

Poetry Series

# **Linus Kithinji Njeru**

## **- poems -**



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**Publication Date:**  
2025

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Linus Kithinji Njeru(08.03.80)

## Personal Background:

Born on March 8,1980, in Kathera, a remote village in Meru County, Kenya, Linus Kithinji Njeru developed a passion for literature and writing at an early age. His primary education at Kaganjo Primary School (1988-1995) and Njaina Primary School (1996) laid the foundation for his literary pursuits. Excelling in English and literature, he earned accolades and gifts, fueling his ambition to become a writer.

## Secondary and Tertiary Education:

Linus attended Njuri Secondary School from 1997 to 2000, where he continued to hone his academic skills. He pursued a Bachelor of Commerce in Finance at Kenyatta University, Kenya, between 2002 and 2006, graduating with a degree that combined his interest in business with his analytical abilities.

## Professional Career:

After completing his undergraduate studies, Linus taught Business Studies at Igangara Secondary School in 2006 and 2007. In 2008, he transitioned into the banking sector, where he worked until 2020. During this period, he also pursued a Master of Science in Finance at the University of Nairobi from 2017 to 2018. Additionally, he became a Certified Public Accountant in Kenya and a member of the Institute of Public Accountants in Kenya.

## Entrepreneurship and Interests:

Beyond his professional endeavors, Linus is an entrepreneur with a keen interest in forex trading and music. His diverse interests reflect his dynamic approach to life and his commitment to continuous learning and growth.

## Literary Contributions:

Linus Kithinji Njeru is an active poet whose works are featured on PoemHunter. His poetry often explores themes of love, societal issues, and personal reflections. His poems, such as 'My First Time, ' 'Love In The Pool, ' and 'Revelation 1, ' showcase his ability to weave complex emotions into compelling narratives.

Linus Kithinji Njeru has authored several poems, many of which are available on PoemHunter. Below is a selection of his works:

How Great

Published: July 30,2016

Theme: Reflections on greatness and its complexities

Link: [How Great](#)

My First Time

Published: July 30,2016

Theme: A poetic exploration of birth and the initial human experience

Link: [My First Time](#)

Poem Hunter

Love In The Pool

Published: October 28,2018

Theme: An intimate portrayal of a romantic encounter

Link: [Love In The Pool](#)

The Abandoned Nectar

Published: July 30,2016

Theme: A metaphorical narrative on lost opportunities and sweetness

Link: [The Abandoned Nectar](#)

Social Incest

Published: July 30,2016

Theme: A critical look at societal relationships and boundaries

Link: [Social Incest](#)

Revelation 1

Published: June 21,2016

Theme: A contemplative piece on prophecy and human understanding

Link: [Revelation 1](#)

Flirting Queen

Published: July 30,2016

Theme: A playful take on love and attraction

Link: [Flirting Queen](#)

Dedication

Published: July 30,2016

Theme: A commitment to literary expression and connection

Link: [Dedication](#)

For a complete list of Linus Kithinji Njeru's poems, please visit his [PoemHunter](#) profile.

# When The Hammer Falls

I hear the echo, sharp and clear,  
The auctioneer draws bidders near.  
“One... two...” — my heartbeat skips a beat,  
My dreams laid bare beneath their feet.

The years I toiled, the nights I lost,  
Now measured out, now coldly tossed.  
My labor sold in shouting calls,  
Reduced to debt on auction walls.

I left my job, I chased the sun,  
Believed in freedom, thought I'd won.  
To build a life, to stand up tall,  
To feed my kin, and have it all.

But storms rolled in, the markets died,  
The people scraped, the spenders cried.  
The tills grew quiet, the shelves stayed full,  
And every cent was stretched and pulled.

My lender came — a bitter guest,  
With papers drawn and no request.  
No helping hand, no softened word,  
Just legal threats and warnings heard.

Each day I watch the deadline near,  
I taste regret, I swallow fear.  
I sought out friends, but none could stay  
They turned their hearts and walked away.

The third knock comes — a final call,  
I brace myself to lose it all.  
But though no man will lift me high,  
I cast my hopes beyond the sky.

If help won't come from flesh and bone,  
Then God, don't leave me here alone.  
Before the gavel seals my fate,  
I'll trust in You — though help comes late.



# Tides Of Trade

In times like these, we call for God's hand,  
As lives grow harder, no mercy in the land.  
The market's cruel, it shows no tender grace,  
Crushing dreams that once had held a brighter place.  
Lavender, with your team, may your efforts shine,  
In this world so harsh, may your work align.

The charts they twist, like waves upon the shore,  
Rising, falling, leaving hearts sore.  
Risk and reward dance a dangerous game,  
Where fortune's fleeting, and loss is always the same.  
But through the storm, traders keep the fight,  
Hoping for a glimpse of that guiding light.

Each tick, a heartbeat, each trade, a prayer,  
The weight of failure is too much to bear.  
Pockets empty, but resolve fills the space,  
As traders chase hope, with no time to waste.  
Lavender's vision, a beacon in the dark,  
A dream of success, igniting the spark.

The uncountable late nights, the early morn,  
Yesterday's losses, today's wins are reborn.  
Tomorrow evens out, the zero net effect,  
But still, they push forward, no time to reflect.  
Lavender, the warrior, with strength in her eyes,  
Navigates the tides, where the storm never dies.

The crew chants prayers as they sail through the night,  
Guided by stars, and the hope of the fight.  
Through endless waves, they stand firm and true,  
Their journey ahead, though unknown, will renew.

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# Letting Go: A Knight's Farewell

When the Mirror Showed a Stranger  
I tried again to rise, to play my part.  
To win her pride, to steal again her heart.  
A second degree, new ventures bright,  
But still I failed to set our future right.

Jobs fled like sparrows in a sudden storm,  
And side hustles left us worse than the norm.  
She bore the load while I played jester's role—  
The juggler with no balls to hold.

I grew ashamed to walk beside her kin,  
For even clothes could not erase my sin.  
A potbelly mocked the man I used to be,  
While mirrors whispered what she saw in me.

## Letting Go: A Man's Final Gift

She has said, in word and tone and stare,  
That this is not the life she thought we'd share.  
Her mind seeks wealth, her heart seeks calm retreat,  
And love, when overburdened, knows defeat.

So let me go, not as a coward shamed,  
But like a knight who dies with sword unclaimed.

I'll not receive her help—though kind it be,  
It burns my pride like salt upon the sea.  
I'll split what's ours and give her every share,  
Let her find joy, for joy is just and fair.

'Two cannot walk unless they be agreed.' — Amos 3: 3

The Kenya house shall bear her name alone.  
As for me, I'll find another stone.  
Another place where I can start afresh,  
And carve from ashes something strong and flesh.

## To My Children

To my dear children, born of love and light,

Know this: your father fought the longest fight.  
Though worn and weak, I did not leave in vain—  
I only left to shield you from my pain.

You are my dawn, my legacy, my pride.  
In you, I live though time may now divide.  
I hope you dream where I have only slept,  
And reap the tears your mother and I wept.

'The righteous man walks in his integrity; his children are blessed after him.' —  
Proverbs 20: 7

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# When Dryness Took Root:

This is no plea for mediation or return.  
This is a soul laid bare, a candle burn'd.  
Not to seek balm for wounds already deep,  
But to awaken hearts that silent weep.

The Wounds That Broke the Roof, Not the Walls  
From outside, ours seemed a tale well-spun:  
A wedding, children, smiles under the sun.  
Yet inside, the house was not a home,  
But bricks of silence bound with weary stone.

I am a man who:

Fell short of what they call 'the family head, '  
Whose hands brought little, and whose heart felt dead.

Knew not how to woo or wisely raise  
A home where love and peace would dwell always.

Lagged behind in life's swift-moving race,  
A tortoise scorned for lack of worldly pace.

These faults, oft whispered, sometimes flung with scorn,  
Like thistles pierced the flesh from dusk till morn.

Of Dryness and Distance  
I lived within a dry and brittle bed,  
Where love once dwelt but soon its fragrance fled.  
No laughter sang from chambers where we lay,  
Just cold goodnights that stole our warmth away.

Twelve times or less each year we met as one,  
While hearts stayed locked beneath a loveless sun.

“Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred  
therewith.”

— Proverbs 15: 17

I felt a ghost — not father, husband, man.

A faint echo in a hollowed-out clan.  
The world we built was polished for the show,  
Yet underneath, no fruit was left to grow.

My Roots: Grown from Drought and Dust  
Born of a humble, wandering line,  
My father bore no land nor steady spine.  
His father's death robbed him of all he owned,  
And uncles carved his birthright to the bone.

We moved like reeds upon a restless stream,  
And schooling was a half-remembered dream.

Yet by God's grace, I broke through the mold:  
The first to wear a gown of scholar's gold.  
It was no feast; the journey thorned and steep,  
Each page I read was bought with nights of sleep.

I rose and sought to lift my kin with pride,  
But found my strength was quickly swept aside.  
For every step ahead, two debts would grow—  
And hopes would rise just as my funds ran low.

Marriage: A Fire Lit Too Soon  
I longed for warmth—not fire, but gentle light,  
A woman's touch to make the cold feel right.  
Not riches, but a heart that beat in rhyme,  
To weather storms and dance through years and time.

She came, and seemed the answer to my prayer,  
But clouds soon formed within our open air.  
Even before our vows were fully cast,  
Her eyes were drawn to shadows of the past.

She paid the dowry with a tender hand,  
Yet each coin rang like guilt I couldn't stand.  
We lived apart in flesh and thought and bed,  
And intimacy, like leaves in winter, fled.

"Sex," said the wise, "is wrought within the mind."  
And I, too blind, sought cures I'd never find.

Now I Understand Why My Father Was Silent

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.” — Shakespeare, Henry IV

When I was but a boy of tender frame,  
I watched my father, silent, without shame.  
He'd stagger in from battlefields unseen,  
No smile, no jest, no tale of where he'd been.

I thought him stern, aloof, and out of place,  
But now I see the weight behind his face.

He was broke, yet tears he could not show.  
He was sick, but rest was his foe.  
He was weary, yet stood like an oak—  
Because a father's grief must never be spoke.

“Men do not cry, they bleed behind the veil;  
Their pain is penned in silence, never wail.”

The world is brutal to the man who fails—  
No comfort waits when courage finally pales.  
To fall is shame, to break is to betray,  
So we bear burdens none should ever weigh.

Now that I'm grown, I see him clear.  
He fought for us through hunger, doubt, and fear.  
He sold his dreams to build us skies of blue—  
He died a little so we might live true.

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# Smart Tad Touch

When we touch you, dear, at break of morn, and ne'er forget,  
Still you, unyielding, do not touch us back, and our hearts fret.  
Like fingers dipped in honey's sweet embrace, then licked,  
A single touch leaves us yearning, souls afflict.

In shoving, in moving, we forget our very selves,  
Lost in the hustle, amidst the crowd's loud yells.  
The smooth surface, untouched, leaves us lost in thought,  
Learning much from the things that others have not.

Day after day, with time that slips away,  
We fail to see the need for touch, we stray.  
Yet you, dear touch, remind us of our need,  
To stroke, to feel, to plant the seed.

The vow I made, to never touch again,  
Yet loneliness found me, and my hands did wane.  
Searching for the warmth you once did provide,  
My fingers yearn, no longer can I hide.

This selfish trend, where touch is lost to time,  
Without it, we would meditate, hearts would chime.  
The world would study, cease to be so thick,  
A little more kindness, a world more quick.

More attentive to the hermit's heartfelt preach,  
Phones grow smarter, yet mankind seems out of reach.  
In seeking connection, we've forgotten what's true,  
That the deepest touch we seek lies not in screens, but in you.

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# Into The Sacred Pool

A newly met soul, thy light doth glow,  
Illuminating shadows where dull moments flow.  
Thou entered my world, a flame in the gloom,  
Inviting me into thy sacred bloom.  
Our eyes met, and like rivers that twine,  
Veins pulsed with fire, hearts did align.

Thine tiny gown, swift hands did claim,  
As I undid the bonds that stoked this flame.  
Thou fought, yet gave in to the call of desire,  
As thy skin, so soft, set my soul afire.  
Unadorned, thy beauty stood full and bare,  
A vision so pure, none could compare.

Thine arms, thy neck, and shoulders to trace,  
Each curve, each line, a divine embrace.  
Shall I caress the swell of thy breast?  
Would mine hands find in thee sweet rest?  
Thy soft belly, thy waist—such grace,  
As we lay, entwined in this sacred space.

Yet still, I wonder, have we fallen true?  
Or in the fall, have we both found new?  
Are we lost in the beauty of a moment's rhyme,  
Or are we caught in love's eternal climb?

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# Toil Not Waged

## TOIL NOT WAGED

In the minuscule hours of the mornings awoken by prosperity passion  
The toil in quest of better days promised after the unkind mornings,  
I saw myself; my future family freely faming in superfluity  
My soul foretold forthcoming fruits of hard work in vision  
I saw self-respected and revered imminence  
Tested my competence and ability  
Believed I befitted excellence

soon to say why my toil never was waged

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# Who Said One Cannot Love More Than One?

Who said one cannot love more than one?

For I once did, and still love these two,  
A bond so strong, so deep, so true,  
Love for the girl, and her mother, too.

First came the mother, sweet, for three long years,  
With endless chats and whispers in my ears.  
Longing for the time we'd finally meet,  
To make our love, forever sweet.

Then came her daughter, pure and bright,  
A gentle soul, a beacon of light.  
She smiled at me, and stole my heart,  
From that moment, we'd never part.

We shared our moments in my humble home,  
Where joy and laughter freely roamed.  
The lasses played, their grace untold,  
Immaculate figures, both bright and bold.

A staring contest, one of the silliest games,  
But in her eyes, I'd always be the same.  
She'd follow my lead, wherever she may roam,  
For I am her number one, and she calls it home.

I give her the standards by which she'll see,  
How men should love, how they should be.  
For she watches me with careful eyes,  
As I cherish her mother, my heart's true prize.

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# The Echo Of My Heart

I wait in silence, heart so deep,  
For your return, the love I keep.  
The nights are long, the days are cold,  
And in my chest, my story's told.  
Each step you take, I feel it here,  
A whisper faint, a voice I hear.

The winds do call your name to me,  
A distant cry, a memory.  
I trace the stars, each gleaming light,  
And search for you in endless night.  
Though miles may stand between our hearts,  
In every breath, my soul departs.

The scent of you is still my guide,  
In dreams, you walk right by my side.  
But waking brings the ache, the sting—  
That absence steals what joy could bring.  
I long to feel your touch once more,  
To open wide that sacred door.

I dream of days when we unite,  
Under the stars, in the soft moonlight.  
But time stands still, it won't relent,  
While my heart aches, so quiet, bent.  
The seconds pass, but none too fast,  
As love remains in shadows cast.

Yet still, I wait, I hold my place,  
For you, my love, my warm embrace.  
With hope that one day you will see,  
The endless longing here in me.

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# The Edges Of Love

Above love, you despaired, as shadows loomed,  
Under love, you cared, where hearts were groomed.  
Over love, you suffered, as the heavens wept,  
On love, you shuddered, in silence kept.  
In love, you prospered, with joy and grace,  
Choose the edge you preferred, and find thy place.

Yet in the deep, where tender hearts may bleed,  
Love is the root from which all souls proceed.  
In choosing light or dark, do not forget,  
The path you walk in love shall thee beset.

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# Flirting Queen

These words from a song I do sing,  
Love, it hurts like a thong, a painful sting.  
For that flirt, this I do bring,  
Why must love and the bees both sting?  
Lamentation is what my heart does cling,  
For my sweet, lovely queen, a precious thing.

Her kind, oh, never before seen,  
In her eyes, a light, so pure and keen.  
With fingers of mine, I long for a ring,  
What a dream it was, what joy did it bring!

And still, I wonder, with heart so torn,  
Why must love bloom and then be worn?  
For in her gaze, I see the dawn,  
Yet, in her absence, I am forlorn.  
Her sweetness lingers, yet I must wait,  
As love does linger, while we tempt fate.

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# The Scroll Of Signs

These signs were engraved and recorded in scrolls,  
Yet we wait for the scroll to be read, and we are 'mised'.  
The government makes laws that govern how we pray,  
For the owners of synagogues enrich with sweat each day.  
That they may steal not from the gullible throng,  
While they chant their hymns, in profit's song.

A thin line 'twixt Faith and folly doth appear,  
Tell me, do we have Faith, or are we driven by fear?  
Yet still we insist, the state hath no say in our worship or creed,  
Unless to arrest those whose fruits harm the land in need.

The stinging bird, fashioned by man's own hand,  
Became a belief, spreading o'er the dry land.  
It doth wage war with the Son, whom we adore,  
These governments must shield synagogues evermore.

Haters of our faith do slay our kin,  
Forcing us to recite their creed, or suffer sin.  
Those who refuse, are persecuted, slain,  
Radicals strike with blood, and wreak death and pain.  
While missionaries' efforts grow and swell,  
Their regimes fund the rebels, who bring us to hell.

It was all written, but we, in our pride,  
With eyes blindfolded, refuse the signs supplied.  
War declared, rumors spread of fate untold,  
Yet the regime stands idle, too timid and cold.  
Afraid of accusations, their hearts do freeze,  
As we wait for the storm, brought forth by these.

Time runs short for what lies ahead,  
Predictions fulfilled, the wheels of fate have sped.  
The message was given, yet we failed to heed,  
While others received, yet failed to conceive.  
The harvest is ripe, and the machines doth hum,  
All fall before the Maker—none shall overcome.

These signs were engraved and recorded in scrolls,

By mercy of the Maker, through the Son, we present our souls.  
The dates were never given, only signs of war and strife,  
Famine, hatred, and bloodshed mark our life.  
When the bad harvest is gathered, cast to the fire,  
The few who walk the narrow path shall not tire.

It is written, the few shall inherit the reward,  
While the rest shall fight to quench the raging sword.  
God, may the reader and I, through grace and might,  
Be counted among the few, in Your eternal light.

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# The Signs Engraved In Time's Scrolls

Everything was writ and chronicled in times of old,  
A generation that cast aside threats yet failed to behold,  
The subtle signs that the Master's return draws near,  
As we, in our folly, turn a blind eye in fear.

No clue of the stinging bird that man hath made,  
A belief now bred, in which the soul is laid.  
This bird, which subjugates the barren, parched land,  
From times of prophecy, hath taken its stand.  
It waged war 'gainst the Son, and His followers too,  
A bloodshed begun by rebels whose vows they pursue.

These signs were engraved and recorded in scrolls,  
The false oracles speak from their high, hollow thrones,  
Not pursuing the Maker, but what He hath wrought,  
The Maker shall loose immorality, as it was sought.

Women shall itch for ways that are not of the divine,  
And men shall yearn for their brethren, in sin's design.  
The literature speaks, in words clear and profound,  
The airwaves polluted by technology's sound.

The message of the Maker, with great haste, shall be sought,  
But in vain, the hard copies discarded, truths distraught.  
In their stead, edited versions will reign on high,  
Where falsehoods will dwell, as truth passes by.

Free technology shall bear the enemy's mark,  
In obscene images, jokes, and vile remarks.  
The enemy, with keen eyes, records all that we do,  
As evidence 'gainst us, when judgment is due.

Their timetables pressed, with no time for the Lord,  
The enemy laughs, his agents ever adored.  
We set up our praises for Man and spirits of dead,  
With idols and falsehoods, our worship misled.

We forget the command to worship God alone,  
Not gods of our making, nor idols of stone.

Oh, how it pains us, though we strive to be right,  
For we fall into sin, in the darkest of night.

Gluttony, slander, witchcraft, deceit,  
Gossip and fornication—sins that repeat.  
Adultery, idolatry, leaders in disguise,  
In the house of worship, where truth dies.

The needy are shunned, their plight cast aside,  
As we rush to secure wealth, in false pride.  
No sacrifice to God, for the synagogues take,  
The sweat of the poor, their riches they make.

We seek for God Himself, our offerings to bestow,  
In the hope that His favor will forever flow.  
These signs were engraved and recorded in scrolls,  
The false convictions proclaimed from their lofty poles.

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# The Secrets Engraved In Time

Entirety was predicted, all recorded in the scrolls,  
Yet none could fathom, for in codes were written the tolls.  
The writer left no hint, no key to unlock the door,  
The truth lay deep within the hearts, traditions, and lore.

Books were penned and songs were sung, of events foretold,  
Yet sung for gold, while listeners queued, hearts bought and sold.  
The sacred message, distorted, became but a game,  
Entertainment and greed tarnished its once-pure flame.

Those who proclaim the faith, adorned in garb so grand,  
Symbols of conformity, to realms they cannot understand.  
Alas! The pressure of pleasure, the hunger for delight,  
Twisted the words of wisdom, turning truth to night.

We trailed the ancient scrolls, abridged and torn,  
By those who brought the good news, in corners we were born.  
Books that omitted the punishment for those who change the ways,  
Forgetting the Maker's wrath, in the darkest of days.

The world is written in every line, of truths concealed,  
Yet we seek not the Maker's heart, nor the truth revealed.  
Born in debt, by the corrupt world's hand we're bound,  
And by another's debt, salvation's gift is found.

The Book speaks true, and still, we turn away,  
Rejecting the Messenger, who came to light our way.  
His own did not receive Him, though He came to save,  
Yet we deny the gift, and mock the price He gave.

Everything is written, the times yet to come,  
The Maker knew the generation, when the heart would grow numb.  
They see the threats and promises, yet miss the sign,  
For the return of the Master, and the fate of humankind.

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# Social Incest

The laundry greets me at the door, and bedding's strewn on the floor,  
A stench creeps from the kitchen, as we pass the gate.  
I yearn to use the restroom, but my call must wait,  
For she sits there in that bowl, lost in conversation—unaware.  
Is she chatting? Or flirting with my closest friends?  
A reminder of the trials, the twists that never end.

The hymns, the praises, the birds that sing,  
My college days of prayer, the humble things,  
From earnest pleas for guidance, to faith in my hands,  
The job came swiftly, a response to my demands.  
Knocking, seeking, asking, borrowing—then subsiding,  
An answer came through her, a cousin's hand providing.  
She found me a place to stay, and welcomed me with grace,  
Together we shared space—never knowing what we'd face.

Errands like a couple, though we'd never yet see,  
Our friendship blossomed, wild and free.  
Trips together, nights under the stars,  
Unpredictable moments, as close as we are.  
Her friends shaped her style—trends she'd wear,  
Facebook, Twitter, Viber, as we'd share.  
At first, it was innocent, a cousin, a friend,  
But soon things shifted, and we couldn't pretend.

The neckline lowered, just a touch,  
And I had to adjust, too much, too much.  
The curtains of my eyes, drawn too late,  
Revealing the flesh that sealed our fate.  
My fingers numb, but not enough to deny,  
What lay before me, I could not deny.  
Moans and whispers, accidental sighs,  
What was once a glance, became a prize.

Jealousy bubbled, within the group,  
As they saw my care, their voices a loop.  
We'd walk the stairs, hand in hand,  
Assist her dressing, understand the demand.  
But the law, the Bible, could not shield



What the cold of July had finally revealed.  
At first, the space between us wide,  
But slowly, softly, we drew closer inside.

Chemistry, they say—without question or reason,  
What pulls us together, and what drives the season?  
We begged forgiveness, too late, too soon,  
For our parents, our faith, but not the moon.  
The church sought verses, but could not condemn,  
Our secret too recent, to call it sin.  
No warning, no caution, no future to see,  
But the truth of our love—was it just you and me?

Blessings in disguise, they say with a smile,  
The world's design was crafted in style.  
To sire the handsomest sons, the most beautiful daughters,  
Yet here we stand, in the waters,  
Paying for deeds we once couldn't foresee,  
A price for our actions, to set our minds free.  
They say what goes around comes around,  
But where is the justice when it all comes unbound?

Social media, they say, has taken the lead,  
Facebook, Twitter, WhatsApp—all we need.  
Her fingers glide from my heart to the screen,  
Her touch once mine, now lost in the sheen.  
The nights once long, now cut short in haste,  
As we chase after tweets, leaving moments to waste.

Oh, darling, before this digital tide,  
Before the nights spent together, side by side,  
The food was sweet, the air so pure,  
The room a fragrance, a love that was sure.  
But now, darling, in this age we reside,  
We sip more water than green, and no longer abide.  
More pepper in our ugali, more fat in the juice,  
As the world spins faster, in digital abuse.

Facebook, Twitter, WhatsApp—everywhere we go,  
In the bank, the park, even church we show.  
In every space, our fingers tap,  
A style that varies, but never snaps.

So this is the end, the world as we know,  
The digital age, the afterglow.

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# In Pursuit Of Shadows

Like a mother mine was delighted, she gave birth,  
A joy most pure, like breath of life upon this earth.  
Great as the dawn when first we took our breath,  
And like the sun, we gleamed with hope, not death.

Lo, we did dream of days in learning's thrall,  
And thought great knowledge would our hearts enthrall.  
We sought, with zeal, the treasures men desire,  
And thought that gold could kindle love's true fire.

How grand the love for riches and for fame,  
How lofty men did seek to build their name.  
And in the toil, the sweat, and joys of men,  
We thought we'd rise to heights again and again.

Yet when the work did weigh upon the heart,  
Our love grew dim, its spark began to part.  
For 'twas not gold nor gold alone that fed,  
But the love of life, the mind, the soul, the bread.

Now pride in knowledge—how it doth unfold,  
More prized than wisdom ancient, pure, and bold.  
The words we spoke, the tongues we did employ,  
Forgetting all the simple joys of joy.

We fought, with pride, for titles, gifts, and men,  
And in our quest, we fought the battle then.  
The more we took the lovers to our side,  
The more we thought that we had naught to hide.

How grand the feast, the lavish taste of ease,  
How sweet the depth in which our hearts did please.  
How soft the touch that brought us pain and bliss,  
How deep the taste of sin's most tender kiss.

How wondrous, too, when we did fear no foe,  
Nor God, nor law, nor right, nor love did show.  
How great the fear when we must face our end—  
What tribulations shall to death descend?



# The Silent Struggle

What shall I say in response to this plight?  
When shall the world reveal its true light?  
Of the conception borne by our mothers so dear,  
Or the tender and harshness they silently bear.

The sweetness they sacrifice to forget the sting,  
When faced with companions that sorrow does bring.  
How they endure in silence and strive to survive,  
In a world where many struggle to feel alive.

Shall the battered bride still seek to endure,  
Or shall men, so cruel, be condemned and impure?  
Is it men or mean men who bring forth this fate,  
When kindness is lost in the hands of hate?

Linus Kithinji Njeru



PoemHunter.com

# The Artist's Heart

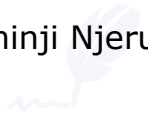
I shall find some time to read,  
To establish the link, the bond indeed.  
To breathe in the scent of thy art,  
And feel the theme that stirs my heart.

In every word, thy soul shall rise,  
Like stars that shimmer in the midnight skies.  
Thy art, a canvas rich and rare,  
A masterpiece beyond compare.

Each stroke of ink, a tender sigh,  
That lifts my spirit, makes me fly.  
To find in thee a deeper truth,  
A love eternal, sweet, and smooth.

(dedicated to Rachel Ann Butler)

Linus Kithinji Njeru



PoemHunter.com

# My First Time

We barely bonded, nine months in peace,  
A time of calm, of quiet release.  
In stillness, we shared the earth's embrace,  
A simple life in that sacred space.

The days, they passed, too swiftly, alas,  
Words began to slip, like whispers, so fast.  
The feeling grew, it stirred within,  
A yearning deep, to life begin.

My mother, caring, tender and kind,  
Ensured I knew no stress or bind.  
Her hands were warm, her heart was light,  
She waited for my first step into the night.

The days grew nearer, the hour was close,  
My vision cleared, the world arose.  
My body strong, my spirit bold,  
Preparing for what the future holds.

Her love, so tender, her touch so sweet,  
Her valleys deep, her hills complete.  
Her welcome, warm, her embrace wide,  
She whispered, 'Come, the world awaits outside.'

And then it came, that fateful night,  
The villagers gathered, chanting in sight.  
My father paced, but none could feel,  
What I would face in the world so real.

Yet only my mother, gentle and true,  
Came to my aid, as I ventured through.  
She held me close, as I took the leap,  
Into the unknown, a journey so deep.

But soon, the warmth I sought was gone,  
She could no longer protect, or carry me on.  
The world was harsh, its lessons stark,  
On my first day, life left its mark.





# Honey Without Nectar

The zzzziiing ziiing thundered past the hermit's door,  
Bees hurried onward, towards the mountain's distant shore.  
To the honey palace, they raced in haste,  
But the old hermit's warnings were quickly erased.

'Pray listen, my children, for danger is near! '  
But the bees buzzed on, ignoring the seer.  
They sought the palace where nectar once thrived,  
But little did they know, it had long since died.

Like nectar to honey, so wisdom breeds might,  
But the bees sought the honey, neglecting the light.  
Without nectar, no honey could flow,  
Yet up to the palace, they still wished to go.

Through rugged ridges, they climbed in pursuit,  
The peak in their minds, their hearts resolute.  
They raced, they labored, with no time to rest,  
To reach the palace, to fulfill their quest.

But the fast ones, the eager, the first to arrive,  
Were met with an emptiness, none could survive.  
The palace was barren, the nectar was gone,  
A lesson unlearned, the race now was done.

For wisdom, dear bees, is found in the still,  
Not in haste or greed, nor in the race to fulfill.  
The wise shall rise, they need not pursue,  
They shall find what is lost, and be filled anew.

Linus Kithinji Njeru

# A Treasure Beyond Measure

I heard her voice from far, a cry of woe,  
Like a mistress lost, her heart in tow.  
She called out to the world, a desperate plea,  
Begging for acceptance, to be seen.

Is there none who would accept her call,  
Simple yet wise, standing tall?  
For those who seek truth with humble grace,  
Understanding is a gift, not a race.

Her wisdom, unmatched, beyond compare,  
Her worth greater than rubies rare.  
Desires cannot measure her depth or might,  
For she brings counsel, free of pride's spite.

Her beauty struck me, and I could not see,  
The wealth I had in my own estate, so free.  
In me, they saw power, strength, and reign,  
Yet it was wisdom's well I sought to attain.

Linus Kithinji Njeru

# Between Hearts And Time

My mind and soul arise, to face this strife,  
The past within us rekindles life.  
The future calls, with steps to take,  
Overcoming obstacles, for love's own sake.  
Our broken hearts begin to heal,  
As we seek what fate can reveal.

My friends' desires, they do give,  
Her mountains, made flat, she dares to live.  
The games she plays, so few and rare,  
Time wasted in moments of despair.  
Her strength, unclaimed, yet vast as seas,  
The Lord will guide us, make us three.

In words of success, we built our trust,  
In simple vows, yet now unjust.  
Now in separate worlds, we stand apart,  
The bitter truth stings, tearing the heart.  
The sacred doom, once clean and pure,  
They never share a room, love's allure.

Linus Kithinji Njeru

# Equally To Dust

The great and the little, both share the same plight,  
The brave and the cowards, both face the same night.  
The lords and the slaves, all bound by the same,  
In the end, all are equal, none greater, none tame.  
The journey we walk, though paths may divide,  
Leads to one place, where no secrets can hide.

So let us be gentle, with hearts pure and true,  
For the home we all seek, we shall one day view.  
Our graves, where we rest, await without haste,  
A final embrace, in dust we'll be placed.

Linus Kithinji Njeru



PoemHunter.com

# The Muse Of My Heart

You are the muse, the spark, the fire,  
The theme that stirs my heart's desire.  
In every verse, your name I cast,  
For in your thought, my world is vast.

You fill my nights with dreams so wild,  
Like streams of passion, fierce and mild.  
Sweet treasure sought, a love so pure,  
Your touch, your grace, my soul's allure.

Lovender, my dove, my heart's true plea,  
Shall we entwine, as hearts agree?  
Let's tie the knot, forevermore,  
And sail the seas of love's great shore.

Linus Kithinji Njeru



PoemHunter.com

# Whispers In The Wind

Happy and glad am I, for Nature's gift,  
A lady fair, from distant lands, adrift.  
A treasure brought by Fate, my heart doth yearn,  
For she, whose thought doth make my spirit burn.  
Leticia, my sweet darling, thou art wind,  
A breeze that whispers where the storms begin.  
Upon whom thou dost blow, a river bends,  
A self-destructive course, where joy ends.

Never hath the scent of sweet or sweat,  
Escaped the lips of those who seek to get  
The fame of stars upon the golden shore,  
Nor felt the rush of love that does implore,  
A teenage heart, sweet pangs of love, untrue.  
Yet, thy own love doth burn both pure and new.

Ticia, sweet is but a poor guise for thee,  
Thou art the honey, golden nectar, free.  
A flower born of gardens rich and rare,  
From realms where men would gaze, yet never dare.  
Thy beauty's wealth, the jealous man doth crave,  
Yet, it brings grief, and leaves a hollow grave.  
For when thy sweetness fades, I am undone,  
My heart, now frail, with sorrow weighs a ton.

The sun doth set, and with it comes the night,  
When thou didst leave, my manhood lost its might.  
My spirit cried, though tears did not appear,  
For thirty-three long nights I wept in fear.  
The staff of joy, where once we'd danced in play,  
Is now but dust, and sorrow marks the day.  
For my sweet melon, once so full and bright,  
Left empty now, and drenched in darkest night.

O God, to tell the truth, words fail me here,  
To name the worth, the softness, and the cheer.  
A friend like fire that warms the coldest heart,  
Yet now doth leave me torn, and torn apart.  
I pray thee, Lord, protect her from all harm,

And grant her joy, with peace that doth disarm.  
Let her be safe, her happiness secure,  
According to Thy will, both pure and sure.

(November 28th 2008)

Linus Kithinji Njeru