

Poetry Series

**derick murunga**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2010

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

derick murunga()

# Finality

I was so shy,  
when i looked at the sky  
the beauty of the scattered clouds  
that spread the heavens apart  
made me remember that part  
of elegance and splendour  
that aroused my affection

I was unable to hold back  
as i made my words right  
inorder to approach you bright one  
i counted days ahead  
with illusions and fantasies  
which i was ready to fullfill  
but you wouldnt let me

If only that day was here  
and i could visualise you  
and scan through your behaviours  
one more time  
that i may know if you are the one  
my heart has been waiting for  
then i will shed no more tears  
and i wouldnt counter any heartbreak

I know i will not lose you  
you are my lifetime patner  
that christ has set for me  
so that we may work together  
in His kingdom  
my eyes are eager and my heart awaits  
to flash out my ribs for you  
i know that someday i will know you.

derick murunga

# Stregnth Of The Weak!

To the one and only  
the only one that understands the hearts of men  
to Jesus the king over all nature  
when nights grow cold and the heart bleeds  
and you toss your body on bed without sleep  
and the sleeping room gets bigger  
when the night seems long to dawn  
and the end of the tunnel seems dark  
when death seems to be the better option  
and no helping hand is seen  
a time when those you ruled look down on you  
when no woman seems to take your name  
and doesnt want to be seen with you  
a time when you are stuck in the sea  
and drowning in the vicinity of life rescuers  
a time when no one seems to understand you  
when you love and no one reciprocates  
and there is no love left for you  
when take up something  
and then it slips by your fingers  
when fear grips you by night  
and leaves your soul folorn  
this is the time you are strong  
a time when no one can measure you  
remember that the battle is not for the strong  
nor the race for the swift  
but unto those who look to Jesus.

derick murunga

# The Aftermath

she lives where boredom rules,  
in darkness and blues  
she warms herself by the fire at night  
and walks in the jungle by day.  
every life was away,  
only death ruled,  
if only she she had wings of a dove  
then she would fly away and dive  
to meet those she thought were alive  
sobbing and solving riddles was her work  
life had wooven such a future  
of only hill and anthills of the dead  
both close and across.  
Now she knows,  
there is a solution,  
yes, there is Jesus,  
one greater than death,  
she then sits back and watches the sun set.

derick murunga

# The Enemy

Now i know,  
that a good friend is an enemy in waiting,  
i even prefer the bullets of an enemy,  
i have really been done,  
they came in humility, but have left in pride,  
i have been robbed of, and left without,  
no more reason for me to smile,  
soon i will get to my feet,  
and they shall be ashamed,  
because Christ has done it for me

derick murunga

# The Gone Affection.

On this day i took you,  
i made you the apple of my eye,  
lovely you were, made me cherish you,  
by convictions and mercy i brought you,  
you were the best i could love,  
yet youve forgotten too soon.

I held you by the arm,  
and stalked you slowly down the isle,  
that delivered you from solitude island,  
i washed you and watched over you  
and my hand was upon you,  
you never attracted me in any way,  
yet youve forgotten too soon.

The beauty of your eye strike  
like the suns radiant paw.  
It reflects with splendour and glory,  
that no man can look you direct in the eye,  
youve become the talk of the town,  
and the walk of the tongue,  
yet youve forgotten too soon.

Tears in my eyes are yet to dry  
the fire in my heart is yet to die  
the arms of your love have broken me  
and my bones are yet to be fixed  
i thought you would consider repenting,  
but you still burn the fingers that fed you,  
thus, youve forgotten too soon.

I hate the bright evening horizon,  
it reminds me of the colour that you love,  
and what you made as a vow.  
you were harmless as a dove  
before the day you came to the limelight  
the humility in you couldnt strike a fly,  
now you are so fly,  
yet youve forgotten so soon.

I set my hands open  
to leave nothing in me broken  
you are just but a dropp in the sea  
am gone, not to be seen  
because i have completed my scene,  
to the almighty christ i rest my sins

derick murunga

# The Swahili Writer

My name is David mwandishi,  
am a writer by professsion,  
i have a dog called mbwa,  
and a cat called wakati,  
now, mbwa hates wakati,  
he thinks i love wakati more than him  
only because i stay with him in the house  
while he sleeps out in the cold,  
this made me angry,  
recently i called property valuers,  
to my surprise they said am a millionaire,  
they said mbwa costs \$90million,  
while wakati costs \$150million,  
am still contemplating who to sell  
this is because am tired of the false and fights  
and am also in need of money,  
mmmh, am still contemplating who to sell.

derick murunga