were just strolling, and my nephew asks, "If God gave birth to everything, then who gave birth to God?" I was first startled by that question. It

was so simple, yet so difficult to answer. I remembered that if I could not explain anything to this young man, then I could not explain it to anybody else. With not as much vocabulary available, this is what I said, "God is the beginning; He is the first one to ever exist". I knew that this answer was incomplete, but my nephew kept quiet. I knew he was contemplating on that very answer. I left him to his thinking, but loved the fact that he had begun to question things.

A few years ago, I had taken the bad and good approach while talking to kids. If they were playing and one of them refused to share anything, I would go up to them and say, this is not good. In the end, I had all the kids crying, and obviously half of the group telling the other half that they were bad. I spent some time with some of my young cousins and I could hear one telling the other, "Do not do that, the teacher said it is bad; God will burn you if you do not respect what the teacher says."

Those words felt like someone driving a sword through my heart. I was finding it hard to counter their teaching as I tried to tell them that God is nothing but love, and that He loves us all; no matter what we do or do not do. But every time we got together again, they were holding fast to what they had been taught to be the characteristics of God. Children are intelligent as they are capable of learning fast, and picking so much from their environment.

It is unfortunate that we tend to discipline our kids whenever they portray what they have learned from us. So, if a kid burnt another because they lied to them, what would you tell them? That it is bad? Then they would ask, "If burning is bad, why is God allowed to do it?" Depending on the parent, that child could get disciplined for being too smart. Honestly, it is a genuine question that deserves a genuine answer. But I doubt that an answer will be afforded. I bet it would be a corrupted answer, if there is even one at all.

For most of us, our voices were shaped and even muzzled at a tender age. Before we could speak, all we did was watch. We took in a lot of information, which was of course limited; not only by the knowledge of those we were born to, but also our surrounding. We had the freedom to learn, yet not to exemplify all that we learned. If you showed some undesired behaviour, you would be asked where you got it from. Ultimately, you had to watch the way you acted, what you said, and even how you said it.

The same trend of infringement of expression continues in society. I think it is ever more strengthened by the restraint put on how we can express ourselves. And the schools and churches are there to teach us? You think so? I think they muzzle us more than free us. Whose right is it to tell you what you can and cannot do? What you can and cannot say? Maybe you think I am a radical on the loose. But why does a bigger percentage of kids not know what their passion or even talent is?

Most kids choose to settle for something just because somebody else is doing it. Through the strict nature that they have been brought up, they have lost their spontaneity. How does a child who was very spontaneous in their younger years, suddenly all wasting away taking drugs; believing that they have no purpose in life?

Religion tries to win as many 'Souls' as possible. Well, the competition is high since there are factions breaking from each other left, right and centre. But we still take the little hands of these young ones and say, "We have chosen this religion for you."

Again, we drag them to the school gate, sometimes as they protest by crying, and we tell them, "This is the education system we have chosen for you; we went through it and came out just fine." What we sometime insinuate is, "I am tired of raising you, let the teachers play their part; furthermore, I am

ready to pay for it." After that, the education system will fix them somewhere, of course, according to their grades. They are now respected in the society as they wear the hats of lawyers, doctors, teachers, engineers, and what not; then they start wiseacring about their outstandingly great achievements in their professional fields. This, of course, while comparing one against the other.

Those who fail in academics are left behind. It is hard to fix them somewhere because they lack the indispensable 'papers'. Some are told, "We cannot all be doctors, engineers and what not; some of us have to serve those who are at the top." So hypothetically, two people went to school together, attended the same class; one becomes a doctor, the other becomes a cleaner, a guard, a foreman. The doctor will tell their children to take education seriously so that they do not end up like the cleaner. The cleaner, if he has lost all hope in himself, will also tell their kids not to turn out like them.

In the end, we all draw a velvet gown on the education system. Those who do not seem to be academically smart, and fail to meet the merit are pointed at and forever marked inimitable. Those who raise their heads and voices to poke holes in the system, are therefore maligned as incorrigible. Our passions slowly die within us, and we are led to develop externally more than internally. The rest, who find their passions, are not taken so seriously at all. There surely are hurdles for them along the way. Some of them give up and go back to education. As they say: "If you think education is expensive, try ignorance." But hey, what constitutes ignorance?

Is knowledge only sourced and minted in the mind by the so-called academic centres of excellence? If a person fails to go the academic way, they surely do not earn much respect than one with several degrees. If one cannot afford fashionable clothes, or education, then they are poor? These are all physical classifications. How about emotional and mental? I

for one know that one who has discovered their talent or passion can have a peace of mind, more than those who have not.

We are not lost at winds though. We keep saying that we want to make life better for the next generation; but are we really doing it? I think we are lost in seeking accolades left and right. Do we improve the curriculum, or give children the space to learn and discern things for themselves before we send them away to school? Do we (especially mothers) spend more time with our children before we give them to the care of others; even to the house help at home?

Do we try to treat the symptoms, run around inventing solutions, or look for the cause of the situation that we are in? For me, the disease starts in childbearing and raising. The disease is in most of the elder generation. Yes, the disease is in us; and we only start treating it when we gain enough courage and accept that we are indeed infected.

Nobody needs anybody to speak for them. Everybody can take care of themselves. Can we trust our children with that? Can we allow them to integrate all that they are learning from all the intermingling energies around them? Can we trust them to discern? Can we allow them to write, paint, speak, and draw; as their intuition guides them?

Anonymous Energy

You see me cry and laugh at the same time,
You see me smile all the time.
Yes, it runs through my spine,
This energy has set me free of time.

This energy dances through my body,
As a current does when the circuit is complete.
This energy steals the show,
And leaves no part for me to play,
Other than just watching.

Trust me when it sets in, I do not fight back.
Why? It is pointless to fight as it is not a battle.
Okay, let me take you back to the beginning.
I closed my eyes and talked to Spirit.

My body trembled like I was freezing,
Something I had never felt came over me.
All I could do then was cry,
Even though I felt an amazing peace in my heart.

Receive my invitation and feel how it happens.
The surge fills up in my chest like a tornado.
I get scared thinking it will overwhelm me,
But it settles in my heart,
And washes away all the worries.

This energy takes control of the whole body.
Now see my body shaking.
I almost feel like this energy can't be contained.
The words I speak move through my whole body.

The air that I breathe fuses with this energy,
Yet I am at a loss; how I can show it to you?
Closing my eyes connects me with this energy.
The source seems to be the area between my eyes.

Sometimes it is in my fingers,
And other times it is in my feet.
This energy makes my lips dance.
I want to give thanks to everyone.

I want to climb to a mountain top,
And shout the words, I love you!
This energy makes me stop everything,
And all I do then is just listen.

I want to share this energy with you all.
I am high on life always because of it.
I find satisfaction from within myself.
This energy is sweet in my mouth.

It is soothing to my heart,
And to my third eye it is the compass.

This energy is my truth.
I have not found a name for it yet.
Naming it, however, will box it.

This energy is my freedom.
The first one I have tasted.
This energy is my twin flame,
We consume each other.

This energy is my refuge, the safest I have felt.
This energy is part of me as I am part of it.
What is this energy though?
Nothing I have eaten tastes like it.

Nothing I have owned looks like it.
At first, I did not know how to approach it.
Now I go to it as much as I want to.
This energy listens to me.

I have opened my heart to it,
There are no secrets between us.
In this energy there is no limitation.
In this energy there is no fear.

Darkness shirks in the presence of this energy.
What magic is this?
I haven't seen it taught anywhere.
This is medicine, for I have not fallen ill.

This energy is my companion.
I work in solitude, but I am never alone.
I love this energy unconditionally.
I have no need to be loved.

I fell in love with myself in an instance,
I learned to forgive in an instance,
I gave up my lies in an instance,
All because of this energy.

This energy makes me sing,
I hear the sweet voice from within.
The voice that sets me free from bondage.
The voice that the whole Universe stops and listens to.

It is 2019, and I am in my room in campus, sitting cross legged on my bed. I have just read 'The Ancient Secrets of the Flower of Life' by Drunvalo Melchizedek. Also, I have watched a little of the 'Spirit Science' videos by Jordan Duzch, also known as, 'patch man'. It was the first time that I was made aware of things like alternate dimensions.

This sounded fun! Sometimes as I watched this 'Spirit Science material', I got lost in my own imagination a bit; visualizing myself in another dimension, where the life forms were of very scary physical features. I would shake myself back to

the present, just to run away from the fearful aliens I had seen on the other side. Later, I would learn that this visualization was formed from my own perspective of fear.

I challenged myself to try out meditation. I knew that I needed to be relaxed to get the whole experience, but I found myself straining too much. I tried to focus a couple of times in vain. It obviously

didn't work out because I was doing the same thing as thinking about not thinking. Eventually, I gave up, but continued to read and watch more spiritual material. I was intrigued with the topic of multiple dimensions in existence. According to 'patch man', all I had to do to experience them was to change my vibration, but how hard was this!

Flashback to before I started experimenting on meditation. A close friend of mine would come to my house and share some of the esoteric knowledge he had come across. And before we got into the adventure he would say, "Stephen, I know you won't believe what I am about to share with you, but please, just keep an open mind." Honestly, at that time I considered this knowledge as occult, and this was not something I wanted to engage in since in other people's perception, they would pass for 'satanic practices'.

These type of things questioned my Christian belief system, even though I was not so active in religion. We watched a couple of spiritual videos together, but I remained closed minded. The main issue being that I had come from a humble background, and my education had been sponsored by my uncle. So, I dedicated all my attention to my studies.

I constantly reminded myself of my roots, that village called 'Siala Kaduol'. I was the first person in a family of five siblings, with a single parent—my mother, to be admitted to the University. Obviously, my family had high expectations of me. So, every time I digressed from my studies, I was reminded of how I would let them down.

With time though, I began to let loose and little by little embraced an open mind-set. One question kept lingering in my mind though, “Why am I being manipulated easily to change my mind?” For someone who was a control freak, it felt strange that I was letting go and considering other possibilities in life. I was like a scientist who would not believe unless there was proof.

By the time I finished my course in the University, I had read both volumes of ‘The Ancient Secrets of the Flower of Life’, and was beginning to re-read the first volume. I was now more open-minded, as I had pushed what I knew on the side and decided to allow in what I did not know. Little did I know that this was the beginning of my awakening.

While at home, I would draw the sacred geometry drawings from Drunvalo Melchizedek’s book, just to understand them, and I sure did. I ended up not doing ‘The Merkaba meditation’, but promised myself to begin by the next year—January 2020; I wanted to learn the easiest technique that would help me understand this practice—Merkaba meditation better.

I did a lot of research on meditation until I felt that I was ready to begin; then I started with five-minute meditations, and later, ten minutes. This I would do in the morning and evening. I kept all this a secret from my family because I knew what their perspective would be if I shared what I was doing. I had challenges of losing concentration during my meditations, but I continued nonetheless. I tried guided meditations, but I couldn’t concentrate with the background voice and music.

Three months later, I could do a one-hour meditation with music in the background. Well, by this time I had delved more into spirituality, and my understanding of meditation had grown. I had worked on my patience and learned to let go of expectations. I obviously was excited with myself for

not giving up; more so because I could now 'feel the energy'.

According to Science, energy cannot be created or destroyed, rather it can move "into form, through form and out of form." If everything in existence can be broken to the most granular--atomic level, then would it not be okay to think of, or literally take, all things to be energy, or be in an energetic state?

Normal feelings for me would be those that I know their cause and point of origin. For the first time, there was a feeling within that I couldn't describe; this made me feel uncomfortable. Most times I would get into meditation and energy would move by my neck region. I was alarmed by this because I could not see what it was, and I could not control it either.

I always wondered why my neck would twist and turn, and even make my head nod. To be honest I was scared, simply because this was totally new to me. I had gotten used to referencing things from my 'spiritual teachers', but none of them had talked about this energy. It is about the same time that I decided that this was my individual path to follow. Only then did I relax and let go of trying to figure out everything; getting comfortable with the unknown!

These neck movements reduced to a bare minimum, and what remained was this energy that always aligned my back. Whenever I went into meditation with a slightly crouching back, my backbone would get straightened once I started focusing on my breath. I could feel and even hear the joints 'cracking' right from my hip bone upwards.

With time, I learned that I could 'call on to' my spiritual guides during meditation. So, I would invite them and just wait. All this time, there was a tingling sensation at the region between my eyes and on my palms. The sensation is subtle at first. One might dismiss it in the early stages; but with time, as one does this repeatedly, it gets easier to sense the energy.

This, as I thought then, and still believe, is like spiritual maturity. And so, it gets to a time when you can feel more of this energy by being aware of it.

And it got to a time that just holding my hands together made me aware of the energy moving through my body. A subtle energy that made my body wave like a flag, in a swaying manner. At first, I thought this was just the blood flow, but even then, nobody gets to feel their blood flow unless they have a cut. Something as easy as tilting my head to a certain angle made me tap into this energy. I did not necessarily have to be seating or closing my eyes. This really felt like an ever flowing current. I only tapped into it when I wanted.

Being in gratitude also put me in such a high vibration. Allow me to explain what I mean by this. Whenever I want to give thanks, of course, to the creator, I open my hands with palms facing up; then I close my eyes and begin mentioning the things that I am grateful for. This is what I consider as a prayer. Throughout this prayer I feel this energy settle over the palm of my hands, and at the same time run through my body, aligning all my joints.

To be honest, words are limiting in its description. This is such a soft, yet powerful energy that is irresistible. Most times I find myself laughing, then again crying uncontrollably, in total surrender to this energy. About those times that I feel appreciative for everything in life! I feel like my whole Being has been opened and is touching all the sacred points of life. Now, how do I explain this!

This energy makes me appreciative of everything I can think of in existence, especially in relation to my life. I have learned to be open to this energy and not fight it; it would be meaningless to do so. The only other time I feel this wave of energy flow through me, is when I am listening to some of my favourite music from. I often feel like the music is composing

in my cells. I am always in the music and it in me--in a state of bliss. My spiritual teacher, Lee-Kryon, would put it this way, "How does it feel like, finally getting the lyrics of a song you have been trying to get for a very long time?"

Without really knowing why, I started sleeping with my hands crossed over my chest. I would always feel the energy move through my body. The stronger the energy got, the more I drifted into sleep. At times I would wake up in the middle of the night to journal my dreams, and if I was in a sleeping position, then I would always feel this energy put me back to sleep. It was irresistible.

I observed this for a long time before concluding that sleep is also just energy. I was only too aware of it; an energy too soft yet quieting the whole body. In one episode brought forth by fear, I woke up in the middle of the night to sense a lot of energetic activity at the pituitary/pineal region. Out of ignorance, I closed my third eye chakra (as one lad had advised), but soon opened it after getting an assurance that I was protected and safe from harm's way.

The power of just being mindful or aware of one's breath should never be underestimated. We are usually so caught up in the busy side of life that we are completely unaware of our surrounding, most people that is. We are caught up in the game of physical survival. People only listen to the sound of their heartbeat when adrenalin has set in; this is in reaction to fear or rage. Everything has an energy imprint on it, even the words that we use every day, without knowing.

Just like anything else, one's relationship with energy or awareness of it grows with time. Further along this lane you begin to feel the energy of things, and people. You can feel a person's energy and decide whether to engage with them or pull out. You can even feel energy from devices, just because your hands are on them and your pineal and/or pituitary is working right. I may be talking with a tone of generalization,

but I beg to say that all this is from personal experience.

I have always believed that I am not any special. That anything I am experiencing can be experienced by anybody else. Okay, to be honest, in the beginning of all these changes, I thought I was one of the 'chosen ones.' But with time, I saw that I had put in some effort. Nothing just happened on its own. There might have been forces unseen, like energy, but my belief was needed. My practical effort was needed too. And just about anybody can give that form of investment. Is it scary or is it just a creation of your imagination?

Sometimes Chronicles

Sometimes you have a trail of thoughts playing in your mind, it is all so perfect, and we imagine how we could do something, or just how it could turn out; but in the end, they do not turn out as you imagined.

Sometimes you have dreams, the details get so clear, and when you wake up, you are so sure of what the message is. When you begin to become aware that you can remember your dreams, then you do not struggle to remember as much. The connection will be like that of nerves. This will start with you waking up at night, and recording the dream you just had; when it is still fresh.

One then realises that they do not just have one dream in a night, but several. When recording a dream, one realises the connection to another dream that was not recorded; one that was somehow forgotten. The only challenge is to begin to wake up; once done, then the rest will just flow.

Sometimes I walk and talk among people who are uniquely programmed, we project unto ourselves the difference in life and experience, and I suffer the consequence for being as I am. They pin me with questions, maybe wanting to learn, or maybe not. I mean, it is not necessarily true that those who ask, want to learn.

So, most times I sit and think to myself, "If they stopped asking the right questions, and begun asking the wrong ones, that I ask, they would be right where I am; then other people would be questioning them. There will come a time though, when whatever I imagine will come to pass; and they will surely have the wrong questions being asked to them, and they will give the right answers."

Sometimes you close your eyes, and instead of losing your vision, it becomes better. It even enhances, and a feeling is added on to it. Have you tried praying, or meditating with

your eyes open, then you try the same with your eyes closed? There is surely a very big difference between the two.

Sometimes the teacher becomes the greatest student, and the student, the greatest teacher. The student, then, does not need to stick with the teacher forever. When the lesson has been learned, he must break away, and do his own practice and experience. If no individual experience is involved, then the student has not learned, and will stick with the teacher longer.

Sometimes it is better to have teachers who do not know your name, and maybe, even you do not know their face. With this nature, the interaction would remain objective, and each party would achieve their desired goal; judgement would then be at a bare minimum. When the duration of learning is over, all that remains are the teachings, and the lessons.

Sometimes the loudest voices in our heads are the quietest words when spoken, and the quietest become the loudest when spoken. So, we choose carefully whatever thoughts we want to actualise, because all of them are potentiated. Just so you know, if you think it, it is not necessarily true.

Sometimes the quietest words, when spoken, elicit the loudest reaction; and sometimes the loudest words, when spoken, elicit the quietest of reactions.

Sometimes you must lose a footing to get the steps right. Sometimes you lose a friend to know the meaning of friendship. Sometimes you lose family to know what they meant to you. Sometimes you lose people who are meant to go, and never come back.

Sometimes you feel like you are God. You feel that you are powerful, the creator Himself; and yet sometimes, you feel like offering gratitude to the creator. You feel, and know that you are in service to this powerful energy.

Sometimes you want to fall to the ground and kiss her—

Mother earth, spread your hands so wide, and hug her; but sometimes all you want to do is sit down on the ground and be quiet.

Sometimes I feel so much energy moving through me, and it is all so amazing; at these times, I tell myself that I feel why people get dressed in sack cloth, and dedicate themselves to the creator. These are the times I know the meaning of consecration without looking it up in the dictionary.

Sometimes you feel like your eyes have been opened, and you see the connection to everything; yet, sometimes you feel like you are lost in this maze. No single step feels right, but you have to make the step anyway.

Sometimes you feel like your energy is so high and you want to stick to this energy all day long. You want to jump so high, say hello to everyone and wish them well. You can as well as 'go Namaste' on them all; but sometimes your energy is quite low, and all you want to do is be by yourself, and not talk to anyone at all.

Sometimes you feel like you want to talk, and spread the goodness that you have experienced. You go about showing people this good thing that you have experienced. You open up in sincerity and in service.

Sometimes you want to keep the goodness that you feel to yourself. You feel like opening your mouth could let this goodness escape, so you hold on and bathe in this energy.

Sometimes the thoughts are playful, and they make you happy. You observe, and wonder where all these characters have been hiding. You cannot help to the comedic character that is showing their skills.

Sometimes the thoughts are scattered, and they want to run everywhere. You observe, and it seems like a storm is brewing.

Sometimes my gaze falls on this beauty and serenity of mother nature, and she looks new; like I have never seen her

before. I let my eyes consume the vision, and boy isn't it sweet! The pictures are not necessary.

Sometimes, however, I look at nature and do not register all the beauty. I take my phone, and save the image for another day.

Sometimes I want to teach and guide others. I get the push to pass out information as much as I can, yet Sometimes all I want to do is learn. I stay quiet and nod my head, or just listen.

Sometimes I used to walk, and think of these 'sometimes'. Then, it was just a way to be creative, it was a dream. I thought I would call it 'Sometimes Chronicles', and so it is.

Sometimes I used to think that I had accomplished a lot in life, and that if I died, then nobody should cry. I would recite some lines, then conclude by saying something like, "If I die today let it be known that I love myself."

Sometimes I get carried away in talk; I think I am so passionate about what is coming through my mouth, and I let it go on for as long as is possible.

Sometimes I want to wear shoes, and yet sometimes I look at my feet and say to myself, "You need to breathe and be in contact with mother." Sometimes I do not want to wear plastic shoes at all. Sometimes I think big-soled shoes are increasing the distance between us and mother.

Sometimes the birds sing so beautifully. I fall in love with the melody, and all I want to do is sit, and listen to their singing. Sometimes I feel like I should work, and work, and work; and sometimes I feel like I should rest, and rest, and rest.

Gratitude: A Virtual Book Shelf

Gratitude to Drunvalo Melchizedek, author of both volumes of *The Ancient Secrets of the Flower of Life*. The content was so adventurous and practical. After reading these, sometimes I woke up at midnight, just to test which time the effect of meditation was strongest.

Jordan Duzch, also known as patch man, introduced me to other worlds through his *Spirit Science* material. The weirdest thing I had ever allowed myself to imagine.

The Game of Life and How to Play It' and *Your Word is Your Wand* by Florence Scovel Shin raised my eyebrows, but made me believe that I had the power to bring my desires to manifestation.

The Ra Contact by Ra (an Humble Messenger of the Law of One), Carla L. Rueckert, Don Elkins, and Jim McCarty reminded me of so much that I do not know.

Reading *Conversations with Nostradamus* by Dolores Cannon left me wiping tears from my eyes, as an after effect of laughing so hard.

Sitchin Zechariah's works on Sumerian cosmogony is enlightening and proves that Science only keeps rediscovering things.

The Secret by Rhonda Byrne is full of actionable items.

Although I brushed it off on our first meeting, fate brought us back together.

The Power of Now by Eckhart Tolle was another sign that I was on the right track in my spiritual development cycle.

The Celestine Prophecy by James Redfield got me experimenting on the energy that I was already experiencing.

The Wisdom of Vedanta by Swami Abhayananda reminded me that no amount of intellectual intelligence would drive one to Self- awareness

When I fell upon *Anastasia: The Ringing Cedar Series* by Vladimir Megre, I felt like the flame of my purpose had been refuelled once more. This one got me running back to my roots, both spiritual and physical.

My gratitude goes to all the other authors who I have not mentioned in this book. The list could go on and on. The knowledge lives on in my mind, and will be alive for eons, to be passed on to this and the next generation.