

Poetry Series

# Emmanuel Ruttoh

## - poems -



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# Only Love

Lonely I'm  
Pieces of heart  
Gathering them requires time  
Too busy to think of her

Pieces of heart scatters  
Floating like sea weeds  
I have no refuge  
But I have only love

Bucket full of memories  
Pieces of heart scatters  
Fresh promises in mind  
Future was great

Yesterday and today were just today  
Little but full of pain  
Eyes have dried  
Called it only love  
Future was great

Yesterday and today were just today  
Little but full of pain  
Eyes have dried  
Called it only love

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# Kibra

If must say  
Dusty and dirty  
City of cleanliness  
Long abandoned  
Beautiful outlook  
Beauties board boda boda bitterly  
A bittersweet  
Home of rich poor  
Disease and crime  
Engaging in the spread of either  
All this formal employment  
We are all living dead  
Souls of unsaved saints  
Baptism by blood  
The righteous rite  
Kill or killed  
We need dust and dirt  
Your bodies are ingredients  
The soil has be soiled by blood  
Of both born and unborn

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# 'I Don't Have Much To Say'

Chief I am  
Whole manager  
But today I have nothing to say  
First lemme thank God  
Second allow me to comment on performance...  
We are doing well on...  
We are going to...  
We will..  
I have...  
Lemme also articulate some issues...  
You know all us  
Have a nice nice day  
I don't have much to say.. mmm..  
I will say later

Emmanuel Ruttoh



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# Deep Down

DEEP DOWN.

Black or white

Today or yesterday

Now or then

You or me

Us or them

Illiterate or literate

independent or colonized

Religious or pagan

Rich or beggar

WE ARE CHILDREN OF GOD

NO RACE SHOULD COME BETWEEN 'EITHER '

Emmanuel Ruttoh



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# I Count Not Love.

In those mansions  
In that very village in horizons  
We both come to existence  
You knew the journey we traveled  
Being with you regret had not come in mind  
It has remain a mystery  
To love or to hate is the backbone of the story  
No one knew this before  
Yes, we were warriors fighting different wars  
I fought tirelessly to win your heart  
You fought fiercely to decline my conquest  
Greatest weapons were face full of smiles  
And a face darkened by the 'nonsense'  
It happened simultaneously pecking and return of slapping  
I slapped you jokingly but you kept your words  
'I will revenge '  
Punishing me I had taken wrongly  
It made me hate love.

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# Mamaa!

I owe you love mamaa!  
Great doctor you are  
you nursed me in your two hands  
Great you are friend  
You protected me from bully big brother  
Great psychologist you are  
When I cried you knew prince is not happy  
Great mentor you are  
You told me tears don't exist  
A man must not cry  
I owe you love mamaa!

Emmanuel Ruttoh



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