

Poetry Series

Major Elazia
- poems -

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Major Elazia()

A New Day

Today, yesterday, and days gone
I saw the night of storms
In all the hurt the world feeds men,
A diet of guns and bullets,
Famine, floods, diseases and malice,
I saw the face of tranquility,
today, very early at dawn.

In the early morning light,
I saw the triumph of light and the defeat of the dark,
A bright day, a new way of life was born.

Peace and joy Lord grant our land,
Let the sleeping masses wake and work,
And we shall be happy in your shadows,
When the sun is high above our heads,
...and the honest smiles of men and women,
Shall never be written off from their faces.
Fingers of light came from the east,

Major Elazia

A Slug Of A Goat

I got to brag a bit you slug on a rotten log
Coz I ain't that laggard of a goat that's a thoughtless goon
Who's looking so haggard and locked in a fort
You see I'm brave I dare the hazards and take a ride in a boat
So I take to sail while I swagger in confidence

I never said you can't gloat like hooded floating idiot
I see in you a slug sloth's of goat swag with a dog's tail
I can brag as I take sail you better it right
Get the mug out of the rug oh God!
I know it ain't sense at all if you got a thick dense brain
When night comes I brag a mighty bright big

Ah! Good God I got your attention for a good gorgeous boredom
I gloat at you being a goat that got no light's gate again
Sorry mate I take you make good time for slime...
... Coz you still wasting time still reading this slink and stinking pick
Do you see why you are a goat I says that stop this reading?
And go dead serious reading this go read something else! Oh God!

I never knew I got great goat in you that reads this red stuff to the end
Coming head on to the rude dude with a crude brain
You ain't great to gauge this rainy nonsense
So I says goodbye and salute you
For being an astute reader of statute nonsense

That is what lawyers and preachers do
Every time they have nothing to say
They still say something that's a turd nonsense
And toads listen to them patiently saying nonsense in snow and white
Kenyans a fooled people craning necks swallowing jerky nonsense
Listening to politicians who are the very magicians
...Sorcerers yeah! Of telling lies and nothing in particular!

Major Elazia

Asking The Government

Take time my friend and walk around

See the desperation of the people,

Witness their stories and understand their plight

And you will know they have gone a little bit too far.

I heard a man boasting of having children

Countless children whom he'd named after all his great ancestors

And started naming them after calamities

Soon, he said he has honored the government

By naming his last child Benevolent Government

He was just asking the government help him feed his children

By the way I met another beggar

No one could tell the difference between man and garbage

He seemed to do well looking like a walking dump site

He had sold all his lands and went after women

Now he is asking the government

To donate to him alternative land and settle him urgently

So that he can vote in the next general election

One day when I was walking in the hospital
I came upon a man who was frail and sick
And I inquired into the source of his misfortune borrowing
He had found his wife with another man in bed
And in protest he chopped off his thing
Now he is also asking the government
To rehabilitate his thing so that he can function again.

At the Muthurwa and Machakos country bus
I met young strong energetic men loafing about
They had dropped from school as early as in Std 3
They said they were tired of the hard manual laborer's lives they hard
They needed decent jobs as teachers and bank clerks
They were now asking the government to help them
Secure such good jobs in Dubai, the land of Manna

I met some street urchins at Uhuru Park
They were in cohorts with pick pockets and muggers plus robbers
They wanted to form a SACCO and save
So they were asking the government to recognize them
And offer them security so that they excel

Because they can pay larger taxes than others

If only given a chance to professionalize their work.

And went to the North of the country

I saw the ravishes of the famine and the hunger of the people

For once even if they were making a request

Asking the government to bring rain to their land

This was the first genuine impossible request

But then can't the government dig bore holes,

Where underground water is said to be plents?

Major Elazia

Be Still My Soul Be Still

My soul

Be still my soul be cool
You are as strong as steel
Grieve not in the windmills
When your time's come
You will dance on your home trail
In a spell of a forgiving time
And you will walk on in peace

My soul

Be still and forbid the heart
Though the tongue can hurt some more
Let its snow white flow like a river
And spread the spirit of love
And carry no more the pain
Without intent to the eye of revenge
And you will rest in peace my heart

My soul

Be still my soul and contain the tongue
From speaking some lines salted in tension
And wrecking some havoc to all the nations
Be still
My soul be still I beg
Placate the tongue and prevent its evil
And you will rest in peace my soul

My soul

Be still my soul and mourn not with tears
Wear a brave face when running in the storms
When the blood ceases to flow
My soul be still and survive the mourns
There will be another life after all
And you will rest in peace
My soul, be still my soul be still

Major Elazia

Blood, Sweat And Tears: The Promise Of Eliminating Al-Shabaab

I have listened to the speeches the Kenyan leaders have delivered thus so far, and it is my well considered opinion that they are not doing enough to psychologically prepare Kenyans for even worse situations to come. As the Deputy President stated at the airport, Kenya will up the game to defend the lives and properties of Kenyans. But the reality of the matter is that in the course of fighting our war in Somalia, those Al Shabaab goons will resort to terrorist acts with the vengeance of the devils and demons.

What we have witnessed is just the begging. We as a country will not withdraw our troops from Somali, but that by itself is what the Al-Shabaab will use shamelessly in justifying all means of inhuman acts to hit the civilian population within our homeland Kenya. More acts of violence may be witnessed. It is time to galvanize the Kenyan spirit into forming a wall of resilience in the common Kenyan's mind that despite the blood spill that has occurred and may occur in future. In my view, however naïve as it may be, is the failure of the Kenyan leaders awakening a realistic picture in the minds of Wanjiku, Atieno, Nanjala, and Chelegat huko mashinani.

Let the wisdom of Winston Churchill, the British Prime Minister during the 2nd World War, be used here. That wisdom in the voice of reality in a testing situation was in his statement that he was assuming office of the premiership on the promise of blood, sweat and tears as the price that the British Empire was to pay to secure freedom. It was not a nice promise, but it was the most practical promise in the sea of turmoil and impending destruction of the British nation at that time. May be with our KDF in anti-countenance of Al-Shabaab in Somali, this is the unpleasant promise Kenyans must be given by the leaders and especially by the C-in-C of our KDF.

This is the galvanization Kenyan leaders have failed to use to motivate Kenyans to continue holding hope in a universe of torment arising from our nation's excursion against the Al-Shabaab in Somalia. I have listened to the words of Raila, President Kenyatta and his DP Ruto, Ole Lenku, Gen Karangi, Kimaiyo, and many other leaders. The declaration that "...Never again shall this happen" is a fanciful fallacy. The Kenyan leaders must prepare the Kenyan psyche for a long and gruesome experience of violence.

There shall be untold violence against children, women, men, and our properties. It shall be a test on our resolve to remain a united nation under more threats like the Westgate Siege in future. It is only through the Kenyan public realizing that we have a long and fierce war of fighting a faceless enemy. In the impending pain our war is bound to generate from the effects of the terrorists on our

peaceful tranquility, we must be ready to suffer for a better tomorrow. It is only then that we will say we are ready for blood, sweat and tears in our final assault to defeat Al-Shabaab and see a united Republic of Somalia rise from the ashes and smoke of anarchy and be a source of security to Kenya and the entire Horn of Africa.

I say so because as country we have been the ill-fated victims of unwarranted terrorist acts in the past. From the Norfolk Bombing, to Nairobi Bomblast of 1998, Kikambala, Garrisa attacks and many more that remains unlisted here. Should we fool our collective imagination by saying it will never happen? Or should be prudent and conceive plans on how to mitigate the effects of such acts of violence when they occur? That choice is within the policy making capacity of our defense forces, ministry of internal security and all other agencies dealing with our security. The truth of the matter is, we cannot foil each and every terrorist act. Not even the USA, Russia, China, Spain or Germany has the ability to foil each and every terrorist acts conceived against them. But what is our response mechanism should this happen again in future? Is the civilian population prepared to endure?

As the local man goes about his business, he must also be aware that Winston Churchill promised the British blood, sweat and tears as the manifesto for winning the 2nd World War. They suffered the German blitzkrieg, the heavy losses of life in Normandy landings, and other untold cruelties of war. I believe, that is the new manifesto we should embrace in our war with Al-Shabaab. To have the KDF or AMISOM retreat from Somali will be a victory for the Al-Shabaab. Deep down even the Somali are looking upon KDF to liberate their country, while we are looking up to KDF for the defense of our country from the tyranny of the terrorists. Kenyan leaders, time for flowery speeches is over. We are already united as a nation.

It is time to prepare our collective psyche to endure from a hurricane of terrorist acts as the KDF and AMISON continue to neutralize Al-Shabaab in Somali. The last kicks of the dying donkey are violent at first, and then slowly wither. It is never a single kick, but a plurality of kicks that weaken with time. In Somali, Al-Shabaab is soon to be lifeless on its death bed. Bravo Kenyans! It is time to let the resilience in us be obvious in our approach to suffering in the promise of a future peace for the Horn of Africa and our own country.

Major Elazia

Brother

Brother
Or friend I knew
I entrusted you
My secrets I disclosed
That trust you betrayed
Yet,
You smile at me brother

Brother
I did no one wrong
For so long you have sworn
To read my name as good as dead
Why that kind of deed
Why soil my name indeed
What a day from you,
Brother I say,
You make me cry

When my wound oozes puss
Come and be my nurse
You know the contents of my purse
And you go ahead and make me frail,
You set out to see me fail.
Each heart I touch,
Of the lilies I browse,
And the roses I loose,
If you must know,
Then, I ask, must I go?
When all you do
Is pretend to be brother.

Life is cruel I say
To hear and be told
That you spoil my name
Too many a maiden I loose
Because of your foolishness,
I rest case knowing
I have you forgiven brother

Major Elazia

Cold Cold Day

A cold day
A time to move into the sun
To shine with sun's warmth
The temptations of a new day
A better moment
Than the torment of the cold morning

And what warmth music creates
Charming your spirits to new heights
And beautiful country scenery
Makes you to smile in joy
Despite the cold morning
A great epic journey has began

Major Elazia

Die And Go To Hell!

I will do you a little favor
When you go to hell
I will make sure you go just like hell
If you are to be remembered
I will be glad if no one has a good word for you

I can't deny it, I abhor you,
I loathe you
You are despicable,
Why should I glorify a murderer in his death?
He that killed my brother, abused my sister, and beheaded my child?
And now that you will be executed
You can see the smile on my face

To forgive you is unbearable
Go to hell never forgiven by humanity!
I will make sure you are buried in the deepest grave
That grave will never be marked
Who needs to remember you?

Major Elazia

Dismiss The Love With Fairness

Yesterday I got your letter in my silent dreams
It was full of sadness and bitterness
But I noticed one thing in it
As usual, I'm the devil always
And you, the saint in white forever.
Do you understand what it meant not to have you
When the storm was brewing in my life?

When you write in pain of me,
I so did the same of you once.
May be I am done with the mourning
The freshness of life and the zeal to move has returned to me
Since you never knew the value I attached to you
I, too, have suffered losses like you
I, too have many questions
Unlike you who gets answers from me
I never get answers from you.

I have been thinking about this,
And I see no justification in holding on to the roses
When I want to part in good faith
In the same way you blame me,
You forget, so quick, you left me alone in the dark
When I stretched my hand to get your support
You let me stumble and fall
After my fall you cut me loose.

Now I wonder,
Why you complain of my broken promise to you
A promise broken by events beyond my realm
When you know it was from you I sought companionship
When it was not forthcoming
And with the worst timing of misfortune
I never did your little favor
But it was not my intention

But it was you who ignited a torch
And now that it starts to shine so bright
You have indulged me in the perils of love's departure

It might appear I never cared,
But it's because you never took time to know,
Just to know, how much of worth you were to me
And now that you are gone
How will I one day return your good deeds without returning to you?

I will not appeal in favor of a reunion
What shall it bring if all is just endless blame?
I take my role as the devil in the union
And leave you the angel in white,
To roam free, in oblivion of your mistakes
But I must go on in the world
The earth is so round
But I hope not to return to the same point in history
It was a mistake done once
In as much as I wave goodbye
Deep down it is not an easy bye bye.

Major Elazia

Ecstasy Of Romance

So many days have gone since the flirtatious deceptions
And young men resign to fate and easily move on
There are many flames and the love candles blown off
Because of floating aimlessly in the love winds
Now upon reflections of the cunning will
Young men conned of materials also smile to their silent heroics

The beautiful ones cry wolf tears even with their lies exposed
To the very same souls that they have drained meaningful emotions
And more lies are wiggled through their crafty tongues
There is an uneasy strangeness to be loved by such a woman
And to give her the love she deserves is in a benevolent gesture
Which she destroys with each material profit she exerts from a man

But again she forgets so soon thereafter
That a man only loves once in a relationship
And, that once, is easily shattered by material demands
This is not easy at all for a young man of ambitious virtues
They lock the dollar's gates and open the valves of tears
Because they are no longer in touch with the material girl emotionally

When the reality of love dawns on the lady,
When her heart is longing for the love and cherish of her man
She already stands isolated in her own desolate emotions
She realizes too late that to be insulated in a material love
Is to be fumigated to a quick demise of the heart
She then misdirects her anger and blames men for her misfortunes
Yet she opened her own valve of tears loose.

Major Elazia

Encased In A Vacuum

When sunset falls,
When the dark envelops the land,
When our spirits are so low,
When everything loses their meaning,
What then do we do when emptiness greets us?

When we get encased in a vacuum,
When we are fooled by the mirage,
When we just find our appetite gone,
When warm greetings have no warmth at all,
Where then do we take our emptiness?

When our expectations are dashed,
When we stretch our hands and hold onto a ceaseless void,
When sweet words become soundless screams,
When talk has lost all directions,
Where then do we turn to dig the meaning of events?

When sleep is a restless nightmare,
When we sink in a forfeited brave palace in our private enclaves,
When we become empty people in a busy world of others,
When our own efforts not erase nostalgic memories
Where do we re-discover the art of self-composure?

When these heavens have no meaning in angels,
When hell is nothing but a haven of inner pains,
When we are simply buried in nothing,
When we cry endlessly,
How do we survive?

Major Elazia

End Of My Song

Did you sing a love song?
Did you sing with your heart and voice,
Trying to convey the emotions of feelings,
Singing the words with a piano player?

I sang a song today,
A lovely song telling the story of love,
It left me smiling in the moon
As I tapped my fingers to the beat,
A slow beat of bass and soprano

Those words touched everything in me,
The repetitions emphasized the spelling of love,
My eyes were open to watch the birds
And I heard their chorus in sync with the beats
As the trees created a whispering note,
To signal the end of my love song.

Major Elazia

Floating Down The River

I walk in the rains

Feeling the day's tension cool

And the wind blows,

The tree branches sway

As the birds hold on tight, hanging and dancing

In the noise of the storm

Drenched, soaked through and through

Clothes weigh a ton due to rainwater

I trudge in the mud

Taking another step

To another time in a shelter

It is said that rain is a blessing

Water is the oil of life

In the storm I see uprooted tree logs

Floating mass of confusion and desperation

And a dog struggling to break to the surface

The storm water rises

From my feet it touches my hips

And then my tummy and neck are submerged

The raging waters scream in threat

As the water caresses my neck

I see a dead child floating down the river

Major Elazia

Fooled By Fake Innocence

Don't tell me that obvious lie
I'm not at all curious about how you gonna die
If I am to ask a furious you to tell me why
You gonna give me a serious foxy tale to fly
But that is your luxury flight to nowhere in the sky

To flirt doesn't mean I can sooth your heart
And to fight does not mean I will get hurt for you
When I take a flight to run don't hold my shirt
Lady no more calling my name
When a man says it is done over with love
There is no turning back to the wishes of the angels

If I'm to give you an ear even for a second
You will give that sweet second confession
That is laden with honey bait for my money
No wonder I take my journey before your words get to me
For I have been fooled by that fake innocence
More than the fair share of forgiveness I have given you

Major Elazia

Free And I Don'T Care!

My fellow men at heart and women of virtue, I hasten to inform you that with a life full of surprises, a trump like me must allow himself plenty of liberty not to care much beyond what is necessary. Caring too much begets tired men and women who have no chance of a rare smile on their faces. We worry about food, diseases, environment, wars, germs and whales, anything our imagination can sweat and spend sleepless nights is a torture to us. I choose to live with the free will of a trump.

And please remember not to correct my manners, I know many complain about my demeanor. Don't gift me the garb called etiquette, of what use is it to me a street urchin, or a backstreet prostitute, or a tout, or just some vile caliber of a human species? I care about using foul language to scare hell out of a shopper when I relieve them a bread to make my day run. Keeping myself alive is what matters, the rest I don't care. Life is good to the street urchin to care much.

Do not bother me about manners, do not lecture me about eating. If you do, I do not care. Look the food I eat is what I need, no amount of telling on my manners will make me leave the jolly of eating boisterously while talking and shouting. Do not reprimand me for yelling with a mouth full of semi chewed food. I tell you I don't care, provided I am full, nothing else matters. It's the free will of a trump.

With generous liberty I choose when I want to take a bath. It doesn't matter I can spray around a pungent irritating odor, if you don't like it stay away from me, and my tattered clothes broadcast my coming from afar, that much I care and no more. You have the bank accounts to buy expensive make-up, mine is the dried sweat layers on my face, mind you I am okay. You can have your expensive cologne and as I pass by you you will have to sneer and twitch your noses to the one that is more domineering in smell. Once again the free will of the trump dominates the tremendously.

So let my free will be like that. Why do you drown in shame when I exchange a few explicit pleasantries with my fellows in the hood? For us it is a sweet competition calling each other the dirtiest words a person can conjure. You see if I don't mind the language and I am part of the talk, why should you mind? In the first place who invited you to listen? Please assign yourself the duty of not minding my language, if you don't, you will have to grow ear buds in your ears. I

really don't mind my language.

You can walk around in your expensive suits, or designer dresses, or custom made shirts and blouses, but I am comfortable with this pieces of rainbow colored fabrics sewn together to form something akin to clothes. If I ask you, have they not covered those regions that humans and animals don't? I am okay, I run my life just with a heavy touch of the free will of a trump. If you are offended by this submission then you can as well go to hell.

Major Elazia

Goodbye To You My Trusted Love

Goodbye to you my trusted friend
As we race to out pace a blasted love
Nothing keeps us together but better not weep by the love of the stars
In this nest we get a break to take a rest
We are no more singing love songs as the children of the stars

Goodbye to you my trusted love
You had me swim in the rivers of the knives in the caves
With the double troubles of new found wounds
I had to let go the love from the children of the stars

Goodbye to you my trusted friend
It was hard to believe everything went down and die
Even though I will never lie shallow in the lies
You played a nasty game on my name
Farewell to the love from the children of the stars

Goodbye to you my trusted love
I scan the plains and feel the pain in within
I refuse to slide and glide into a silent grave of love
And so goodbye to this that I believed was a trusted love

Major Elazia

I Loved You Still

I loved you girl
Oh...how I loved you
With the world breaking apart
I loved you still

I loved you girl
Of the moments spent together
There was laughter
Genuine laughter
Laughter of love
Oh girl,
How I loved you

I loved you still,
When you left for that other man
That other man beyond,
I forced myself to love;
Man must love I said,
And love was there
Oh girl,
How I loved you.

I loved you girl,
I got stuck on you,
You said nasty things
And made a great fool of me,
But I wasn't bothered,
Because I loved you.
My God!
How I loved you
For peace dwelt upon my being.
Girl, how I loved you...
I was a fool in love,
Oh girl,
I loved you still.

I loved you girl.
Even though hope was gone,
When you showed me that wicked smile,

Crossing to that other man beyond...
And the phone calls,
I could not believe it.
But I loved you the more,
I loved you still,
Oh girl...
How I loved you.

I loved you girl
I made it at odds to see you
From across the country,
Over the hills and valleys
All because I loved you;
Loved you so much despite all your silence,
And I pretended to be calm,
But inside I was breaking into emotional pieces.
I remember all the unreturned phone calls.
But I loved you still,
Oh girl,
How I loved you.

I loved you girl,
I wish you knew
How much I loved you.
I loved you with all my heart,
When all was said and done
I cannot believe how much I loved you,
I loved you girl,
But then it became too much...
...Too much to...
How it came like a flash and a big bang!
Oh I said it!
Though I loved you then
...Oh girl
I'm so sorry to remember,
How I loved you still

I loved you girl,
But it was then that I said it,
It had the pain though,
It was so much pain evoking to say it,
With all the love,

I turned to reality and made a round turn,
Though I still loved you,
I said it loud for you to hear,
It was over then,
Over and over forever.
Oh girl,
How I loved you.

I loved you girl,
I loved you still,
Though I said it,
I still loved you anyway.
But I offered to say it twice,
Bye and bye is all I afforded,
I still afford it now as then.
Oh girl I wish you knew how much I loved you.

Oh girl,
Once upon a time
I was in love with you

Major Elazia

I Will Forget You Too...Replying P. Neruda

I get you loud and clear,
And there is only one thing worth knowing-
The gift of forgetting each other!

You see my life is a long trek in the rough side of life,
I ain't not a robot tuned to be a love machine,
So when the roots of my emotions break I just float away
And go far far away to seek another land
That is why it will be easy for me to forget you

Each day, each hour if you feel incline towards me,
Be assured,
When love is gone,
Be ready to forget me,
Because I will not feel destined for you,
All the lovely flowers wither and get forgotten from the eyes of humans
In me,
You can stand extinguished and forgotten,
I appreciate that you too has room to forget me

I beg that I forget all about you,
Because it is in your promise,
That should I forget about you,
You too shall have no memory of me.

It doesn't matter what you see,
What you touch, everything will just cease to exist,
And so little by little I stop loving you,
Hoping, in return that you too is slowly not loving me

Major Elazia

I Will Not Say A Thing

Should I say a thing?
I wonder if I say a thing or two,
Will it mean somethings like four to five
With a range running the limit beyond?

I therefore make my nobbly choice,
I will not say a thing till I get to learn some more
So I say not a thing

If again I say a thing or two
I may not mean what I mean to you
Worse of all I may not carry what I mean at all across the bridge

Let me be humbe in my choice
I voice my sound below the line of courage
Only those with sharp ears shall hear my cowardly whispers

May be they are the ones
Who may get a thing or two from what I say
In this game of life in which games are played upon the best of brains

Major Elazia

If I Were A Beggar

If I were a beggar,
Let me be a beggar of class Oh Lord,
Give me the best of wine and lager
And dine and dance in style and valour
Wear the best designer clothes all year round
Let me be a beggar of class

If I were a beggar,
Let me enjoy the fine things of life,
Let me ride in the limos
And fly in the choppers and gamble in casinos,
Who knows,
A beggar loosing a million a night is not bad,
Then let me be a member of Kenyan parliament
Where I wont pay taxes
Because I am a beggar by high debts

Major Elazia

Ignorance And Vanity

I speak my mind with my voice of criticism
In kindness I refuse to be subdued by my choice of words
And my message remains the same to the world
For shame may be the veil made of vile gold
That is used to clothe stupidity in bold fonts

I prefer to engage with those who think
While I refer the unreasonable to the logic gurus
If not I keep a stoic silence in my logic
It pains me to live in the ignorance magic
Doomed are they who parade it to their tragic end

Each day I discover a new faucet of my ignorance
I wish not to be obliterated by my own ignorance
Even though learning has a limit to which one can attain
I refrain from being bogged in enlightened darkness
I pity those who have no atonement for their sins of ignorance

It is true each day I forget
Yet I know learning afresh is not easy
For a sharp mind is greased with a good memory
That can only be built by engaging the Enlightened Gurus
Be warned, some of this gurus wallow in darkness

I have met some highly learned souls
Yet they wallow in vanity
Oblivious to reason because of their status
They relate only to their kind in class and stature
But miss too much more from them that are so lowly to them

Great knowledge is not transcended by vanity
Be warned in reason and logic of this vile of vanity
It is the mark of the ignorant many
Who rant all they know in self importance
And end up being silly to even with lowest thinkers of reason

I proclaim my weakness to the world
My words bare no kindness even for my own ignorance
Each day ignorance catches up with me and gets my mind torn

Each day I try to reclaim my freedom from the vanity of ignorance
How far I achieve that remains unknown to me

Major Elazia

Islands In A River Stream

She is my woman in the smile of my heart
When I was spoilt for a choice
She stood out strong and conquered my doubts
Today I settle in my couch
As she tenderly touches the depths of my emotion

Today a new window opens
And another got shut in the island of yesterday
Tomorrow she will clear my wall
of China
But in another word a struggle looms
But for how long will thy heart dwell in this new island?

Major Elazia

It Doesn'T Matter My Friend!

Since the era of a time gone I have been writing

Not what comes from the spirit of my heart,

Nor the renditions of my soul,

But the joyous creativity of my pen

But time has come to set a flame burning

To let its dancing light shine in the shadows

For a new inspiration now grips my world

In the words of songs so much as forgotten

What is it that lies so deep in your heart,

That you find it hard to surface it unto your mind,

Where from the voice shall you clothe your silent words

And give the world a token excess of what it deserves?

For so many lies I have lived to tell,

For so many adventures I have lived to cover,

Hope is but sometimes the fame of illusion

When the true sense of meaning is deleted from it

I pen this not inspire you to a page of love

But just to wax and wane in my forgotten talent

To which I entwine, like a river's flow, my pen to paper, words then must come

In this joyous creativity some latent talent grows

It doesn't matter, my dear, it doesn't matter, my lyrical friends

Life is but a cycle 'to which no traveller returns'

It doesn't matter, my fans, it doesn't matter, my cynical critics

Nothing impossible, lovers of art, nothing is difficult, skeptics of art

Major Elazia

Legends Of The Lovers

In the cold of the night
In the silence of the dark
From the dreams of the love
A time always comes
To make it the night of love
In the warmth of the living love

The sensitive touches
The sensual kissing
The tight embrace and....
The groaning and the soft mourns
Spurred on by the love emotions
Make it the night of the legends of the lovers
Like . . .

Major Elazia

Letter To My Father.

If I try to go back into the hands of time
I can't recall the first day of my life
But with care and affection from mom I grew up
With the passing of age to school I went

Father you made me go to school
You made me keen to be in class
And saintly made me take pen and paper
And painted my books with a the colours of my writing

I must apologise my father
Despite the years in class I am not a doctor
Nor a pilot or a lawyer or the teacher you intended
Because I got tired of the books
When I could not cook the answers
I walked out of school

But father do not scold me
Nor pour cold water on my path
Cool down your wrath and smile
I am a self made man of God
I run a multimillion church with a large flock
And I milk them well by the Bible fodder

Father I write this letter to you
Beseeching you to revoke your decision
Of banishing me when I dropped out of school
Because father,
I dine with the kings, date the queens
And I still preach to the emperors of the land

Major Elazia

Like A Dove So Is Peace

After the heathen of a fast and furious day, and turmoil of a daily chase of time and bread, and the tiring events in the day's daily program of trouble, a birth of misfortune hidden in the nights so comes another turn of a tide, a misfortune in another sequence of events.

But have the hopes of a time

In the misfortune of dark and nights stands a fortune of a time, and the fortune of a dream, and the fortune of a mind not in peril, and bestowed unto you, a fortune of relaxing

Major Elazia

Living In Harmony

Someone somewhere would have begun by saying they have walked through the valley of the shadow of a conflict. But not me, it is a time to take a step back and reflect yet again. To look at the discourse of disunity and the propagation of dislike. To critique myself in the face of adversity and to know where as a human I err. I should not justify my indignity nor blame anyone for a misunderstanding.

I have learnt the easy way is the hardest way. When you take a wide berth from the common sayings of the old men you hang on the eagle of the spread of blindness, I realized the disillusion in this, the folly of my anger, the ignominy of this is vanity. I have realized how hard it is to develop faith, but day by day my faith in the Bible thickens more than my visitation to any church a service. You are a temple of God, the church is a gathering of men. Today I give thanks to God for letting me uphold the sacrilege of wisdom.

Let the stone pellets hauled at me not be poison of good grace. In meekness I remove the boulders that I hurt my feet on the road so that comfort be part of your journey, it is what I never had as a traveler. I may not be that much of a saint, neither do I have the humble cream to anoint myself as one, nor the ultimate standard to qualify as one, but my pursuit of life let me have a little meaning in another human with the limitation that I can never be the source of comfort.

Being some imperfect being, a creature of God, an earthly sinner, I realize by the measure of humanity I have no liberty to transgress on honor, I have a duty to maintain and sustain everyone's respectability. I must bow down to the hawker, stand up for a child and hold high the esteem of a beggar. Let me not hurry my will, let my heart dictate the pace by each heartbeat.

Major Elazia

Love In A Vault

Listen carefully to that silent voice speaking deep inside your mind. Take chance and venture into the unknown, you never know how the tide of love may come your way. Sometimes you feel attached, and you want to please your empty void, but again there is someone there for your convenience, a phone call away. Yet, the sensual calls and touches do not matter, it is that filling of emotions and the mutual flow of affections that make two to tango in true love. There is someone who you can identify with, someone who listens to you, someone who can make your heart happy, your face bright and touches you deeply even from afar. That is where the pain begins, that person is not your husband, your wife, your boyfriend or your girlfriend. That person has captured you, has made you a prisoner without chaining you. You know that person, you talk, but you are no longer free till you get them into the sphere of your love.

Major Elazia

Metarmophosis

In my ears I hear the wind whisper to me,
Informing me of what peace lies unfounded.

On my back I feel the warm sand of the beach preach to me about the forgotten
love of a time.

The emptiness before me is the vast ocean whose waters are no use for a drink,
This is the moment of a time where the beauty of the fire flies has been lost to
the blazing glare of neon lights.

The time when the singing of children and the cacophony of the forest noise
made the night a music of flavor for sleep to catch a soul.

Now I indulge in a childhood game of counting the stars,
And it dawns on me how the infinite universe of protection is lost to this
generation;

we call of as ours.

The clouds cover the stars and the counting stops to let it pass.

You know you cant reach the stars,

But as a child one would lift his hands to grab the star that was brightest.

As a child you could own the mountains and play all day long, and sleep all night
too.

This are no more.

We have changed, the world transformed and humans slowly will
metamorphosis.

We are never going to be what we are.

Major Elazia

Moonlight Through

I take a slow breath and follow the path of a meteorite as it drowns itself in the shadow of the nights. I have no reason to frown as the little stars twinkle in the sky make me smile. I can hear the hooting of the owl and the sleepy cackling of the Savannah guinea fowl. In the distance from the distance of the village I can hear the howling of an injured wild dog frolicking for food in the dump-site. Then the chill of the silence of the night settles over the land.

I rise from my bed and walk to the window, I shed away the sleep from my head and steady my hands on the window sill. There is beauty in the darkness when the little clouds give way to the moon's urge to have her light touch the flora and fauna at this midnight hour.

The moonlight coming through my window reveals a majestic giraffe feeding on the acacia leaves on the tree tops. Unfazed by the thorns the elegant long-necked animal enjoys its hearty meal as a dazed weaver bird takes off from the tree, disturbed by the unwanted guest, a black mamba snake, but her eggs can't fly.

A jumbo family is seen in the horizon, silhouetted against the faintly lit skyline of the plains. This is the African night, a paradise of modern day retreat, and never a repetition of the yells and bellows of drunk lunatics in the poorly aired dance-halls and clubs of town... (to be continued)

Major Elazia

Mr. Carpenter

You are not a painter
So cut for them some timber
Make fourteen chairs and more beds,
Add some tables
And fix the labels of a summer fiesta in the air
It is time to go partying
So they say siesta
They shall soon be sleeping

Mr. Carpenter,
Cut more the timber
Take your time and drink some coffee
Make some coffin of fine timber
That coffin you have made,
Mr. Carpenter,
After the party
Will take them home to rest

Major Elazia

Music Of My Love

Hush,

In the pre-dawn silence the river flows, heading towards an ocean a thousand miles away,

The early birds chirping break the monotony of silence

And waking men jump out of bed,

Taken aback they realise the glory is gone, the story has changed, and the dream is no more.

The river has changed its course,

In the cold of the night when uncertainty is high

Direction of the migrating birds too changed,

To one that nobody knows

And the soul of men are now in tears,

The heart of women heavy with sorrow

And no one knows what tomorrow holds

It could be a barren basket or a county harvest,

But we fear the unknown or the misfortune of loses

In the heat of the sun the river dries

The noisy frogs disappear and thirst comes calling

It is the love that dries in the heat of time

It becomes evaporating waters unless the river regains its original course

In the building noise of the day

In the clatter of the howling hyenas, shouting humans and screaming nature's thunder

The music of love can still be found.

Major Elazia

Musical Nostalgia

I walk alone
Alone in the empty back streets in town
They say they had a clown
A displaced man staring with his head bowed down

I am still alone
Feeling the time gone
With my mass of self torn
And a simple touch on my phone
I dwell no more on the phoney calls
The sea tide rises and falls twice a day

I am alone
But not aloof to the ways of life
Because by some means of Grace I make a day
Each day becomes as fresh as forest air
And each rest I have,
I take it with the sounds of music
Not with the noisy pounds of daily life

I am still alone
So the melodious became the heart of my soul
The empty space of time now are open
But I am still alone,
Alone in a duet and with a mono sound
That is why I turned around,
To hear some sweet sounds of music

Major Elazia

Nairobi At Night

Nairobi at night is a place of wonders

I was really amused the another night

When I took a stroll down Koinange street,

I met the beauty and the beasts in wait for clients

Some ran away, some jostled for my attention

But I heard my own voice in another silent whisper

Here I am in Koinange sampling the best of the city

The night workers are well dressed and enticing

A Mercedes, a Jaguar, a Shogun, Prados and all

The women never end, they are still abundant

And the number of customers is never ending

A few coins exchange for a quality time,

I see talk show celebs and musicians waiting for their clients

You see I'm not quadrupled on four wheels

So I decide let me try Sabina Joy

And this must be Sodom and Gomorrah under one blanket

Their is no hiding, everything is open

The Luo ladies are saying 'don't hide, just floss'

And beer flows around in the heart of the city

Even the cabinet ministers' sons frequent this place

Well, this place is too open, someone I know may find me

It is said that on River Road you get all you want

Anything from China to Somalia is there

I try my chance their knowing their are many hiding places

I sneak into a known joint of Indians

All I find are pure Kikuyus who originated from India

And they speak Gujarati as I salivate in anticipation

Disappointed I chance Eastleigh, and I find good Somalis

You can say fresh imports and exotic beauty

I make a bargain and they have no issue

I can have them for my leisure the whole night

If I only buy everything in her stall at once

So that she doesn't worry about missing her clothe customers too

I'm shocked, what is the use of the hijab

If its intended meaning is thrown away like that?

Why don't I try Nakumatt Westgate in Westlands?

This is a place frequented by the rich spoilt kids

Some get so tipsy they forget to ask for payments

I'm lucky just to find one of that caliber

In my embrace she tilts her head and vomits on my shirt

She gives me three thousand bob for dry cleaning

And tells me 'Dude, are we leaving? ' And she chews a blackout

I try to leave the place, sneak my way out

But security guards pounce on me,

I'm forced to carry this rich kid out of that place

For three thousand shillings I get arrested and spend the night in cells

The finally the following morning

I leave minus my cash, but the girl rescues me, thanks.

She strikes me with thunder bolt! Gosh!

'Oh! Now she wants me to date her! '

Major Elazia

Prologue To Blood After Sunrise

There is no tomorrow,
We have been through yesterday,
We live in the present
And finally speculate about the future,
Until it's called today
The future never comes-
Sunrise sometimes never arrives.

The day is divided into two
And the first half is the time we rest-
After sundown we take our nocturnal rests,
In between the time of today, yesterday and tomorrow-
A nation went to the ballot to vote
To close a chapter of yesterday,
It is always ended on a sundown

Major Elazia

Rolling Down The Hills

They fought for the wind of change
And rolled down the hills

They fought for the crown of the king
And rolled down the hills

They fought in defence of religion
And rolled down the hills

They fought for the love of money
And rolled down the hills

They fought for pride and glory
And rolled down the hills

They fought in search of honor
And rolled down the hills

So they keep on rolling and rolling
And rolling down the hills

Major Elazia

Searching

From the Real of Madrid
And the cozy world of London and Berlin
I have been searching and searching for ages gone by
Removing shells and jewels from the Wells of Africa's Savannah
From the Alps to the Atlas and deep down to the Kilimanjaro
I have been searching, searching and searching

Did I hear a voice calling for the Jewel?
Where to, do I turn, to glorify my ancestral heritage?
In this traditional regalia I shine in my custom
What more beauty beholds than what in me is shining?
I have a choice oh you silent voice you slice my peace!
So let me be alone to discover my own full-grown world.

But I am still searching and searching
Searching the Serengeti to serenade with Mother Africa
In the Tsavo I'm searching for a potent brew
That fetches a fortune in the Far of the Eastern World
If only I patent your natural heritage my love
Your latent force will be a reality in this World
You will enjoy the valor of my generosity for years forever
I shall build a footpath and a bridge for you

□
Eh! So keep on searching and searching
Searching for the relics of my African history
Which you preserve in fine cubed glasses of helium in Paris
And the world streams its fortune to you
For what rightfully belongs to me
And you make me sing a song of paradise
When the Garden of my Eden was long ago taken by you

But I am searching, searching and searching
For a way to make you not cry my beloved new wed
Just look at the Kruger, enjoy the Kalahari, and devour the Sahara
What a contrast of sights in the Congo rainforest!
Give me the gold; I will make you a jewel necklace
Give me the black liquid, and industries will run.
Come to me lady Africa, I entice you with honest intention.

You embellish me with words of romance in your front yard
And embezzle my granaries clean and dry in my backyard
But the world is moving, moving to a destination unknown
But I have no choice but to serenade with you
I say with gratitude you will never un-relish this moment
For a thousand years you will hear the sweet music ring in your ears
In my weakness you dine and wine to eternity
I will give you little gifts to make your children happy
As your children swim in eternal satisfaction
But I will built more granaries and make good footpaths for you
A simple way to blindfold me in your quest to my jewel
So let us dance and celebrate to this lasting marriage
A marriage where my interests plays second fiddle to you

□

Major Elazia

She Will One Day Return

Today I heard the preacher
By God he had been proclaimed a teacher
And for love he said to the brethren
'Come thee to Him and loveth you will be! '

And I stood up to lead the choir
What defines beauty than she oh my
Sitting on the front row of the village church
And together we sang the hymns of worship

The preacher said 'ask and you will be given'
I closed my eyes to pray to the Lord
When my prayer was over I glanced to her seat
Before I could knock she was gone

Major Elazia

Slandered By Dunderheads

I guess I ain't so kind a man to land here
But if you got a mind that can grind my words
Be jolly glad to meander into a wonder slum
Take and make no case when slandered by dunderheads
This a den where pride and ego stand plundered

...You moron! Born with horns and thorns in your ears
The years pass and donkeys dance in monkeys' den
I swear upon the paid pain of my rib's cages famed laughter
To share little in their strains and stresses that progress to oppress
My vilified soul verifies and certifies what hurts the guts of blinded titans

In my newly ambush of the weekly siege in the meekly rage of time
Is my secured page of a writer's wage pledge
Every shocking detail my senses capture by their working nature
I fold my arms and hold my pen high aloof
I must be bold to bring my palms and fingers to right
And then write a story of the sacred morons
Why do people still believe in common bursted myths?

A hammers work is to nail and hit the trail
That is a writer's quest for something to write!

I

Major Elazia

Sleep No Man Desires

There is a sleep no man desires
There is something about that sleep
That sends fear down the hearts of men
That world unknown yet revered by fear
That surrounds a man when he goes to sleep

It is the sleep of the tired women
It is the sleep of the defeated elands
It is the sleep that makes the hyenas laugh
It is the sleep that feeds the vultures
It is the sleep that no man loves
But is the eventual sleep for all that breaths

It is the sleep of paradise
A paradise so desired for good deeds on earth
Yet it is the sleep that hounds the aged and the poor
A sleep that embraces the dying
A sleep that knows no class
It is the silent sleep on angels' chariots

Take a pillow and courage to slip into it
Courage, be brave and face that sleep
That sleep that frightens the mighty
That sleep that is wild on eart
That sleep that has no path
That is hated and more than loathed
A sleep that captured great men of history
It is the sleep of the GONE.

Major Elazia

Sunset Dreams Of A Love

Did I tell you something about this
That I played games upon your mind
Well I cant say sorry
I just wanted your story

When you see the light
You have a sign to read
When you hear the words
You have a voice to hear
When I play simple games of the tongue
You have a long story to decipher

Everything I paint
I make no colour saint of a saint
Every taint I make
There is a blissfull sunlight in it
Only a sharp mind sees through the decoy
Think again before your final verdict

I will put the final ace open
When the final race is over
That is when I will grace you the truth from the lies
But right now I am watching you
Learning life better in a deceptive way
And I see your belief in hopeless expectations
Which are not even there

We can fly like the birds
Run like the cheetah and swim like the fish
But if you let nature take its course
And be true upon the intention of your mind
Without any objection
There is a rendezvous to walk away
Into the sunset of dreams

Major Elazia

Sweetness Of Home

In the expanse of the scene unfolding before my eyes,

In the expanse of the rusty roofs spread in an infinite distance

Through the cracking sounds and Harlem's explosions

We move with haste, placidly proclaiming our satisfaction in life,

Inside our ghetto houses, we speak animatedly of our childhood dreams

Outside, life puzzles and bustles but dazzles in the smoky haze,

Our women turn as roasting fish as they gossip tales unknown

Our men reminisce boyhood games in huddled groups

Our children, half-naked play on dusty paths and muddy waters

In the alleys, water flows impeccably, the dirt of humanity,

Carrying with it waste of centuries gone and centuries to come

Across the valley, beautiful buildings rise to touch the skies above

We silently peep at the sleek fuel guzzlers zoom along the highways

Dustbins fill with leftovers of yesterdays' endless parties

We hear their women talk of latest hairstyles and fashion,

Men enrich their talk with latest cars and bank accounts

Children choke under the endless supply of cake and candy.

Behind the stones walls and the curly electric fences-

Mean guards in torn uniforms suffering in a kind of slavery,

Comes the pearls of laughter directing spite and scorn to us in Shanty

But they are in the grand palace where freedom is forever lost!

Yet they continue to scorn forgotten mortals dwarfed under mud walls and rusty roofs,

Of hungry children playing with the frogs in the swampy greens

Of women darkened by the dark smoke from the smoking fish,

Of men who will not build a stone house!

Oh Shantytown, such dwellings of men with minds so creative!

The eighth wonder of the urban life, the sacred goods in the flying toilets

Don't frown, dear friend, the flying goods pooled together

Gather gas to give you the power; to cook and warm your muzzled castles

Shantytown, a place where hopes run immortal in the hearts of men!

Children run about unmanned, untamed, swimming in childhood freedom of unbridled joy,

The worries of the affluent, of children kidnapped, or gone missing...

Missing from the guarded playgrounds of cops and electric fences

Do not run amok to disturb the peaceful tranquility of Shantytown paradise

And simple ailments don't make slum dwellers camp in hospital beds

For they are hardened and gifted in the Spartan ways of life

Oh Shantytown, such dwellings of men with hearts so brave!

Suddenly, darkness slowly sets in the so called murky dens of the 'outcasts'.

The smoke from the dying embers on the street fizzles out

The dancing shadows take a bow to follow their masters' sleep.

One by one the smoky lamps bid the night a romantic welcome

Behind the walls of the tall buildings,

In the marble castles and the majestic palaces

The mocking laughter continues...

Yet behind the mud and carton walls and rusty roofs,

Men and women timidly embrace as children snore under their matrimonial beds!

Hushed words over wine and sleep bring forth new inspirations

As the mud walls radiate endless warmth encumbering our joyful souls

The frogs and crickets in our swampy fields strike perfect harmonies of ballads

The drunkards totter home; speaking their minds loud in their intellectual philosophies

Major Elazia

Tears Of A Woman

Dear Mama

Oh my dear mama I cry
I have no more faith in a good hope
A good hope of a happy life
A happy life of a woman living in this world
A world created for the word of men

I dream Mama I dream
I dream the tears of a forgotten love
With no comfort of the dove's peace
I stare at the scattered pieces of my life
And my battered body shattered by cruel men
Oh Dear Mama I cry
I cry to be born a woman
A woman in a world of men

I live from the gutters
And in my daily rat race I feed from the garbage
And the men of the pulpit received me well
But deceived me with Manna in a chase of the bed
The wound in my heart bleeds with my child
Cuddled in my arms facing tough unknown huddles
Dear Mama I cry
The tears of my child is the pain in my blood

Oh mama I cry
My life is a daily diary of trouble
To raise my daughter in anguish of denial
To which the father remains unknown in location
For how long shall I cry
For how long shall this pain consume of
Oh Dear Mama I cry
I cry being born a woman
A woman in a world of men

Oh Dear Mama how I cry
Searching for a job that comes not my way
I have to go away from the norms of survival
In the brothels I make an arrival for men

They use my body for fun in return for money
I lose my face and there is no solace for me
Oh Dear Mama I cry
I cry being born a woman in a world of men

The beautiful flower now withers in the sun
My bright colors are now a dull moonless night
I am walking to my end
This bones and flesh have no will to live
Oh Mama I cry
I cry my sadness over your lonely grave
Tell me Mama I need to know
Just like me I know you faced the same coffin
But did you also cry on grandma's grave
Did you cry those tears of a woman
A woman trapped in a world of men

Major Elazia

The Archers Of The Indian Ocean

They suffer the humiliation of an empty plate,
A blue rainless sky and scorching sun
And the daily sounds of war is a familiar thing
In the way they wage their war of survival

A nation in ruins left for the dogs
They chance their lives to the sea
The fish does not bring much in fortune
When they know the merchant ships are dollars

The town bandits are coming to seek a luck,
Their nation is stuck in a hopeless situation
The warlords are now the pirate merchants
Ransom runs a nation in peril

The great and big oil tankers have been caught
Far into the sea an arms ship is taken
In foreign territory cargo ships are under siege
It is the mayhem for the nations to cry
A price to pay for neglecting a dying land

The pirates of Somali have created a kingdom
An empire of easy wealth and easy guns
They rule the sea and ocean,
While the fighting on land makes more pirates be born
And world keeps on crying of the pirates.

A bullet or two stalls the pirates
A nation of soldiers at sea hinders their advance
But the best medicine
Is for all to make Somali a land of peace.

Major Elazia

The Art Of Seducing A Woman

My friend, when you come and ask me how to approach a woman I wonder what to tell you. Some women love the language of flowers. They want a red rose or may be the yellow moonlight, and for others may be a sunflower will just do fine. But flowers alone is not the only tactical front. You may be shocked to know that a few women will never give you an ear, however good you are. Try a nasty word as the opening offensive and when she becomes defensive like an attacked vixen, change your style, be tasty with words, salty with flavor and smooth in your talk, she will listen. May be just listen.

Do not despair when your efforts don't yield any fruits. You must wield another weapon and scan the field of seduction. You will notice that may be a dinner date will do. First you have to plan, and have a plan B for a fast fall back, in case you bounce. If she agrees to an offer that is below her level, pounce on her fast unless she is a pretender.

Remember, do not surrender because you encountered one, pretenders can fall in love, you can still try but with caution.

The venue of the date should march the expectation of the woman, or slightly below. At this stage do not try exotic dates, you might be pouring water into a tank with a large hole.

The lesson continues shortly

Major Elazia

The Flaming Will Of Hope

When I was down and lost in the jungle
Trudging along gorges and mountain crevasses
Staring into an empty vastness of mind and soul
Seeking a pole position to start a late race in life
I was encumbered in the darkness of hope
But my short hand held on to something precious
While graciousness remained a treasure in my struggle

The strenuous search has made me march thus this far
From the forest of betrayal and gloom I raise my spirit from a mournful pit
Time has come to spring up and sprint to my destiny; here I jump
I shall sing as I swing my hand with the flaming torch of hope
Which has touched me, and I have to catch its light;
In the so called emptiness that's darkness of a bright sunny day
Oh Lord I implore you to let my spirit explode into acts of determination

I never allowed my spirit to wallow in the vainness of leisure
While wandering my resilience was working in silence of hope
I anchored my life in resolute determination without any recourse to rancour
Of course the beacons to my destiny were hidden from view
So my daily journey was to get to one, and the next, at a time
And today I stand in a forest clearing but not yet out of the woods
But my hand is holding on to the flaming will of hope

Major Elazia

The Judgement Of A Good Thief

I have robbed and picked a thousand pockets

Indeed I'm a genius in the art of benevolence law breaking

So forgive me my good learned judge

I only steal bread and water to feed the hungry and the poor

So that they can quench their thirst and forget their hunger

In my sins they have a refuge and protection

Please, your Honor do not judge me harshly

I stole not for my sake but it was a take for others

In the streets I robbed a cabinet minister at gunpoint

So that I could relieve him his wallet and valuables

Which I pawned and got some few coins and notes

That I gave stranded strangers to find their way home

I therefore beseech you not to curse me Your Honor

Nor disown me the child of nation and of benevolence heart

I pinch the children's' home and deliver the orphans to the rich

Just like the way Madonna did in Malawi

I helped Deya in the miracle works of God

Of redistributing wealth to this orphans for their own god

Sorry my dear learned Judge

I must confess I cant help being the modern day Robin Hood

It's a calling my blood cannot resist

When I found a man defiling a minor in some bushes

I got so enraged I shot him dead, it was not premeditated

Because I wanted to serve justice on your behalf their and then

I know the court is not aware of this Judge

Did you hear of the brave break in into the Bank of The Rich

It was part of my philanthropic drive in raising funds

So the poor bright kids and students can go to school

You see if you ask the banks to sponsor then

This banks refuse saying it is not a profit returning venture

I agree I shot the men who were mugging an innocent hawker

I acted like a toughened gentleman and clobbered the muggers square and dry

By the grace of misfortune they all died

It was not my fault though, t'was God culling the society

Removing those who have ill-will upon the welfare of others

As I go about providing security to low souls of the society

I rest my case knowing deep in your consciousness

In your well considered facts of mercy and concern for others

And the need to keep my work alive

You will find a reason to declare I am innocent and wrongly accused.

Please order that I be declared a National Hero,

So that I can continue serving the Nation my way

Major Elazia

Valid Stories

These are the words from my father
And they were echoed again to me by my mother
Words that have made me move further
Into the valid stories of my life

Son do not move with haste and speed
When making that critical decision on the crossroads
Because all choices have consequences
Measure the weight of everything before they impact on you

My son, do not let your tears be an end
Neither should you let them be seen in the open
African men hide the tears of emotions
But never let sadness be a silent burden in your heart

After every fall you must rise up quickly
Collect all the lessons behind each fall you encounter
Let not the pain in your bruises be an excuse to be a laggard
If so, the lessons of your fall are a valid useless story in your life

When you speak my son do so with few words
The more you talk, the less you learn, and the fool you become
Listen to the saints, angels and the demons
They all have valid stories with lessons for you

Major Elazia

Watch The World

I watch the world in helpless consternation
Not from a moral high stool but from a mind hanging
Dangling imaginatively in the emptiness of the skies
From a high cliff in the bare mountains the desert stretches far
Far, far and wide below in the foothills
I witness empty souls of men being dragged
To meet their final destiny in the hands of captors

I sense the desperation of the victims,
Who have been left to roast in the desert sun and sands
While the world is beyond their reach,
A world they live in yet it can't help them out
I can sense their screams and pain in death
The masked men bring an end to innocent lives
The world helplessly searches for a clue
A clue hidden high up in the beams of the skies

But the world has ears stationed in outer space
These eyes are used only discriminatory to aid the privileged few
Those who pose meaning to the muscled men of the world
And so, the innocent die, branded as dogs
The world fails to help.
And the Merchant of Death have beheaded more
While silence and condemnation does nothing

The cry is unheard by the ear but felt in the heart
The pain does no physical injury but mortally affects the survivors
And yet, the innocent are gathered to work in the frontiers
Where they are left as helpless victims of the merchants of death
Who care not your faith but your submission to them
They attract no mercy even from their kind who question their ways

So the world keeps watching
As the merchants of death take control of Mosul
Burn victims alive from Jordan,

Terminate innocent lives in Kenya,
And wrecking havoc in Maiduguri and Kano in Nigeria
The world must resolve to work with a final push
A have a lasting outcome that protects all.

Major Elazia

Winds Of Time

I watch the pain of Mother Nature's agony

Her bowels soiled, ruptured and fractured across her surface

Mother Nature lives towards her ultimate end of time.

The industrial sooth does her smooth destruction

Delivering mortal blows to her normal intent and capacity to carry life,

Dear Mother Nature, hasten not your death in this shallowness of men

For they shall all perish in your untimely demise.

The winds of time that you blow in the atmosphere,

Point a spear of a black hope from the ill you get from men

They who blemish the waters of the rivers, the oceans and the lakes

Take no zeal and zest to correct the mistakes of a poison,

A venom that only man discharges from his machines of industrial progress

Mankind, poor planet, shall not wither alone

The kingdom of the plants and the realm of the animals

Have no tomorrow because man cares not about future existence

Day by day men despise others who dwell on the planet,

Pushing them beyond the frontiers to extinction

Unheeding to the cries of the forgotten kingdom

The tigers and rhinos are written in potential obituaries

Some birds in the sky soar high to their horizon end

Man has denied them hope of tomorrow

Oh Mother Nature, aren't you for all to live in peace

To enjoy your patronage to continuous existence?

Mother Nature is slowly becoming frail,

Frail, a time shall come when men shall wish...

Desperately wish to reverse the hands of time

The dry winds of the deserts is what man has secured

The dry winds of a time,

Is the inheritance of future descendants

Who will never know the good tidings that come with the winds of a time

Major Elazia

Wings To Fly

I sing my songs of lamentations cursing the day I was born,

Born a destitute into this folorn world of misery

And nursing hopes already cast on broken stones and forgotten promises.

Each day Itrek over the burning baren hills of fortune.

Saintly carrying a borrowed pen and paper taking another step in life

With the hope of scribbling a line or two and be regarded as the learned villager...

If only someone could give us the wings to fly.

What pain adorns my daily suffering

To what shelter shall I remain in my mortal fear of a slained hope;

Wherefore in peril wretched sickness torments my life into emaciated fragments,

Why should my cause suffer failings among men in the arena of success?

All my friends fend themselves in dryness of hallowed emptiness

So it all renders the epitome of nothingness as my gift in poverty

Hence, oh unseen foe, in what abyss of dark angels did you hide my hope

I go down on my knees of despair, foraging in the gutters of famine,

Seeking a mine, that was long plundered, and chances squandered

On the crosses of the grave, thunder strikes me asunder...

Where will I get those eagles' wings to fly?

While we congregate under the thorny acacia trees
Nature's wrath colludes with the folly of ill-taught lessons
To make us dumb a student full of unsolicited despair;
Where are you, Oh Good Samaritan...and gift us the wings to fly!
Across the burial grounds I see the ghosts of tortured souls
That died in avid pain, lost in unfathomable and despicable filth
A nation rolled to sleep and forgot it's unfortunate lowly citizens

Mr. Carpenter, cut more the timber, they all need a slumber
...Dear God, that coffin they have made, I fear,
May take me home to sleep...unless I get those wings to fly

How will I walk from this treacherous life of diseases and gloom,
From a thousand tombs what shall save me from this doom,
The tomb of hunger, death, famine, orphanage, and lost hope of a future?
Mankind can fly, yet, was born with no wings,
Arm me with hope, oh Good samaritan, some birds have wings yet can never fly.
Give the sanctified hand of help and a bit of your self-sacrifice
Where my children's future shall not be encased in uncertainty.

Good Samaritan from the depth of the unknown

Hold my hands and help me not sink into the perils of the quicksands
Which threaten to erase the whiskers of fading hopes in my prayers.
I come imploring you to help me rise above the desert storms
Give me the treasured hope above your measured leisure and for sure,
It will be a pleasure to sing the songs of lamentations no more,
Because my future shall shine like the north star.

I will come to your rescue Oh Child of Hope!

Dread no more in your frequent pains, you stand slain no more

Take this bread and leave no dainty morsels on the table

I shall give you the water of fortune, the fortune of a secured future

I shall give you a sheltered haven from the ravages of nature to read and
write

Until the end of time, I shall give you water and solid hope.

Unto the skies this wings I grant you to fly and soar to your dreams

Dear heaven to God I kneel in meek humbleness

To pour out my gratitude to the Good Samaritan

As I walk into a new and bright future

I know its time for me to fly,

Because I have been favored with the mighty wings to fly.

Major Elazia

Wolves With Flags

Dogs and Wolves with flags can't be!

If a day could be made even a wee bit longer

I would take my time before I wave the my flag

In my flag I suffer from a sense of loss.

Every time I hold the flag in my hands

My joy vanishes with each over speeding limos,

Limos with flags flying on their bonnets.

The very Wolves inn our sheepskins

I know I'm no longer stronger and more in danger

Living in the daily tatters of the flowered words

I look at there colors and explore their meaning

The more I have no reason to fly the flags

...and the more I see the fatty smiling Honored Wolves

Scheming with the smiling hyenas and the vultures

Our welfare is a carcass for their satisfaction

I seek the freedom land of my country,

To be happy in the colors of my beloved country's flag

When it flies above in the deserts and over the forest
High up in the mountains and deep down in the valleys
I love my flag, but the wolves have come,
They use my flag, to drink my blood, and tear my flesh
Destroying the cream and skin and flesh of my land in their feast,
The Wolves have flags flying before them

When the Wolves are flying the flags high
'With sufficient thrust pigs fly just fine! '
They use the flags to fool the country
But the pigs just follow them fine along the way
Cheering in pride as the flags fly past the crowds of pigs
What is wrong for a wrong for a Wolfe to feast again?
One by one the Wolves congregate on the Manna of the land
Two by two it all resembles the feast of the crocodiles

The colors of the flag loses its meaning
The color white is lost in the tension of the greedy
Turning the color black into the current sorrow for the pigs
And green simply their blind acceptance of the royal stealing
The shield and spears the tools of their pilfering hands

In anger I through down the flag and stomp on it

I cant wave my country's flag anymore

Till the day the flag returns to its intended meaning

Major Elazia

You Make Angry!

You make me angry
I hate the way you talk to me,
You have no respect to me,
After all the content of my wallet is all you care.

You sweet talked me to get your service,
And rudely dumped me on a seat,
One or two obscenities is your normal language
The moment I raised my objections

I hate your arrogance,
I softly ask for my balance and you shout at me,
And your pilot wants to stop and throw me out,
Just because I told him to watch out the potholes on the road.

Mr tout, I will alight without my coins,
And Mr Driver take care of humans you regard as chicken life,
I boarded another bus to my destination,
Peace of mind is sweeter than a moving cage of hell.

I read it in the newspapers a day later
The furious driver lost control and everyone died,
Only a baby child survived
And I hate the pain of those who died
Somebody made them die in vain
I hate it all, but I still have my life

Major Elazia