

Poetry Series

Gabriel Mbusya
- poems -

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Gabriel Mbusya()

I was born and brought up in largely poor rural Kenya. my writing inspirations were grown by nursery school teacher and watered by my grandmother with her folk tales. My Savanna home was brainwave whose cycles motivated me further to write.

To date I have a collection of poems and short stories all revolving around Savanna theme and rural life.

Pessimism as opposed to optimism is the lens through which I look at life whose only deal is to struggle...and then people say I am sadist...

My characters survive along and none expects a happy ending!

5 Minutes Fame

When I drive my black hobby,
In downtown streets of Nairobi,
And girls of east side see me,
Everyone want is to holla me,
I break their hearts-
When my limo stops
And I roll down windows,
Clad in my black skull cap,
Epitome of outgoing hip hop,
I break their hearts, dear-
With strum of guitar to break attention
And find 'Mid night love' rendition
Applause breaks around
Beautiful legs dance on pavement
Lips reach me in vain
Then faces contort in pain
I break dear hearts
And pink kisses touch wind
Something I really don't mind
-My miserable 5 minutes fame
I wake up tired as lame
Dream, true, break hearts!

Gabriel Mbusya

A Fondly -Foul Letter

Shay,
Your reverie has ruptured my heart again,
I can pick your scent without strain,
I blame the ambiance of my room,
Impression of a girl playing drum,
Cupid wet heart with an arrow,
Now understand love has its law,
But no one lives without breaking a vow.

I blame voices for depriving me chance
Pompous prospect to be with you once,
The immense aura of freelance romance:
Passion and antics of holding and laughing,
The obsession of touching and teasing,
In the art of wanting and longing...
While horizon's frigid nascent moon rises
To break a crisp night with torrid caresses

...and let gush of old wounds drip
...and hope time heal eyes that weep,
Forget that time goes berserk for loveless...

I don't deserve hanging on this sadness,
I can't be an ink stain in your music notes,
An inelible mark of an old time nemesis!

Shay, hope you will reply in colossal,
An irony avowal fused with foul!

Gabriel Mbusya

A Moment At A Time

A moment visit calling,
Somewhere doors are opened,
Elsewhere are closed...

A moment comes for picking flowers in the moonlight,
Somebody spends his in prison
Of necessity and freedom
In suffering, rejection, deception
Wishing and hoping...

A moment comes for
Romance, union kisses and
Unending hugs for healing the sick
And killing the living
To scribble a thought,
Amidst sirens and syringes,
Nurses and doctors
White washed faces drab in red ribbons!

A moment between moments;
A child is secretly conceived,
Whereas two hearts are synchronised
An idea is born,
To save or destroy,
Bottles of beer pops up,
A candle flickers and
Hands meet and shake...

A moment clouds thicken and rain threaten, wind blow and trees sway,
The dead, meanwhile are buried
Hurriedly and forgotten,
Flowers blossom and wither,
And scatter in the field and rot
Birds skim and skate,
Fly then perch and fly forever more,
Each minute heartlessly goes on
Without a pause, for a purpose
For the crying and the mourning,
The lonely and the destitute

For those in captivity and in freedom

Gabriel Mbusya

After The Break Up

She Watched the night ease off,
you can imagine the heartbreak,
witnessing the car drive off,
she sat by the road close to creek,
and cried the last petal of a rose,
she watched the stars of the night,
fade and shine till new moon arose,
and for a tense moment they stared-
she had stopped crying to reflect,
it was past midnight, cold and chilled,
below, the sea waves broke so perfect,
she released herself into it silently,
she allowed time to conquer with worry,
in the morning she lay there quietly,
But he had returned to say he was sorry!

Gabriel Mbusya

Alas

Alas...!

Children today are frosted like chicken,
But schools are busy buying buses,
No academics therein, graduates are lunatics,
Paperwork education and 'selfie' seduction,
Hang on....

Our Government is morbid silent,
And churches are morosely impotent,
Here, we only need potent magician,
No school will ever produce physician,
Anyway....

It is none of my business,
In fact it is sheer nonsense,
Thinking gives me madness,
While my friends are cutting deals,
To Hell...!

Gabriel Mbusya

Along Mfangano Street

Sidestepping our own sentimental,
We have forgotten what was monumental,
Ital Ezra knows what is fundamental,
But then it is another year,
Without rains we have real fear,
Harden soils will kill the tendrils,
Our dreams will be in perils.

Guys let's meet down Mfangano,
A place they call Utengano,
We query gods of Ukambani,
For trully I see it being funny,
About the seasonal failing rains,
Steve Nzioka-come for libations!

William Ojulla will attend for Ramogi,
bringing the blessings from Rapogi,
Elijah King'oo may want to come,
For he's an elder from back home,
John Kaloki is invited for starter,
and buddy please bring a guitar,
It will be along Mfangano,
A place they call Utengano!

Gabriel Mbusya

An Apple Worm

Scarlet green, mean to appetite,
That the apple tree,
Ripens to hilarity...

Under every shade,
The rot is made,
That the apple brightens,
Jolly like kittens...

You cannot see the worm,
It then becomes norm,
That red kills,
After the meals!

Gabriel Mbusya

Are We In A War?

It feels like start or end of war,
It looks like a scene from war,
A struggle to win a personal war,
This is a war, aren't we in a war?
Aren't we supposed to wither?
Aren't we supposed to be bitter?
Or just meaningless quitter...?
Is there a meaning in 'better'?
Here, we are all under same lease
So, what's this 'peace'?
Is it when we are at ease?
Then, this peace is a hard piece.
Nevertheless, we call a cease...
To all Hostilities,
To all propagandas,
To all imaginations,
A cease to usher bygones,
Incongruously getting to the base,
Somehow opens another case
A case of war without a cause...
The aggrieved increase
The forbearance decrease
Yet we are at 'ease'
An ease, a real hard piece
It feels like start or end of war,
It looks like a scene from war,
Nothing personal about any war,
This is a war, aren't we in a war?

Gabriel Mbusya

Assassination

Tuning the newspaper pages,
Flip by a flip,
Scanning, finding drama,
Realising the caption
Has not changed the meaning of acquisition,
Tragedy and more tragedy,
Politics, crime and violence,
He rubs the tip of his nose,
Feels another bout of orgasm,
The correct string of ecstasy,
A Politician-
He picks the receiver to have his comment aired,
Then all of a sudden, his skull explodes,
Some confirmed sources say it was a common crime.

Gabriel Mbusya

Being Yourself

Ability is all about presentability,
Being real:
Not being gold,
Its value being it's undoing,
Miners excavating you,
Using you!

Don't be a flower,
To be plucked,
To merit nothing once dry,
Being discarded for fresh one!

Be a stone,
Resisting beauty and time,
To hurt those who kick you,
Rolling on your own!

Gabriel Mbusya

Beauty Contest

...For Sheila

I will never forget Kwamboka,
That night when girls came,
Gyrating hips, amusing the loner
Who played the guitar by therner,
\ that rhythm has beauty and style fused together.

I remember longingly,
The tunes they played; long practised
To go with good times,
That laughter; accentuated by plain dimples,
Pearl eyes; lighted by neon lights,
Kwamboka...
Light moments; frequented by a toss,
Then a hug, a kiss, stares, breaking
a glass without an offence,
In ritualised celebrations

How could such a scene get lost
in my amazement and self absorption? Pleasure sneaked...
In high healed shoes,
pedicured toes,
Carrying those hips, that which so precariously
Swayed gracefully,
Moving that feeble waist
Sculptured to fit
The chest of a child,
And throwing a glance with such soft pearly eyes
Asking for nothing but more melody...

Strung of the guitar, and more melody!

How can I forget kwamboka?
The night the girls came,
Gyrating hips...?

Gabriel Mbusya

But God Why

But God why,
If you love us equally,
Making us in your own image,
Have a black, red, yellow and a white man
And one enslaving all by whip and punch...

But God why,
Since you created all things,
Did you create hate and prejudice,
Midst care and potentially loving hearts,
To break us with dodging choices...

But God why
Will you judge us,
And punish us eternity
When you can change us
Coz you know us by names

But God why (a quick one)
Do you allow politicians to lie,
And clergy to rob from pulpit
When we dutifully pay tithe and taxes
In name of pleasing You and the law

Gabriel Mbusya

Cancer War: Facade Of Hope

I have been in constant constellation
May be, my mental obstruction
Looking for old updates in your pages
Recalling the adhesives of our ages
And hoping nothing got out-worn,
Hopefully, cancer war was finally won,
And you have energy for more coffee
To keep off the usual cold and gruff...

I have been looking across the road,
From the stalls that sells cod,
In reminiscence of that day it rained,
And you stood there drained
Finding me a nice fish meal,
And I, awed by your hallow,
Sheltering by the weeping willow,
Scribbled a note, in my world,
To be by your side in the ward...

Unfortunately, I failed my test of hope...
I bowed down in the fall of that year,
Even before you...by stress and wear,
I know, neither you nor I, did expect it,
But you wrote me encouraging update,
Calling me by my middle name,
That resolve should never be lame...
This morning I found you, in my drab,
And stopped my browser to sob
For you- a double trickle of warm tears,
My surprised happiness after so many years
Of waiting to see an update on your pages.

Gabriel Mbusya

Chapel Adoration

Notes weave symphony of epiphany,
Petals fall- adjustment to fit the observance;
The tempo ascends meant to please the altar cherubim,
A rose tossed here and falls there dancing to drums' rhythm
Arousing the desire to capture,
To trap the music into refuge of more wanting-

Walls furnished with bougainvillea,
tamarinds, and profligate murals of saints,
Blend with Sharps, and flats,
abating in obscurity like aroma or dust,
Carried aloft in the air of superfluous requisite
once the fingers walk on the keys of grand piano
sitting on the isle

From the pinnacle (where the cross sit in atonement) ,
downwards,
Somewhere hang one sad Pieta
Festooned with flowers of prayers for departed pilgrims

Gabriel Mbusya

Chicken Day Out

He grabs me,
I quiver and grunt,
He smiles- a resemblance of grimace,
He caresses, my feathers orally
He's he salivating, really?

In a café I'm led,
With rice I'm fed,
Blankly, I'm stared,
Am I naïve?
Are they alive?

I'm bound to assume
Everybody wants me
In turn they rise,
Coz' they're wise
To have a taste of me
They propose to eat me raw
To pay a debt, I bow

Gabriel Mbusya

Cremation

We heard his eulogy,
Listened to a mass requiem from the clergy,
So, everything was laid in strategy,
Dark body in a dark suit,
In a smart silver casket,
Above his name on a tablet

We sang a silent song,
Till we heard a gong,
Time had no rhythm, it looked so long,
Each one lost in thought,
In the vicar's word 'a place of light'
I wondered why one has to quit.

At the graveside,
I heard meaningless a song,
What could be wrong?
Hands clapping silently,
Tears streaming quietly,
Then he was laid meekly,
On the burning slab

Friends, family and relatives,
Laid roses and lilies,
I could see little menacing flies,
At least everybody was touched,
Life and death merged,
When finally the body was set ablaze

Gabriel Mbusya

Demo Dies

My childhood friend had dreams,
His face photo hanging on all public places,
(in fact he appeared in obituary page)

He had aspirations of flagged convoy,
He had began writing speeches,
At the age of thirty,
Somebody got him by chance,
A single bullet meant,
To hurt nobody...

I attended the funeral
In the hero's square,
It was funny that he,
Was dressed in
Black, green, white and red,
Two statues posed on each side of the coffin
In front of the podium,
Where the Premier sat

I peeped in the casket,
His face had smacks of dry blood,
frozen pain and surgical marks,
Unable to hide the terror of a policeman's bullet
And the ice of the undertaker's slab

I didn't participate in the peaceful demonstration thereafter,
Scared of the statues manning the freedom walk
I went home to celebrate a passing of an era.

Gabriel Mbusya

Eulogy

We heard his eulogy,
Listened to a requiem mass,
So, everything was laid in strategy,
Dark body in a dark suit,
In a smart silver casket,
Above his name on a frame

We sang a silent song,
Till we heard a gong,
Time had no rhythm, it looked so long,
Each one lost in thoughts,
In the vicar's word 'a place of light'
I wondered why one has to quit.

At the graveside,
I heard meaningless a song,
Hands clapping silently,
Tears streaming quietly,
Then he was laid meekly,
On the burning slab

Friends, family and relatives,
Laid roses and lilies,
I could see little menacing flies,
At least everybody was touched,
Life and death merged,
When finally the body was set ablaze

Gabriel Mbusya

Facebook Friends

Had you been real
We could be gone
Away from here
And make things right

But how do you go
To place without a name
A mile-less journey
A friend with a book face
A facebook friend
A halo of a tin saint
Or cupid arrow
Bleeding with disdain

Gabriel Mbusya

Farewell Party

Glasses splinter in cheers,
Spilling over myriad wine,
In a trampled dance floor,
Where gold and dust mix

Under the neon's lights,
Surrounded by darkness of void sorrows
In union of departure- friends and enemies,
Hugging and kissing and weeping,
Relighting the timely dying ambers

Holding hands, promises are made,
'Never let time erase me...'
And, photo man record the stillness of a poised smile,
One shattered jubilant moment,
Anxiety never to let them go
And now myriad wine mingles with tears for so,
Farewell party in a sweet sorrow!

Gabriel Mbusya

Gun Merchant

The place is here,
We wait,
The plane touches down,
anxiety mounts,
The guest, a Caucasian man
Arrives,
Glad in Dark suit and white shirt
And tie,
Holding executive briefcase
Strides on...
Wearing a business-like smile

We sign papers,
Many papers,
Over Ethiopian coffee,
We exchange smiles,
And occasional laughter,
Sipping Puento Alto*,
Over Langosta Cantabrica*,
And take briefs of Syria
Turmoil of Gaza,
Siege of Donetsk,
Crime-wave of Nairobi,
The Johannesburg gangs,
Somalis' clan war
The Clouds of Kashmir,
We tossed for Boko Haram,
Anti Balaka, Al shabaab....

Exactly twenty past midnight,
We stand again in waving bay,
The guest flies to Caracas,
To connect to Chihuahua,
Then Bogota and Sao Paulo.

Then photos come:
Of Anzio 20mm sniper,
The beret M82,
TAR 21 Assault rifle...,

And him in Copacabana, Rio.

Gabriel Mbusya

Home Sickness

I desire to see home again;
The rolling hills die into plains
Dotted with stunted acacias,
And desolate huts
And paths outgrown by bushes,
Waiting for July to shade leaves;

I desire....
That peculiar sensation of loneliness;
Solitary Eagle and scavenging kites roaming azure blue skyline,
Like dots of black pebbles in the sea

I yearn for my old absorption of
Watching birds swarming in the dusty horizon above blue hills provoking my
boyish mind of ennui,
Wondering if and when the flocks
Will ever come back...

I desire...the sight of cows roving; criss-crossing barren pastures, boys following
in crowd; Whistling passionately:
their anonymous tunes...

The provocative dogs that scavenge rural neighbourhoods
Engaging boys who pelt stones at them,
then (the boys) dribble the Nylon soccer on dusty fields calling names and
laughing noisily.

I desire to see home again,
Circular huts smoking in the sunset,
To know without seeing of cooking meal in a tripod stove,
and grey ash pouring burning woods
Of faggots that childes into fiery rendezvous fire,
humiliating the pot with blackness...

I desire to be home again,
To run errands to the stream
Where tadpole swim forever with fish
And the riverwater flows endlessly
Sweeping sands and algae!

i desire to be child again
to watch the rising of the moon,
or bathe in the setting of the sun
and the night will be warmed
by tales and stories of homeland...

Gabriel Mbusya

Hunting Tragedy

The African python recoils,
Sleuths down like a little snake,
A mamba, black and shinny,
Ebony beauty,
Fanging out in a rage,
While the little dik dik jumps out in a thick foliage,
Heart throbbing, saliva oozing,
Scared stiff...of both the sound of death and the fatal coils

I squeeze the trigger in amazing dexterity,
Surprised at the tragedian dilemma of conflicting interest,
Between a python and a dik dik
The tearing sound kills the peace,
I wipe sweat from my brows.

Gabriel Mbusya

I Am Just Ranting

In a club I meet an old acquaintance,
A meeting without proper substance,
In my life prose he's just a sentence,

He says "Poet write me a poem";
My inspiration is all so solemn,
Everything about him is a problem,

Two days later he calls;
He's found other old pals,
They say "Poet write us poems";

Poet, talk about the girls and gin;
Poet, capture my graduation gown;
Poet, start from time we were born;

I stop, light a cigar and puff,
I am mad about guys in my life,
"Poet, tell us why you are so off? "

Gabriel Mbusya

I Cried Rivers Of Tears

The dust had settled down,
That August was memorable
But I spare the very details
Lest I cry River of tears,

I traveled to another town,
That journey was formidable,
She wouldn't free my memories,
I really cried River of tears,

I left her at the cab station,
She appeared sick and feeble,
It was humid evening of sadness
She cried rivers of tears

God knows how time makes me frown,
Six months later and still lovable,
I returned to find emptiness,
She had found solace from tears

... I stopped and cried rivers of tears!

Gabriel Mbusya

I Left Hurriedly

I left the new clothes in my hut,
I wore a tattered jeans and a hat,
My first step almost broke my heart,
The oxen of Joe pulled me in a cart.

I took twelve days towards freedom,
That road itself had pangs of boredom,
I let myself imagine all kinds of stardom,
Then it turned out to be a mere fiefdom.

I wrote back to Joe after a while,
And supposed things weren't volatile,
It was a long sad letter but undocile,
I had missed home so much in my exile.

I left memories hurriedly,
I left the fanfare quietly,
I left everything friendly,
I found some peace finally!

Gabriel Mbusya

I Miss You

I hear your voice chatting me,
But that's deep in my mind,
Indiscernible words coming,
And I reach to converse,
But that's gone a world,
I miss you.

Fleeting images cross my eyes,
A curvy girly silhouette posing by,
Chiffon dress hugging the form,
And I reach for surprise touch,
But that's a gone a world,
I miss you.

I feel finger massaging my nape,
Tender, soft skilled careful touches,
Something long practiced to amuse,
And I close my eyes to enjoy,
But that's a gone a world,
I miss you

I miss you from depth of my heart
I miss you to the point of tears
I miss you till I'm sick
I miss you till I'm weak
Girl I'm missing you

Gabriel Mbusya

I Planted Corn In Summer

I planted corn in dreaded summer,
It all dried up in African winter:
At 20 I married a beautiful Taita wife,
By 30 she had messed up my entire life.
I took up yoga and reading inspirations,
I ended up broke and living fictitious.
At the best I had a conical timber house,
By chance it was eaten by wood lice.
I took up playing guitar in dead of night,
I ended up with people fleeing at my sight.

... friends come in happier days,
I later learnt; enemies in sorrier ways.

I grew pineapples in a stretch of a lonely farm,
They turned into sisal and caused many a harm:
At times I learnt survival drills to my tune,
My health withered like tendril on sand dune.
I turned to astronomy and fairy tales,
I realized hope without faith chills.
At 20 I took up provisional religion,
By 30 I turned into desperate buffoon.
I took up to thinking in own version,
I was accused of religious subversion.

... friends come in happier days,
I later learnt; enemies in sorrier ways.

Gabriel Mbusya

I Trapped A Chance

The lone bee, was so scared stiff,
First insolent, then humility of grief,
It couldn't fly, trapped in bottled glass,
Just subservient, in wait for a sure loss,

May be it was an orphan, just little sly,
May be it was send by someone, just as spy,
...Suppose it was spy...?

I filled the bottle with water,
Angered by its buzz and so bitter,
I dropped in some hot pepper to welter,
Watching the struggle made me better

As I put the cap to cut off the air,
I felt playing God was not fair,
This bee could have come from afar,
Letting it go I preserved its flair.

But suppose it was a spy...?

Gabriel Mbusya

I'm Lonely

I'M LONELY??

When I missed her,
I wrote her a poem,
But she was so far,
Maybe in her home,
??

When I missed her,
I did break my heart,
Every inch off the bar,
And I begun to hurt
????

Darling, ????????

I'm alone by the road,
Away from home,
I'm stuck in the mud,
Please take me home.
????

Gabriel Mbusya

I'm Stitching My Chest

I'm stitching chest with brass,
the piece of strip like cutlass,
blades that cut my heart,
In moments of acting gut;
nothing is easy,
even the happy days
I still hear the noise,
feet running after mice,
when I'm a mile down the road,
watching boys catch fish in a toad.

Gabriel Mbusya

In The End

IN THE END

Diamond and gold,
Incense and fragrance,
Layers of prayers,
Brought the sense to mayors

What was it?

The dog ran with the meat,
Mace fell from the rise,
Who dined were the mice.

From palace to jail,
But they couldn't wail,
Had themselves cooked
then booked.

Wives quickly inherited,
Possession auctioned,
Feet daggled in merry,
The rest was apart of history.

□

Gabriel Mbusya

Joe, Talk To Beverly For Me

Joe, remember the reply to my letter,
Vow, it will reach me before september,
tell me about Beverly,
tell me she's still lovely,

How, I miss her by every beat of my heart,
Noo, I won't come back to her it will hurt,
let her know it pains,
let her know it drains,

Ooh, and write to me about her daughter,
Vow, it will reach me by fall of september,
and tell Beverly the truth,
and tell her with some breath,

Joe, I'am missing the path we walked together,
Ooh, and the terrains beaten by foul weather,
then Berverly would laugh,
Berverly would really love,

So, let her know I finally moved on,
Oh, but tell her we still can hang on,
Don't let Beverly cry,
Just wipe her eyes dry.

Gabriel Mbusya

Lean On Me

Please come home,
Tis heart's now a boom,
For kiss once again,
Regardless of the pain
Lean on me,
My bended knee,
Stupor of coldness-
Sickness and loneliness
Each tormenting night,
Come back darling light
Been out,
Said I, lout,
Casting in the sea
Stone of pea
Seeing waves of sunset,
Awakes pellets
Of memories,
Fighting and orgies
Lean on me,
Give you out a pie
For never shall we die

Gabriel Mbusya

Leaves Fall Dry: A Cry To My Home

I eulogized my home; poor Savannah,
In a note to a reply to dear Anna;
-In muse of changes to failing rains:
Grass will grow to lofty greens,
Flowers blossom wildly,
And life gets on merrily,
But all tempered with hunger-
The lack of basics brings anger:
Even if the seeds would sprout
After the rains-ending drought,
Seasons temper to boredom,
In songs the local seek freedom,
Just as tourist flock around,
Camera flick without sound,
Nights are broken into a cry
And that's when leaves fall dry.

Gabriel Mbusya

Liberia

Poor Liberia

Something was bestowed on me,
By the Admiral himself,
Right on the war front,
Amid cries from the casualties...

The Ceremony was euphoric,
On a shallow freshly dug graves,
A rare respect for the fallen...
A Diamond star medal-

Poor Liberia

I missed Mama so much,
(I think I was a kid!)
Yet I had powers, a warrant officer;
To try and execute on behalf of Liberia

The Insignia, from the lapels,
Dangled on my neck,
Even on hospital bed,
During my amputation...!

Gabriel Mbusya

Like Wind

When the bells would ring, again
Some of us will stand in the rain
Wash guilty and deep regrets
From the inner porch of our secrets
And wait till the notes are taken
Then those worthy have their token

I mean some bloke like me
and a Dude you and Lime
May have nothing at all
But note that God is for us all

Like the wind

Gabriel Mbusya

Love Remember A Night

Do you remember sounds of a night
With strikes of a light,
Do you remember thrill of tears
With trolls of fears
Do you remember burst of a laugh
And coos of a dove,
A night of notes and symphony,
A plight of hearts with destiny;
It was grey and pale,
It was breeze then gale,
It was cloudy then rainy,
It was gloomy and no sunny,
...Imagine a moon-less night,
Imagine a star-less stud night.
But we sat there smoking marijuana,
You'd say the wisps travelled to Guyana,
We'd puff and hope our gods take stock,
You'd then talk longingly of 'marabou stork',
...And it broke my heart to listen,
It hurt my very soul to imagine,
When you stammered and coughed,
Then you tried to mumble but cried,
...I was always watching you,
I was always feeling for you,
Seeing you so lonely,
It did hurt me deeply,
It was then straight free fall,
No grudges at all against all.
Those were the moments, that night
Those were the times, now worn out
Love, those were the days,
Sometimes in late nineties!

And it breaks my heart to remember,
And pains my soul every other November.

Gabriel Mbusya

Loving Just Once

The rose you hold, if already dry,
Please leap in fold, but don't cry,
And whisper fairly in her ears,
While closing both of your eyes,
Touching her nape with your lips,
Caress her palm with your fingers,
And quietly- lovingly ask her-
For a trip down the road afar,
In a farm of blooming flowers,
Sprouting at easy of light showers,
If grass is soft take off her shoes,
Pray, help her catch some butterflies
Then take her out for french fries,
Tell her quietly "love, a man must try"
she'll say "please don't make me cry"

Wow, you've caged a dove,
Hey, you guys are in love!

Gabriel Mbusya

Midnight Wolves

Know, if, there are steps on the grass, it's mine
Slow, listen, if you hear heart throb, it's mine,
Flow, on, till you miss me to point of tears,
Throw, every caution and pick what matters
Howl, I am listening
Girl, I am here waiting.

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Gabriel Mbusya

Monologue Of Innocence

I don't know for how long he'd been staring down at me-
They'd been drinking!

He'd dropped his glasses on the bridge of his nose,
I just felt the hardness of his stare,
I winked then smiled, he ignored!

Then she interrupted to ease the tension,
She took me by my feeble elbow
Outside the shack...

'...but She's a little child, '
I feel them arguing in low tones,
And the quaking of bed,
The noise of struggle, it's scaring,
Heavy breathing, then silence...

A night comes, on my couch...
Though I can't see the faces,
I see the forms, silhouettes by the light from the door,
In disturbing nudity
Hands twinned,
I imagine...

What can they be doing?
Don't they feel pain?
And against the light (of a full moon)
Anxiety mounts,
When lips meet lips, in a close embrace,
Making a complete form of a bass relief against luminous night!

I don't hear what they say,
The language is strange,
Then the quaking of a door and the timber house feels like it's falling,
The noise of struggle, pleadings, promises...
Interjected by obscene suppressed curses, he mourns!
Heavy breathing...

Silence!

Soft pawing of feet soles on the timber floor, snoring...

Outside; far away a fight breaks;

Noise!

Startling my mentors to more fresh arguments.

'You lied...' he charges

My names features prominently,

I'm lost in confusion of aftermath pleasure and pain...now fear

I hear palm rub flesh, and I assume it's a slap.

Like a moth seared by a lamp,

I fall into a chilling fear of repression for my innocence,

Meanwhile, struggle break

Crockery and cutlery juggle in fall

A moan escapes...she pleads...

I can't take it anymore

I hide under the table,

Heart pounding, I fall asleep.

Morning comes finally,

What a relief!

And as I walk to the door,

To freedom from unknown fear,

I cross a caked rivulet of blood!

Gabriel Mbusya

Move On

Don't let yesterday haunt,
Or people malicious taunt
Accept changes and move on,
People lose bets and live on,
Bargain is not a fixed affair...

Life must go on;
People must die, others born,
Grief mingle with elation,
Every minute be spent equally,
In freedom or incarceration,
In antagonism or brotherhood-
With lust and division,
Spirit torn in commitment with elusiveness,

You lose what you have,
So others may have
You gain what others had,
What they lost in attempt to cling to-
Challenge is a discount for entirety,
Struggle is completeness for attempt.

Merry- today
Love- today
Forgive- today
Live passionately today...
...and die a happy person later on

Tomorrow one of us may abscond hurriedly and never be found.

Hold dearly to friends,
Respect enemies,
Believe in yourself,
Never hang boots on shelf-
In distress;
You'll find many people to talk to,
Few will listen,
None may console; move on...

Should your heart fall prey
Bow down your face in cry,
Wash guilt and pride,
Walk by the river side...
Note the volume of water rush by,
Pass away, and its place taken by another, till time unprescribed the banks runs
dry...

Because life is instalments of changes

Gabriel Mbusya

My Donkey's Education

There is no need at all,
No need,
In educating my Donkey,
He yaps and yaps,
At the presence of civilised guests,
He yaps-
Anyway, he seems to care less,
After all he lacks elementary education.

There is no solution,
Not any,
In taming my Donkey,
He kicks and kicks,
Brewing fracas and atrocities,
He breathes torture and murder,
I regret for not giving him some religious education,
Unfortunately he can't understand the bible.

And such a Donkey can't defend himself up,
He works and works yet grins like a mania,
But I don't blame him,
For he belongs to no workers' union,
Possibly he lacks civic education.

Who will give my Donkey some basic education?

Gabriel Mbusya

Of The Solemn

Muffled voices,
Of the children sobbing;
The feeling says
The mother is long dead,
And step-who is in the reign,
The father is gone,
To the sisal plantation
Or its equivalent (no one is sure) ,
Then to local pub,
To elucidate his ego,
Till midnight,
When the graves of saints
Pacified with solid pee
Of the latecomers and lovers;
Softly mourn...
He comes home finally,
Home, to battered self,
Vanquished souls of little ones
Dying of fear
And soil themselves
From the horror of adoption,
Owls come hooting,
The night is one evil
Holding hands with misery...

And when morning comes
Along age is gone
An era ended,
A new fresh grave is dung
In the veranda of the house
Where gutter water drains
Pellets of dirty and tears of the remaining other

Gabriel Mbusya

Passing Of A Poet

You'll know it is over,
When ceramic pot cracks,
And the ink pot falls,
Wind will blow the paper...

When the music is over,
You'll listen to the echo,
A silent humming of a psycho,
Wind will still blow the paper.

Poet will take his own cue,
Diffusing into air ultimately,
Poet will never wither definitely,
Just like his Mentor Edgar Poe...

Final notes will be quick and brief,
For a Poet there's no greater grief,
It is either buzz of bees,
Or purely jazz of peace...

And then, Poet will pass... On...

Gabriel Mbusya

Placebo.

Through out the city:
Every street was marked by blood,
It ran down the sewer,
It actually blocked the pipes,
Awash the resident's gardens,
Destroyed the banks of
The city river,
And filled the reservoir dam
On the city's outskirts
So urbanites drank soda only!
Blood flooded the streets
Developers had to terminate contracts,
Roads were slimy,
Of blood coat:
It caused accidents; fatal and partial,
And scary dreams to children,
Luck had an illiterate offender shot (point blank!) and died.
On the roll of cameras,
The boss assured all,
That crime and murder has 'come nigh- the suspect is down'.
The mass shouted and danced!

Gabriel Mbusya

Prayer Of Rejection

Every word I utter—
And pains the heart of somebody,
Takes a group to discuss,
If it drips tears from eyes of somebody,
Burdens me with culpability,
I close my eyes in remorse.

And when associates see me and scamper- I melt with pain of rejection...

When am seated lonely;
When joy is distant hills,
Mind roams with desperation,
Searching for benevolent reasons
For my existence...

Everything I long for,
And those dreams
Of one a serene life-
Things that refuse companion of time,
And die like faggots of ghost fire
They bruise my heart with sour memories...

Gone days touch, leaving no imprint desirable whatsoever,
But orgy scars of my mind

Gabriel Mbusya

Pro Bono

When two rivers meet
All the waters join
And lovers meet
All they do is wine
When times pass on
All we have is memories
Everything is probono

Gabriel Mbusya

Signature (The Retrenchment Circus)

How could we muster the authority
Of an hypothetical State Official?

We were shown the signature
A series of anticlines,
And synclines;
Any one could have done it:
The vicar-general, vice-chancellor,
The vice-president, Post-master,
Chief-Director, Solicitor-General,
Prime- Minister...
or any other of hyphenated post!

So we bowed down to that authority-
ineligible Spartan sentence
Saying nothing but meaning a lot.

A question went around
On how to verify that signature,
The authenticity of a disappearing official,
Answer was supplied,
And went around
'Let's coax the secretary'!

Gabriel Mbusya

Soft Rains Of Isinya

When those soft rains began,
even trees swayed for fun,
We waited for drops of rain,
endlessly...

Norah asked if I was mesmerised,
about the cold and warm infused,
We saw the mist and felt the dust
formlessly...

Grass was mowed to form and shape,
beneath our feet and felt so dope,
we watched the sway and held the grip,
sugestively...

When the night was falling along,
we stood at the balcony watching,
the stars studded sky pausing,
patronizingly...

It profusely rained that night,
torched by ambience of neon light,
so unifying like a birthright,
Romantically...

Gabriel Mbusya

Soldiers Have Left

Soldiers have left, and gone,
For battle and reinforcements,
Or dance and pass outs.

Soldiers have left,
Armoured and ready,
In silence and thinking,
Wishing and hoping, heart broken,
And praying...

Tell it to Milcah and Helen,
And the lady across the deserted lane, that the caravan took the wrong road,
And somebody was chanting lonely.

Soldiers have left,
Empty castles in your hearts,
Not a common place for the bats to fill them.

Gabriel Mbusya

Sonic Savanna...

It just rained and west hills look washed,
Small plain flowers litter the landscape,
The yellow rig sun bubbles beautiful blue,
It is that mid May matched in myriad bouts,
African eagle gaggles in a gulley yonder,
Sunset seeing the shadow of hill frighten...
This land will be loaned by roaming hyenas,
The trees will move to the trails on terrace,
Grass sprout to salvage springs of sorghum,
Nights are quiet as potent ghost play guitar,
Southern Stars stud the pitch black silken sky,
Magnet of the night is the lull cries of crickets;
And dark rolling hills touch torrents of momeries...
It Meets there, future, culture, vulture...so forth
That's it, that's home, that's Savanna after rains!

Gabriel Mbusya

Still Birth

It was hatched in light-blue room,
For final home,
Far away, morgue van,
Carried the distress and fun,
To an Abyss of moving silence

In reception room, seated
a happy nurse ticked,
With red pen
Mussing the difference gain-

But anyhow;
It might have been a robber
Who eliminates those sober
Or just another friar,
A church-dedicated liar!

Gabriel Mbusya

Take Me A Photo

TAKE ME A PHOTO

Journalists, take me a photo:

As I smile,

As I nod,

As I shake the ambassador's hand,

As I deliver the economically empty speech,

As I yawn,

As I think about dinner,

And publish that in the dailies!

And guess my gestures,

What I want to mean- digitally...

But be wary of my naps in the House,

Work, work, work and sitting to make Literal laws make me weary,

So don't snap me,

Because you can always have dreams,

Regardless of the bed size!

Gabriel Mbusya

The African Father

Father, we kneel by the brough,
together, squeezed in the trough,
we lie down prostrate,
tell a lie to frustrate,
Father, we suffer pain of whips
Together, we accept your schemes
tell us why you're quiet,
how can a god play a duet?
We Africans cry to winds of old
We Africans try grains of mold
we lie down prostrate,
tell a lie to frustrate,
Father, we kneel by the brough,
Together, squeezed in the trough,
tell us why you are quiet,
how can a god play a duet!

Gabriel Mbusya

The Bar

Some people know the rhythm,
The correct inducements,
While others will just gulp,
And walk the corridors,
Trying to remember the words said
and regretting the unsaid,
Some men weep after the ordeal,
Others will laugh the drowsiness off,
They go filling the wells of argument,
receiving hugs
And resist the stagger
Some men enjoy the fanfare
The unusualness especially when things
quite usual make their sight.

Gabriel Mbusya

The Children Of The Lesser God

I refuse the gospel of white versus black,
I refuse the idea that african god is a quack,
And that the genuine god looks like a white,
And that white is representative of right,
That blacks must enjoy rights by fight,
That fight be sanctioned by god of the white
And that fight without their god is not right,
No. We must be children of the lesser god,
Oh. They feel like children of the better god,
We must question intention of their religion,
We free ourselves from slavery of oblivion.

Gabriel Mbusya

The Chinese Rail

There is a train that runs mad,
There is a train that turns wild
An iron bus on iron road,
There is a train from Malili to Emali
Through the land of Maasai to Voi,
A train from Embakasi to Mombasa,
There is a train of change sweeping large,
In a quick series of damning urge,
All the way past Mariakani to Miritini,

Gabriel Mbusya

The Cliff

There is a place i know
Where future takes show
Boys sail endlessly in a dhow
crows fight the owls
From the rise of sisal farms
to the fall of coconut palms
Where waves break on cliff
I pause, like all of us in a brief,
To watch future sail away.

Gabriel Mbusya

The Embro Diary

I am 90 days old after conception,
Of a worried mama,
I lay in pain of await,
Yesterday,
Mother visited a doc,
Discussed the possible means,
I felt her tension ease,
Today,
She kept the date...
The surgical gloves
Meticulous fit the fingers,
Mama writhes in a waning smile...
Tomorrow, gladly, I am no more,
But in polythene bag, down the river road, or worse
A dog's meal,
Thank you mama!

Gabriel Mbusya

The Flowers That Were Yellow

Telling it- was really hard,
We'd to walk to the field,
a yard off the main farm,
of a sharp shard in form,
We'd thought it was an Orchard,
telling what it was, was hard,
it was bad that the yellow
was lizard flowers so mellow,
We picked some and squeezed,
queer as it was and sneezed,
we killed all the sodom apple,
an ample generation of mapple,
those flowers that were yellow,
Dying for vase was really so low.

Gabriel Mbusya

The Ghost Of Grandpa

I cut sheet of sweat from the brows,
The sun has been burning down my farms,
Mbooni hills vaporized to heat and smoke,
It reminds one day of youth and being broke,
And the river Nthuaini was soggy and salty,
Now, I suffer all those memories so paltry;
An old man has died and the mood is tense,
It is full moon, dry, but still no offense,
A forlorn bush baby cries hysterically,
We pause to mourn the death of an ally,
And from cloudless night, it begins to rain,
Profusely.

Then...

Anticipatingly,
You could feel thunder,
Some men would shudder,
I knew deep in my heart
From the Way I felt heat,
It was his ghost in stupor,
The holy ghost of my grandpa!

Gabriel Mbusya

The Other Woman

The other woman in the picture,
"She has gait and posture";,

The other woman in the screen,
"She smiles without strain";,

That other woman has grace
That's the one men praise,

Till she becomes mine,
She hypnotizes like wine

The very other woman,
That has an eye of a man.

Gabriel Mbusya

The Rat's Submission (In Court Of A Viper)

When we turned two months,
Considering four big moths,
A cockroach and a cricket,
-one that came from a thicket,
.....We lived in crevice,
Not that it was novice,
There were no other person,
Mama had died from poison,
We never had a father,
To shoo the enemy's slither,
-That night he came looping,
And he left Sam gasping,
He ate him by the trap,
Just before the brute gap,
We never cried
We were afraid!

@2018

Gabriel Mbusya

The Rejuvenation

I stare past the window, into the field,
My mind, lost in the sorrow of a time,
And the deride of yester years gone by,
My eyes pick a withering flower,
Held by a dying stalk,
I can imagine the smell of it's hey days,
Everything nice about youth;
The butterflies and the bees,
The showers and the rainbows,
Soft moist earth and clear blue sky,
The water pools and water lilies...
...our youth untouched.

...and now, in that fluttering breeze;
-the scorching sun,
In that background of seared grass,
-violated dusty earth,
Stuffy pollen grains flying in the wind,
From dried-off-falling petals,
I stop and tear and hurt,
When I imagine how it was
And how it will never be...
I stare past the window, into the field
My mind lost in the sorrow of a time!

Gabriel Mbusya

The System

This is a system of Frogs,
Yet, better that-
There used to be Ravens and Crows,
Mark you, we hardly complained-
Two families disturbed our peace:
The bats and the owls
Our homes were in the wild,
Scorpions were little friendly.

Now at least,
We're spit upon- better that
In comparison,
Neither are we complaining nor asking for anything better...

Some dolls are animated;
To cry and laugh like our children,
Giving them attention
And tending them disapproves our rationality.□

Gabriel Mbusya

The Village Curse

Every of those three hills,
From the village to market,
Worn like an ancient armlet-
We had just buried another,
And betrothed the other,
We were quiet and lonely

The rains were seasonally late,
Farms, bruised by sheltering sun,
Paused for sorrow reincarnation,
It was mournful; a twist of fate:

The village elder broke an ankle
Pastor caught in love triangle,
Everything changed in a twinkle,

The rivers had dried up in June,
Boys were selling sand in dune,
As I said, it was dull; it did hurt,
When rainy clouds came and did part.

Two school girls were kidnapped;
Two male teachers were arrested,
Noon, two bodies were discovered,

As I said, it was dark ominously,
It was quiet and painfully lonely.

by Gabriel Mbusya

Gabriel Mbusya

The Voter

Stands down the rostrum,
In a rainy day,
Bewildered by the exotic suit
Of this superb mortal swear civil vulgarity to unsuspecting citizens.
The voter...
The stomach aches;
Of hunger and vermin, perhaps,
The back pains;
Of the weight: epitome of everyday
In stone quarry and sand tunnels,
Eye squints, of sleep or just
Wanting to get a good glance
Of the speaker,
How much worthy he is...
..Suddenly a ululation;
A public rewarding scheme,
Scrabbling for bank notes,
Stampede; the innocent and the guilty alike, and finding his wallet,
Filled by worthless news paper cuttings for rolling cigarettes,
Thumbing heartily spilling raw tobacco to show the elector's card,
Then leaves for liquor den,
To amaze his ego!

Gabriel Mbusya

Things We Lose

The day I lost my tooth in a fight,
and I spitting blood felt the worst,
But I won the fight and felt the best,
But then losing all to get all wasn't right.

One day I placed stakes but lost the bet,
All the fortunes I had in pursuit for more,
I felt some numbing pain never had before,
It broke my heart like it did for my first date,

A friend called me over some double tot,
Then we lost entire day seated in a dingy pub,
-but what loss really compares to death stab?
Or may be losing humanity for the sake of it.

Zacharia lost his temper,
Elvina lost her only child,
Maurice lost his job,
-we will all lose our lives

Like I lost my tooth in a fight.

Gabriel Mbusya

Transformation

When I remember that road,
All those trees into it lined,
The sights from the hillside,
The brook on the other side,
Water falls on the riverside...

When I remember the iron bridge,
And the creaking of the fudge,
The breeze cold like from fridge,
Like something I had some grudge,
Ooh I remember> how it was strange;

The bad world strangely crumbles on me-
I was a boy and it was a road for game,
Windfronts called me 'son' pleading 'come'
I never knew it was a maze and never grim,
To date Imagining it feels like a dream,

But the bad guys brought 'some' civilization,
By the brook begun rapid industrialization,
The water falls was no longer an inspiration,
But they erected statues devoid of creation,
We now living purely a hell out of that pollution,
Thank you guys for that unkind transformation.

Gabriel Mbusya

Transition

What could have hurt a Gecko
Who never hunted a fly?
Crushing her leg,
Immobilising her...
She's never walked a yard off the truss,
Away from home-
A tea canteen...

The patrons enjoyed the sight,
That accompanied the snack,
Pointing out how unusual pig tailed she looked...

Until she fell off the rafter,
That she become unusual sight,
Lay motionless, unnoticed,
Half covered by dust,
They tramped on her
Till her blood socked the earth
And she laid there a big lump of soil.
She didn't move for quite time,
Till, discovered dead
Was mourned by clinks and spits!

Gabriel Mbusya

Turn Around Dear

□

This is my aim, to make you happy
Coz I dislike, a heart too snoopy,
For no heart ought walk on a hill,
Unless a move on will...
And coz will can easily be altered,
Life better made,
Alienating moribund;
Another chance to look around...
I am aware of place full of dreams,
Of scattered flowers,
Where one can find smiles...
AND thank you-
In your pursue,
For reference, to look at this direction,
In that essence, my appreciation!

Gabriel Mbusya

Verse Without A Title

I have nothing against times,
But yesterday was nineteen-twenties
And my grandfather was a springing lad,
Just in decade of years he'd gone- sad,

His grave daily grows tulip
My sorrows train a worship...

...before the fall of September, I will be forty,
Just ago in stupor, I believed forever in twenty,
I've lived through lonely eighties and nineties,
Relieved, now, I am living by grace of freebies

Yet again, I lost friends and an acquaintance
Over an argument about truth over substance

When I'm right luck calls goose for cooking,
I live on strict times, I criticize fate for fooling,
Past passes by me then gazes away timidly,
I write verse to a friend who never read loudly

I close my eyes; it is still raining,
My shattered soul is still mourning.

..

Gabriel Mbusya

Voices

I hear soft voice calling my name,
From the fields off the stream,
But I have been there,
And there was nobody;
Except sparse acacia, marigold flowers,
wild tulips and silence.
But echo reaches again,
Like ghost hands in a delusion;
Distress carried by wind fall
Asking if patience was my other name
But I sit by the river, with shinny
gagling water,
turning golden in the setting sun,
the leaves of wild trees
whispering down at tear faced child of night,
pleading with the wind to take me home.

I hear a lonely voice solicit me
To go to places in search of
A stranger to hold hands with,
In rustle of turning pages;
somebody writing my name on a cherry dairy,
In dancing shadows of Lantern;
In whose bosom I hear,
noise of strumming guitar preparing for music,
I reckon it will be bliss
And I prepare to wait.

I hear noise on a long corridor,
Doors opening one after the other,
With pauses and clicks,
A sensation of somebody holding mystery keys,
looking for me...
And lighting candle burning by the table,
in front of sea side,
with clouds floating above the dark-blue water,
From which a voice calls my name
Asking if passion was place I knew
Then sudden laughter shakes the sash of the window

And breaks the panes with massage.

I hear dream coming to break a party
And voice calling above rattle of bells
Persisting that I give myself to the wind,
To be lulled in memento of fantasy and sacrifice,
A voice in search for belonging
Sounding like rubbing
Wings of Cherubim
And I feel in presence of star-light night,
tender hands grapple to touch my lips,
A muffled noise of cart
driven by white horses towards the local chapel.

Gabriel Mbusya

We Must Fight

We will never make a council,
For we are all geniuses,
Men of great philosophy,
But lacking the guiding psychology

If a vote can't speak,
Let fists do,
For our speech however beautiful,
The words may be,
Don't pacify the public quest.

We keep staring at each other,
Finding faults,
Vessels floats on water not a vacuum,
Peace must break violence into pieces,

Gabriel Mbusya

When It Was Quiet

Enana-Nisa pleaded: try not to cry,
We were posing out to spice the sky;
We were all there, Us: the stripped stars,
(My memoirs of nightly sparkling sparks)
And that bristled blight, low like snow,
There was a breeze, a floating sheeting,
An hallowed howl, though far fetched,
One would listen-the forsaken silence,
It was quiet, warts and wells swelled up,
She suddenly pound on solid pomp,
It smelled lonely, dust and drools,
Then, she flew low, in a poorly lit light,
And burst into dozens of flaring flames,
She was a rainbow...then a base ball
Soft glide on a green grass; pole to a hole,
It was quiet at first, sorrowful in the last,
It begun to rain vainly, forming mist thinly
It took us to trance, pale trenches of tears
Enana-Nisa pleaded: please, try not to cry!

~for the memory of Candle Lantern!

@2018.

Gabriel Mbusya

When Matter Worsens

When matter worsens,
Friend ebbs,
Enemy snoops,
Discussion becomes privy,
... And it seems, angels don't descent anymore!

When matter worsens,
Day elongates,
Night irks,
Freedom goes into custody,
... And it seems, the desire to live disappears!

When matter worsens,
Season protracts,
Memory tarts,
Hopes and wishes reign
... And it seems, fate wed
Misfortunes!

When matter worsens,
Prayers are said habitually,
Mind quarrels in silence,
Ulcer begins to form,
... And it seems, sanity gets
Diluted!

When matter worsens,
'You' become susceptible to empty stares,
Heavens takes a new meaning,
... And it seems, thing never gets same again!

When matter worsens:
Don't give up your rights
Instead wait and hope and pray,
Nothing lasts forever!

Gabriel Mbusya

Where I Stood For Years

...there was a shade of a Nandi flame
And Jesca, and Terry...and...
...and the girl who married last summer.

There were noises of birds, and church goers
Singing Aves and Carols, and coos of doves...
Forsaken, forlorn, awed with skewed ennui!

Then hissing of a serpent, hunting chicken,
And the hens, and the cock; all lamenting a unison dirge!
...then the cock was slaughtered a day later,
Coz' the woman who sells veg was sick.
Tragedy.
Then Mr. Joe bought another to replace the other...

...and I sat there till sun sunk into west, entirely.
Tired.
Broken.
A sleep.
...Alone!
Waiting.
...It began to rain...

The shade of Nandi flame fused with night,
I watched flowers bloom and wither...
...and new buds burst open new petals...
And bats fight the moths deep in the night...
Scary.
...I tear'ed' crisps drops into my palms;
Red as crimson, tearing my heart into shreds...
Self hurt...crumbling inside like house of sand...
Year after year, seasons melting like wax unto each other...
...Two straight years!
...the first two years of hate, and prejudice, and more hate...
Then, just like that,
I realised there was nothing else to wait for,
I walked away.
Beyond myself, into others,
To water falls and still, beyond,

To watch children of Mr. Joe play with Python.

@2015

Gabriel Mbusya

Winning The Violence

How can they shoot a marble,
How can they fight the freed
We'll win this war without trouble,
We will crush their greed
And burst their bubble.

Gabriel Mbusya

Wolves, Rams And Ewes

We are wolves in sheep skin,
We flocked the Lambs' church,
You couldn't tell whom we were,
We sang praise hymns of the lambs,
We clapped hands like they do,
In the evening we walked with lambs,
Would bleat just like they do,
We ate all the best by the roadside
Then, bolstered by our numbers,
We blamed the Rams and the Ewes,
Then we also ate them up!

Gabriel Mbusya

Wrench Of A Curse

Soils harden up like a rock,
Seeds won't germinate them
If they sprout they wither up
Few plants survive the whole
Burst flowers that poison bees
Birth bitter wrenched fruits
That poison the children of Joe;

A society cast in superstition pops
Every successful person is a witch
Mothers hate their own children
Love the children of the neighbour
And jackal fathers die while alive
Children grow hating one another
Fighting over nothing but grudges
But meeting for sermons
To praise the god of love

Gabriel Mbusya

X Generation

First they break the fluid
They are born without breaks
Everything is quiet and new
They break their voices
And then break virginity,
They break their hearts
At a high breaking speed
Then they break the record,
And there is nothing else
To break except expectations,
They break that too!

Gabriel Mbusya