

Poetry Series

**Mauta Thurania Peter**  
**- poems -**

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## **Mauta Thurania Peter(21st, April,1984)**

I became interested in writing while in primary school where I was the school language at Burieruri High School in Meru North District I helped to revive a defunct writers club and relaunched it as The journalism club.I served as its editor for three writing took a beating when I joined a college of agriculture and vet sciences under a government scholarship and my request to change to literature was er, I have written several poems and I hope to be published when I graduate from University of Nairobi later this year(2009) .I hope to return to class to follow my hearts desire in poetry once I am able to raise the fees.

# Carnations

You've seen them bloom,  
Giving universe luscious treat,  
Its so albeit for a moment,  
For tommorow you see them not.

You are ashamed of crossing rubicorn,  
To the world of change.  
Escapism your priority,  
While trudging imaginary world.  
But for your tommorow,  
A two pence posthumous epitaph,  
declaring unfulfilled wishes.

Mauta Thurania Peter

# Crossing Rubicorn

Like hunters driving deer towards a cliff,  
Brahimins brandishing their filed swords,  
kashtriyas sang in unison.  
And the first cock crowed.

With rumpus akin to madness,  
Orderless fearless yet eliciting a frenzy.  
Pariahs led the way,  
determined to cross Rubicon.  
As icy waters streamed,  
Oblivious of the surrounding mayhem and din.

In a flash, strippin and divin,  
To wash away sins of childhood.  
Then in a jiffy,  
Innocent skin is paraded,  
At the mercy of the red eyed unfeeling butcher,  
And a new generation is ushered in.

Mauta Thurania Peter

# Discerning Eye (To My Daughter Prudence Ntinyari)

best poets never wrote,  
Critics of poetry know no rhyme.  
To all those I am well instructed.  
I write neither prose nor poetry,  
But a song to my daughter cries.

2. A new day, a new experience,  
Mum has to go work, dad, daughter,  
And son gotta hit the road.  
An hour is gone, dad is yet to stir!  
Ian is edgy, but your 3 years Carry  
Some wisdom!  
I write neither prose nor poetry,  
But a song to my daughter cries out.

3. Its , and you think dad is dreaming,  
You ask bro what is a museum,  
He says wake dad up you go and see!  
Like the righteous Job among his  
Friends, dad is always right.  
If not today, only dad knows the way.  
Always the human rights defender,  
Your dad is safe.  
I write neither prose nor poetry,  
But a song to my daughter cries out.

4. Like father, like son, nothing is impossible!  
Your bro is soon on my neck.  
Its 9. AM, somebody is shaking me,  
My hangover infested head cries for a reprieve,  
But with your brother, My son, I am caged.  
Ian brags he can bathe himself, yet his plan,  
Both your forbears know well.  
Hands, face, legs then voila!  
He Steps out a clean man.  
I write neither prose nor poetry,  
But a song to my daughter cries out.

5. Once we are set to go, your mother

In you cry out,  
Dad cannot go without socks,  
And Ian is on your neck.  
Every nook and cranny, and no single  
Wearable pair.  
Your 3 years knows no better,  
I never saw a hangover head think straight,  
Ian grins like the small tiger he is!  
Nobody thinks of the clothesline, and to you,  
A clean pair of socks or museum can wait.  
Critics of poetry are failed writers, write yours  
And suffer no more!

6. A wise son is a joy to his father,  
The other part readers of the word know.  
Your brother has a solution, and the road we hit.  
As I fitted the new pair in the at the  
Matatu terminus,  
Your discerning eyes bore into me accusingly,  
And with a sweet infectious smile,  
You said words which will forever remain in my heart.  
"Now that you lost the last pair dad, Kindly take care of these"  
You never saw the tear or two I shed, your 3 year  
Wisdom had surpassed my heart.  
I religiously follow your wish, and that worn out  
pair will be your wedding gift.  
Hope you enjoyed your day out,  
But its mzee kobe not Kabe!  
I write neither prose nor poetry,  
but a song to my daughter cries out

Mauta Thurania Peter

# Fate

Fate dealt him a blow,  
Too strong for his  
vulnerable heart.  
Implication only bearer  
can fathom,  
Yet ironically painless.

Staring into nothingness,  
admiring what he knows not.  
Groping and hoping,  
As he takes the next fundamental,  
Yet so uncertain step.

Mauta Thuraira Peter

# If By Chance

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If by chance

If by chance your paths happen to cross,  
Be the counsel to a strong willed yet haunted soul.  
Tell her of my nightmares for the promises I never fulfilled,  
If by chance you meet her,  
She is the reason I am forever in Hiding.

If by chance she inquires of my state,  
I am ten miles ahead of my modest ambitions  
And a million miles to her pre-conceived station.  
The promises of youth hold me hostage,  
Her risk free targets urge my sprit on.  
If by chance you meet her,  
May she know I never tire of jumping over every hurdle,  
Only every time I am a victor in the first three,  
And three more then we are there,  
The winds of fate blow the first wins away.  
If by chance you meet her, say tribulations I have known  
On her account can buy back my vows.

By: Mauta Thurania Peter.

Mauta Thurania Peter

# Lost Love

Speck less solitary souls,  
Contented with their two some solitude,  
Oblivious of surrounding humanity,  
One mind, one heart, common doubts,  
We trans versed the thorny terrain.  
Feigning blinkers for bliss,  
Entangled in love and alive,  
T'was life while it last.

Misty dark morning s' I disentangled from your embrace,  
Me knew it was meant to last-  
From the caves we made love,  
To love wrapped beaches of affluence-  
N smiling death.  
For T'was life while you last.

As you kissed my burning cheek,  
It was all sweet sensation,  
And a puzzle darkly interior.  
As you waved eternal bye,  
It was all future save for black,  
Emblazoned on your baby soft palm.  
For my heart a sprinter I got,  
It was love while I last.

Bloodshot eyes searches into the  
horizon,  
For pillar to this hopeless hope,  
Of calling it a dream,  
And linger with dreamers faith,  
It was life while it last.

Ngugi screams all night,  
Gazemba wails dawn to dusk,  
Standa calls out to loving mama,  
Aunt Bessie went to her people,  
But we wait with Zest and denial,  
For you love of our lives.

Damn the man made monster,  
For taking such rose from our midst,  
And with it my heart,  
It will be eternal love when we meet.

Mauta Thuraira Peter

# My Brother, My Friend

My brother, My friend  
Days have come and gone as they always do,  
Brotherly tears still well in my eyes,  
The emotional wound is stubborn and painful,  
Your memory daily pierces my wounded hurt.  
You who concurred the treacherous  
Biomedical Books,  
The machine wilted without a word of bye.  
My heart cries to you my brother, my friend.

Everyday I wait for your tap on my door,  
Inquiring on the day's endeavors.  
We hunted together like a pack of wolves,  
I am now a sailor, wrecked and stuck on  
An isolated Island.  
Non of our shared future remain,  
But fewer have been blessed with a  
Friend like I have.  
My heart cries to you my brother, my friend.

As I journey in my creators land,  
Hope of our meeting whisper's still,  
'A gardener chooses the sweetest smelling rose'.  
As you scent your father's heavenly home,  
Know your departure changed me,  
All like birds like birds trouping to their nests,  
Our hearts slowly matches homewards to our maker.  
My heart cries to you my brother, my friend.

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Mauta Thurania Peter

# Ode To My Penzie

I hail thee, oh epitome of womanhood,  
You of unbreakable spirit,  
As you carry God ordained earthly duty-  
Without a murmur or hint of complaint.  
May it forever be like the half decade gone-  
Two diverse garments turned into seamless one.

Yours ain't a replay of the soaps in vogue,  
Nor a pasting of the women magazines,  
The moon needs no compass or time keeper,  
Knowing where and when is its nature.  
So are you my dear,  
You defy all odds with massive patience and humility.  
Yet not a hint of sturbonness in your demeanor.  
You read my hopes and fears with surprising ease  
and tenderness,  
Yet, yet my dear, I cannot demystify thee, after these  
five years of bliss.  
Not that I complain -you are you,  
Live your life dear.

They say there is power in silence,  
while some are more audible in their silence,  
What words are more audible than your actions?  
Why shout yourself hourse that you you love  
when you can just show love and be done?  
That can only be you honey, who else?  
I have you on a pedestal darling.

Blessed are those priveleged to share in your life,  
Your good morning kiss takes one through the day,  
Your jokes makes me oblivious of the traffic jam-  
And as i dropp you at the office,  
I know I will miss you till our evening reunion.  
I will forever to the religion of your love profess-  
Oh mother of my kids.

However stressfull your day might be,  
You leave office worries at your working desk,

And then pick your normal cheer with your hand bag!  
Forgive me for carrying office home with me,  
But your letting people be sets you apart.

How blessing to our two kids,  
What a privilege to be their sire!  
I enjoyed my actions and love the repercussions!  
Ode to my wife

Mauta Thuraira Peter

# Pray Thee, Pastor

I know you won't take it kindly,  
If I interrupt you with my brawl  
Seasoned, alcohol accustomed tongue.  
But oh pastor, before you lay your  
Hands upon my sobriety deficient head,  
Give a chance to your newest recruit,  
To bear open his reservations.  
Pray thee pastor, I might become worse than I am!

You say it is the devils of my past,  
Which to thee so speaketh,  
You could never be more wrong man of God,  
I speak with my own afflicted tongue,  
And order you now to listen to me!  
I would love your Ironed Gucci suits,  
Your baby like face, hands softer than a baby's bottom,  
But pray thee pastor, one more verse bereft of rhyme,  
Then you continue with your salvation rituals.

If I am no longer tipsy, who will keep Kinyonga bar  
Owner safe from my wrath for the future that I had?  
If I regain my sobriety, clear head and sharp brain,  
Who will cushion you from the hell I will raise,  
For all my nieces you have ruined?  
When I no longer stagger, the Bible with which you recklessly  
Plow both your land and the neighbors', will come to naught!  
If I no longer drink, Sharon Rosemary, Wambu Yvonne Michelle,  
And other barmaids whose phony names I cannot pronounce,  
To which hole will they hide, for illegally owning my wallets?  
Which were heavier than the fragrance of cheap perfumes they wore?  
PRAY THEE PASTOR, NOW THAT I AM ONE OF YOU,  
LET EVERYONE WATCH HIS BACK!

Mauta Thurania Peter

# Those Eyes

They looked into mine, into my heart.  
I couldn't withstand the look,  
Innocent and inspirational.  
Too much for this unpredictable  
World.

I touched his delicate palm,  
Fearing my time hardened hand  
would harm his.  
Three days old he was,  
And that first sight meant  
alot,  
Love and affection filled my  
hardened heart.  
A life long contract to love had  
been effected,  
Welcome to life my son, my friend,  
My heir.

Mauta Thurania Peter

# Yearning For Identity

Rankling future I see,  
In young poets tommorow,  
Mountains of sceptics detracting  
the young feet,  
In the jungle of literature.

I jot my masterpiece,  
To claim my deserved place,  
Among village nobel finalists!  
Is it piracy? is all i get,  
And a puckish grin of  
'Go to hell'

Take caution poetry teacher,  
Neruda, Nyong'o, Elliot  
Cast seeds!  
Dont kill heirs morale.

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