

Poetry Series

Kimani wa Mumbi
- poems -

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Kimani wa Mumbi()

He attended Oololaiser High School in Ngong, Kenya. Later did A-Level in Kampala after which he joined St Lawrence University, Kampala in 2008. He considers himself a humorist and has written many essays and parodies. Many of his humorous essays and poems can be found at his blog:

A Love Scene

I explored her conservative thighs with my whole face
All the time she felt like she would die
That she was a virgin was not a lie
That they didn't do what I was doing you can now guess
They did it the old-fashioned way
Just how the missionary would lay!

And so down there I was, tongue doing what it was made for
And she yelling stop and wondering if it was real.
Yes! It was!
For on my face she came all of a sudden
With orgasms that made my thing say drink!
And drink I did: she was my girl - for certain!

Her thingamajig I did eat, till it stood like the Eiffel Tower in Greece
Or wherever my geography teacher said it is,
Ages ago!
I was preparing her for another coming!
After which I would get into her with my fuming hot thingy!
It did not take me long,
For I did not do it wrong.
So she came again, right into my mouth, love juice they call it!

And my fuming hot thing I did insert
Her face said press any button to start.
I tore at her thingamabobs, erect like the peaks on the Everest
Not that sharp but rather like the Kilimanjaro.
In and out I went
Out and in again.
After half an hour of mad ins and outs
I died in her arms and remained there!

Kimani wa Mumbi

A Love So Unfairly Lost

'Twas the most romantic,
'Twas the shortest lasting,
Like a hen lays an egg,
Like a cloth holds to a rotting peg.
We kissed and kissed and kissed
And then quicker than lightening,
I missed and missed and missed
With no one to help me.
You proud one!
What happened to our dream?
What happened to 'till death, I promise'?
Heard you a rumour about me?
Also did, just didn't mind!
Our love meant so much!
Whatever happened,
Give me a reason why
Your head suddenly swole!
They told you 'am positive, huh?
Everybody, till proven not;
Or that I don't last a minute?
Everyone, till proven more!
Why? You didn't even wait to prove,
And now when we meet you look the other way!
Yet you claimed of my face
you couldn't get enough back in the day.
Yours has become a picture of disgust;
Now when tired I think of it and sleep –
What gave me sleepless nights,
Just thinking of it!
Listen, girl they've oversaid it –
About what goes around.
I told you you'd regret
And will pray day and night
That you do!

Kimani wa Mumbi

A Meaningless Limerick

Four and six make ten
'Fore I'm sick I'll make my tea.
'Fore I'm weak I'll make you sing.
'Fore I'm dead you'll see my thing.
'Fore you see it you'll make a teen!

Kimani wa Mumbi

A Rare Find

For May:

A rare metal – hard to find –
You're worth more than all gold there is.
Playful like a kitten
Even when I don't want to play.
You annoy me and later anoint me.
To the heavens you take me
And bring me back a helpless child.
A day without you gets me wild!
With a kiss on my face you leave a smile.
Your skin that I love to touch
Your love I cannot have too much.

Kimani wa Mumbi

A Tale Of Two Kitties

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.
It was a season of many mice, it was a season miceless.
There was a kittie in a home near Uganda.
There was another just across the border.
The one in Uganda was ugly and mean,
Everyone called that kitty Idi, I mean.

The other kitty lived across in a home near Kenya
And his tale I'm just about to tell ya
He was a freedom fighter of sorts
Spent less time in the field than he did at airports
And when Independence came he vowed
To fight ignorance poverty and disease
Other cats called this cat Jomo, who loved manyattas.

About the kitty in Uganda,
It was as illiterate as mean, always blundered.
Many mice it killed and as many it ate.
And as many it expelled to foreign states.
It gave itself many titles,
Including Ruler of the Beasts of the Earth and Seas!
It was mean cruel and many went to meet their savior by its means.

The cat in Kenya grabbed land,
Enriched its family and displaced the needy.
And the real freedom fighters got nothing for their struggle
They were just silenced with patriotic songs.
This kitty loved traditional music, too.
Spent half the time at the Coast watching dancers.
Ten years after Independence, the kitty on the throne,
There was really nothing to show
Except all it had vowed to fight!

So the two kitties continued their power struggles,
And caused nothing significant but trouble.
The mean one wanted to grab the other's land
But it couldn't 'cause the other was just as bad.
None lived to see prosperity in their states -
They died.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Abandoned African Statehouse

He was a big man, says the size of his perimeter
and watch-out towers around his compound;
A scared man too, say his armoured vehicles
in a strongroom nearby; and not God-fearing,
say the Bibles rarely opened
in every bookcase of this citadel, smelling of print;
but not a man of the people, says the jewellery
cluttered with rocks and shiny metal.

Women lived with him, sometimes, say the photos
in his safes and, some yellowing with age
and some very young mistresses your kid's age-
not surprising he had no children.
Money here was more than could be spent
While millions of his subjects starved to death,
Wealth too was amassed in large quantities.
But 'twasn't happy here, says the gloomy surrounding.

Something went wrong, says the empty house
and the bullet riddled walls. Debris outside
say it was a coup; done the African way,
and the gloomy environs of this stately house.
He must have left in a nervous haste,
says the fact that he wasn't killed.
What do you expect when you rule for decades,
and your country's a mess? Something went wrong, for sure.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Africa In My Insides

Open your metallic door,
You beautiful Acoli girl.
I may not be from your side
But Africa is in my insides.

You tell me I'm from the other side,
But truthfully I fell in love with you.
No matter our cultures
We are of the same feather.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Ajar

Close that door, son
For I am old and my bones are weak.
I've seen 89 under the sun
Journey's been long burning up my wick.

See, when the door's open, son
The cold air gets into my lungs
I can tell you that that's no fun.
It's like having in you a snake's bare fangs!

Son, this life is but a journey,
they've said. You wouldn't like to see
Anyone open the door when (funny?)
It's not your time, yet. See?

So please close that door, son
I have miles to go
a little fun I may have, yes, fun,
Before they say it's time to go.

Kimani wa Mumbi

An Unfinished Mud Hut

Walking in rural Africa
I saw an unfinished mud hut.
I laughed softly.
Question myself I couldn't resist:
What could they have run out of?
Could it be mud?
No.
We had lots of mud everywhere,
The road was practically mud
Drove any driver mad!
Maybe it's sticks?
Sticks? But they are the essence;
What Africa is made of - sticks!
Or maybe grass to thatch?
I really could not tell.
But when I looked more
I saw it:
Neglect!
From the government!
Tears flowed from my eyes.
When you're independent for decades
And nothing comes from it,
That breaks you down
Even mud will be scarce!
The very sticks
That make our fragile continent
Are nowhere to use!
But you know?
That unfinished hut...
Is Africa!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Awaiting A Surprise In The Future

Mama, you held on to me
You never let me go
Only a teen -
A choice many your age wouldn't
Have made.
But you held on to me
And I held on to you,
And on the ninth month
Your trouble was over;
You thought.
But 'twasn't, Mama.
No silver spoons to eat with.
No crystal stairs to tread on.
A dog that knew no day of its own.
No father to father me
But you knew you had to
Push on a little further -
Which you did.
No shoes for me,
Old skirts for you,
Patched shorts for me
Looked like combat fatigues.
A difficult path.
'Tis still.
But we won't give up -
That is what you said.
We won't give up.
We move on
And let the future surprise us
With change!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Bed Of Roses?

Last night my bed turned ugly -
After always being full of roses,
It was filled with glasses.
I guess you can guess why;
We had a fight!
That's right.
What is love?
At first, "I will forever love you."
Then, "What the hell is going on?"
I hate love.
It is non-existent. It does not last.
Just like a candy.
Love's just a lollipop.
After a few lickings,
You throw away the stick.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Building Our Nation

This is a parody of Henry Barlow's 'Building the Nation'.

Like always I have done a lot
In building our nation.
Today I met US Secretary of State
In an important urgent function
And a lunch at the Vic.

The meals reflected our importance
Cold Bell beer and a small talk,
Then fried chicken with niceties
Wine to fill the moments of silence
We also had ice-cream over a few jokes
And coffee to keep us awake and lively.

The Secretary and I were driven back.
We might have yawned a few times in the back
And for I cared I asked my driver
Driver, my friend, had any lunch?
The ingrate replied looking straight ahead
Seemed to smile secretly
That he had not, but was slimming!

Upon which I took not lightly
For it is not easy building a nation
Mwananchi, we do a lot, I said,
Attending to matters of state,
Diplomatic duties are not easy you know.

And friends please give us a break,
You cause us stomach ulcers at times.
We don't build a nation with bricks,
Ah! the unfair criticism we get when building our nation!
Matter of fact I have ulcers!
Probably twice as painful as yours
Only mine are caused by matters
Of building this our nation!

So fellow nation builders

Let not the fellows be getting at you
Our nation is more than us.
It's all about building our nation –
– By all possible means.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Chewing Chat With You

Is even more fun than going to Addis Ababa Lion Zoo
Or being jet lagged on our way to Bale National Park, or to Gondar to see the
beautiful ancient castles

Partly because chewing chat is less harmful than smoking alcohol or drinking
cigarettes!

Partly because chat is a cheaper habit than doing all other drugs, at least in
Eastern Africa

Partly because you chew chat like a lady, with dignity, you know - slowly and
with fewer peanuts than I do

Partly because you don't ask for a Coke every time we chew, which is costly.

I look at you chewing and I would rather look at you thus than watch all movies
in the universe

Except possibly for 'Flight'; you know how much I love Denzel Washington
And all the movies he does, and how he speaks, and laughs!

Remember how his character struggles with doing drugs in the said movie
But he does an incredible job saving the plane, doesn't he?

Watching all other movies is like being cheated of this marvelous experience of
us chewing together

And I would rather chew chat with you forever

And this is why I am telling you about it

(RIP O'Hara and Grandpa wa Mumbi.)

- Kimani wa Mumbi

Kimani wa Mumbi

Crap Deferred

What happens to a crap deferred?

Does it swell up

Like a cake in the oven?

Or swell up your bowels -

And then you fart?

Does it back up to the stomach

like a tapeworm?

Maybe it just sags

around the anus.

Can it really explode?

Kimani wa Mumbi

Cry Of The Fatherless Son

I will not mourn my father's death
I won't even be struck by his death.
I will not contribute a coin to buy his coffin,
Or for the funeral which I won't even attend.
As is the custom,
I won't name my first son after him.
My children won't ever see photos of him.
I will not tell them tales
that my father supposedly told me.
His name in my house will never ring a bell,
Neither will he ring my doorbell -
For if he does I will let my dogs loose on him,
no matter how old and frail he'll be.
His name in my house shall be forbidden.

But how could I mourn your death?
How would your death strike me?
How could I contribute to your funeral?
Or attend your funeral?
As is custom,
how should I name my son after you?
And how would my children see your photos?
What tales did you tell me,
so I can tell them?
How could your name even ring a bell,
Or you ring my doorbell?
How would I let my dogs loose on you,
An old stranger that I haven't
My eyes set on?

Forgive me.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Distances

For Mary

Distance separates me and you,
yet your love lingers like the morning dew.
I think of you thinking of me,
then I think of you thinking of we
and it makes me just want to SCREAM!
Later at night you're in a dream,
A dream in which
I were a leech.
Just stuck and suck
On you, heaven and back.
Beautiful one,
will you marry me when you come?

Kimani wa Mumbi

Do Africans Keep Pets?

They say that Africans have no pets
'An uncivilised lot, they are, the Africans –
Pets are adorable! '
But I beg to raise
The question about pets.
Africans really do have them
And they know how to treat them best.
Think of lice, fleas, jiggers – good ol' jiggers
They've been with us since ...
Since time immemorial.
The White Man – he came, he went
But jiggers and kin in Africa he still left.
How would anyone with a sane mind
Assert that Africans have no animals of the kind?
Every kid in Africa has had two or three,
And they never will let them free.
Ask Kenyans, Ugandans, Ethiopians –
We've all had our share and care
Of these adorable pests!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Dreams

I do dream militant dreams
of taking over Kenya
and showing these African politicians
how it should be
done
I do dream radical dreams
of blowing everyone away with my perceptive powers
of proper governance and political responsibility
I even think I'll be the one
to stop rot and corruption in public offices
indeed I dream of uniting Kenyans and killing nepotism
But then I wake up and dig
that if I dream natural
dreams of being a natural
citizen doing what a citizen
does when s/he's natural
I will have a REVOLUTION!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Fart Deferred

What happens when a fart's deferred? !
Are you kidding? Everybody knows!
The gas goes back
To the stomach,
It feels swollen.
Then, rumbling occurs,
Everybody hears it.
A silly look in your face,
You act like it wasn't you.
You move uneasily in your seat.

It's best to just let go –
Afraid of the sound?

Just don't let it explode!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Fate

Yes, Mama, you heard me right.

‘But how did it happen, Son?’

What do you mean, Mama?

Last time I checked there was one major way.

‘Are you telling me you messed around with working girls?’

No, Mama, just messed around with some girl I loved.

‘But, Son, I cannot lose you. I can’t!’

No you won’t, Mama. You won’t.

‘I told you to be careful with the ways of the world, Son.’

And that is what I did, Mama. I tried.

‘And...’

And I found that you cannot escape your fate!

‘And where is the girl right now, Son?’

‘Did you love her?’

Yes Mama I loved her

But she preferred pushing up daisies.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Final Resting Piece

Shall I compare myself to a Hindu, □
For how I want to rest is of the same view? □
Family and friends of me, □
Please respect my final wish.□
This is how I want my journey to be: □

Due to my fear of coffins,
You shall drink no coffee
On my final night with thee.
You shall debate on how to bury me,
Or rather do away with me
When I cease of this world to be.

It is written on my will
That cremate my remains you shall.
Mind you I have no wishes
To return to punish the foxes
That my remains
Did not turn into cremains.

Family might gather on those days
To debate whether I'm worth turning into ashes,
And whether it is not against their customs.
But please do not arouse me from the dead
When you show a great big head,
And pile me under a sod.

This is my final plea,
If you've ears let you hea':
This is the way I'd like to rest
It is what I have seen best.
If it did not sound like a jest,
In ashes please let me rest.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Gin Glass Full

Always kept my gin glass full
With every sibilant they uttered
I hated it but had to
Listen to their stories about wars that
They never fought
Of luxury items that could never have bought

Kimani wa Mumbi

I Still

I still
I still remember you
And the passionate nights we spent
I still
I still remember how
How I left love bites on you
Although your skin was too dark to tell.
I still
I still miss those days
Days when we kept making those
Those promises that never became.
I will
I will still remember our love child
Give her my love when you can.
I do
I do wish I could be with you
But life's a bitch and I'm no dog!

Kimani wa Mumbi

I Wonder Why She Left

I wonder what she was thinking
When she decided she'd be leaving.
Did she compare the pros and cons
And the cons indeed won?

She probably said that I was ugly
after all: There are people that look better.
Or maybe it was my profession
That I'm a teacher or was it the confession?

I thought I was being good
When I came up to her and said
That I had cheated but once
And that it would never again happen.

Teachers are poorly paid in Africa
And I am not totally handsome
But all I did was be honest
Consequently, I am the loneliest.

When I look back I regret I let
the cat out of the bag but
I smile when I realise that
The same was bound to come some time in the future!

Kimani wa Mumbi

I, Kenyan

Once riding somewhere in old Kenya
Heart filled, head filled with glee;
I saw a Kenyan
Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was young and may be small
But he was no whit bigger!
And when I smiled he poked out
His tongue and called me Kikuyu.

I saw the whole of Kenya
And all that fateful December;
Of all that happened there
That's all that I remember.

□

Kimani wa Mumbi

Just Me

The ups and downs
I have been making
In and out of town
To me are becoming
constant cause of frowns
On my face. Been trying
To see sunshine through the clouds
But I must be blinding
Young and unsafe, hair brown
and tired of living.

Is there a better way
To make myself and others proud?
Or should I still wait
For my silver lined cloud?
How can I be brave
When I'm all pound
Into believing I'm a knave?

When about to give in
They rush and tell me
There's faith I should believe in.
There's Jesus, there's Islam,
Just who do I believe in?
I start to question me
Just who am I? I'm giving
To the poor, yea me.
If I had more I'd be feeding
them. Yes me!
But not. Myself barely surviving! !

Kimani wa Mumbi

La Cambro Malvarma

Pacjo vidas je la jurnalon
Mi turnas la pagoj de la sian novelon,
Nenio estas leganta ion.
Unu minuto post kiam li aliigas la televidon
Kaj mi ekiras tajpanta teksto mesago
Nenio estas faras ion.
Unu minuto li blekas
Kvazau purigi sian gorgon;
Mi vidas je la plafonon
Ne vidanta nenio.
La horlogo diras post dekdu –
Nenio diras ion.

Ni kase vidas unu la alian
Nenio diras ion.
Eksterejon gi estas varmega kvankam
La cambro estas malvarma;
Nia koroj estas malvarmaj.
La mia estas plei malvarma
La estinteco ekiras mi vizitadanta
- Ree.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Lady I Loved

This lady I had just loved
Deserted me in a month;
Gave no reason –
She just left
Quick as she had come.

Now I got to thinking
About us, you know, to evaluate;
I, for instance, don't
Go just a minute;
I would an hour,
If need be.

I'm fairly handsome
Though five four,
And skinny.
But loving, you know.
Considerate, unstubborn.
On my part, I think I'm fine.

Her. Well, now, let's see.
She is dark: chocolatey,
Just how I like.
About as tall,
Unskinny.
O she was loving, I knew.
But loved her mama more
And left me on all fours
To crawl when I fell.
She didn't lift me up,
Or even look back
She just walked on and on,
Deaf to my calls and cries.
O her I despise!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Lamentations Of An Old Man

I'm aged; I'm a bark in a tree.
They peel me off; I grow bark again.
My back has doubled,
Almost somersaults when I walk.
My chest has caved in,
My cheeks hollow,
My eyes ghostly.
I'm long in the tooth, literally.
My people hate me. Will I survive?
I will move on.
Maybe to the world yonder.
My children care none.
Grandkids laugh at me.
I will survive.
I will move on -
Till they call me yonder.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Life I Live

Mama contemplated flushing me out
But she couldn't, I held on,
And so a bastard was born.

My step father always threw me out
But I always found my way back by dawn –
He failed to keep me down.

My girlfriend I loved her in and out
So to speak. Just her smile turned me on,
But I caught her cheating on the phone.

Now I sit and suffer bouts
And wonder why I'm all alone
And why my house will never be a home.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Listen, Naïve One!

My little young naïve sister
Is no doubt very naïve
Says she is terribly afraid of Aids
Thinks she to herself:
I can only get it from
A Mister.

But listen naïve one, 'fore
You make a stupid move:
Be very afraid of Aids, indeed;
Some are BORN with Aids, some
Achieve Aids, while
Some have Aids
Thrust upon 'em!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Little Queries

Where does power go when it leaves the lightbulbs?
Do it go back to the powerlines
Or hide somewhere in the lightbulb?
What does Mummy do to make Daddy love her so
much?
And why does Daddy love me so much, too?

Where does the sun go every evening after dark?
Does it go to a cool bed near the lake
And cool itself till morning where it wakes to shine?
Is thunder really our great grandpa's fart
From the heavens above?

Why does I have so many questions
And yet so few to answer me?
And why does Mama babytalk me
When all I try is to learn how to talk naturally?
When will I ever grow up
So I can have all the answers to these questions?

Kimani wa Mumbi

Loneliness

May

I watch the candle drip and
with every dropp I
feel you,
feel your hands around me.

I listen to the crickets chirping and
with every chirp I
hear your heart,
your heart beat against my face.

I hear a dog howl outside
and with every howl I
smell your skin,
smell your skin against me.

The candle goes out,
the chirping dies away,
the howling dog tires -
but your hands are around me,
and your heart beats against my face,
and I still smell your skin against me,
though miles separate us.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Mama Love

Please forgive me, when I go wrong-
Teaching me right and wrong
Must have taken you long.
I cannot fail to remember
All the cold and lonely nights of December
When we sat and wondered why we never had a visit from Santa.

Mama you mean the world to me
And I wonder what I would do to thank thee
For unimaginable are your deeds for me.
Though I was never the happiest
You saved me from all tempests
And for that you are the greatest.

You were Mama and Papa at the same time
Though you never owned a dime
I cannot fail to acknowledge I grew up just fine.
You were light at the end of the tunnel
Nine months I clang to your tummy
You never tired I was your puppy.

And after all that you loved me
When no one else saw a thing in me
I'm grateful and I cannot repay ye.
Through my darkest of nights
Mama, though they turn off my lights
I will have you in my sight.

Mama, I cannot repay
All the good things you did in May
I would never forget if I may.
I love you and I would do anything
Just to please you I give everything
I will forever and ever your name sing.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Meal Deferred

Africa

What happens when a meal's deferred?

Does the child dry up
like a raisin in the sun?

Or starve like a dog-

And then die?

Does he crumble and fall over-
like a starved puppy?

Maybe he just sags

like a heavy beast.

Does He really exist?

Kimani wa Mumbi

Midnight Call And A Death Threat

On 23-01-13 at 0023, GMT+3
In Adama aka Nazret, Ethiopia

It was just midnight when I got this call
Said that I had three more days to live
Why? I asked
What you do, he answered.
Thought my drinking habit
Had finally taken its toll.

But how did this caller know?
Surely he sounded not like Angel Michael
And he didn't sound like Lucifer either.
I don't understand, I said.
Who you call every day, he said.

I tried to figure in my wino mind
Who it is a man would give
So much love as to give daily calls.
Mind too busy. Try again later.
Who do I call? I asked.
You know who you call, he said.
I don't understand, I said.
Ask your friends, goodbye. BEEP!

"Death threats given by clowns, I guess..."
My favourite music track by Nas thus goes.
I fall back deeeeeep into slumber
Daytime I'll deal with this number.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Mind Rape Of A School Girl

It may not be physical,
You may not even get to touch her.
Kissing her would be a thing
You can't in your dreams imagine.

It happens in your dreams,
Just after the heaviest of meals.
In the staffroom you kiss
her. And her thighs you wish
(for) .

Might not even tell her
But every time she pass, mwaa.
Young and old school teacher,
That's my daughter teach her.

Teach her the world;
Teach her her pants to hold
tight. 'Cause if you don't, and differ,
That's a dream you defer.

My daughter's math teacher
Everyday you kid her
That without her sleeping
With you she's failing.

But that's just in your dreams;
Your staffroom dreams.
Teach her the world
please. And her pants to hold
(tight)

Kimani wa Mumbi

My Body Ain'T A Lab, It's A Temple. Worship It!

Do my balls really work?
Can I make a woman say O?
Is my member big enough?
Can I reproduce, or is my count low?
Can I have several girlfriends?

My body ain't a lab
For you to experiment with!
Why don't you hold a ruler
Just next to your member?
And see for yourself!
Save your balls for a future test!
But you won't do it on my body! No.
My body is a temple, where the Lord resides.
Respect it. If you can, worship it!

Kimani wa Mumbi

My Father's Wars

No whiskey in his breath
Yet he always left me dizzy;
Hung on like death:
Such beatings weren't easy.

He'd shove me until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My Mama's countenance
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held on my wrist
Was battered on every knuckle;
At every jab he missed
He'd hit the wall till it cracked.

He beat drumbeats on my head
With a palm calloused by hitting,
Then a final kick to bed
Mama crying and throwing fits.

I was but a bastard, you know;
Or rather illegitimate, they call us.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Nappy Head

Your hair is dirty, good sir -
Said an innocent child to me one day.
I have what they call African hair,
A natural nappy head.
Its brownish colour they call mousy
What I really would like called auburn.
And so the kid had observed,
She was innocent though
And I had to explain to her
That the same creator who endowed her
With her long beautiful black curly hair
Had also done the same with my kinky mousy one!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Not My Home

This world cannot be my home!
I can't get a day's rest
And I'm all alone!
It can't be my home,
Friends forsake me
When I'm in need
Now all I do is roam.
My prayers go unanswered,
My tears get me no answers.
And now I've lost faith
Shall I be brought to book?

Dreams I had are fading
With the mirage in the distance;
Like how I'd have a happy home –
A happy wife and child.
I cannot be home here
Now I daydream and fantasize
But that's all I do:
Surely there must be some better place.

Kimani wa Mumbi

O Uganda, How I Miss You!

O Uganda! I miss you.
I miss you and your sweet bananas.
I miss your matooke and the beautiful nyabos.
I miss your beautiful capital and its dirty ghetto
That I called home, Kisenyi.
I miss you like a child misses sleep,
Like an oppressed people miss a revolution.
I have travelled far and wide
But still, still, I cannot compare anyone to you!

I now sit in this far-away land
And reminisce all the fun I had in Kampala,
And though I would earn just half what I do here
There's no place I'd rather be.
There's no embrace I'd rather have, I'd rather feel,
Than that of Kampala, warm and tranquil.
The pearl of Africa
With the friendliest people God ever made.
I miss you and I'm coming home
I'm coming to stay
To a mother that's not my mother.

Kimani wa Mumbi

On Edge At Midnight

I open the door at midnight to go pee
Cuz I don't got a WC
and can't do it in bed
After I am done peeing on my neighbour's hedge
I sense a form that totally makes me feel on edge
Broke and don't got lights either so it's dark
It might be a bear that's escaped out the park!
Should I... run... or should I... linger?
My curiosity tells me to wait see
My common sense tells me to run like hell,
lock the door behind me, or I'll be fell.
I do, and all is well.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Poor Old Mr Roach

Baby plays with it,
Wife screams at it.
I take a can and spray at it.
Why the hell was it invent?
Poor old Mr Roach
Your life is short
Just as you are ugly.
Short as I can get the can
And spray on your ugly body,
You turn and look at the sky
Your legs wave the world goodbye.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Power (To The African Leader)

Hold fast to the office
For if you let go
Your life'll be a living hell
That you cannot face.

Hold fast to power
For when you'll be out
Your life a nightmare'll be
From which you waketh not.

□

Kimani wa Mumbi

Prospective American

May is just around the corner
He patiently waits and counts the days.
The long days and hours just make him wanna,
Take the clock and slap it right on it's face!

He is an American, in waiting,
He is literally not getting sleep.
As he dreams of the states he will live in,
And all the promises he would keep!

'This clock's gotta be kiddin' me'
He says in what will be his accent
'Them days just ain't movin', man! '
A rejection I wonder if he would accept!

The DV is this African's American Dream,
Owning mansions and a Lamborghini
Is what he thinks in his wild American dreams
Of saying goodbye to misery and to the Equatorial Guinea!

Unfortunately there's a rap on the door,
That wakes him from his American dreaming.
He opens it and drops dead on the floor
His one week girlfriend can't help screaming.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Puffs At The Cemetery

At the cemetery I pulled like a rope
Pulled on harder than Bob
Location being the safest
I pulled and pulled to the fastest
With my best friend Joe.

It passed from hand to hand
Lip to lip, 'twas all we had.
That green vale turned to a factory
Next to the cemetery
Pulling with the dead.

After a minute Joe and I
We saw paradise with our own eye
No graves but roads
Paved with gold
The dead being angels walking with Joe and I.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Really? I Deserve This?

Tell me my leaders
How low shall you stoop?
Humiliate me like a homeless man
As if to you I was nothing!
I agree I might be a nobody
To you - but remember, good sirs
I sat and suffered in dungeons
While you enjoyed the life that I fought for -
Your life!
Tell me my leaders,
Is it too much to ask for?
To be treated like the elder I truly am?
Even at the dinner table I eat the crumbs
Of the very bread I toiled for!
And after that I get to use the black napkin.
Tell me young man,
Do you really think I love being respected?
Or treated and given the red carpet?
But do I really deserve what I'm getting?

Kimani wa Mumbi

Shall I Compare Thee To A Summer's Day?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

No. Summers in Africa are hot as hell:

Rough dusty winds our thatched huts shake

While heaven's bloodshot eye on boiling our brains concentrates;

That's the reason we are technologically Third rate.

Shall I then compare thee to a winter's day?

What is winter? Not in Africa have I heard of that;

Two ironic seasons do we have:

One hot as hell, the other

Wet as hell (like Noah's day) .

I shall thence leave the weather to the gods,

I shan't deal with the African weather, my love.

Thou art to me most precious

Than the rarest of precious metals.

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Adage I Forgot

Mary

In you I put all my trust,
And by so I forgot
The adage about
The eggs and the basket.
I loved no one else
But you've left me a mess
Into your heart I have no more access.
I wrote love poems
Just for you
and I.
But I forgot the adage -
the old adage.
Thought till old age
I'd have you to hold,
to touch,
To love,
To care for.
But I was wrong -
dead wrong.
But you've taught me
A lesson I won't forget.
And for that I
Have you to thank.
Yes, for that
You deserve credit.

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Bite Not Taken

Two dogs emerged in the woods
And sorry I could not run from both
And remain safe, seconds I stood
And looked one as much as I could
Till where its canines had 2 inches grown

Looked the other, I was dead 'twas crystal clear,
For it had perhaps the sharper cane,
Because it was bigger and wanted prey;
Though as for the standing there
Had made them look about the same.

And both growling that morning I feigned
Their canes ready to get a piece of me.
Oh, I Usain Bolted out of their way!
Not knowing where the road led
I doubted if they would ever get me.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two dogs emerged in the woods, and I -
I took the Usain Bolt Challenge,
And that's the reason I'm still a'ight.

□

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Blame Is On Me

Be not proud
The world's round
Days get long
Missy Joan
Your pride moves mountains!
You're now like the fountains
Of a king
Untouchable!
Remember when we first met?
"You're the best, dear Jim
Can't compare you to them"
Now you blame me
Won't even give an ear to me!
That my bridges burnt
That I caused you hurt!
You'll die, I know
And so shall I, you know;
Both maggot food
We'll lie for good
Of a disease so shameful
Caused by you being girlful.
And yet you blame me
And yet, yet, you BLAME ME!

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Cold Room

Pa looks at the newspaper
I flip the pages of my novel,
No one is reading a thing.
A minute later he flips the channels
And I start typing a text,
No one is doing a thing.
One minute he grunts
As if to clear his throat;
I look at the ceiling
Seeing nothing at all.
The clock says past twelve –
No one says a thing.

We steal looks at each other
No one says a thing.
Though it's hot outside
The room is cold;
Our hearts are cold.
Mine is colder
The past starts haunting me
– again.

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Illegitimate Son

Let not time
make us forget
our past.

You I called 'father'
gave me nights full of
misery.

I was but a little boy,
innocent to the core,
but who knew no joy.

No wrongs unnoticed,
rights went unrewarded -
yet we seem to forget it.

No. We cannot.
We should not forget
the nights I sat up crying.

The days I ran from home
too weary to withstand
constant beatings with no cause.

But why?
I was but a little boy.
Ever remember that, Father?

I was innocent
though illegitimate.
I was a little angel.

Let not the sunups
and sundowns fool us
to forget that past.

Father, do you remember
all the hell you caused for me
though your throat never knew any drink?

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Misery And The Cemetery

I'm weak
Haven't spoken to anyone a week.
Of suicide I contemplate
My body, energy won't generate.
Instead of living this misery
I'm thinking it's quieter in the cemetery.
No hard work to earn a living,
Matter of fact – no living or breathing!
No parents to disappoint
Or girlfriends to miss their appointments;
No thoughts about the future;
No guilt of the past and worry of the future;
No religions to misguide me,
Or neighbour to watch how I prevail
Or how I fail!
No wives to marry then constantly watch
Or kids to look after.
I'm thinking it's about time –
It's about my prime
To meet my creator
If in the cemetery he too has found solace.

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Ngong Hills

A group of seven,
Magnificently stand at seven,
These inspired Karen Blixen.
With their face towards the city,
They smile and give a backdrop to the city.

Legend goes that back back in the days of yore,
A giant set foot at the plains and tripped,
And when he fell his fists left the prints in their shape.
And the locals named the hills Enkong'u
Which literally means knuckles in Maa.

Now, the white folks found that hard to say
Like they did with all the Kenyan names
And instead of Enkong'u they said
That, Ngong is what we call it, I say.
Didn't deviate much, now, did they?

Today these hills they still stand,
And beautiful Maasai cows, goats, and sheep
Graze and find their solace there
As they admire the greatest city on earth,
Even they call it the green city in the sun.

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Old Man Is Now Gone

My stepfather, in his wisdom
Claimed that though he had tried,
He had totally failed to see the difference
Between myself and any cow.

And so as a child
I was a desirable object of pleasure,
In which he had found considerable pleasure
To inflict pain.

He'd pinch me until
I looked like a tiger; thighs, arms and all.
Pull my ears till they were red hot.
My nose too was pulled
I thought he envied Pinocchio.

But those days are all gone,
And gone too is the old man.
I now manage a dairy farm
As if to ridicule his wisdom.

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Place That'll Be Your Grave

Whose grave this is I think I know.
His house was near the village mall;
He wouldn't have seen me stopping here
To watch his grave piling up with snow.

My little mind must think it queer
To stop with a grave so near
Between woods and a frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

I give my big head a shake
And wonder if there is a mistake.
That at one time or the other (it's deep)
You'd be looking at the spot that'll be your grave.

The woods aren't lovely, are dark, and deep,
But I think I still have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Reaper

No noise, silence
Just the chirping of crickets.
Roomie dead asleep,
Radio plays the B.E.P.
Suddenly, a little confusion,
Might be an illusion -
But it's real;
O yea 'tis real!

Angel of Death
Together with a friend
Suck my roomie's breath.
I'm not unnoticed -
Their stare cold seems to tell me
and they vanish.
My roomie's no more.
Might it be me tomorrow?

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Rebellious Son

I just heard that my stepfather once said that I wouldn't ever make it
'That was crap, ' I mused, 'who was he to curse? '
He might as well get a reason to curse me every day, from me!
A man that never showed me love since I was a kid? Curse me? ! Hmph!
Then an uncle said I wouldn't get far, that they were watching...
Unless some are born cursed, while others receive the same, and others the item
thrust upon them,
He can go jump in a lake, with a weight tied to both his feet!
I would get him Titanic's anchor if I knew its whereabouts.

But what really hurt is when Mama, dear Mama, kinda said I was a failure.
She didn't directly say it, but her tone did; her body language did; the topic we
had pointed to it.
It totally hurt!

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Road Not Taken - The Parody

See, two roads might diverge in any wood,
And sorry you cannot travel both
And remain a single traveler, stand you could
And look down one far if you would
To where it bends in the undergrowth.

You might take the other, might be fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
For it is grassy and wants wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Has worn them really about the same.

Both roads any morning equally lay
In leaves no step has trodden black.
Oh! you might keep the first for another day!
Yet you know how way leads on to way,
You should doubt to ever come back.

And you'll be telling that with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
That two roads diverged in a wood, and you -
You took the one less traveled route,
And that, surprisingly, made all the difference!

Kimani wa Mumbi

The Stumps

For May

Sitting in the trees
Reminds me
of days spent with you
Tranquil and joyful.

Their whistling in the wind
Reminds me
of your sweet voice
So so melodious.

The dropping leaves
Remind me
of how high you take me
And leave me sailing down.

The thick tree trunks
Remind me
of how our love
I want to last.

And the stumps
The stumps, um, well,
The stumps. They remind me
That every journey
Has a last step.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Tired

I'm tired,
Tired of a life full of blames.
I'm tired of the human race -
They just won't forget a thing.
I want to hurt and be forgiven,
I want to be loved and not hated
I want to receive back what I've given!
But instead of love people show hatred.

I'm tired of unrealistic expectations,
Tired of being tossed back and forth.
Tired of nations bombing nations
I want to be first and not fourth!
I want to see a change in you,
I want to see a change in us
And most of all -
I need to see a change in me!

Kimani wa Mumbi

To Loathe

Loved and loathed at equal measure
That's I, sire.

I now truly understand the true meaning
Of 'to loathe or not to loathe'.
In life you will get about the same quantity
if you stand up for your rights
if you stand on to what you believe
if you get a few more than them.

So what it is going to be?
Sit there and cry over them?
No.
They will push me down, and like Maya
I will rise!
They will say all they can,
I will not die - I will rise!

Kimani wa Mumbi

When I Die

When I die, they'll have just a moment of silence
just a single one.
They'll feel sad but 'am sure no one'll cry.
They'll put me to the ground quick and
move on wit their business.
Poor me - no wife to mourn me,
Kids to miss me,
Father to lose me.
Mama might cry to death - only one that loves me!
And sis and bro, too!

When dead - no heaven to receive me
Hell'll be a party;
Devil and his cousins'll be mad happy.
They'll want to put me head of department,
Of those that're alcoholics, and die of it!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Whose Hand Was It?

Mama once lost a purseful of money
The poor woman
That she was.
Saved from a lot of
Hard work and
Self denial.
The poor woman
Almost lost her mind, too.

Another found it
And said that God
had blessed him, that
He had a hand in it,
and praised him.
But what was Mama to do
Or say?
That the devil had a
Hand in it,
and curse him?

Kimani wa Mumbi

Why I Drink

They say that I clown a lot when I drink,
That I act a kid, at times.
They hate what I do,
They hate me.
But I don't drink to be genteel -
I do to forget my troubles.
I drink to bring out my inner child,
Which we all possess.
I drink not because it's sweet,
Or that the bartender likes my English
Or my poetry,
I do not drink to act like Queen Elizabeth,
Or her Prince Charming Charles.
No.
I drink to act a kid,
To clown,
For you to hate.
I won't care!
It's also good for your bowels
Ask Tim.

Kimani wa Mumbi

Won'T Find Grace

Maybe the way I forward
Requests is pulling me backward
Maybe the looks too I miss
Or the tactics!

Sick of being life's patient
Promises unfulfilled drive me impatient
Have to live it my way
'Cause the Lord won't listen when I pray!

Suicidal 'cause a disappointment
Disappointed 'cause a reject-ment
A reject to society
'Cause I cannot afford sobriety!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Your Funeral

Today I attended a funeral,
Quite contrary to my likes -
And wailing was everywhere
Filled the air like thunder!
The old man was no doubt popular
You could tell by the turn out!
Old and young had come
To give the man a final wave of bye!

There was this one lady -
An old lady in case I didn't mention.
Her face was full of distress,
I thought she thought I thought she thought
About her own send-off,
About whether she would manage
To bring a crowd that big,
We all worry about that.
She was standing at the cemetery,
Just like everybody else -
But she was on a spot that would
Tomorrow be her own grave!

Yours will be just the same
Will you have made enough friends
To come and give the final wave?
Think about that!

Kimani wa Mumbi

Your Majesty, Queen May

I know what you're thinking –
May these thoughts forever remain.
You know what I'm feeling –
And let us from deviating refrain.

My Love, My Lady, Your Majesty
The queen of that kingdom in my heart,
Your love I will never look at with jest
And my pauper hands you they'll never hurt.

Your subject I will forever remain
Your sweet being I will forever adore.
Serve you forever no matter the pain,
But I won't, on your orders, hit the door!

Your majesty, Queen May - allow me, if I may
Remind you of how long a wait it is.
Be that as it may, I'll have you every day
In my thoughts and in my dreams.

Kimani wa Mumbi