

Poetry Series

**Evance Ombaka**  
**- poems -**

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## **Evance Ombaka(22/03/1984)**

Was born in Mfangano Island, Kenya. Educated in Kenya and works as a Medical Laboratory Technologist in Nairobi, Kenya. Has passion for poems and poetry.

From this corner of the Globe where I am bred  
I take a glimpse of this amazing nature's bed,  
Across the climes stretching all round,  
And I know in my heart, so much I have found  
To enrich my world, my own still world.

# A Bossom Friend

I did much less than I was in need  
Because I had by me a friend in deed  
Until upon his door, not in jest  
He left a note that said it all  
'A Friend In Need Is A Pest'.

Evance Ombaka

# Avowal

For the world I wear a robe and a mask upon my countenance  
I am not what i seem with the laurel upon my head  
Within is a covert identity, a fettered and yoked slave  
serving the despot within,  
Lying prostrate before my revered ego;  
A fugitive prisoner under the cloak of an intrepid hero.  
I am not, my dear friends, what I wear for the world.

What I wear for the world is but a peel of pretence  
covering envenomed seeds at the core of my entity;  
Seeds sprouting within, cracking my soul in deep silence;  
Even so, I find pleasure in imbibing from the cup of stillness.  
I do not want to denude, lest I cage my freedom and expose my naked soul to  
the world.

My dear friends, I love who I am (I swear)  
Under this attire I wear for your world.

Evance Ombaka

# I Know How It Feels

when the distance is long  
and the will is no more strong.  
The road seems just wrong.

I have travelled that road  
and wished I took the short-cut.  
But I never gave up the will  
'till I reached the destination.

I know how it feels  
when the walls rise too high  
and you try to spread you wings  
but you just cannot fly.

I have climbed such walls  
and felt like it's better to quit.  
But I never gave up the hope  
'till I made it over.

I know how it feels  
when mistakes breed guilt  
and regrets erase from your heart  
all that hope has built.

I have been in that bondage  
and felt like mistakes will forever haunt.  
But I never gave up the fight  
'till I freed myself from the past.

I know how it feels  
when marred with sweat and dust  
and all the daring turns futile.  
Failure clings onto devotion like rust.

I have been in such arena  
and felt defeat is my life's badge.  
But I never gave up devoting  
'till victory belonged to me.



# Procrastination

Once the thief of time stealthily came into my home,  
Sneaked my dreams and promises out into the world (to roam) .  
Now I am armed with a keen sword (I did yesterday borrow) ,  
And I swear, I will slay the thief first thing tomorrow.

Evance Ombaka

# Upon My Epitaph

Neath this mound of swarthy earth  
Lies twined with roots and stones,  
The vanity of my flesh and bones.  
Say what you may of my life's worth,  
But while I still had my breath in me  
I was and would say, I am just me.

Evanca Ombaka