

Poetry Series

**Bamukunda Hillary**  
**- poems -**

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# Bamukunda Hillary(20-05-1994)

# April's Apple

April's Apple.

.  
April comes with an apple  
In its virgin days  
The seed sprouts so fast  
And behold she is begotten  
Fresh falling from a blessed branch  
This apple is an egret  
She flies away to bless the world  
Her eyes are a source of encouragement,  
Her finger nails are a reflection of success,  
Her face a mirror of bright future,  
Her smile just an optimism of happiness,  
Her size is like a heart down to earth,  
This apple and the egret define meticulous beauty,  
But April gives birth to beauty,  
Thus many glorify April

Bamukunda Hillary

# Boda Boda 2010

Boda Boda 2010

.  
Red faces  
Without any traces  
Committed cases  
Slayed with offences  
Trading human rights with pride  
People say,

.  
As they led their enemies to torture,  
Subjected children to stoning  
And abandoned transport for crime  
Blood is some thing they smeared  
And cries of brutality cemented their happiness.  
Since they had diplomatic authority  
People say,

.  
They dinned with kings  
And denied their kins.  
They run for riches  
And built their reins  
They are past redemption  
And they exist no more  
&quot;Siku za mwizi na arobaine &quot;  
People say.

.  
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# Christmas Eve

Christmas Witchcraft

.  
Christmas has robbed me.  
I can't find my money.  
My year's savings have been ruined,  
For the laughters of shopkeepers.  
I hear everyone is dying to spend.  
This witchcraft is real and tempting,  
That churches and shrines share the same epidemic.

.  
Christmas has taught me,  
The desire to impress my neighbor.  
I must be competitive.  
As if June wasn't slippery on my December journey.  
I must show the world my mighty,  
Celebrating the day as if there is no tomorrow.  
"Am the most successful this year",  
Christmas tells me.

.  
Christmas has really dictated.  
Indeed am sad,  
That I have to meet my meat appetite.  
The life of the lifeless!  
Sheep, chicken, goat and cows cry  
Of the ill fated Christmas day.  
As they perish prematurely,  
"Jesus is born that they may have life",  
Reverend's shout hilariously.

.  
Christmas has brought me home.  
I must be born with Christ.  
Fellow travelers were surprised  
At how home has changed over the past decades.  
They seemed to be lost on their way.  
Were they also following the star?  
But then why the doubled transport fare?  
I doubt that the any savior will be born.

.  
Christmas has exhilarated me,

Did all this happen when my mother was in labor?  
Did the people share the same madness?  
I see, I was born in God's image like him  
Ohhhh! I forget my mother was never a virgin  
As I wait for the new-year,  
Christmas says,  
"Be happy and jubilate, you are problems free. "

.

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# Donot Punctuate Me

Don't Punctuate Me.\*

.  
The roads are clumsy  
The heads are crazy  
If it be a festive season  
Let me be an addictive reason

.  
For those who see you,  
Let my shadow bind them farewell.  
For those who talk to you,  
Let my words cement the puzzle.

.  
I want you to take me as a whole,  
If i be that food,  
Eat me, flesh in bones in.  
If i be that novella,  
Don't punctuate me.  
Eat the words raw with no pitch of salt, no punctuation.

.  
But for those who discern me  
Those who duplicate my manifesto  
Those whose words and actions bite more  
Those whose words like icing sugar excite your ears,  
And their smiles weaken your heart,  
Don't mind their extinction,  
Punctuate them all,  
Just put them in a comma with double fullstops.  
Not even an exclamation or hypen will save their fate.

.  
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Bamukunda Hillary

# Eating Lies

Eating lies.

.  
The truth of the tongue was fed to the dogs  
They spread the romour.  
Till it seemed like sweetened comedy  
The truth of the tongue was unheard  
It was blown by air  
They took it as despair

.  
Indeed patience bled despair  
The tongue lies in lies  
The ears are for decoration  
What can legs do?  
Just move in pretence without pretext  
The eyes appreciate doom

.  
But the soul yearns for judgement  
Of lives that live once and destroy forever.

.  
As we loose conscience to the wolves  
We fight not to be part of the bitter memories of regret.

.  
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# Ekyeshongoro Kye Efakazi

Ekyeshongoro kye enfakazi

.  
Omushaija Oriya yaaba akiri ahagooma  
Arikutegyekyera omubugoomi  
Nobumurabumbatize entoomi  
Mukacwera ebikajya  
Mukecweera amapesha  
Mwaba nimukikunda sente  
Mwaba nimukishwemererwa ebyabusha  
Bakazi mwe!  
Timurasigaze bashaija

.  
Ninyereeba ahaangozi  
Nkuratirize amisho gagye  
Ahari tata wa abaaana  
Akwaitse nareekura  
Naroonda oburiganinza  
Obwe bariyo nibamwinanza  
Nayisya ogwahamuheru  
Akwaitse ebedeere yeihanga

.  
Tinyine arampugure  
Omubworo bwa akalande  
Hariho omukazi atukibisibwaho sente?  
Abashaija mubareeke bagyende  
Baffe bakulonda obusigye obutarimu bworo  
Nobuturabe enfakazi  
Abaana beitu nibakuramya beishebo..

.  
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# Fall Of Man

\*Fall Of Man\*

.  
She got me fom a scratch  
Feeding me with words of starch  
She raised me with a touch  
In an environment of a mis-match  
In her heart i owned branches,  
Mansions, hospitals and ranches

.  
She found me a pauper  
Infact a disillusioned peasant like a leaper  
With an open heart wrapped with care  
She unpacked her feelings with a smile so rare  
And to the unworthy me,  
She made me a home in her life.  
Till a ring tied our bond together

.  
I have overstayed my leave  
Why did she revive my capsized beauty?  
Yes she made a man worthy attraction.  
Witha gift of children i call my own  
And the body muscular to admire  
With a fat bank account for us.

.  
As Time flies,  
she nolonger has that touch of fury,  
My eyes have seen alot of sheep  
And as a sympathetic Shepherd i traverse,  
In all new fields to quench my thirst  
Her heart gets injured, broken and blistered  
With this she looks at the ring with desperation  
And to her, all men ride in the same boat  
A boat that sails capsized to no destination.

.  
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# Fare Tale

Fairly tale

.  
Unable to hold her eyes  
She saw me  
Her prayers answered  
Her heart moved  
And conscience shaken  
That pure shy hearts of men  
Still lived in the 21st century.

.  
Her brain couldn't hold her hands,  
She touched me.  
Are you human?  
Where have you lived?  
Why haven't you tasted the world?  
Can I be part of your fears?  
She pleaded,  
Give me your eyes,  
As I tried to read her thoughts.

.  
She twisted the gospels  
Trying to show me her dimples  
My heart she buttered  
My honey she muttered  
But did I really matter?  
I saw her bother  
Retelling my story.

.  
How could i really convert?  
From mere words and excitement!  
Moreover words from red dripping mandibles.  
I stepped back crawling  
With excuses of mummy will punish me  
Am still a mummy's boy.

.  
She looked on  
Not knowing whether to curse  
Or invoke her spirits  
But my smile was already in a distance

As she thought it a fairly tale  
Never to be retold.

.

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# Four Lettered Bracelet

Four Lettered Bracelet

For four years I have felt  
For four letters in futility.  
For four years I have yearned  
For four letters in vain.

Now comes yesterday with flavor  
And finally I manage to get a favor.  
Having the four letters with me,  
Holding and having my slumber so early.  
Probably it came at the right time,  
A time to breath new life based on four letters.

The rumour turns true,  
The suspicion ends so well,  
Because, Because,  
For four years, I have not failed.  
I have atleast died for a reason.  
Waiting to resurrect soon  
In the embrace of the four-letters.

Many have thought it over  
It's neither love and nor is it hope  
But a four lettered name  
Embedded in a bracelet  
That I want to keep forever  
Till it can exist no more....

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# Fractured Soul

Fractured Soul

.  
We have had a taste of time,  
I don't recall when I first saw you,  
Fortunately you became part of me.  
You graced my babyish eyes,  
Your scent was delicious,  
The voice was tempting,  
Upon your touch,  
We tasted our innocence,  
And our virginity was purified true,  
Thus we helplessly fell in love.

.  
We have come thus far,  
Witnessing the 21st century in an embrace,  
Wondering in the sophisticated entrenchment,  
Withstanding the shadows of divorce,  
Willing concubines ready to take me up,  
Waxing their mandibles to get my eyes water,  
Withered I have not, I have cemented my love for you.

.  
Our bond has been fateful,  
How could i have loved you in this NRA era?  
I have breathed enough tear gas,  
You talked about paper spray, right,  
I thought we would shout more,  
I remember your zeal,  
Your steelness was still,  
We have endured for long,  
But why now?  
Why the still birth?

.  
I remember your straka madness,  
I thought my kid would see Bikukuju on where quality would matter,  
That blue ribbon advert,  
As I take my Rock boom Golola style,  
I pray tulotulo takes whoever brought the hyped tax,  
Couldn't my love be bailed out in this bailfree desert?  
You are gone but not forgotten,

WBS indeed where quality mattered,  
Our love we shall always give to you.

.

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# Good Bye General

Good Bye The Most Loved

.  
Farewell four star General  
For you, we had police  
Flourishing in the humane policy  
Found of the romantic button charge  
Filled with sympathetic looks.

.  
Endangered were species of humanity  
Those who embraced your boys on night patrol  
The uniformed boy banks you trained  
The traffic turned mechanic police men  
Diagnosing diseased tyres and not serious engines  
As they get their hands greased with papers

.  
The bush war General without Militarism  
Except juicy community policing  
Attracting millions of crime preventors  
And employing various yellow bodaboda men  
With I hear certifying NRM cadreship

.  
Opposition was something forgotten  
With the failed walk to work, unpopular activism  
And all the foiled city demonstrations  
Your name always held the banner high  
With the aid of order management act  
You held your law course high to action  
From Wembley to kiboko squad and then beautification of Nalufenya gardens  
The police was an institution to reckon with

.  
The time is now  
And the general bids farewell  
At the time when natural death has multiplied  
And women seem to benefit most from the earth's fate  
With a few muslim sheikhs and government officials.  
The pangas tearing flesh as new artifacts in masaka  
And Native comrades shot with porpcons during daytime  
Why now of all times?

.

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# Hearts Dont Break

Hearts Don't Break.

(Bamu Sonnet)

.  
Hearts that eat on love  
Hearts that feed on care  
Those that thrive on free will  
Those that miss each other while together  
These hearts that I admire  
These hearts that I dream  
Such hearts don't break  
Such hearts don't brake  
They grow to blend  
They blow to grade  
As patiece leads the way  
As trust completes the meal  
Souls live with each other  
So that hearts can't break.

.  
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# Hello To Feminists

\*Hello To Feminists\*

.  
Standing with life realists  
I dare the feminists  
To cut short the agenda  
Of prescribed equal gender  
And swallow the pride pill  
Of women status elevation bills

.  
Your loud voices have penetrated walls  
And your pleas have been honoured overseas  
With million countries changing constitutions  
All to suit your cause.  
Is that equality or sympathy?

.  
But tell me,  
With various women groups flooding the streets, villages and slums  
What has flourished?  
You continue to sit home and mother  
For a few who work  
You continue to refer to yourselves as women  
Culturally submissive  
Biblically a companion  
And to the society fragile  
....

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# How I Loved You

How I Loved You.

.  
I fell in ditches of your eye roll  
My leg got bruised at sight of your high heel  
With a smile like colours on a sweet roll  
I knew it was my time to heal

.  
I then begun my dream,  
How could i come close?  
Your bamboo like hair chased away the flies,  
The bamboo buttocks pushed the skirt far east,  
and the bamboo breasts waved the blouse far west,  
And the bamboo legs!  
Was it meat pie, hot dogs or large pizza?  
May be they were offside.

.  
The hips didnt seem to lie,  
But how could i know the truth?  
I looked at the ebony thighs  
And thought of our would be sighs  
The world seemed a festival  
And we were the music.

.  
In your world, i got lost  
In my world, i got lost  
It wasnt a treatable crush  
But a juicy lust that would last.

.  
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# I Promised You A Poem

I PROMISED YOU A POEM.

.  
I promised you a poem not a song  
Of words smeared not with wit  
But pun that fumes of your name  
With the lyrics that goes with your voice

.  
I promised you a poem not a folk tale  
Embedded with tatoos that depict you  
And colours that reflects your smile  
Paintings that assumes your beauty  
And words that reclaim your scent.

.  
This is what i promised  
A poem not Noel  
With commas that will stop you,  
An exclamation at your beauty,  
A hypen for a handshake  
An apostrophe for a hug  
Brackets for the embrace  
And quotations for what we share  
That way the promise will compromised  
Me and you shall be that poem

.  
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# I Want A Free Menstrual Pad

I want a free menstrual pad

.

Yes, a free menstrual pad.

Not a free condom to my dad.

Or the free injectaplan

And dozen of free pills to depopulate my clan.

.

Is it because am a teen?

Why do you take me for a tin?

Do I need to make noise first?

OK, can I please have a free pad fast?

.

I hear shouts of salary increment

Taxation has now befriended everything

Operation wealth creation here

Operation safe sex equipments there

Free education is a hope forgotten

Women emancipation hit a dead end

Why sensitise me about abortion?

When I can live without the unwanted pregnancy.

.

When I see my grandfather in a queue for free circumucision

I laugh at my president

Who insists a cloth or an old sweater feels better

Whenever I travel to the moon without a visa

Why can't they understand?

That it happens even when i wouldn't fancy it.

As I walk on this road not taken

I will shout in silence

That a free pad is better than a free contraceptive

That a free pad is millions nice than free and fair election

May be then I will be a proud girl.

.

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# Learn To Say No

Learn to say No

.

Don't cry,

Let me fly.

You were foolish

For me to turnish.

Why did you accept my lie?

Moreover in my bed to lie?

.

Don't cry

Let me apply

To leave you in peace

At your designed pace

With your heart so touchy

And your body so switchy

.

Its time to say bye

As I will always pass by

The once designated flower

That I now cower

Till she learns to say No

For life she then know.

.

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# Lost Valentine

Lost Valentine

.  
The new day is ahead  
Hearts have been washed clean  
Souls have been purified  
Pretence though expensive  
Many have managed to buy a kilogram  
For it needs a redefined and redressed being

.  
Many haven't prioritised  
Instead they have strategised  
How love will be portioned  
How desires will be separated  
How the weary souls will be unsatisfied  
In the Tick tack time available  
Accompanied by sweet excuses

.  
Eye balls will roll over Eye lids  
With honeyed lips dripping blood like water  
High heels will wheel down high steps  
Deceitful eyes will stare at one another  
As if they will want to whisper, .  
&quot;Am late for my next round table&quot;

.  
On the ill fated day  
Some hearts await twisted brakes and breaks  
Some will have the day to prove impossibilities  
As many will aspire to have the day revoked  
Before they are cursed of dishonesty

.  
As the day knocks tomorrow  
I see them clearly disguised  
Aspiring to dress up in black, red and blue  
To swallow whatever comes their way  
The day seems lost along its way  
Will any of them lure me?  
Who will paint my heart then that day?  
Who will be my Valentine?

.

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# My Role Model

My Role model

.  
On the burnt potato lies her sweat  
And on empty stomach  
She serves you with a smile  
She genuinely sees you swallow  
And her satisfaction boils  
.   
She cuts her Christmas gomesi  
To cover punches on your casual shirt.  
Your school bag is made of her new dress  
And your pocket money, her yearly savings  
Your school fees, a loan from various banks  
.   
Her knees are hard as crocodile skin  
Ever worshipping the man like god husband  
Who intends to give away their daughter  
In exchange of a sack of potatoes  
Her back already bent by daily digging  
And she is pregnant for her 16th child.  
.   
For her later years,  
She sits besides the road  
Begging for droplets of waters and grain  
As she ages to die  
She remembers the world that remembers her not  
Useless beggar numerous grandchildren  
Perhaps her death is late.

.  
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# Oh Uganda

OH UGANDA!

.  
Because I Come From The North.  
Am born a hustler  
Infact a cattle rustler  
And I make perfect askari  
Many comrades say.  
Is it part of my DNA?  
Aren't I a fellow country man?

.  
Because I come from the north,  
Am appetizing to the viral diseases.  
A specimen to imported Cuban doctors.  
As if am prone to immunization,  
Free mosquito nets and sensitization.  
Hunger my best friend,  
I hear because am a nomadic pastoralist.

.  
Because I come from the north  
Am a sweet target to all NGO's,  
Those monetary calabashes that have enriched the south,  
Employed thieves and the brown skinned comrades.  
My Bantu friend says,  
&quot;Sustain the war sustain the north &quot;  
&quot;sustain poverty sustain the north&quot;  
&quot;Sustain famine sustain the north&quot;  
&quot;Sustain diseases sustain the north'  
&quot;Sustain the north sustain NGO's sustain riches&quot;

.  
Because I come from the north.  
Am called all sorts of names.  
The best being a cannibal.  
Yes I come from the north,  
Am dark skinned and black.  
Am a human not a war victim.  
A comrade and fellow countryman.  
I deserve to be called Ugandan.

.  
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# Our World Of Elders - For Freshkid Ug

Our World Of Elders

.  
Just like a flowering bud,  
You are now a flying bird.  
With wings of lucks,  
And a new wagon of flocks,  
With wangs of tongues,  
Your talent trills the trolls,  
And your word rewards are upwards.

.  
No excitement without discernment  
Welcome to the our world encampment  
Expect more judges than nurses  
Expect more examiners than teachers  
We live with more critics than editors  
For we like to shine where there is light.  
That's our world.

.  
Our world of elders  
Is that of romantic malice  
Spiced with jealousy  
Filled with fried lies  
It's a survival for the cleverest  
I with deceptive smiles  
And unmasked propaganda.

.  
You may be a fresh lily  
We shall drain the water around thee  
Your voice might be dream  
But who day dreams?  
We shall light your nights,  
We know not of others success  
We know yes of our climbing ladders  
Ours is a religion of no saints  
Just get used to be an elder  
Not fresh kid or fresh young  
That way you will fit in our world

.



# Press Freedom

Press Freedom.

.  
Dear son,  
When your sister died  
On live television coverage  
As she interviewed the suicide bomber  
She got her freedom  
That was her journalistic destination  
To inform us with unedited raw news.  
I was proud

.  
But son,  
You were inspired  
You walked in her feet  
With different face but same badge  
All news are advertised  
No kintu kidogo No publications  
Personalities have excelled only in press  
At the mercy of your corruptmaniac hands.  
Some news has died in incubation,  
As you have treated some information to scrutiny?  
Who then knows the truth?

.  
My beloved son,  
You have dated banks,  
And character assassinated everything.  
Not even public institutions have failed on your venom.  
From glaring grace to grumbling grass.  
Great people have fallen,  
Developing nations have collapsed,  
On stories with honey smeared lies  
And fire catching breaking news.  
And you shout press freedom?

.  
My much needed son,  
As you shout blames on social media and dark bloggers.  
As you cry of limited police care and comfort.  
As you cripple judiciary for admirable press rights.  
Why can't you drop partisan journalism?

My son,  
You work in the society of the people.  
What happened to the press of the people?  
Like DJ's and music industry,  
We all can't be friends of benefits.  
Let the press run free  
Be free and press loyal  
Your sister will be proud of you.  
You too will finally be free

.

.By

BAMUKUNDA HILLARY

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## Song Of A Bachelor 2

Song Of A Bachelor (2)

.  
When will you marry?  
He answers that daily.  
And he has been immune  
To the monologue.  
The world seems to mind alot.  
It wishes him well.

.  
He hears stories of child bearing  
Coupled with enriching daddy titles  
He looks on exasperated  
With only his bluetooth speaker to hold on

.  
He is disgruntled with his pocket change  
And the kameza lovestory weighs him down  
Even when he doesnt own any  
Worry has taken over his face  
And fear lives in his heart.

.  
Kikomando has taken over his taste.  
And beer a substitute of the reckless argument  
Like UNBS he checks for quality and standards  
He nolonger seeks for a life companion  
But specimen for trivial titre values  
That way he achieves his generation goals.  
With a song of might  
A song of a retarded bachelor.

.  
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# Song Of The Virgin

Song Of The Virgin

.  
When you meet me,  
Don't hug mi.  
When u accidentally hug me,  
Don't kiss me.  
If by fate you kiss me,  
Spare me the romance.  
Should romance take it's course stubbornly,  
Please, please don't dare the devil.

.  
My body is the temple of the lord.  
My mum told me am not ready.  
My friends told me it hurts.  
Didn't the priest say we carry Jesus in our bodies?  
Hahaha, hope you won't disturb him.  
This time my spirits will raise up,  
I will shout, No, to the unknown madness.

.  
I hear you are attractively seductive,  
That your words smell of ankole honey,  
That the touch of your hands can even evoke spirits,  
Are your eyes a pair of romantic lens?  
Can you really take me to heaven alive llike you said?  
I don't fear to go to dare a living miracle,  
But I haven't had any testimony.  
Let me praise the devil I know,  
Than the angel I don't know.

.  
.  
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Bamukunda Hillary

# Sonnet 1

Hearts Don't Break.

(Bamu Sonnet)

.  
Hearts that eat on love  
Hearts that feed on care  
Those that thrive on free will  
Those that miss each other while together  
These hearts that I admire  
These hearts that I dream  
Such hearts don't break  
Such hearts don't brake  
They grow to blend  
They blow to grade  
As patiece leads the way  
As trust completes the meal  
Souls live with each other  
So that hearts can't break.

.  
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# The Fallen Love

The Fallen love

.

Treasuring the past  
With haunting memories  
Disguised with all the good that happened  
We tend return our love to graves  
Those that discredited us  
Those that finally could not find honey in us

.

We tiptoe to these sculptors  
The once treasurable gods and goddesses  
The diamond hearted creatures  
In expectations of the sweet past moments  
To rekindle and reshare the darling feelings  
True love is the flag we raise high  
Willing to be heart martyred  
We don't give up.

.

Like choir, we sing as they clap  
We get it all  
All that we had missed for awhile  
The hopes are high  
We begin to promise heavens  
Its like breathing new life  
Like born agains, we are different beings  
More determined to outlive the future

.

When love falls, it takes all  
The dark past woes return,  
The sweetness is short lived  
Because we didn't change  
Our character remained  
The personality lives on  
Same person same perception  
The empire falls again  
We became Ex's again  
Waiting on the generation to resurrect us.

.....

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# Till We Win

TILL WE WIN.

.

We run races  
We compete  
We strategize  
We focus  
We see beyond  
We fail to win

.

We fight  
We wrestle  
We walk  
We swim  
We die  
We fail to decompose

.

We crawl  
We quarrel  
We hit the start  
We feign  
We dance  
We get crippled  
We hit the dead end  
With great spirits  
We rumble on.  
Till we win

Bamukunda Hillary

# Ungifted Souls

## UNGIFTED SOULS

.  
We dream  
We desire  
We defy odds  
We fight on  
We still fail to conquer  
.  
We fail to live a life of luck  
Strong spirits break  
Good will seems to brake  
Despair takes home of our hearts  
With our hopes crushed  
We eat on a disillusioned earth  
Blaming non existent ancestors.  
.  
Life has never been fair  
And it doesnt plan to be so  
Many have perished at so  
With jaws broken  
Hearts not only broken  
But cooked and fed to the dogs  
.  
Its a seleftish world  
Caring for those who are better  
Those who who think have it  
Those who are times favoured  
Those are position blessed  
Whose pride doesnt know vanity  
And thus the gifted souls.  
.

Bamukunda Hillary

# Us Against The World

US AGAINST THE WORLD.

.  
In the dawn filled with mist and fog  
We have opened our eyes in twist and turns  
Our arms have somehow tapped each other  
With rolling eyes  
The brains have collided  
To create our world of fame.

.  
In that glass you shine  
With blessings like rain  
And the sparkling attire  
Attracts not only strangers but gods.  
Its a tag of war that i fight not,  
Because like a king, you still pick me.

.  
We are the angry beasts yearning for bondage  
We trek, trap and trample on each other  
Everytime our sounds awaken our hearts  
With alarms to renew our faith and promises  
That we shall genuinely die and arise together  
During our journey of no return  
But fresh re-run.

.  
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Bamukunda Hillary

# When Hearts Hate

When Hurt Hearts Hate

.  
When lips leap,  
And tongues trap,  
The world is left to laugh,  
As loved ones are left in trough,  
What then can hands do?  
May be write blankly.

.  
When we turn emotionless,  
That we became hateless,  
The desires dwell upon the minds,  
And they are left to settle in the reeds,  
And the mouth that cannot talk,  
But shout silently.

.  
When we strategically giggle,  
In order for a chance to tickle,  
In a space of an eye's twinkle,  
Christians turn for the bible,  
In search of Love chronicle,  
Orchestrating the eyes,  
To read blindly.

.  
When we stage the drama,  
To escape the desired trauma,  
Our hearts we leave in comma,  
Never to listen to the murmur.  
Being in love in a rumour,  
Trekking our fruitful legs  
To the journey of no return,  
Where first love recovers at death  
And subsequent pretence lives for ages,  
Only to be hurt by memories  
Of the bare feet that was disappointed by the earth's rocks.

.  
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# Why I Must Die

\*Why I must die? \*

.  
Because am a nodder  
Whose head must squander  
With the shake shake dance  
Am left in a trance

.  
If salary is immunisable?  
And operation wealth creation dependable?  
If the constitution can be amended?  
And crime preventors promoted?  
I hear they are army substitutes.  
Tell me nodding disease is bearable?

.  
I hear I must die  
Because am a nodder  
An entertainer whose head excites ministers  
and members of Parliament  
I represent better memories  
How I wish I was their relative?  
Funeral services would bury me  
That's what they can afford  
Entertainment Vs Entertainment

.  
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My Role model

.  
On the burnt potato lies her sweat  
And on empty smotach  
She serves you with a smile  
She genuinely sees you swallow  
And her satisfaction boils  
.   
She cuts her Christmas gomesi  
To cover punches on your casual shirt.  
Your school bag is made of her new dress  
And your pocket money, her yearly savings  
Your school fees, a loan from various banks  
.   
Her knees are hard as crocodile skin  
Ever worshiping the man like god husband  
Who intends to give a way their daughter  
Inexchange of a sack of potatoes  
Her back already bent by daily digging  
And she is pregnant for her 16th child.  
.   
For her later years,  
She sits besides the road  
Begging for droplets of waters and grain  
As she ages to die  
She remembers the world that remembers her not  
Useless beggar numerous grandchildren  
Perhaps her death is late.  
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