

Poetry Series

Meda Martha
- poems -

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Meda Martha(7/12/1988)

Meda Martha is a Kenyan lady whose full names are Nafula Meda 's a Kenyan by origin and was born in 1988/December, She's got great passion to serve and change her immediate ntly she's a student at Bondo university college, a college in the western part of Kenya where she's taking her undergraduate studies in Education love for poetry is unmeasurable.

Change Never Changes

Change remains change,
Change never changes,

Economy, who can predict?
High rates coming on with conflict,
One penny was enough for a loaf,
But today a million is nothing,
Why should every one complain,
Because change remains change it is changeless,

Glance at weather, yesterday a desert,
But now floods homes people desert,
Only if one can stand aloof,
Cast the eye beyond the horizon,
All is clear no clouds anywhere on this zone,
Then why should we complain,
Because change remains change it is changeless,

Doctrines, norms, beliefs and principles so dear,
All discarded none holds them anymore near,
When a woman beats a man we only laugh,

Religious quarters today remains a mess,
Church business today nicknamed God, s blessedness,
Didn't you go to God to harvest milk and honey,
Why today you go to harvest money?
All this meant to understand change,
How inevitable is change?
How unavoidable is change?
So must we accept change it never changes.

Meda Martha

Character Verses Love

As he seeks, this says he in his heart,
I want a girl humble,
Few words that don't hurt,
Competent in speech and deed,
To me she'll be a candle,
Light my way when in scandal.

But she says in herself,
Will i look for anything less than love?
A man to give me heart and soul,
Live in me as I live in him,
Though a scarecrow he may be,
He is the one I'll know.

Then a thought strikes his mind,
Oh, yes a beauty queen,
One the world admires,
To show in every street,
Hold tight her termite waist,
All to wonder and call me king.

She finally answers back,
One to understand my feelings,
When lost help find my way,
In weakness be my strength,
In danger be my lion,
Roars at once and all is scattered.
I want a man to love.

Meda Martha

Life, A Long, Long Journey

Life is a long journey,
A long, long journey-
a journey that begins with a tear,
And still ends in sore tear,
A journey full of distresses,
Possessed by variety and differences,
But one thing I and you should know,
Never destroy the Bridges,
Over which we crossed to get where we are,

Today this is mine,
Tomorrow the yours may be mine,
So that I need and must appreciate,
Nevertheless, don't forget me also to congratulate,
When I offend you please forgive,
And am in need, don't forget to give,
For one thing I should -you should know,
Never to destroy the bridges,
Over which we crossed to get where we are,

For now you may not need me,
But tomorrow it may turn to me,
Don't despise I say Don't look down on me,
Because a bridge that you'll need someday I may be-
when you'll need to cross over back,
When we are forced to retrace our back,
Then the interest we didn't think of
when destroying the bridges,
Remains the only option for our lives to get there,

My friend thank you so much,
You were a help to me that much,
When i needed you most you cried with me,
Laughing you did it not forgetting me,
Through the tough storms we've sailed,
so much and yet still is said,
Because one thing you and i do know,
Never to destroy the bridges,
Over which we cross to get where we are,

Meda Martha

Mama Come Back

Mama will you come back?
From the time you left us,
Banged the door behind us,
If i can remember,
Seated on the pavement,
Waiting for the judgement,
Of the pangs in my stomach,

I hope you come again,
You and papa laughed together,
Cherished one another,
If i can remember,
Twas my happiest moments,
All the sweetest comments,
Why didn't you maintain?
And you could have remained.

Poverty oh, mummy i swear,
We slept on a dirty cold floor,
Our house never knew a door,
If i ca remember,
Lice our best companion,
I never knew an onion,
Tatters was our wear,
Neither a shoe did i wear.

On the list of beggars, we were the chief,
You ever had your portion,
Then was it a confusion?
If i can remember,
You were so much beautiful,
More so you were charmful,
But old rich village chief,
Was my daddies thief.

Meda Martha

Sweet Mum

Mum sweet mum,
Missing we've missed you mum,
Talking we've talked of you mum,
But now it's awesome time
calling to mind'
Tremendous values you nurtured from behind,
You wrought great works mum.

Mum sweet mum,
Comfort turns loneliness with no mum,
Food turns no food with no mum,
What else is sweeter, honey,
Nothing, not even can money,
Replace the warmth of your bosom mum.

So bad and painfully though mum,
We're forced to say farewell mum,
Rocks, trees, mountains never meet though mum,
Nevertheless, as long a we breath with life,
Like bees in a family beehive,
Still we will at last unite again mum,
We love you mum.

Meda Martha

What Do You Believe?

Belief the core of all differences on earth,
The world will never be one,
Every person is a world of their own,
What do you believe?

Is there one thing we can call wrong?
And another to call right?
Whether right or wrong,
The judge is the viewer's taste.
Do you believe honey is sweet,
Either do you believe lemon is sour,
Or is pepper hot?
The judge is the viewer's taste,

One man's meat is another's poison,
Another's delight is another's fright,
One's happiness can be another's sadness,
What you may cry and mourn over,
May make me rejoice over it,
So, who is the distinction?
My belief, your belief,
They'll never be carried in one basket-
That's why.
The world will never be one,
Every person is a world of their own.

Meda Martha

What Is Love?

What is love?

Please tell me what love is,
is it a feeling
that comes from deep within;
is it a desire;
a longing from the inside,
or an attraction
That captures the mind?

Is it a concern;
a closer caring heart,
a consolation
wiping tears bringing a smile;
or a sympathy that
empathizes a hurting spirit?

Is it a sunshine,
gives hope to a dying soul;
is it a faith-
give promise for a tomorrow;
or is a favor,
Calls on you when rejected?
Please tell me.

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