

Poetry Series

Elias Nganga
- poems -

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Elias Nganga(14th February 1989)

Elias Nganga is a Kenyan national, born in (1989) .He is a lover of literature, a scholar and poet from Mount Kenya University. currently teaching English and specialized in tragic comedies literature and aesthetics holds believe that poetry can be used in contemporary aspects of life like conflict resolution, dialogue, entertainment and as a vessel of vital inspiration drawn from earlier renowned poets Angelou, Clau dede mckay, Okot pbitek, bretcht, Tupac Shakur among is currently teaching at Nyamangara Secondary Thika.

Any Way, Any How

Any way, any how

I have no eye for the best
locomotive brand.
I heard it drives faster
Gets you to destinations
you've never been before.
Philosophers claim,
its a measure
Of who runs the world around.

Neither can I die
For precious fortune hectares
To reign over and determine
My blind country's pride.
Political assasins envy
every country's fortune.
To them, its a must be.

But I'm highly interested
With what my eyes beheld gladly
I was fixated on a late night shift
woman.
My conversation with self
Gave me a warrant
To be with her
Any way, Any how.

Elias Nganga

Away To Fortune

Away to fortune

They welcomed him with laughter
Took his luggage
Gave him a cold mysterious drink
and showed him around the house
Before seizing his visa

Next day was not a bright dawn
He stammered around
like a lost sheep
Buffling and clinging onto utensils
Cleaning towels
They smacked at him
He washed their greased beddings
Siblings and the elderly
This was such a big family
He did unimaginable laundry
He wanted to cry out
But his skin betrayed him
He remembered home., too many miles away.

They were malicious
He didn't speak their language
He starved., but junk was plenty
He stared at them, to do dishes afterwards
His mind whispered 'slave'
He escaped at night
And became a foreign state property.

Elias Nganga

Beautiful Again

Beautiful Again

There is a beauty
Cream lotion that
Gives you everlasting
beauty.
Flawless and tender
phenomenal and geniously soft.
You can't find
in many top class
Beauty shops.

There is a drink
so fulfilling than
sophisticated wines.
wipes all your
insecurities.
And does not get
good with age.
But only proves to ever
be the same.

There is some food
we all need
To never hunger again
For the renewal of our
Hearts.
To never perish
in this wallowing world
Of tremble and iniquity.

A world of
villain ingenious giants
Surrounded by forsaken needy
ants.
A world that knows

no good.
But thrives in
misery.
All we need to do,
is ask
We surely shall receive.

Elias Nganga

Do Good

Do Good

Do good by all means you can
To all people you can
For every reason you can
With all opportunities you get
At all times you can
With a good heart you can
And if you can't do no good at all
At least don't do anything
To hurt
Anybody.

Elias Nganga

Essence

Essence

what's the essence of life?
Is it to be born
create wealth
Do exploits.
Build and discover wonder machines?
Transform the world to hitech
For humans satisfaction.

what's the essence of life
There must be more to this
something noble
Every day is not another day
There must be a treasure somewhere
in your name, in your being
in your existence, .somewhere!

what's the essence of life
There must be some noble job
for Gods creation
Some response
Some appointment
Something!

what's the essence of life
if not to heal the world
To bring life
To love, to cherish
but above all to share
The Redeemers message
Of our beloved Father
Glorious God, and
Jesus Christ, saviour
For there is no essence of life
If life is not redeemed
by the creator

from eternal demnation.

Elias Nganga

Grace

Grace

I am perplexed beyond measure
At the mercy
and the love of my father

For there is no amount
of wealth and goodwill
that would make me favourable
Before his eyes.
Men of influence and power
couldn't secure favour

But, He allows me to be
And shines my way
When I don't deserve
I don't wanna grow weak
and short of prayers.

My mouth explodes with
Gratitude's
For the good I have no control over.
And I remain perplexed
Perplexed to my wits.

Elias Nganga

Hail To Thee

Hail to thee

In a country like this
the employer
the employee
and the job seeker
All need mercy.
they all want
they all cry..
the loudest.

Because low and behold
they all are the same.
And none is better
in this country
the bigger you are
the better you cry
and the needy you are
the swiftly you die
waiting for justice
Because the employer
trusted his wealth
the employees
trusted the status quo
the needy looked upon fellow men.
Their weakness being their worry about life
what to eat., what to come around
But in God, if we trust and obey
the employers essentials don't matter
the employees aren't better
and the job seeker can't even begin to imagine
What God has for him.

Elias Nganga

He Is Rich

He is rich

I don't like his tummy
His skin sagging away
And I hold him close
I don't want to be seen in public
We better meet up under the sea
where I could bear all this
But he is rich!

He's lost most teeth
But that's besides the point
He is rich!

I got a small problem
with my ego.
All this looks bad
I know am filthy
But, .he's rich.

I set into his command
I know I can find myself
I can rise up.
I'm selfish.., and am hurting myself
Crazy how wrong I could get
On account of money.
Despite he's rich.

Elias Nganga

If I Have To Live

If I have to live

If I have to live,
It has to be worthy
If I have to accomplish enamours greatness
so everyone looks up to me
To hail me, to adore, envy and liken me to the highest mountains
Then my person must be devoid of life

If I have to work, work my brains out
Tear my flesh apart
For the loyalty, dedication to office and man
And lack time to love, for humanity and creator
If I have to cry, stormy and raining tears for the wrong I do to my person
Then my person must be devoid of life

If I have to misuse authority over juniors and brag
If I have to be overjoyed and shout to the bank
To cash the fruits of my 'labour '
If I have to become blind and deaf, over others well-being and lives
And encroach the world, as though it was willfully mine
Then my person, must be devoid of life

If I have to forget
Those who toiled to make my day
And the thorny leaves I stepped
If I have to blaspheme, the plate from which I take
And disown morality and love, for hate and greed
If I have to be too big, to ever fit in my crib
Then my person, must be devoid of life.

Elias Nganga

I'm A Christian

I'm a Christian

I was lost, lost in shackles
I was hopeless, hopeless in a struggle
I was a big mistake, mistaken for wrath
Now am found, found by unfailing love
I'm a Christian, Christ made it so

I was a sinner, sinner to death
I was worthless, worthless in depth
I was a torn slave, slave to iniquity
Now am found, found by His mercy
I'm a Christian, Christ made it so

I was a beast, beast of jeopardy
I was a consequence, consequence of felony
I was a total rage, rage of fury
Now am found, found by His blood
I'm a Christian, Christ made it so

I was an orphan, orphaned by fear
I was a victim, victimized by nature
I was a prisoner, imprisoned without trial
Now am found, found by His grace
I'm a Christian, Christ made it so.

Elias Nganga

Inside Ward 10

Inside ward 10

I'm a little David
And this disease
Is a mighty Goliath.
But am breathless
weak and stiff.
But there is a God
who is powerful beyond scale
and in Him,
I will scratch and sniff
Fight and fist it.
I will touch the hem
of my healing.

Elias Nganga

Life

life

like a roller coaster, rolling in circles
A speed skater, skidding swiftly down the deeps
Taking you around, from top to bottom
From the finish line to the starting mark
Precious beyond Gold, yet most disputably abandoned
Life takes you in circles, rest you give in

Trials and tribulations, try to become
triumphant upon us
Disease and deceit, defeats and wears us down
Money, might and pride makes people count
Hatred hits brothers, jealousy becomes fashionable
Love lives far away, in the thorny mountains
Life takes you in circles, rest you give in

In a split impulse, there is a vacuum
Honesty hosts faithfulness in the far oceans
Unconscious search for fortunes, displaces humanity
The patience cheque can't be cashed
life is now a vigorous vanity of Search, search for all what left us
Life takes you in circles, rest you give in.

Elias Nganga

Little Things

little things

A glass of wine, on a mountain top
a slender touch of conformation
a smile back at a gesture
a message, 'I think about you'
It's the little things that matter

A tap on your shoulder, 'hold on'
A blink of an eye, 'appreciation'
A laughter out of humor
A flower to spice that jewel
it's the little things that matter

A walk of fresh air
A greeting, 'how you doing'
A jacket, 'it's getting cold'
A piece of advice, 'it's all I have'
it's the little things that matter.

Elias Nganga

Mr. President

Mr. President

I swear!
you are the president.
when the kingdom comes
And stamps your authority
on the ballot,
you dont need to open your eyes
You are the president

The people have had their say
But that dont count
i shoved it beneath the table
and bought the commissioner handsomely
i pushed the lobbying squatters
into shelters, .they had to prescribe to your
supremacy Sir.
you are the president

I had a difficult time
playing down your murder charges
dismissing them as stale
i need more liberty to bail
Your judge off your neck.
with a cup of coffee, Sir, .
by all means
you are the president.

Every mountain
has been made low.
believe me your Highness.
if need be, on a gunpoint,
the commissioner must adopt
to the weather of a new,
Mr. Honorable President.

Elias Nganga

r

r

Excuse me,
Mr. waiter,
i have been siting on this chair for too long
waiting on my menu.
Pardon me, i couldn't help but realise
You very well served and Dickens
once they got here
after me.
Is there no goodwill,
in this honorable restaurant?

Old man trumpet!
you are excused.
i saw your poor self
sitting on that corner
And i served my well deserved guests.
They run this place
this isnt your neighborhood cafe!
and im not r
once i get a promotion
on hygienics and dietaries.
On the subject of your menu,
Kindly figure it out around town.

Son, come down your high horse
you became so blind on where you came from
Good to see you.
I know am in an executive joint.
i feel it.
weather tastes so different and fresh.
and for sure, .im gonna figure out
from where my meal comes from.
but next time you talk
about people figuring it out,
Remember,

one of those people
was your father.

Elias Nganga

My Mighty Barbershop

My mighty barbershop

It takes respect
To get respect.
Im a barber
And my barbershop
is the top of the class kind
The high and mighty kind
only kind where executives
and top credential war lords checks in

They come here often
For a touch up
and a shave up
They say with thunderous voice,
'Dont push my hairline! '
'Dont give me a bald'

But look at me,
I change peoples lives
I inspire without expiring.
I shave away their dirty
venom secrets.
I brush off their old sins.
And i give them a new face
to look into the world
and continue to lie, steal and destroy.

Thats their real hairlines
And im sure not to push it.
So i could keep being here
In my mighty barbershop.

Elias Nganga

People's Church

People's church

I took three lucky jumps
Aiming on feeble stones
across that waste river
to cross over to main town's
suburb.
But on my fourth jump
I landed so good on the sewerage water.

People can swim in prestigious bays
but who swims in waste water., .
I looked around, trying to swim across,
But, there was a church
above that waste bridge.
and the 'saints' saw me.

They came for this lost sheep.
pulled me over, stinky and tired
wet and disgusting.
they took me
to the people's church.
Above the waste water

they sang hymns,
And played off the sewer off me!
Get be hide him, .sewer!
The Pastor exclaimed!
Get clean, .never miss steps again.
Now, I showed my appreciation.,
For disrupting the business.
In the people's church.

Elias Nganga

Rock Mwatate

Rock mwatate

An indigenous enormous pillar
standing up for years
with confidence and excellence
in the midst of shrubs
where floods, stormy weather
sweeps away my village
and earthquakes brings unforgiving slides
to capsize the people
in the sea of times.
But Rock Mwatate, .stands
firm and fierce
never bowing down
to calamity
never wavering
Today, tomorrow
and the day after without
an Oscar Recognition.

Elias Nganga

Sad Man

Sad man

Your husband must be
a very sad man.
A woman is a precious creation
but when the creation outrules
its worth
the centre cannot hold
anymore.

U are not my husband brother!
and hes a happy man.
He cooks
takes the garbage out
cleans and babysits.
Hes a babydoll
And he dont mind
Thats the way we love one
another.
Its just how life goes.

He doers all that,
Is he made of silver
in this world
a man was created to rule, love and rest.

And he failed to do either,
in this current world,
men are designed to work, worry and wear away.
come to think of it brother!
Why do you think men die fast,
the world kills them quick.
but my man,
wont mind hiding under the sheets
And somehow living longer,
To work, worry and wear away
some more.

Elias Nganga

Second Creation

Second creation

In the beginning,
God said, 'Let there be'.
He made perfection
For us to behold
but we did more than beholding
we pulled what we got for ourselves
we killed to gain more
we owed all creation to ourselves.
we ripped the world apart
And now that all is gone,
we desire
A second creation.

So Let there be.
Let there be sanity again
let there be new ridges,
Let there be unpolluted waters
let there be love, like there used to be
Heavens have Mercy on us
Clean our pots from which we take.
And God says He already did.

Let there be morality
let there be sound mind
let there be peace
let there be understanding
And the world can't be
all that u want it to be
Men moving in contrast
Can't posses understanding.
And God says He already did.

When He gave His son
Up on the cross
He washed our unwantedness
And set us straight
If we have to ask,

let there be,
let there be salvation in our hearts
Let there be a promise
And God says He already did.

Elias Nganga

Statistics

what happened to the no matter what part?
What happened to the part you said, 'I will forever have your back'?
How did you change the words for richer for poorer?
Why couldn't you hold on to me in sickness?
At the expense of time and race for fortunes
Why did you ever say words you couldn't keep?

Why was it so well said but not well done?
And how time and space can change a human
What happened to the joy and laughter?
We used to have when all was cool
what happened to the coffee, the roses, and the grapes at the mountain top?
Why did you ever say words you couldn't keep?

when did the boat leak to capsize?
When did my eyes fail to see the glory?
When did the bandits crash through the castle gates?
What happened to your big heart, where I used to have a big space?
When did you start to fancy lonely nights
To find solace in thyself
Why did u ever say words you couldnt keep?

Elias Nganga

Teacher

Teacher

A teacher is a barber, tidying up shaggy hairs at all times
a teacher is a vitamin, giving rise from naive off springs
a teacher is a pharmacist, prescribing truth to the minds
a teacher is a nurse, healing drenched wounds
Yet the world so devoid of regards

A teacher is a psychologist, psychologising thoughts
a teacher is a mechanic, mechanising weary life tires
a teacher is a plumber, repairing broken equations of lives
a teacher is a mother, seeing off her kings
Yet the world so devoid of regards

A teacher is a doctor, diagnosing wrong spellings
a teacher is a ship, sailing wailing souls
a teacher is a helmet, just in case you trample
a teacher is a designer, setting up that future
Yet the world, so devoid of regards.

Elias Nganga

That Morning

That morning

On the wake
of that morning
He came down to me
I was asleep.

He opened my sheets
And beat me!
He beat me!
Blows after blows
I cried for mercy.

I begged him
Not to kill me!
But he beat me.
More and more
He dint have to.
He left me to die away.

He tossed me up
Spitting on my face
blood oozing all around
I will never forget
That he beat me!
all on the account
of a piece of a corn bread.

Elias Nganga

That Murderer

That murderer

whoever killed the love for brothers;
stormed a big city
He uprooted a fine herb
and left a sweeping ailment
if we had opened our eyes into his hideouts,
we would dismantle his ambitions
and protect humanity

The one who replaced compassion
with hate,
exploded a fat bomb
He made men mad with power
And women drunk with impunity
He spread insanity of material possessions like a waging virus.
were it not for his schemes, we would be sound
we would dismantle his ambitions
and protect humanity.

When he turned children against their guardians
he wrecked an enormous ship.
He poured out a sweat vinegar of confusion into the land
he found no favour with respect and purity
he distorted the centre stone into pools of water
and stripped daughters in their fathers eyes.
were it not for his speed,
we would lay hands on him.
We would dismantle his ambitions
and protect humanity

He dint scare me,
when he turned our leaders against their professy
But when he invented new matrimony,
He just made history.
We never heard of this before

we closed our eyes.
But we were forced to conform
to new light, new life and new freedoms.
But still we would dismantle his ambitions
and protect humanity.

Elias Nganga

The Child, The World And The Bullet.

The Child, the world and the bullet

Sister Perscaris,
A front desk office cleaner,
Gave birth to
A strong tender boy.
At a hard living times.

But the father,
Dickens Jameson
Said no no,
'Ain't no way thats my child.
I got family'

So Perscaris, breathes
In and out, .
prepares to become
A father and a mother.
But she couldnt teach
That boy
Things that only a man can.

The clean up employment
couldnt be enough
To raise the boy.
The boy grows into a man.
Hard times notwithstanding.

Decides to look after mama.
The boy, With no education,
Joins a survival gang.
Steals some
Penny for the belly.

But Law enforcement
Turns the boy quick
with a bullet on the head.

He calls out 'mama! '
But passes out breathless.

In this world
Of every child
For every bullet!

Elias Nganga

The Heart

The heart

If I could climb up the highest mountain
I would blow the trumpet of joy
and look down on the valleys of glory.
If I could gain that substance
called money,
I would wash my feet with it.
wrap myself and splash it upon
my associates.
I would make every knee bow
and every ant wow.
If I had unfeasible power,
Maybe I would choke lives out of
big heads officers of the law..

And then I would cry out
at what a mistake I am.
How all the good of world
doesn't pay.
For there is no way to live
no any other way to be
than to do good to mankind
for the sake
of how good doing good is.
How lovely it is to love someone.
and how just it is to be just.

For a man as huge
as an elephant and
powerful as a lion
can only be measured
by the size of
his heart.

Elias Nganga

The Truth

In order for you to move on
You must have peace
in order for you to have peace
You must forgive
In order for you to forgive
You must love
In order for you to love
You must be pure
In order for you to be pure
You must be saved
In order for you to be saved
You must confess
In order for people to confess
You must believe
In order for you to believe
You must hear
In order for you to hear
You must choose
In order for you to choose
You must know. Yes, . know the truth.

Elias Nganga

Tupac

Tupac

its has been a long time
long time coming
U said in your words
u wouldnt change the world
but you would spark
the flame of minds
that would change the world.

Your words are well kept
in historical testimonials of the great
in the world and beyond.
You had flaws and mistake
a feature of every man
but beneath the worlds struggle
your rose grew from the concrete
Daring to prove a glimpse of will.

Elias Nganga

Waiting For Reprieve

Waiting for Reprieve

Upon the trails of the world
make us strong in Thy spirit
Amidst felony of mankind
make us clean and
wash our unwantedness
For the sake of your kingdom
Help us stand the test of time.

Give us perseverance
Strength and love to hold still
Help us day and night
Christ be the shield
Your love; our only solace
we find.

As we build a beautiful
tower
made of life and pure heart
may we not grow weary
in character;
But surround us with
thy wings
inspite of our inadequacy
turn our weakness to your
glorly.

In the face of devastation
save us from iniquity
Christ be born in us
deliver us; renew our souls
Make us truly
fearful of your word, .,
humbly in your mercy
wewait for Reprieve.

Elias Nganga

Woman

Woman

when I think what a woman should be like,
I think about you
When I visualise a present warmth smile
I think about you
And how empty the universe would be
I think about you
Without your endearing presence of mystery
I keep thinking about you

when I receive unmeasured criticism
I think about you
From them who don't like the idea
I think about you
Of you and I building a brick castle
I think about you
By the sea in the distance of time
I keep thinking about you

When I want to place affinity of price
I think about you
To an artistic piece made with high aesthetics
I think about you
And love seems to ever blossom
I think about you
From deep within like wild rapid water lilies
still
I do keep thinking about you.

Elias Nganga

Your Dark Brother

Your Dark brother

I was your dark brother
I was mocked looked down upon and defamed
in Hitlers Germany.
But I clenched victory
in that Olympics.
Before his eyes.

I then went on
To Memphis to
champion on my
freedom.
And even a bullet
did not end my dream.

And I sat in that bus
Refused the norm
to make a statement.
my sister was sick and tired
of being sick and tired

And her friend
Victim of abuse and anguish
discovered a caged birds misery.

And now, I know better
never to take goodwill for granted.
I pray and play
to be good.
And there is a piece of me
in every talent and
excellence
that you see in
the world.

Elias Nganga