

Poetry Series

**Merlin Mwaura**  
**- poems -**

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## Merlin Mwaura(19th May 1987)

I was born in our capital city, Nairobi(A place of many waters) ...in an indian(at least I always thought it was) hospital-THE AGHAKAN HOSPITAL-i was raised in Nairobi for my first two tender years before my father[ Quintile M.] took us to live in the productive hills of Kiambu. I was comforted by the greens, clean air and the greater queries of life here. I felt a first love in our little town...and my mother[Euphesia P.]was the queen of that world is.

I have had a successful primary and secondary education. I did a diploma in Information systems and now currently at an undergraduate course in Business Information Technology. Other than that i read extensively on philosphy, world literates, Edgar Alan Poe, Herman Melville, Emerson, Josef Pieper, Cicero, All philosphers(favorites) and other works that have inspired me to avail myself that this esteemed position.

I say, 'Genius is spurned before it finds its maturity and soars from the dispositions that spurn it.'

## ' I Do...'

I do...

Take your hand from this dark abyss,  
take me out of this emptiness,  
keep me from a bloody mess,  
black ribbons and black bow ties,  
ghost eyes,  
cold thighs,  
honeymoon on our ancient tomb.

Lay my life on a death bed,  
cremate me while we make smoky love,  
like mushrooms pollinating the earth,  
glass bands and wedding rings,  
tear this flesh and with bloodied ink,  
write our vows forever more.

' I do '....

my darling!

I do want there to be a forever,  
dark clouds or shiny sky,  
full moon creeping in the afternoon.  
Keep a dog at our front yard,  
while it digs graves for visitors.

I do...

like a soldier in Vietnam war,  
throw grenades and dodging bullets,  
running with open wounds and fighting on,  
trying hard to amber on.  
what flames I carry,  
my heart's a furnace...  
red demon eyes.

I do...

under the witch's tree,  
the tree that is my bed,  
the twigs that are my beddings...  
where often there is a sacrifice,  
my soul the only price.

I do...  
in this film,  
photos frozen in daunting time,  
collections of moments had.

I do...  
as I make out from my dream,  
as the morning shines on my queen,  
soft skin on here silk sheet,  
why I had a wondrous dream...

I do...

I do...

I still do...

Merlin Mwaura

## A Poisonous Air...

There is a poisonous air,  
coming from the wars of heaven,  
the wars here on earth,  
and we have taken time to manipulate,  
the clean air,  
we have sold it,  
we sell it for a price...  
so we can breath  
so we can sell each other our freedom.

Why should we ask for what God Has given?  
who brought the coin?  
the money that now tears us apart,  
the coin that chooses people's fates,  
by the toss of a coin,  
we live or die.  
The hungry,  
the wealthy...  
selling clean air,  
begging for what they have.

A poisonous air inhaled,  
has made us disoriented,  
It has deluded many,  
we must get the high off freedom,  
and so we buy without thought,  
we buy our freedom as if it were taken from us.  
We buy our thoughts as if we had none.  
We beg for order as if we are not orderly.  
Even in war and mutiny there is order,  
chaos is a kind of order.  
It is a disorder....

There is a poisonous air,  
that has ruin many at heart,  
darkened souls and sold to the devil.  
The prophesied times are with us.  
It is not going to happen...  
It is happening!

and the air will thicken still,  
It will scare and unsettle those of us without belief  
It will waken the beast,  
It will call the heavens,  
and I might as well begin,  
to start buying my freedom,  
in better advice,  
with a surer foot!  
Start taking the poisonous air,  
slowly,  
puffing,  
sipping...  
and getting my high.  
so that a painting become liquid  
those we love become vivid,  
and what passion I have become written  
like poetry, the poisonous air it is.

Merlin Mwaura

## A.G.R.E. [ African Genius Rhythmically Elevated ]

T' is a night in this urban hub,  
many are come to make merry,  
drown whatever demons they have to fight  
every morning to make life worth meaning.

I too long for this nights,  
habit them with my legally influenced friends,  
who easily get into fights,  
with strange and callous fiends.  
I for one, have taken a drown of this lime...  
I get to the fifth an' I call Mary.  
I am merry.  
Too long has this night been cherished,  
we make of it, Like knights at a round table.

Then in comes the A.G.R.E,  
Sporting this rugged looking hair,  
an' he proceeds to join this night with a comment,  
' I was told to cut my hair an' get a decent job'  
' I kept my hair an' now I have a decent glass'  
An' down his throat, an African beverage flows.  
' Imara kama Simba '...Firm like the lion!  
I guess we were all lions once,  
when we could sport our manes with 'pride'.

The A.G.R.E,  
can make a rhyme worth content,  
for all here stretch in silence of the moment,  
when truth comes out this street kings...  
with speech an' talent not imported.  
Where are our ladies we are ask?  
In bed says one,  
At home says another,  
I say, she is here with me, in my mind  
What an applause I get!  
T' is a natural theater...  
The Colosseum of broken an' bent dreams.

I have here a photographer, he does IT science...

I have a writer, he scribbles in books of Ledger,  
I have here guitar player, Oh sweet music he makes...  
but he too is fall in Economics.  
I am an artist - Poet 'n' Painter- I am in IT science...  
We are here harness with talent,  
wasting in our current market science.

The African Genius Rhythmically Elevated,  
Has done some marketing himself,  
where will our sons one day wind up.  
Will they be Lions like we once were...  
before we shaved our manes for others comfort.  
shall they do what they love most,  
be rhythmically elevated.

Our faces mirror in our glasses,  
Smoke being our morning mist,  
tethered stories told an' heard,  
of heart's broken an' virgins stolen...  
The African Genius will wake again,  
To the harsh an' cruel world,  
what I live in,  
what we live in,  
till one day we shall do no more...  
an' be rhythmically elevated  
to some sky above.

Merlin Mwaura

# All Human.....

We are human all...  
No super heroes,  
Less angels and more demons  
but human all.  
To Take a brush an' comb hair  
prepare for the day's care,  
why?  
we do not want to turn into rags  
beg mercy of others.  
That which we love most, the lives we yearn  
cost too much an too little gain.  
This too shall come to pass, an' there might be a  
mass for this tender thoughts.  
Why do i do what i do?  
Only they long deceased can say what life  
afterlife truly is.  
The sweat an' swath of men an' Lady  
what is it all for?  
I know there is no little matter on the  
profoundness of this query,  
or that it seeks that which profound.  
Human nature, dreams an' ambitions  
Clothes, jobs, livelihoods  
companionship, competitiveness  
Regards, pretenses, reserves.

What is all for?  
A man breathes, attains a gait, it is he.  
That couples may pass, an' we do not regard  
T'is a friendship, t'is a conning  
Days shall rise an' the sun shall peak  
and the night will creep in as always.  
There will be consistence an' resistance.  
There will be growth or birth  
an' there will be death to all above.

Designs of the contemporary world,  
Aristotle would be astonished by all...  
would he proceed to document us,

study us an' reveal our doom...  
He is long gone an' long dead!  
I am here now, do i feel wanted?  
Indeed it is troubling to sit with me  
ask me what i feel.  
I know that i don't know much,  
that life is appreciate for the little things  
not the insignificant things  
Than what else would you rather do  
Surely not just sit an' drool.  
I am all Human, which is true!

Merlin Mwaura

# All It Takes

All it takes is a simple yes,  
all it takes is a little mess,  
to start it all,  
to ruin it all.

All it takes is some courage,  
to sink a blade in,  
to see the blood ink,  
to paint life with,  
to pale mine with.

All it takes is a lean on the shoulder,  
all it takes is my fingers crossing over.  
to have the man think,  
to have the man dream...  
all it takes, is having a touch here  
an' another somewhere near.

All it takes is a little sunshine,  
all it takes is some little blowing mind,  
takes all from the breathe,  
takes all from the heart,  
all it takes is some true lived life.

All it takes is one,  
take another an' meet...  
a meeting of minds,  
a meeting of tender lips,  
beautiful eyes, beautiful hair...  
this rugged chin and a little glare

All it takes' a little confusion,  
getting lost an' saving  
wanting more an' not saying,  
all it takes is falling for what you believe in,  
pray an' hope they believe in...  
because it is they that take,  
they are all it takes.  
To live life full.

All it takes is a little peril,  
to shriek in the dark,  
all it takes is a little message,  
to embrace a gentle mark.  
to continue this jourined trend,  
to not hold but make ammends...

All it takes are pencil chippings  
nail clippings on a table cloth...  
lip balm on this lower lip,  
full firm on this lower grip,  
before parting with your soul mate...  
before sealing both your fates.

All it takes is a life's confesion,  
on paperback an' letter heads,  
on pencil sketches...  
tattoo on my chest.

Merlin Mwaura

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# Apartment Wall...

On my apartment wall, hangs the year's calendar...  
reminding me how many days I have left,  
see my birthday come an' go,  
year after year while growing old...  
losing pleasures for trivialities,  
constantly looking out my window,  
call it secret window,  
see things move all along,  
like life in simulation,  
an order in ordination.

The apartment wall,  
has the picture of my lady,  
which I tried to paint once,  
before forgetting how she looked once,  
when she'd seen me shy once.

Room 5 apartment wall,  
has some scratch marks...human nails ground,  
against wall while a mourn form,  
through room five apartment wall,  
and woke neighbor with a growl,  
his patience run out and eager crave...  
while me an' Maiden sail,  
on a boat into a gale.

Room 5 apartment wall,  
has my finger prints on,  
once when a random thought,  
strayed the mind into ink,  
an' drew things you can't believe...  
On this apartment wall, ear pressed on the wall...  
heard me stories an' funny sounds,  
giggles an' little nothings.

Room 5 apartment,  
palace of the street kings,  
walls have ears they can say things,  
what I have done,

what I have said...I will do  
an' never do,  
what i'll say...  
an' never say.

My future scribbled on plaster,  
of a room 5 Apartment wall.

Merlin Mwaura

# Armageddon....

Listen to music, listen how it explodes...  
Feelings so confusing, how it reaches my soul!  
I am lost for a moment, lost in this enthralling whirl,  
I am come from an Odyssey, 'tis ere you a prophesy.

A steady stallion, fleeting in green fields...  
The enemies of ours, waiting in bushy greens,  
'Tis times for no cowards, the enemy's harkening...  
Here in a dangerous hour, we are facing our end - it seems.

It is a glorious moment, if your soul is not tint...  
Time to linger in onsets, of unpleasurable whims,  
For the demons of death, that grimacing lot...  
Brace it we shall, for our moment is come.

For unknown causes we fight,  
In the dark where no light,  
Hides the wails of our might...  
Where we fall in one strike...  
To find no morning, with our beautiful brides.

Tis the end of our times,  
For the fittest we are tried...  
In my strength I defend, my love an' my friends.  
When curtained, certain'd of my end...

Will I animate a mime?  
Cause my kind to recline...  
The fear in their mind,  
What they see or shall find....  
Once a beautiful rhyme,  
Finds its end in time...

Tis the end of our time...Armageddon!  
Here am I!

Merlin Mwaura

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Merlin Mwaura

# Arrest My Thought...!

It is common with man to worry,  
to query things he ought not to...  
or things that fascinate his mind with their impossibilities.  
It is the fashion of ours - we call modern.  
We no longer appreciate those things that just are,  
we fester for knowledge,  
we are bound by our course,  
relenting eventually to our findings.

It is the outcome, that what we find elusive,  
is found,  
or that it is not.  
Simply because we are surrendered:  
to the infiniteness of our answers,  
or that intuition realises it without spent time,  
or that what we find, is no longer accepted.  
or that what is found seems undeserving,  
an' the folly of man...  
continues.

It a jest,  
for me to dwell in the dutiful gloss,  
the fancy,  
that my generation achieves.  
But that even I, susceptible...  
can no longer find silence.

It is just a thought, only a thought.

Merlin Mwaura

# At My Feet!

I lay my soul at your view  
You: daughter of my land.  
Tears trickling down,  
Like the gems found...  
In there streams,  
Of my motherland.

Present to you, I  
A bowl of silence,  
Collect with imagination  
an' oft dreams...  
of mystic a beast,  
an' as curious a rider,  
my strange an' beautiful companion.

Daughter of my land,  
Charmed I am, by your composure.  
Timid are your ears being...  
quiver such they,  
at my play of words.  
For I speak a piercing truth,  
an' your heart knows it too.

At my feet,  
Stand I on quick sand.  
Saving every little breath,  
To savor a moment with a strange kiss,  
From an animated life,  
Power beyond this silly wish.  
With a daughter of my land  
A promise treasured,  
To me  
by she, at my feet,  
my motherland.

Merlin Mwaura

# Beauty....Look Not!

How goes there...

Ornament of the universe?

Bold,

Black pearls for eyes,

Hard not to look at these...

even,

solemn gestures,

giggles...

denting dimples,

forming at your mold of flesh...

As...

With a time by,

Violin strings will play

A heart beat accompanied,

to birth a song

of life...

Be it then

unconcieved drama

a rose as if out of karma.

a novel...

unknown to t'is not virgin eyes

mine an' those bearing

at this life's gallery.

Journeying echoes,

voices of truth,

confront this gentle lad...

Beholding,

accepting,

surrendering,

all and none.

Corrupted by this strange air

of seeming...

Sensing...search!

Howling a shame,  
It seems,  
From a deep under,  
of his own naïve\_ess  
to acclaim.  
With gallant tones,  
Hail this discovery!  
Confused never have I,  
Unlike this moment...  
Deemed such forces trod the earth.

This is beauty...  
look not!

Merlin Mwaura

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Merlin Mwaura

## Behind Bars...

Clutch in the morn of nine,  
a little girl cries her tears out.  
'Tis a school gate, wonder where her teachers are...  
is this not the much spoken, girl child.  
Her right of education infringed to me, 'tis my view.  
How else do you explain this 10yr old,  
clutch on rusty bars in this cold.

It is my folly not,  
that am discovered the error of our ways,  
or some instructor named: Teacher!  
but that my folly lies in,  
not intervening into this anomaly.

You see...  
I ask myself questions, the nature of which...  
revealing to me, better manners of handling the poor child.  
That i may, if brave...  
Proceed forth,  
and provoke the fury of the school Principal.  
Demand that the punishment, of whatever omision  
she is comit,  
or commission she is omit.  
Deservingly requires....that regardless of the faults,  
it is prevalent that she is informed of this world.

That this world has sins, that need her be of an intelligent wit...  
that no wits at all...is marking her another waste,  
the damned of our lot.

I percieve that am no different..  
simply because i did not place my concerns,  
where they were most appropriate.  
If you,  
have felt the same, condemn me or the Teacher!  
...or have done nothing  
where nothing was undeserved...  
where something could have been?  
of possibles,

an' never hacking them.

Then like me,  
like her....

You are behind bars.

Merlin Mwaura

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Merlin Mwaura

## Behold Tandi.....

Sapple,  
delicate delicacy  
profound and pure  
pleasure to mine eyes.  
How it has come?  
how she was assembled.  
A mystery upon which to ponder,  
has found from me,  
Many a numerous folly  
at the guess of her origin.

She is here though,  
plain to pleasant delight,  
an' am singing LO! LO! LO!  
Ideal to flattering remarks.  
Untamed, free and boundless  
gracefully adhering to the appeal  
of mine eyes.

Pampered, peppered an' pot  
sensuous seduction,  
oozing from an aura she has tranced.  
She trots upon the earth,  
glass and mirrors retaining jealously of her image.  
Covetfully an' carefully decisive  
of other an' often new pursuers.

With bruises on my visage,  
my image rather,  
my heart for more precision.  
I am come from a war with unnatural things,  
come here from her ways,  
swayed by her swagger,  
sassy and saucy gaze.  
Found me upon her gaze  
and vegence reeled in the air.

And up from a bold thrust,  
inspired or conspired within me,

I crashed from my adversaries,  
to be what!  
Slave to this entity  
that bears so envious a trait,  
to have, to hold haste upon no wait,  
regardless of my usual query before things.

I intend on a journey,  
to far myself away  
from this bewitching essence  
not of ungoverned forces,  
but to set assander  
the vile and vain thoughts  
that have been my company since  
upon the sight of mine eyes.  
My plan to rid myself of this 'parading'  
into the vicinity of my conscience's dormain  
to restore a once proud and potent coco.

This magnificence however,  
has brought a great deal trouble,  
now that i gladden with the play of words.  
Her vivacious volumptuous volume  
perching on the beats of tremerous,  
trecherous, tendering hearts  
of a great vast number  
of one fortunate,  
an' many one(s) unfortunate.

Behold! The Tormentor,  
The talented,  
The tendered,

TANDI.

Merlin Mwaura

## Behold! .....Tandi.

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The tendered,

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Merlin Mwaura

## Black Nail Polish...

I haven't lost it yet,  
I bet...  
Long time before that happens,  
Because am still a garden,  
who sows their seed.  
so I'll keep it coming,  
perennial as the grass,  
that some smoke or chew on.  
Last on every breath,  
even as I bleed to death.

I know this nails which tear my flesh  
which sever my feet,  
get me on my knees,  
leave a bloody trail,  
make me write mail,  
that's made my scent known,  
so I can be hunt down,  
by sniffing dogs.  
But the black nail polish,  
knows to scratch my back,  
get my attention running,  
with those cat like eyes,  
which steal my soul,  
bury it whole,  
into her own.

The punching of keys,  
to eddy words into meaning,  
conjure mine with feeling,  
until I dropp into little trickles,  
of color,  
like a magic trick,  
Perform my illusion,  
drown in my pen ink,  
splatter the finger prints  
of my art,  
make this my personal matter,  
concern you with wonder,

how is it life sounds so sweet?

Or is it because,  
Am a poet,  
or that I love art,  
as if it were given birth,  
by its mother,  
her name is Beauty.  
Or do I go round into a circle,  
empty my foolishness,  
and fill all splendor within,  
attempt to last this smile,  
who's been stimulated,  
by the one am looking at.  
The one tearing my flesh,  
with black nail polish.

Merlin Mwaura

## Braille...

I have a thing to say,  
I don't how to say it...  
It is about a thing most delicate.

Where in life I've made some difference,  
Even when the difference lies in how a friend smiles,  
What knowledge I have made known...  
I am yet to be what I am supposed to be.

There are things we do,  
Those that are meant for the heart,  
And it grows and glows because of it.  
I know of things that cannot be writ...  
That cannot be said,  
Those that just are within life's pages...  
An' while turned,  
Can be read even by the most blind of us,  
The dumb an' deaf....  
Those of us, who do not listen,  
For they cannot or choose not to.

I have had a passion for such things,  
Maybe even those who know me can attest to it,  
I have not traveled the world much,  
Neither have I been to the sacred places I relish seeing...  
I have however seen marvelous things in peoples' eyes,  
The lips seem like enchanting strips for speech...  
I have marveled at the form of women,  
An' now... only recently at my own form.

I feel the air, an' I breathe it more fervently,  
I cannot tell you what this feels like,  
Only that it's life...  
I yearn for a kiss from one I am grateful for,  
But I can only wait, an' there are no words to say what I mean...  
I only know, what I can do...  
An' that it can be done not by wanting it...  
But by knowing it.

I read this feelings in me...  
Those of your eyes,  
Those of us breathing...  
It is not like a song..  
It is deeper than a song.  
But I know it's meaning...  
An' I read it like Braille.

Merlin Mwaura

# Breaking Free...

Breaking Free...

I never noticed the flowers,  
The ones on our highways,  
In the dust and soot,  
They still look good...  
Like my diamond in the ruff,  
Who I'd wish to set free  
See how beautiful she be...

I saw some thought coming,  
Its bearer seemed a bit strange...  
Took me and imprisoned me,  
Tore me off my dictions,  
Told me of a prison... I was in!  
Prisoner of a fiction,  
That robs me of time,  
That drains me of life  
Every day,  
Until I had enough of it...  
Until the plan got complete  
To have me converted  
To have my eyes wide open...  
To see me breaking free.

A tattered person,  
A driver on a speedy highway,  
A man collect like garbage,  
A student sat on the wrong fate...  
A maize vender and his chilly plate....  
A drug peddler in dark alleys...  
A hooker stripping down a pole  
A poet sinking in talent,  
A grave digger down a hole...  
Deep in the eyes where few see  
A soul trying to break free.

Picked this intellectual tad  
I.T. for retards,

Now pressing on this space bar,  
Attempted to PAUSE this far...  
The mind on some deep thought.  
How I go about life?  
Have I known what I was called for?  
Am I what I was born to do?  
Acting like exempt students of life...  
Thought I'd skip some life lessons,  
Looked like I learned them eons,  
Till I lost that last war,  
With faith and my religion...  
Now I roam out and about,  
For something I can believe in!  
So I can break free....

Merlin Mwaura

## Breaking The Habit....

That eager addiction I have of,  
Trying to rid myself of,  
Teach thy self not...  
Walk down that hasty road,  
Doing doodles on a class board,  
An art role,  
To paint picture with a large soul.  
Making a sex scene,  
A top cover magazine.  
Playing in the background with the maestros,  
Chanting acapellas with our woes...  
Make the revelers pause,  
While they dance on the floor,  
Holding hands and opening doors,  
To each other.  
Trying to break a habit,  
Stop a heart beat,  
Extinguish all color, be colorless...  
A sneaky reason to be manner less.  
Be invisible to the eager eye,  
Being invincible...  
Yet these lips turn red...  
Poison ivy comes sent,  
To kill we softly,  
Quench all that bitter longing,  
Trying to stop sinking,  
Into obscurity....  
Who cares about a rat?  
What hole it comes out of...  
Depressing scribbly things,  
So we stopped making assumptions about me,  
Remain charming and daunting,  
Don't we all hate something we can't control?  
Eating things shoved down our throats.  
Starting to break the habit,  
Spinning into a wild fit,  
And still manage to say nothing,  
Only an irritated mumbling.  
Because its all digesting...

Garbage in and garbage out.  
Acting like a maniac,  
Involved in a chain react,  
Pursuit of our happiness,  
The beauty and all ugliness...  
The quality of mentality,  
The crude prodding by reality,  
And finally,  
We are breaking the habit,  
That eager addiction we have of,  
Trying to rid thy self of,  
A Feeling like ...  
You've got nothing to lose when,  
All your soul is dead and gone.

Merlin Mwaura

# Cartoons Of The Week!

I will call myself Obit,  
start a new strain of cartoon therapy,  
portray my world into a comic gesture.  
on a notice board,  
like exam results in a campus ground  
Because we have seen,  
what value on paper does to a person.

Like a drama on stage,  
different characters clamor at a notice board,  
they of many talents,  
of class difference,  
and varying faculties.  
even lounging through beer fests,  
is somewhat a talent,  
invented by the happy going!  
On Discount...

The book worms  
and the dabbling birds,  
all at this display resort!  
Until,  
a paper puts value on all,  
read or ridden,  
in columns and rows  
of this delightful lot,  
that has come of age.  
To be Cartoons of the week.

I will attempt to draw US,  
we with retakes,  
hangovers and under reviews.  
Not to worry, you who have passed by,  
Passed with flying colors,  
even a colorful smile,  
Mothers shall speak highly of them!  
re-doers however are another story  
altogether now,  
gloomy faces all.

Of course there is occasional hysteria,  
A deep laugh from the belly,  
"This isn't funny"  
We keep telling ourselves.  
But we are the cartoons of the week  
We'll try jumping cliffs  
But we will not die.

We will please every bookworm around,  
We are dabbling birds of course,  
But play fare we shall  
this time,  
No pecking...  
No poking...  
Like diligent pupils of this high institution

Read we shall,  
In reading rooms with drowsy eyes,  
Wondering how we make it through clubs  
and can barely make through a sitting.  
So we decide to start clubs  
Reading clubs,  
Where under-reviews play Dj.  
RE-takes and hangovers,  
Dancing to the tune.  
and a BOOK WORM for a bouncer.

We shall pass with flying colors  
Put this matter behind ass.  
Spank it with no mercy  
withholding nothing,  
until the matter is put behind us.

Cartoons of the week indeed.  
Didn't see this coming,  
we shall have to complain to the author  
of this terminal test,  
a terminal illness leaving a bad taste in the mouth,  
of our to- be- told Fathers and Mothers.

Not one to be alarmed,  
'you know how we do...'

plenty of excuses on a Mwa-Kenya!  
Dabbing birds to the end.  
The cartoons of the week...  
shall say...

there was horrible DISCOUNTING,  
I think I blacked out on a few  
debit and credit this,  
what we suspect is nothing really....  
maybe my ethical judgement was flawed  
or I was not as fluent as I thought  
I think I added too much,  
Or maybe I went wrong with the structure design.  
I must have left out something,  
Oh yeah, a particular Nato,  
Once threw me out of class.  
Pity I had to use that in the lines...  
What naughty cartoons we all are.

Now, a few cartoons.  
will result to a Napoleon,  
say what a great fight it was  
think what course to take on,  
before we prove obsolete  
and have to do something else,  
somewhere else.

Cartoons of the week...  
I salute them today,  
tomorrow night,  
meet you at that strange October,  
with funny blue papers,  
for I got one too....

Ha ha ha ha ha ah ha....

Merlin Mwaura

# Chariot Delamps

Where are you going?  
what are you doing?  
surely the world does not seem so urgent  
to burst out in such insurgence.

Like chariots begone, past centuries ago...  
they champion after designed boisterous campaign  
with lamps glaring after their paths terrain  
panting an' grunting like addicted slugs  
to the fossil brew, of be - mooned flags.

The stars are groggy, their shine defiant  
of our praise we've sang, till kingdom come  
The giants are grumbling, they drag in stow  
what havoc we are having, we beggar souls.

A black man standing...  
a promise withstanding, while black gold  
is smoked vehemently bold,  
of import chariots on Calvary roads  
Our statement are tasking, our poor below

Jigsaw puzzle, zigzag hassles  
our gritting elite, teeth biting delinques  
our futures are formless, faith fought for less  
In this day an' age, a youth is rendered hapless  
to pickings an' paving, on crowded cravings...  
by corridors adapt to scandalous savings.

So where are you going?  
what are you doing?  
my sister is so young, strapped under your seat belts.  
My brothers so bright, clumnering for you seat heads  
what are you doing, in a chariot De lamp?  
You blinding lot, time too shall pass...  
and forget you all.  
an history might write, bewail your inherent curse  
left to unsuspecting, uncultured heirs  
the throngs of thromps of the 21 century.

While a heart thumps, while the lamps storm  
on tarmac lawns, like chess pawns  
to be smitten an' smite, however its liked  
by the stars an' moons of our current ways.

Merlin Mwaura

# Cut And Broken...

Cut and broken...  
went through a glass once again,  
little pieces of what once was,  
still embedded within,  
tearing at me,  
making me bleed.  
My eyes are all open,  
but I cant see, cause am swollen...  
is this how it feels to be hated?  
is this how it feels to be forgotten?

I grew an undefeated heart,  
I have powers to turn my loneliness,  
from my emptiness...  
learned how to share my pain.  
pulling the glass off,  
making myself bleed once more..  
putting the pieces together,  
making me whole.  
I gathered and collected at the floor,  
like little gems,  
claiming back my worth.  
Priceless!

Cut and broken from my ore,  
to fit into silver bands...  
shine in everyone's finger,  
rare as a stranger,  
by the side walk...  
I talk,  
like a cut and broken tongue...  
I have lost one wing,  
so am busy being human,  
fell off the ranks of angels.  
for I have cut and broken wings.

who is my tailor?  
where is my carpenter?  
how is my doctor?

whose seen my wing,  
for am cut and broken...

Merlin Mwaura

# Death Of Valentines

I lost it yesterday,  
I Sort a blade and went for cupid...  
She said I was hurting her,  
I said, ' I know! '  
Now I hold her head,  
blood trickling to the floor  
these eyes so wide open...  
like glass beads reflecting,  
the image of my own  
heartless soul.

I hid the body under my carpet,  
now I got a big lump in my room.  
I warned her the day would come,  
February fourteenth,  
I walk now with withered petals,  
I'd pluck them all  
but I figured this looked better.  
I have bloodied finger prints on my face,  
she surely put up a fight.

I have branded this as romance,  
She will haunt me now forever,  
I will have nothing for her to forgive.  
I will only have me  
and her head if she wants it.  
I think,  
I took things too seriously this time,  
when she placed a flower vase on my desk.  
I broke the wood and made a coffin,  
I even managed a wreath,  
To place it on her tomb stone.

I hold a shovel now,  
deep in the hold of a lover's night,  
cold breeze comforts me,  
as I dig a shallow grave.  
Pretty round ball,  
me and her had a ball,

crept up walls,  
said nothings and a lot of something's  
I pity her horrible fortune  
had life and great aim...  
the arrow in me is proof of it.

I am dried of tears,  
empty sockets of dark space.  
I am pale of years,  
Killed the hundredth of these...  
I am tied of fears,  
stuck in a web down my basement.  
I have not yet seen  
the cupid that slay me here.

They will follow the bloody trail,  
Lonely gathering of cupid sympathizers,  
I will take photos of them all,  
Hit list them till I have at last,  
one who sympathizes with mine,  
that one cupid who slain,  
deep with arrow,  
where I forbid it!  
I will not hesitate then  
to proceed,  
and conquer her kin.

For finally I will attend,  
my valentine's death!

Merlin Mwaura

## Definition...

Thorns!

Prick an' pierce skin...  
Blood trickle from within,  
Hurt an' anger,  
venom in my veins,  
Tis a definition,  
of what lies here within.

Love!

Beauty lay in her eyes,  
This detail her nipple spread,  
Form curled in an embrace perfect,  
Rage an' raw mood,  
Tis a definition.  
of what lies here within.

Fire!

Burn an' scar with wounds  
that do not heal,  
tears roll off a lion's chin.  
What furry fierce within...  
Hollow an' broken eyes,  
Tis a definition.  
of what lies here within

Wave!

breathe heavy and belated  
clutch on straw,  
weak grass float...  
A painter restless paint,  
To find a form in the wave  
drowning, calling to a name...  
Tis a definition.  
of what truly lies within

Kiss!

Take all away,  
prick...tears...scar...paint...  
touch divine,

beheld in honor...  
confess a moment,  
An' have that which is true,  
Tis a definition.  
Of what lies within.

Merlin Mwaura

## Denim Skirt...

An' there you are,  
this light skin in a Denim Skirt...  
A defiance walking towards one so weak,  
For he trembles beneath his feet.  
You wear a soft wrap scarf,  
and while He the wind caresses you,  
makes Jealous of even mighty Kings.  
I have long wanted to betray myself of such feelings,  
I guess i just toss those moments as another of my  
not so glorious failures...  
What chance I have now,  
That am behold,  
will make for lost words, that should have been said a time past.

What eyes you have, how I marvel at every moment they steal from me.  
for I know how it feels to stand in front of a waterfall and not blink,  
while my fear overwhelms me, for I know what I restrain is clear.  
How else is the bulge in my pants explained?  
How else does this breathe make meaning?  
How else does this life get so sweet...Hmm!

I am not usually one, who dwells on the perverted tend,  
Nor do I wish to express when am weak,  
But tell of why am weak when encountered by this beau.  
'Tis the lips of stranger that slay me now...  
a stranger known to me by a fairer name than that of roses.  
While I might regret this confession an' what it might mean...  
There are things in this world worth losing something over for.

Maybe I have put too much emphasis on you...  
Usually a suspect of man, when he desires to court his lady to bed.  
But this seems not the case,  
or rather I intend it not...  
Not while my eyes are bleeding,  
when they do not paint what they see.

For where is the soft linen that hugs your body so...  
Where are the scents that emanate from your caresses so bold.,  
Where is the hum of a love scene?

The rhythm of thighs touching and melting butter.  
I think I saw you the first time with a friend of mine...  
an i remember the way you looked,  
An' I must say you looked rather shy.  
What a foolish assumption I must have made,  
looking now while I tremble like this....  
For I can only commemorate a word so sane...  
You are a beautiful girl, treasured one!

I do not know how to say this while not meaning another thing,  
What soap do you use...how do you use it,  
Does it feel soft while touching your skin around your mounds?  
does it make your skin look as it looks now?  
I wonder sometimes the color of you nipples...  
The descent to your navel,  
whether I have seen painters dream of you on a canvas...  
The waist an' maybe your hips...  
I must say you are a most enchanting thing.

I wonder what makes you wake in the morning with a smile as bright as yours,  
And yet I can't help wonder what makes you sad.  
You are unique, unlike many sang birds,  
Like I sing of your prominent if not tremendous genius.

I like that you think and you are not as naïve...  
But that you are naïve in believing I do not lust after you,  
Like the buggers you must often had to curse.  
While I might not be as cumbersome...  
An' loathsome as your adversaries,  
I wonder more... of how I got to be your friend.

In the most of my moments without you...  
I guess am probably too busy to notice,  
That you passed by without a hello...  
Otherwise I know I would hurt much so.  
I can tell when you are genuine,  
That you've missed me by the deep glance in your eyes,  
That you wet your lips before we hug,  
You look at me from the corners of your eyes,  
An' I bet you like what you see when I look back...  
For I have a secret with me, an' you seem to have one of your own.

In the end, when am most content...  
I am just glad that I met you,  
That there is no end in this world you can hide,  
That I won't find you an' hold you strong,  
We are each other's strength if am not wrong.  
However life will turn out,  
I will keep my promise, even if you won't keep yours.

I am not blind; there are many, who pursue you,  
and many more who will want to abuse you,  
but a lady so daunting, as to make a man think...  
maybe she'll make a good Queen.  
Am just glad I did not need to lose you,  
To have last this long....  
To know you are that much important,  
to even fight for.

Merlin Mwaura

## Dirty Shower....

The pungent scenes that come to mind,  
filth that covers like rain on all surfaces.  
an' even now, more than ever on our faces.  
But this dirty shower does a lot more harm...  
we ready at it in our early morn'  
scrab an' smear murk all over...  
provide this sheath, layer of impregnability  
an' after:  
Dressing ourselves in a current trend,  
to be dutiful:  
to conform, jeopardise our intricity,  
play into the ordered world, of no divine nature.

All, even I, scurry to this routine,  
pleasured us, that another sun gone down;  
an' neither audience nor actor recognise us,  
an' worse, that we unidentify with our own.  
We lose our serenity, the unique of our most self.

Plenty have i dreams, an' reality sturk in the impress of mind,  
invaded even in my most intimate engagement...  
Evolution is swift and final; like death  
it corrupts life, makes another course.  
We, that are without....desparate attempts to linger:  
Conquer the sacred, desecrate it  
tag everything an' all things hence with a price.

A blanket that is not mine, covers:  
A dream that is not mine, live it:  
A hollowness that is not mine, be it:  
in this shower I ail, yet i Linger...  
desperately,  
to satisfy the pleasure of others, intrigue the void.  
I fill it with pretenses, an' pose in gait through deciet in this murky veil...  
un - deserved, un - preserved.

The punch of an atrocious fist,  
Oh! cannot love,

for i am covered filth,  
my companions no better, immersed they are...  
of the unsettling contents.  
I cannot find art, she that i love...  
for my eyes-  
are adorn a lens of glee.  
That of Our world, greedy, boistful, filthy...

Crying at this dirty shower,  
playing music, that forms my soul...  
that i know, soon to fade;  
before, once again,  
attend the venue am post, to be obscure...  
to bathe in here dirty shower!

Merlin Mwaura

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Merlin Mwaura

# Drowning...

Egress...

from a rough shade of darkness  
deep an' hollow bottomlessness  
not free,  
and in bondage not.  
Subsisting in nothingness,  
pleasured by none  
failed to find  
to know  
to want.  
Lost to no causes.

Convicted to the bellies of ghastly,  
unflattering circumstances and chance.  
Chained to beastly notions,  
attitudes known to no humanly gestures,  
of a calm countenance.  
Horror!  
Terror!  
Cold glassy eyes,  
suffering,  
lacking of all composure,  
distraught with maddening mist.  
Peering with frightening  
Harkening pursuit.  
Drawing and drenching  
out with life and in with another.

Depriving an' denying,  
of essential  
of concern  
of all that is man.  
Tormenting silence,  
hastely pursuing to sanity's edge.  
lost to whispered echoes  
of which  
an origin is found not.

Dreary and dearly,

beseechingly,  
calling to forms  
out of desperate  
'nd very late apprehensions.

Consist and persist,  
ideas and convictions,  
to pain in no gain  
to vain and void,  
to all vanity.  
Empty hopelessness  
creeping, crawling,  
in sickening overbearance  
Taking and taking,  
more, more an' more as time keeps  
to its pertinent duty.

Gazing ghostly grim  
gloom of the impending...  
and eventual....DROWNING!

Merlin Mwaura

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gloom of the impending...  
and eventual....DROWNING!

Merlin Mwaura

## Dungeon Trade...

There are places disgust abound,  
Filth an' froth plainly in sight,  
Sneer scents an' concoctions  
Wrought in both foul and file smell,  
A word spoken cannot receive better ears,  
Than swine an' hound provide  
Under desolate an' tattered street.

To haunt like a bad dream,  
Savor the fear lay within,  
Taunt an' torment,  
Tear desperately at fresh,  
Stain in blood by the tarmac,  
A pool collects of tears doom...  
A life,  
Breath,  
Forgotten,  
Like a another story tell,  
And end.

Here demon an' death,  
Place on auction the souls of men,  
They that are fallen,  
Drowned as they may in sin,  
Vile an' atrocious deeds,  
Bargain of an arm, a leg, the eyes...  
"the ears are mine! ! ! ! "  
the howling says,  
"better not he hear the gospel"  
Lest they find no meat,  
Go to hell hungry,  
Not here though,  
There is always something to take back,  
To the simmering an' flaking,  
Till once a noble soul,  
Is consume by the products of evil mind.  
Forever the life seems to give an' take,  
An' they take some more,  
Souvenirs you would think,

To appease whatever master they wish please,  
To contain no further,  
Their freedom to choose.

It's a trade of the damned,  
Cost they shall, crave and quake for one,  
As timid and naive of the soul,  
To know there is a God after all,  
And choose the righteous path to heaven promise,  
Than live among the claws of decayed galls,  
Watch one turn from whole to pieces,  
Bathing in the blood of the weak or helpless,  
A callous world assuming,  
There are no souls known to be noble.

Merlin Mwaura

## Dungeon Trade...

There are places disgust abound,  
Filth an' froth plainly in sight,  
Sneer scents an' concoctions  
Wrought in both foul and file smell,  
A word spoken cannot receive better ears,  
Than swine an' hound provide  
Under desolate an' tattered street.

To haunt like a bad dream,  
Savor the fear lay within,  
Taunt an' torment,  
Tear desperately at fresh,  
Stain in blood by the tarmac,  
A pool collects of tears doom...  
A life,  
Breath,  
Forgotten,  
Like a another story tell,  
And end.

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Merlin Mwaura

## Fake Boots....

The morning is as beautiful as ever,  
fellow men, women,  
boys and girls,  
rising to it's delight.  
Moms are making breakfast,  
dads making their ties.  
And after some sumptuous deal,  
with folk 'n' spoon,  
everyone wants to leave  
to their occasioned or routine...  
to their duties.

On come the boots,  
out go the boots.  
This fake boots,  
going to places,  
that need no roots.

The hot sun,  
baking bricks,  
boilling streams...  
passed by the unkeen eye.  
Watchin' as the pretenders carry on,  
with their treasured trades.  
Committed or convicted,  
they carry on.  
Fancied by better passions  
but keep carrying on.  
they are subject,  
they are conformed.

Performances in their trendy,  
boastful and speechy tend...  
Lying 'n' prying,  
into mine and other's  
of a similar and often pass,  
that this is living life...

On come the boots,

out go the boots.  
This fake boots,  
going to places,  
that need no roots.

Surely we can do honesty,  
isn't it the best policy.  
To love when it's love,  
To hate when it's hate.  
To cry when it's pain,  
To laugh when it's lame,  
To say,  
That humor has no gain.

Every one, almost anyone,  
lives for gain.  
Partitioning of passion,  
cold with jealousy,  
hot with vanity,  
of anger,  
of envy,  
of all that is empty.  
Lost to perceptions  
of perfection.  
Gone...gone for good,  
to fantasy and from reality.

On come the boots,  
out go the boots.  
This fake boots,  
going to places,  
that need no roots.

We all woke,  
early to a beautiful morning,  
our moms made breakfast,  
our dads made their ties.  
After some sumptuous deal,  
with folk 'n spoon,  
we want to leave.  
But not without our boots,  
our own, very fake boots.

why?  
what was yesterday is still,  
what will today.  
Of pain,  
Of prying,  
Of lying,  
Of dying, slowly  
to some insignificant me,  
some insignificant you,  
insignificant all.

Off with the fake boots,  
our feet touch the ground.  
Down to earth and to our roots,  
stay in there lay,  
a soul,  
a truth.  
A somewhat,  
a maybe,  
a definite,  
significant...

YOU.

Merlin Mwaura

# Filth, Foul An' Ferment

Who loves such things as of the dirt,  
scum lay beneath,  
hardly a glance rendered at these things.  
whom among us, love the down trodden,  
the heavy bent,  
seeming towards a dead abyss.  
Deserving you ask?  
assumed maybe....  
what we do just usually stand by,  
watch a flimsy arm flap for a penny,  
And the ignorance hardening our hearts,  
make us leave they, the filth an' scum of the earth.

May I seek not the ferment brew no more,  
that I might be diligent in standing my ground,  
loosen the stagger,  
adopt this trance, as that of a stallion.  
have I with me grave decisions to make,  
what you make of me,  
is what i will take.  
Two eyes,  
two ears,  
one mouth...

Eyes to see,  
ears to hear,  
mouth to speak,  
I use urgently in the presence of beauty.  
She is a rare thing,  
person....that is not my amusement,  
but I cannot say, she does not make me merry.  
What horrible fortune I would assume,  
if I made that mine to follow,  
A lie I cannot hold no more.

Foul delicacy,  
Cuisine properly employed,  
upon once a white cloth table,  
some fine cutlery rendered.

Proceed with my meal,  
smudge on my napkin...  
yellow soup the abstract art,  
sweet pleasure to my palate.

A moment alone,  
to say tender things,  
to here tender ears,  
dream not, but be real...  
A swam of things make a sensational feel

Merlin Mwaura

# Go Somewhere....Where No One Can!

I am afraid to dream nowadays...  
of what the world will ask me to do next,  
of what lies I'll have to tell then,  
what hurt I'll cause or feel hence.

I am tempt to make a lip sense,  
of what i feel wrenched in a deep tense,  
who am I?  
who am I?  
WHO AM I..! ! ! !

what silly thoughts i have now,  
death so tender vow,  
who than I can keep such promise...  
to not,  
to neither have,  
to want,  
an end to all of this.

I want to go somewhere...  
where or when i know not off.  
How, by what i got clue of...  
My eyes are red, burn with venom.  
I am betrayed, forsaken, forgot...  
I want to go somewhere where there is no one.

where i hurt no one,  
where i see no one,  
what breaths, where mysteries are none.  
I hold deaths hand, and forgive me if you are hurt by it...  
I want to go somewhere where no one can.

Death my new bride, she's a jealous kind,  
she will keep me, forever in her embrace...  
until such a time, my Lord shall please.  
Maybe, i will see you my love,  
maybe i will miss you,  
when i go somewhere...  
where no one can.

Merlin Mwaura

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Maybe, i will see you my love,  
maybe i will miss you,  
when i go somewhere...  
where no one can.

Merlin Mwaura

## God's Children...

We walk among men,  
lurking in the caste shadows.  
Our identities are unknown to these commoners.  
only those with an uncommon trend,  
already comfortable in their skin  
and scheme of things.  
They find pleasure in the witticism,  
of a guiding arm followed by letters.  
We are the scribes of today,  
souring with emotion in the curve of the pen.  
Only these have dared to dream,  
beyond normal and mundane things.  
This one who soaks lust in a letter,  
to woo his virgin bride,  
Another trailing the prints of beasts,  
the fears and whims of the universe.  
While I put up the very things that please me most,  
probably ranting about this and that,  
and manage to pull it off quite well.

To move minds is not a difficult thing,  
but human beings are not to be trifled with.  
They are hardly foolish, and can become quite nasty.  
at the slightest of insults,  
no one has a good old laugh anymore.  
no one day is quite the same,  
the human is learnt to shape the face of character  
One moment this, and next the other.  
Patience takes the scene of a pond,  
great adventure looms in the depths,  
So the artist is eager to portray his art,  
set a table and men at lunch,  
cause an argument with the minds of those,  
who know what themes he vents.  
The light still reflects on shiny surfaces,  
on the faces of art inspectors,  
and art lovers.

Some things are come out of planning,

human intention or divine charge.  
It is very unlikely that things,  
proceed from nothing.  
or that people become directionless  
For even the able and noble,  
bend on one knee to ask,  
to propose the fate of their lives.  
God looks on,  
laughs at the indelible cunning,  
takes lightly and kindly the mockery of us mortals.  
By his grace and great mercies,  
gives the blasphemous their piece of time.  
To come to their own ruin,  
for a generation shall come over them,  
with a revolution of thought,  
and greater respect for one who made man.  
We are God's son's and daughters,  
cheer up, we are God's children,  
so life can move on!

Merlin Mwaura

# Hail Caesar!

There was a time I wasn't sure  
what I could be capable of...  
That a man can be the tears,  
a bloodied nose,  
a vein with hot blood...  
He is life and that too is magnificent,  
Like a blank wall,  
we take spray paint and put graffiti  
like a girl will do her nails.  
It is the blunt things that sharpen a blade  
it is the current that smooths the stones.

I will speak language,  
what a secret organization would know...  
watch the pattern of his behavior,  
like watching a piano student  
couldn't be more obvious,  
that this is Caesar,  
watch his finger around the queen,  
making moves on a checkered board,  
Playing chess like Kasparov.  
on the harbor where many fishermen dock  
and if you manage to find me,  
in a straw hat,  
taking the sunshine,  
while I chew on a chilly  
spicing things and life up.

What is the difference between swimming in the river,  
and swimming in the sea?  
There is much more water I guess.  
But I bet sharks are pretty good swimmers too.  
I know my heart well,  
there is much to build and much to see...  
how would you think an alien looks?  
much the same as our insides...  
Terrifying and horrifying  
but very real.  
Ask the C.I.A if you think I was lying,

but I guess you'll hear the same thing.

Hail Caesar,  
Holding a thumbs up...  
approving yet another brutality,  
The sport of men,  
The spectators the weak and timid.  
For we who are hailed,  
go for the thrill,  
it matters not how fast the beat,  
It is the keen eye that sees,  
from a pyramid...  
a vantage point to get the most advantage.

Magicians perform,  
Illusionists become...  
and when the orchestra sings,  
It is not song but an eruption.  
The air is taken by all...  
so squeeze the breath out of one,  
and you upset everyone else.  
You marvel the rest.  
There is of course the matter of horror,  
but that is over rated.

Human beings do more terrifying things to each other.  
It is betrayal,  
It is deceit,  
It is love,  
It is envy  
Even in such things as happiness,  
we do carry our selves in high esteem,  
a little eloquence,  
a little fizzle,  
and a drink from a cold glass,  
and we make ourselves the image we see in our mirrors.  
Hail Caesar...  
and raise a thumb or dropp it down.

Merlin Mwaura

# Hail Ye Poets Of The Great!

The great 21st century,  
Where my birth stands as an ancient glow  
penetrating the meager stereotypes of today.  
Grown of unique a passion,  
For things incomprehensible...  
As seek duty to find truth in its most,  
In its deep,  
In its fine infiniteness.

What treasures seek, what adventures found...  
A man speaks grandly of his polite ventures.  
His lady, those of their meeting...  
and the poetry seen in their courtship.  
She too seeks the truth, without favor or folly.

While our minds are potted with our revelations,  
Cooking brews and dishes of elegant scents,  
Our thoughts so intrusive, revealing...  
Unsettling and discomforting those with vile minds  
For ours is poetry of the Great!  
How great is our Century.

A poet is proceed to prophesize,  
O philosophy and intrinsic thoughts,  
Whispers of the conscience...  
Drumming of our hearts.  
Now, more than ever before...  
as we partake in our centuries activities.

We revile our societies of their wrongs,  
We sing of lost beauty, what performance we engage?  
We are quiet little forms with Lion Hearts if not manes...  
Our eyes sleep not, what gesture an' art we see,  
What humor an' jest we cling,  
To find that bellied laughter,  
That which is genuine...

Have wine an' grapes,  
Divine soups and spice on delicate plates,

Profound tools, our loyal digits...  
While we make a meal of our daily an' sundry events.  
Poetry is my song,  
a love note to my beloved,  
the pages of my diary to ye audience.  
It is ye that know the Poets of the Great!  
Hail thee... of the Great!

Merlin Mwaura

# Hell On Fire!

Hell on Fire!

Would not pick a better place to start a barbecue,  
Smoke my sausages,  
My ham,  
and who can forget the ribs.  
All juicy and rightly deserving to my palate.  
All tender touch,  
Lost,  
Only screams,  
Terrible howling screams.  
I kinda like here though...  
I have no expectations,  
Just burn my little bums,  
Scorch them till they crisp,  
That's how he'll probably like it,  
The devil that is,  
I think his a fag,  
No disrespect towards him anyway,  
Just a thought.

That makes hell a dread place for all we straight guys.  
But I must say,  
What fodder this all is,  
A comedian would waste away,  
With glutton at all the pickings his got falling on his way.

Hells on fire,  
Always has,  
Not while everyone chooses not to heed global warning,  
Oh! I meant warming,  
Soon Devil should just crawl out of his abyss,  
And make a tantrum,  
Join the entire environmentalist in the fuss.  
Why even we the bored ones,  
Should have a laugh just as well.

Been to the streets,  
Seen guys smoke like chimneys in the upcountry,

I guess the lungs are having a ball,  
Too bad some time soon,  
They all be chocking,  
Spewing blood like Christmas gifts,  
Which is the least to say of the owner.

Hell is on fire,  
Because I just saw my friend,  
Beat up a lady just cause she didn't put meat on his plate,  
A little girl raped by her uncle,  
Worse...tomorrow her pastor,  
Always sounds like it's happening somewhere else,  
Look around,  
That's your neighbor...  
If at all you see him through your five-foot wall,  
Eh! You can always meet in church,  
Jump for His Glory,  
While you look up her slit,  
Why is she wearing one anyway,  
It's freezing cold!  
Probably cause I got condoms,  
A loose pack with one missing,  
I guess I got my own sins to pray for.

Hells on fire,  
I thought the world end today in the morning,  
Some guy was crying over some girl,  
She broke a contract,  
"we were supposed to last a week"  
no worry,  
he got over his flu easy,  
and got fishing with his worn out net,  
cast it like an eager child.

Hells on fire,  
Cause I swear that girl is looking at me,  
She don't know what she's asking for,  
Probably someone should tell her,  
Before she thinks of coming over,  
My girl does not handle jealousy quite well, if at all.  
What an easy picking she is,  
She'll tear apart like a raft in a storm,

What a sight that will be.  
Hell be on fire,  
When my girl is scorn.

Hell is on fire,  
For I cannot for my sake save my ass,  
An' try to look like am reading for my exams.  
Hells on fire,  
For I wish I was in Japan...doing some art, or being a monk,  
Than waste in this pathetic play to get ahead,  
While looking at a mirror, we are all in hell.

Merlin Mwaura

# Hope....

Hope is that thing we find when we are loved,  
when some one cares that we are well,  
that we are healthy,  
that we are kind.

Hope is the sane intention of friends,  
that we do not despair in our adversities,  
that it is not wrong to feel weak at times,  
That even the strong hold on to something too

Hope is when we see people believe in us,  
that it serves no purpose than sorrow...  
to fester and plunder about misery.  
That a man can stand and admit defeat.  
That he can conquer as well,  
as beconquered.

That we can find mysteries...  
find some awe that makes us worth living.  
Find someone or some truth about all the scatter of life.  
What little blunders,  
thick or thin,  
troublesome and disgusting they may seem.  
We are Human, we learn and we walk...  
and though we may not be perfect,  
there is nothing more generous than in sharing our love.

Beauty is a pleasant thing,  
they that appreciaite will hunger not,  
after perfections and conformity,  
They are like Baobab Trees...  
they do not grow in vases.

I know we have dreams,  
Some too lofty and ambitious indeed,  
but dreams they are, and achieved they are...  
when we work or plan to make them real.

I am a Tree of hope...

to my mother and my father....  
To a brother, to a nation.  
To a lover, an' to the universe  
I will make them all proud,  
For i do not grow in vases...

I grow in a great span of hill,  
where hope is a tender stride to thee.

Merlin Mwaura

# Hotel Missus

White shirt speck less,  
Milan labels and starchy cuffs.  
a mafia chief ardent behind a fog from his cigar,  
cologne wisp an' whisper...  
the missus readys the covers.  
Belly groan as the heavy set meanders,  
to lie down an' have a massage.

Sweaty overgrown back,  
ointment oil smudge across black tattoos,  
vivid bullet scars, and brawls with knives.  
while a missus kneads his tense flesh  
Reed skirt and a Hawaiian flower,  
gently form,  
butter skin with a little tan,  
hotel missus is Margarita.

deft fingers caress this mass,  
a killer and monster as well as father,  
to little Carlos an' a brat in the streets,  
from once many missus's like margarita.

Hotel missus with fine pink lips,  
marbled eyes of blue emeralds  
accent from the Caribbean beaches  
free spirit like the onshore winds.  
warm velvet bosom, like the morning sun...  
scent of her morning shower,  
an' coconut shampoo.

Hotel missus...  
tenders the tendons of the chief  
to earn her bread an' little Diego,  
like a soap opera an' glued sticks on the wall  
hotel missus will make ten turn.  
Ten to her curvaceous length,  
Margarita I am looking at you.

I am my bosses trusted guard,

carry a gun an' a hunting knife...  
I'll hunt you soon, hotel missus,  
once you are done with my Chief's nooks,  
Hotel missus don't be afraid to look,  
am just as confused as you too.

Hotel missus...  
readys a towel,  
an' shall come from the closet soon,  
but not until my lips have left hers,  
Margarita is melting in mine,  
I knew I liked this Hotel missus.

Merlin Mwaura

## I Am A Little Planet...

It is like losing my vocabulary,  
Losing an integral part of me,  
Which I know glows ever more dim.  
It is silently thinning away,  
Letting reality blunt and un-marvel it,  
So I pick up an eager routine behind closed doors,  
A disinterest to decipher people and their ways,  
Stooping as low as stereo typing,  
Color marking and cramming.  
The death of color runs in my eyes,  
As life undo's and un-intends...  
itself on my conscience.  
Is this where they clip my wings?  
Pluck every liberal follicle on my head,  
Tame the span of my flight,  
Riddle me with volcanic ash?  
My mind's a maze  
for the wanton and care free...  
following a channeling voice over speaker phone,  
might as well be dead and gone.  
But an occasional butterfly,  
Disrupts this enslavement,  
Ever so delicate and imposing,  
My presence here is likewise felt,  
For I am a little Planet!

The tyres caress with the gravel,  
the old men play guitars,  
our girls dance with the rain drops,  
the boys are going to war!  
they are gone to conquer our world,  
Having dreams for dreams,  
with little details coming amiss,  
in their translation to this world.  
but press on they must do,  
write their letters an' close with glue,  
to leave their ladies with some clue,  
that the heart still feels so blue,  
from the teasing scurry of heels,

lips...tips...and imaginings,  
the readiness an' mask of skin,  
praise their ripe and vigorous form,  
with cliché an' modern norms,  
from a little lonely planet!

Little ant lines can impress,  
for nature holds more order than chess,  
even poet lines hold no less,  
free thinking so compressed,  
to enable mental plug-in,  
freeing minds from collapsing,  
under vague and impish thoughts...  
Poetry is like a home,  
with strange an' visible influence,  
like space, time an' matter...  
it reveals what works in this world,  
we are made of proud influences,  
n' time has never walked by,  
some have made conversation,  
aging with words so gracefully.  
like you, poetry has a pulse...  
and now it will have to wane,  
emptying into an ocean,  
space;  
that room for invention,  
sums up my narration,  
from me an' my nation,  
I am a little Planet...

Merlin Mwaura

# I Am Moved...

I am moved by it all  
how we learn new things  
embrace it all,  
scare us all.

Give me a concert  
an' i shall perform...  
I shall play what i play...  
I shall play life in all it's ways...  
I shall be a great, less  
life shall mean that to me.

I am moved by the comments of a fifty year old man  
He is my father, and he is wise in his diverges  
That I most entertain, an' indulge his whims,  
I am moved when he calls me son.  
I am moved when he thinks me a Man.

I am moved when I know that I see things,  
That while many pretend, I try not to as well  
I am moved when I feel loved  
when it is real,  
I am moved when I see you.

I am moved when I am compared to a great...  
that I know not to take for granted what people say,  
that even the dull an' dumb have something to say,  
That my love maybe,  
just maybe wants me today.

I am moved that I see many mornings, An' that I have someone to trust  
To give me new mornings,  
That i will pursue soon a wonderful course,  
I am moved when I'll be brave to start that soon.  
I am moved when I find truth.

I am moved there is you!



# I Cry Blood.....

When a neighbour turns on you,  
strips your family into pieces,  
tears up your home.  
Takes your love,  
your hand,  
and more appendages  
you watch them turn to menacing beasts,  
their hearts turn a sickening black,  
watchin' in horror, as the last warm breath,  
emits from you,  
with a resonating, resounding cry,  
'why? ....'  
'why? ....'

FRIEND: I have lost my mother,

'why? ...'  
[sobs] I have lost her in her cries...  
I did not want to hear them,  
they scorched my soul, but  
my feet kept running.  
I wanted to, [save her]  
I needed to, [save me]  
But i had to,  
there was none other,  
but left a choice,  
even my love.  
'why? ...'

WITNESS: She lost her mother,

'why? ...'  
She was my bride,  
my tears engraved with her blood,  
as my brothers, went even with the cries...  
to tear and turn on souls.  
I watched as she ran,  
she wanted to, [love me]  
she needed to, [leave me]

but she had to,  
from my love,  
from the blood.  
for mine and her sake.  
'why? ...'

NEIGHBOUR: He watched as she lost her mother,  
she was his bride,  
and he was her love.  
They were the world,  
and her mother their God.  
She approved of them,  
we took from her,  
and she left her blood.  
He watched as she left,  
His heart never the same,  
Hers, never again.  
He wanted to, [save her]  
He needed to, [let her]  
and he had to watch her.  
run in the other direction.  
'why? ...'

They are, all tainted souls  
tainted and tinted souls,  
and I only cry,  
not for my love,  
not of my mother,  
but of once upon a time.  
when my eyes were not known,  
to rivers of blood,  
lost loves,  
lost life.  
I wanted to, [say this]  
I needed to, [convey it]  
and I had to, cry blood....

Merlin Mwaura

# 'I Do'

I do...

Take your hand from this dark abyss,  
take me out of this emptiness,  
keep me from a f\*\$@# mess,  
black ribbons and black bow ties,  
ghost eyes,  
cold thighs,  
honeymoon on our ancient tomb.

Lay my life on a death bed,  
cremate me while we make smoky love,  
like mushrooms pollinating the earth,  
glass bands and wedding rings,  
tear this flesh and with bloodied ink,  
write our vows forever more.

' I do '....

my darling!

I do want there to be a forever,  
dark clouds or shiny sky,  
full moon creeping in the afternoon.  
Keep a dog at our front yard,  
while it digs graves for visitors.

I do...

like a soldier in Vietnam war,  
throw grenades and dodging bullets,  
running with open wounds and fighting on,  
trying hard to amber on.  
what flames I carry,  
my heart's a furnace...  
red demon eyes.

I do...

under the witch's tree,  
the tree that is my bed,  
the twigs that are my beddings...  
where often there is a sacrifice,  
my soul the only price.

I do...  
in this film,  
photos frozen in daunting time,  
collections of moments had.

I do...  
as I make out from my dream,  
as the morning shines on my queen,  
soft skin on here silk sheet,  
why I had a wondrous dream...

I do...

I do...

I still do...

Merlin Mwaura

# I Got This...

I got this emptiness dying inside me..  
why this emptiness lying inside me,  
what glory is it deserving,  
what aims, intends on having.

I got this beast sucking blood off my neck,  
I got this hands on this beast's bloody neck,  
I got this beast feeling in my breath...  
I got this beast living an' someone wants it dead.

I got this girl I'll love till my death,  
I got this love I have for her breath,  
I got this life I know she gives me strength...  
I got this voice, am screaming my unrest.

I got this friends far off away,  
I got this hatred for the distance here between,  
I got this vision transcends all this things,  
I got this pain, they will always be away.

I got this motion, I think my daily trend...  
I got this ocean, waving in my breath,  
I got this notion, am a lion with a tend...  
I got this quote from, for my times nature spend.

I got this talent, seeing life, what is true...  
It is prevalent you have it too,  
Reflecting or even confused do...  
I know I got this,  
This I got is life...

Merlin Mwaura

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It is prevalent you have it too,  
Reflecting or even confused do...  
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Merlin Mwaura

## If I Should Die In Your Arms...

If I should die in your arms,  
ask me what I LOVED most about life,  
ask me if I ever cried,  
ask me if I feel pain,  
ask me if I know what is coming,  
ask me If I want to live again...

If I should die in your arms,  
let me say the things that are most important to me,  
whether in delusion,  
I should say, 'F\*\*\* Life'  
don't mind me, try to live yours...  
whether I speak of a dream,  
and the world say 'heard that one before'  
don't ask me to be original.  
Just let me leave as me.

If I SHOULD die in your arms,  
tell mummy I loved her,  
I wanted a little daughter to call her grandma...  
If I have a little daughter,  
tell my little princess, daddy luvs you too.

If I should die in your arms,  
an' you are my wife...' I am sorry darling, but i gotta be going soon'  
Take care of my art piece,  
I still wanted to draw you nude.

If I should die in your arms,  
tell me the color of your eyes,  
tell me if I should come back like a wind,  
tell me if I lived,  
but most of all...tell me if am a human being...  
so I can start to live being immortal.

If I should die in your arms,  
Play me Luther Vandros,  
'Dance with my father'  
I never did that with my father,

Though I never did tell him I love him.

If I should die in your arms,  
Place a rose in my palm,  
pour some wine on my lips,  
'I toast to your life long dream'  
It is your turn to live big.

If I should die in your arms,  
spare your tears for someone who still lives,  
it is they that will respond to your affection,  
If I am but a dream.  
For you should know by now...  
I am no longer an imperfection,  
so you won't really believe me  
when I tell you the truth.

If I should die in your arms, tell her I loved her...  
Say how much I liked to laugh, say I lived a full human life.

Merlin Mwaura

## I'LI Be The Man...

I'll be the man, who isn't afraid to stand,  
To admit that he is wrong an' someone else is true,  
I'll be the man who dreams all that is good.  
I'll be the man to make it all come true.

I'll be the man who is tender to his wife,  
The kind that hates coming home at night,  
I'll be the man who wakes up in the night,  
to make sure his child is alright.

I'll be the man who if he falls in the dirt,  
will rise up with earth in his hand...  
A souvenir to remind him where his from  
I'll be the man who trains his son to 'walk'..

I'll be the man who results not into fights,  
Or the kind who's into slight,  
I'll be the man who seeks into sight,  
the kind who brings in some light.

I'll be the man who is known of his truth,  
To be novel,  
To be well bred,  
To be intelligent,  
Where all but scent,  
are my mysteries.

I'll be the man....the man I'll be!

Merlin Mwaura

# In My Mind

Tic tac in my mouth,  
fresh mint on this tongue  
about to speak an unholy thought,  
but held back,  
for everyone to hold their constitutions,  
almost made an oath...  
that I shall speak my truth quietly

Enough ears around here,  
virgins to the coarse things emanating  
a disgruntled voice on a campus corridor  
My generation is oft imagined,  
naive and hot headed.  
Until those self proclaimed,  
clotting headlines  
sip slowly into the sewer that is our media,  
sugar coating the vast girths of a politician,  
of my course administrator,  
Paid a hefty sum,  
for this education,  
which teaches me how to get a job,  
not how I can start one.

In this mind,  
aging faster than I can trust my Calculus  
heading to uncertainty,  
bleak futures in this here young minds.  
I supposed a few kids would do,  
get a job to get through,  
every year in blind passing.  
Until someone said ' 2030.....  
who knows whom shall see that day,  
super highways and super trains,  
I can't help laugh,  
my companion can't help himself either,

He lost his job yesterday,  
and now am attending lectures with him,  
something about him not having accounting experience.

The damned thing is, this guy has talent...  
He can sell anything,  
I mean anything...  
grabs a fresh pack of condoms  
sells them 20 shillings,  
chanting... 'Tuji-pange slogans'

In this mind,  
I saw a world where anyone could make it big,  
live next door neighbors in affluent households,  
have heirs that speak four different languages,  
Especially my mother tongue,  
or somewhat of culture.

In this mind,  
I have grown tired of thinking it CAN'T happen here,  
That being TWENTY is too young for anything,  
that we could play golf at Muthaiga,  
Own a business or worthy investments,  
Be guests of honor...  
in power meetings or church conventions,  
or even an INTERCONTINENTAL arrangement like our student council  
write poetry or novels...  
make ours a revolutionary generation.

In this mind,  
I have tattoos all over me,  
They are the ancient symbols of civilizations passed,  
They are the embers of my soul,  
A dark and disturbed person,  
wakes every morning inside of me,  
writes things on my diary,  
writes things in my phone,  
In this mind,  
I have worn and lost many wars,  
I have ridden many enchanting and monstrous beasts,  
I am both hero and villain,

In this mind,  
I have stored songs and great images,  
I have stolen many beautiful things from the world,  
I call them mine now,  
I have become selfish and very feisty

I choose mystery over many things,  
In this mind we are all not equal,  
we are lesser and greater than others,  
we are mostly empty and needy,  
we cave in like old ruins,  
In this mind,  
we are the great composers of tragedy,  
we are Shakespeare and Macmillan Publishers,  
we make it and judge it.

In this mind,  
we seem to come in price tags,  
some worthier and prettier than others,  
as if making us all deserving,  
demanding the awe  
that is my mind's prerogative,  
demanding from me, with such audacity  
my nod of approval.  
In this mind,  
I am defiant,  
I will continue to be unconventional,  
I will admire a corpse,  
and think of my vulnerability  
think of how foolish I must feel to be mortal,  
How silly it is for me, to go cursing another being.

In this mind,  
I am a rock star,  
I have stars glistening in my eyes,  
I am the dark hue,  
coming off some haunted house,  
I am the foggy windows of a car,  
wipe me off to see the world a little clearer,  
because like it or not,  
I cannot be ignored,  
I live,  
I breathe,  
Bloody fingers playing on the lead guitar,  
The bodies of adoring fans,  
loathsome and likable  
gyrating to this tunes,

unraveling my dark and disturbed soul.

In this mind,  
come see the chaos tearing apart,  
a manuscript of how I should live life,  
shredding the conventions of my time,  
shudder at the attempts of my crippled heart,  
to dare scribble another ingredient into the menu,  
' I want to live my life like me! '  
and watch hell cook my life,  
congratulate the chef for the wonderful display,  
for I shall have lived,  
what here is,  
In this mind.

Merlin Mwaura

## In My Mind.....[part 2]

What on earth is going on,  
really! ....  
what has earth got going on,  
Going on inside of me,  
what evil?  
What fortune follows me?

I recently collected praise,  
the literary kind that leaves me dazed  
as both beautiful and kind  
sort to fancy a rhyme,  
of thoughts in my mind.  
I hear things like, 'Publish it dear brother! '  
'I had no idea you were this crazy',  
I had no Idea I'd cause this craze.  
In fact,  
I had everything else  
but this in my mind,  
to be held of such praise.  
The Poet is grateful to you all.

In this mind,  
I am strangely plagued,  
I have seen things between the gestures of man,  
in their gazes and smiles,  
I have read great thought and innocent charm,  
I have sat at lunch tables in SIWAKA,  
Held a coffee cup at the SNACK BAR.  
Even then The plague still haunts me.

In this mind,  
I struggle to fight some terrible harm  
telling myself 'there is no need for that! '  
No need to worry where you get that,  
where this urge is COMING from.  
In this mind,  
I would not have it any better,  
Enter class,  
nod to a few faces

smile to a couple...  
and say, ' Morning to one in particular! '  
However I hardly venture out like that,  
Take to the back bench,  
in a steady and speedy flight.

In this mind,  
there is nothing better,  
than have my time quietly without fuss,  
have my grades rise a little,  
change my not so often smile into one that is.  
In this mind,  
I am prepared to test the literary audience  
The Kenyan lot,  
How often is it impressed,  
why am not here to impress...  
Mine is to piss and dry off,  
a metaphor for,  
make peace and die.

In this mind,  
sharing what is mine,  
personal conversation with me, myself and I,  
Crossing the lines, with deliberate intention.  
In this mind,  
I almost thought this was a lame idea,  
what was I thinking to write PART 2.  
I must say there is much to ponder,  
absurdities are common place sometimes,  
Think of the way we pull out IDs  
like we are getting into a joint,  
If one of those mornings I wake on the wrong side of the bed,  
Venting out on every moving thing,  
forgiven if you are but a relic  
and forget that plastic identity,  
that is so rigid and fades real easy,  
that costs you a month's lunch money  
of common MWANANCHI,  
save for us campus fellows.

In this mind,  
Faced even with this absurdity of my spending,

Discount binging,  
Collecting the weekly comments,  
of my campus weaker attributes.  
Oh I snobbed this, Oh you snob that!  
In this mind,  
I am but careful not to be offensive,  
If I am not already rude.

In this mind,  
I will fold once again my arms,  
take everyone to a quiet corridor,  
listen to the clatter of shoes,  
Listen to the harmony,  
of a people who choose and pick,  
a lot who wake and cake in the sun.  
In this mind,  
How not afraid I will be,  
to say she is beautiful,  
to say you are better than me,  
to say I need help,  
to know am not perfect.  
In this mind,  
I can only be...  
what I let others and me,  
believe.

Merlin Mwaura

# In My Pocket

Dry leaves in my pocket,  
dry this tears from my socket,  
falling from trees t'is my progress  
wanting some quiet in a moment.  
There are places I go,  
pick pebbles from the low,  
carry them in my pocket.

Cold soft stone in my pocket,  
little white letter in my pocket,  
take this paper, paint the sunset...  
watch as the ants contest,  
lay down here with leaves in my pocket,  
forget all my worries for this moment,  
while I sleep in nature's pocket.

Phone ring, vibrate in my pocket...  
missed call - messages,  
shall I take it?  
call this creature, I call girlfriend.  
tell her of a ring in my pocket.

quick scribble of this earth set,  
take some soil an' in my locket,  
save this time, and peaceful moment...  
call this place my park tell moment.

Take this dry leaves from my pocket,  
make me lie here at the door step,  
wait here for this God sent,  
show my hearty torrent...  
save her strand of hair in my pocket.

In my pocket,  
lie many a treasure,  
mine an' many I am met with vigor,  
while a live hand in my pocket,  
saved my lovely moments.



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congratulate the chef for the wonderful display,  
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what here is,  
In this mind.

Merlin Mwaura

## Ink-Festation...

Black ink blotting on paper,  
the sages are brewing vapor...  
onto paper for the educator,  
A post script for the narrator,  
To spell the doings of investigators,  
those who pride through ruins...  
collapsing castles in this fluid...  
of black residue,  
forming points into an avenue,  
Questioning clouds while the sky is blue...  
We need it to be clear,  
Our thoughts and what we hold dear,  
We need to be here,  
To learn our minds and be near...  
to everything that has become clear.

It is an ink-festation,  
signing letters and shining leather,  
giving birth to thoughtful process,  
The flow of wordily progress,  
The joys of the gushing torrent,  
as the pulsing vein,  
like ink, paints and scribbles,  
brings life in ripples,  
like soft dimples on people...  
contesting authority,  
over the grain and grass,  
of a growing conscience...  
an educated guess,  
a clumsy feeling is suggest,  
by the wave and wind of bold,  
letters coming into fold,  
joining man and his world,  
blood with the sap,  
ash with the dust,  
breathing and touching life..  
yes its tangible,  
like a laugh it ripples through...

An ink-festation,  
a disease spread consciously..  
an addiction to the poetry,  
A position savored quietly,  
A picture captured directly,  
speak truth fluently,  
like spreading an epidemic!  
the equipments of the academic,  
a solitary verse,  
to an eloquent mass,  
the birth of a generation,  
with wills of penetration,  
to wink and guise,  
The height of their amplitude,  
a steady chase of a heart beat,  
waking, wanting and asking,  
who spread this epidemic?  
Am up with an ink-festation!

Merlin Mwaura

# Into The Darkness.

Into the Darkness.

Light has come and died,  
The echoes of silence faded...  
To this artlessness...  
Where no colour permeates,  
And a long long journey has started,  
Into the deep,  
Far sadness...  
of this darkness.

Into the dark the sound has faded,  
The world has disappeared,  
For direction we pray,  
For hope,  
As a step is made,  
by us,  
by many,  
Further into the unknown,  
Here where lacks inspiration,  
Picking little solids in our fingers,  
Painting and scribing what we are feeling...  
preserving ourselves in song,  
in art,  
in poetry...  
in our heart's throng.

Into the darkness,  
Feeling exposed and vulnerable,  
Grabbing from what we can't see,  
Coiling together,  
The fingers into our fists,  
Punching this hollow air,  
Shouting at no one.  
We know the tears are flowing,  
When our fear is growing...

We have not fallen,  
Or know if we are lost.

So we keep together...  
Guarding one another!  
But the darkness has started,  
A long long journey,  
Into the deep...  
Far parts of me.

Merlin Mwaura

# La Mia Donna

I can relate,  
translate a little Italian,  
quench this thirst,  
with some vino,  
light my sigaro...  
must not remind you,  
that life is short.  
wear that wrist watch to remind myself!  
don an African bracelet,  
listen to the sound of my life,  
friends and family,  
started a tremendous rhythm.  
La mia donna tunes it.

Wet my lips a little,  
make my press entries early  
practice my tribal roar,  
calm this restlessness in our mothers,  
wondering what is to make of us,  
young generation,  
ear phones attached,  
listening to a Spanish title,  
Viva La Vida...  
and hear the Cold play.

La mia donna,  
talk presto,  
So I can hear the truth once,  
to listen to one is enough,  
The blood here will have my current,  
my movement.  
Till I stop being automatic,  
make a lot of sense,  
behind and in between the lines.  
raise my t-shirt up over my head,  
do a b-boy wind mill,  
wake up dizzy from it...  
Get that concrete bruise,  
place a dirty bandage,

stain it with my essence.  
Until it becomes a bloodied rag.  
Make it my symbol of truth,  
from being rags to being sacred,  
like a man on the cross,  
make people believe,  
in the power within.

La mia donna,  
place your finger on this tattoo...  
learn it by heart,  
because I found it there...  
it is o.k. to cry now,  
wonder if it didn't hurt?  
blacked out when I had it.  
I can relate,  
to this session here,  
walking on the dry leaves,  
on the pavement to your room,  
the rusted gated somewhere,  
look like I came into a school,  
so I can learn,  
La mia donna,  
makes the tune I walk in,  
feel good doing it.  
felt like I just had a deja vu.  
writing this here,  
La mia donna.

Merlin Mwaura

## Ladies...

Why I always linger in sight,  
not of a pervert an' the indecent kind,  
but by the gait of a gentleman...  
At the mold of a maiden flesh,  
be-smacked by his volunteered lens...

To percieve of these pampered lot,  
To want of her feminine fort,  
what comfort sort...  
In a lady, while I am met.

Merlin Mwaura

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be-smacked by his volunteered lens...

To percieve of these pampered lot,  
To want of her feminine fort,  
what comfort sort...  
In a lady, while I am met.

Merlin Mwaura

## Leaf And Pencil....

How long before I drown  
before loud sirens come pick me,  
before mouth to mouth resuscitation,  
how long before leaf and pencil  
become the last things in my palm.

Does she miss me,  
does she need me,  
bent on the sandy shores,  
playing with her youthful soul,  
does she miss me,  
walked the world with feet sore,  
torn around this misty lore.

Leaf and pencil write some whisper song,  
draw this heart on beach shore...  
take the sandy grains from my shorts,  
clean her sandy sorts,  
of hers a tender flock,  
and caress me some more.

Coast guard and speed boats,  
dolphins and seals float,  
on swift fins on to seaward drift  
take me there where she be mermaid,  
steal me from here to far depths,  
give me some gills to breathe with.

Leaf and pencil,  
write the green matter in my conscience,  
tell-tale of gooey content,  
indispensable talent concentrate,  
leaf and pencil, a hearty comment!  
Nature is my genetic tendency.

Leaf and pencil on a poet,  
lips and tongue, his duet...  
with cunning lad and guitar,  
make music and a heart beat torrent...

leaf and pencil on song let...  
scheme the winds and her ears receive,  
a leaf and pencil,  
pink and purple sunset,

Leaf and pencil last quest,  
on beach and sandy note pad...

Merlin Mwaura

# Lend Us Your Strength Forefathers!

I woke up this morning,  
Instead of the good life,  
Sweet scent of a woman,  
I smelt a rat, something was amiss.  
Mheshimiwa suggested a pay rise,  
A million pay rise,  
While a million paralyse  
By hunger,  
By anger...  
At yet another utterance of their idiocy  
I'd rather watch Churchill live,  
Laugh at humorous comedy.

I have managed to puke into yet another bucket  
I got bucket loads,  
Disgusted by their girths,  
The countries guzzlers are owned by these,  
Perpetual masses dispensing their seeds,  
Of impunity,  
Corruption!  
I'd pay to have Dedan rise from the grave,  
Mekatilili spread some Juju,  
Because am fed up by delinquent egoism,  
Lead to a destruction which is impudent.

Lend us your strength forefathers,  
We are starting am movement,  
Twist our knowledge into dreadlocks,  
The sweat and stain of life,  
Shall ooze off of us,  
We shall be menacing and precise,  
We shall shake this masses like the colonials.  
Give us strength forefathers,  
Another devil has come,  
He basks in pride and joy of power,  
Teach them we are no dogs,  
And if they treat such,  
We shall bark and bite,  
Creep through the night with truth,

Through the day like wild fire,  
Till the wind feeds our message,  
The tyranny needs to stop.  
Forefathers running through our African names,  
Inherited traits and fame...  
We shall dance in the savannah,  
Campus corridors and urban streets.  
Right where Kimathi points,  
The centre of Kenyan freedom,  
Like a statue on his street!

Merlin Mwaura

# Letters Of The Alphabet...

Let's go get lost,  
let's lose that way,  
go far away into the oblivion,  
carry a mirror with us,  
look at your face  
look at mine,  
ain't we beautiful?

comb our hair in the morning sun,  
tame this silence along our path,  
collect rocks from our sites passed,  
greet strangers,  
make new friends in new homes.  
Take break first at the farm,  
warm milk from Mum,  
watch this baby suckle at her.

Letters of the alphabet  
help me treasure this moments,  
help me say what I mean  
I'll take care to mean what I say,  
I'll take care not to lose her again.

Time wait for my alphabet,  
I have written an incredible rhyme,  
it said I was in love,  
It said I lost my mirth,  
It says am all grown now...

Letters of the alphabet took away my breath,  
took away this ego here with me,  
caught a mouse with my claws,  
caught a contagious disease,  
lost a little tear with no ease.

Letters of the alphabet,  
tell them how often I sing,  
tell them how often I have sinned,  
warn them of this treacherous earth,

promised great earthly things,  
Now I know what it means,  
to know the value of those things lost...

I lost my coin yesterday,  
now am walking home on bare feet,  
I lost that coin for lunch,  
now on my hungry bed,  
I lost that coin to see Churchill,  
now I forgot laughter.  
Letters of my alphabet,  
I lost a coin to print this too.

I choose to shine today,  
grace this path with a cat walk,  
make this place my china wall,  
I shall defend mine with a vengeance,  
I shall attempt mine with prudence.  
Letters of the alphabet,  
add up like logic on paper,  
told a story of mine,  
told how life got fine,  
letters of the alphabet,

taken to conquer our world!

Merlin Mwaura

# Like Clock Work

Tick tock...  
watch the clock,  
time is moving...  
the air is still.  
Grand Father talking of his golden days,  
when he was young and vibrant youth,  
his days when milk was abundant,  
doctors treated few patients.  
because they grew strong,  
they played and herded cattle,  
They loved even in planned marriages,  
and here even with our free will  
can hardly last a relationship.  
Politicians dreamed, like Tom Mboya,  
and the brilliant minds of JM Kariuki,  
but like clock work,  
tick tock,  
a robber came,  
from hades and they call him death.

Tick tock like clock work,  
I have played on a scrabble board,  
won and lost on a few words,  
because words to a poet are his feet,  
take journeys in the pure parts of being  
like hands to hold onto those who've listened.  
I am a matrix that is complete,  
ask, how is it?  
I will tell you.  
Because I found my inverse that makes me one,  
makes me one when we multiply,  
now I can play simple mathematics.  
one plus one is two...  
because my inverse made it true.  
Matrix plus one is complicated,  
and that is who I am!  
my dear WIFE is my inverse,  
so I can make simple mathematics,  
so I can relate with simple forms,

like one!

Like clock work, tick tock...  
time is flying by,  
think of the positive,  
dream of tremendous things,  
why should something so beautiful,  
waste itself away,  
like the hooker on the streets,  
that brilliant idea in your dreams,  
write a CV to get in?  
Start a CV to let others in,  
people are waiting for your great idea,  
so they can line up at your interview doors.  
You know best, what's good for this country.

Remind what it is to rise up our Kenyan flag,  
Sing our national anthem fluently,  
Even if I was never a scout,  
I will salute like a true Kenyan.  
Enjoy my culture because that's what we have,  
hiphop and others came the other day,  
defining our generation, giving it voice...  
but where are we when we get to sixties,  
do you call your child, 'Mtoi'  
or did you name her after your sweet Shushu  
She is Mweni, Fatuma, Chebet, Njeri, Nyamwamba...  
He is Osewe, Thuo, Kipkemoi, Juma, Kasaini.

Like clock work,  
everything will learn to play in its place,  
nature has a divine intelligence,  
whether we capture it under a camera lens,  
or in the shutting of our leads,  
we cannot fail to see,  
that everything is connected,  
and in everything there is God.  
The pope,  
The bishop,  
The Cosa Nostra,  
The COMMON mwananchi,  
it is all about the poeple,

we are all connected.  
I did not choose to be here,  
neither did either of us,  
but out of a hundred million,  
you found the egg,  
and there aren't many people like you,  
because the rest didn't quite make it,  
There is only me and you,  
and there is everything unique about us.

Like clock work,  
we all know we are vulnerable,  
so why do we act like we are not ready,  
to live life in its full,  
bring our dreams into reality,  
unless ofcourse the world has little room,  
for another Forbes's list from Africa.  
another African genius,  
another African Nobel Peace laureate,  
Another African prophet...  
A Kenyan freedom fighter,  
another people's champion.  
Like clock work, tick tock all the way...  
do you think time will wait,  
while we timid and cower from our place,  
our lacuna...  
our own place of authority,  
Because if it is not this that we move our lives with,  
then something great lies within,  
that only needs two eyes,  
one mouth,  
an all our being,  
to live,  
to communicate.  
To be.

Tick tock like clock work,  
what are we waiting for?  
Let us be great...  
and be humble about it!



# Listen.....Music!

Listen..... Music!

"I love you"  
"I love you too"  
Kiss on the corner...  
back at the couch...  
Deep in the mouth,  
doing our thing,  
This must be love,  
It got to be...

Listen.....Music!

Feet...  
Fine looking,  
toes done,  
long nails,  
digging at my back  
yards and hard.  
Engine's roaring,  
Sssh...  
Am driving.

Listen.....Music!

Sponge...  
Squeeze an' juice come out.  
Oozing,  
Delightful pool,  
Licking an' liking  
Looking for room  
Hmm...  
loves.

Listen.....Music!

Pounding...  
Peeking pleasure,  
Pants,  
Sighs,  
Thighs buttered  
Planet's on peril  
Serene surrender...  
Listen.....Music!

Quiet now,  
humor collects,  
Listen....

We are the music.

Merlin Mwaura

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Merlin Mwaura

# Live Your's Right

A person puts up a spirited search,  
for the certainties of tomorrow,  
to grasp predictability upon the events,  
of the natural world and the artificial ones.  
Then there are those certain aspects of morality,  
That we are in continuous pursuit of perfection,  
To get better, to want better, to have better.  
Yet there is a certainty of death,  
and life puts on a grave importance,  
for those in suffering and the ones in bliss.  
We become authentic with our activities.  
Every endeavor becomes personal or has our personal touch  
To free the oppressed, to feed the hungry, to heal the sick...  
becomes the domain of the privileged.  
Health in society is to care for all,  
Law in a land is to govern all, if not our morals...  
Food to feed thee strength of a working nation  
and that of those who are struggling.  
The empty walk in tatters, shred to pieces within  
Love for them has faded, and are monstrous in the eye.  
Then the qualitative and the quantitative measures of life  
tells us apart, of who's worthy and who's not.  
and that is introduced as our norm,  
We accept it with much trepidation,  
discriminating amongst friends and making foes.  
The order sips into disorder, convincing us we are still right.  
However far from human we have come,  
Our outbursts and menacing nature makes us alien.  
Those that do receive true salvation,  
are too timid to speak up.  
The times are rife for a repeat of history,  
where good men are sacrificed.  
The true revelations is that we are life,  
a beginning to it and inevitably an end.  
A darkness and light,  
So I live mine right,  
while another lives theirs as they see fit!



## Lonely Words...

First time on face book,  
a lonely post on the wall.

First time with a poem,  
a lonely comment below.

First time on chat,  
a lonely sad face: -(

I hate you,  
never comes back.

A stare in the eye,  
never is enough.

only with lonely words,  
have you read and comment.  
Until those words have voice,  
until the creator is seen...  
This are lonely words to speak.

A lonely word like goodbye...  
Like the fans spinning on the roof.  
The full moon in the sky,  
like a dirty sock in the boot.

This lips are lonely till they meet yours,  
This arms are hopeless till they hold mine,  
This voice is empty without your name sighed,  
This are lonely words if I tell lies.

Merlin Mwaura

## Merlin And The Poet....

Once the world was a sad and sorrowful place,  
and the inhabitants of this world were desolate,  
being cancerous and vexing beings.

There was no love as great that didn't find a fall  
nor was there any young couple lasting long enough to find marriage,  
all were but fleeting things unfulfilled.

There was a man though, gentle in his ways,  
mannerisms of a gentle lad indeed,  
pleased most his mother,  
and the nature his lover.

He was naive, but he did harness a lot of knowledge,  
his friends thought him wise,  
an' nature court him thrice,  
till he made love to her bountifully  
A new being was born, and  
they called it Freedom.

He was kind to let the child liberal,  
and the world took to the child with vigor,  
learned to appreciate a lot of things.

Whenever nature called him back for supper,  
errands and chores to far places,  
they all new how fragile they really were.

It scared them, the world!

They knew how weak they were getting with the child around,  
so they schemed to conceal the child,  
Kill him if they willed.

The marvelous pair...

when learned of these hatched plan,  
took their child to the mind of one,  
who's trust could not be doubted,  
who's love not wavering,  
He was quite unlike other beings,  
for he knew nature too with that same intimacy,  
but his choice to loom far from such legacy,  
he took to books an' he writ poetry...  
this was his honesty.

So freedom lived with desirable things,  
since the man, had a love for art,  
had a love for poetry,  
had a love for knowledge,  
had a love for feeling,  
had a love still...  
for an earth bound creature,  
called her ' Helen',  
He played music, guitar strings...  
violin and flute.  
The child learned poetry an' praised it's mother...  
with all those other things  
an' the divine couple,  
Nature an' Merlin...  
thanked the man for all the good he did.

Then Merlin knew he was not lasting long,  
an' they made love while heavens stormed,  
an' causing another child coming of soon.  
They called it Beauty,  
sought the man who raised Freedom,  
an' there left for her care,  
for the world had grew a lust...that ate away their hearts.  
An' they were both be-smacked with an awesome woe  
They wrote song that wooed,  
paint art that moved,  
danced like worms in goo..  
Dreamed of morning dew..  
and while Helen was good, an' their love had grew  
Freedom, Beauty an' Helen...  
were so hard to choose,  
who lay more in heart while timber burnt  
to warm his soul,  
This Man watching moon.

there was more laughter, art and speech...  
Liberators grew in their many.  
Conquerors an' Kings found their company,  
never too long though to last their whims.  
Until came another man...  
of virgin sired,

an' wed with Beauty,  
an' brother with Freedom.  
An' the poet wept...sort his unrest.  
Helen being kind to comfort,  
while all went to heaven...  
an' Man left.  
There was a child born from this court,  
called him Death,  
came down to earth, haunt man an' his love...  
promised that he would join them soon.  
All he had to do was continue being good.  
Have his loves, an' all come true.

Merlin Mwaura

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All he had to do was continue being good.  
Have his loves, an' all come true.

Merlin Mwaura

# Mildred....A Girl Named!

It's my Friday night out,  
but actually it's our Friday night out,  
me and a couple of friends.  
Usually it's the habitual ritual that we always delve into,  
conversation, accusations and confirmations,  
of our own valid points.

A cold drink in a clear glass,  
Bloody red concoction down my throat,  
as my countenance begins to warm.  
Politics, money, girls and life,  
very heated debates and yet it's not so late,  
to include the plays of sports.

Until of course Mildred comes into the picture,  
while we all observe her mannerisms,  
with pity and heart felt sympathy.  
On her right hand,  
clasp some paper rolls of nuts,  
10 shillings sold,  
she is 10 years old.

We summon her to our table,  
glittered with glass and vile drinks,  
with fine fumes emitting from cigarette butts,  
and where a mass narration  
had once a moment ago,  
been taking place.  
Now only filled with contemplating silence.

We ask her name, and with a cheerful  
solemn smile...  
Mildred tones her name with beautiful  
words, and it feels like a song.  
We are pleased that life will find her  
with favor at some later point.  
but for now, we find her with favor.

We offer her 100 shillings.

wish her a 100 years into her life,  
and let her keep those paper roll nuts.

I see a great future ahead of her,  
and tales from her to her generation,  
tears and torment,  
but in there moments,  
that she will find people like us,  
who come from the same, the very,  
pitiful abyss.

That she might,  
at some time,  
sing a song,  
of paper rolled nuts,  
to throng and throb our hearts,  
once again with a beautiful voice,  
upon a table that we will be sit,  
of age and experience upon our heads,  
and remember. once a ten year old  
girl, charmed our merry souls.

Mildred, .....a girl named.

Merlin Mwaura

# My Life's Art.....[for All Who Know Me! ]

I am a young man, from a quiet life.  
I cannot say for sure what i do,  
but i can say what I've done.  
I have studied through my primary and secondary class.  
Now in my second year, the universal class.  
I have had many lessons and some that I have passed,  
while others didn't make marks that mattered much.  
Our world is changed, from simple conversions to dexterous extremes.  
Technology invades an' pervades all trades of work.  
A man is forced to conform if he wants comfort,  
than find himself lying in a rubbish plot.  
The decayed smell, stench straight from hell  
has become a partly scene that we brave an' call life.  
That while a girl may dream of things, she may as well make with means  
that a man dreams of making a mark and the rest of us laugh in applause.  
This beard I sport, what meaning do I bring.  
Am I not a man.  
A man who needs to do the trades that run market trends.  
That my dreams be troubled and heavy.  
I'll tell you what disturbs me. Neither  
that you may seek solution, diminish my  
problems. Nor that am too proud to hear  
good counsel. But that i might speak a  
voice, unheard or not regard.

I love art, I might have said it a lot of times.  
I've even made some effort to draw,  
tried painting and saw,  
I was not all that bad.  
These things we call talent, if they speak...  
then on such a day pretty much like this,  
we had an exchange of speech.  
I found a new meaning to space...  
I could create, perform an' finish whatever dream.  
It is better than the influence that my youth is found,  
I even suppose I am a slave to it.  
However, I seem not to mind over such affinity,  
it has me feeling some sanity.  
Is it not nice to have such a thing?

Another has been my love for knowledge,  
not the kind that is instruct in college,  
though that too is some knowledge,  
but what I speak is that which when revealed,  
you know that you are knowing.  
That something once not known to you,  
Has taken form within you.

I love God. T'is true!  
I know He is an expectant God.  
HE is all, is He not?  
There lies some answers for me who no one can,  
or nothing can,  
unless inspired by His Truly Divine.  
I believe in His mystery, the anonymity  
of His being.  
I see the tremendous, the subtle an' simple His made.  
It is a marvelous world made for a purpose,  
it is we who are wrong, how we go about it.  
We are all here to seek our ultimate purposes.  
The truly divine providence within our reach.  
However this should come to me,  
however fast or mannerism it will be.  
If i shall recognize it with my own eyes,  
then may I be blind, may I visit that other end,  
where life resumes eternity.

Another is the love that I hold for my fellow men.  
I love my mother, she sired me into this world,  
an' placed a belief on me,  
that I would avail to some important use.  
My sibling, my father, my friends and even  
the one I think I Love. In no manner  
have I been perfect, but they look at me  
without looking away.  
I know that they are not all perfect either,  
and that sometimes they become human before my very eyes,  
but I guess I have done so myself.  
An' they are comfortable to try as well.  
I look at them without looking away.  
For I see beauty in them,

for there are things in a thing, phenomenons so far commenced...  
that I know I either lack or resemble  
and I know i cannot create.  
They are erect in the most of us, they can never be tainted.

My last thing but less than least is what I call power.  
My power is great, I will not make any pretenses about it.  
My power is Life an' that am alive.  
My being alive means there are things on earth I was meant to do.  
That what little mark or no mark at all that i should,  
I shall purpose through.  
I may not be the greatest being or be quote for a liturgy of things  
but I will be call human, an' I shall be mourn when I leave -  
My power is to think, to touch and feel,  
to breathe and live, to see an' dream.  
I can by an honest confession, ' I might be finding my way through.'  
While I trod in this soil, dig my fist into the sand, reclaim what I crawled off.  
Take my last breathe an' drown in the sand. I will make there  
hence my last work of my life's art.

Merlin Mwaura

# My Tragedy...

My tragedy could be that no one sees,  
that I have an ugly feeling with me,  
that no one sees the beautiful things anymore.  
Why should a tree stand,  
forever till its demise...  
on one place, one spot.  
That the wind however his protest,  
the tree stands where she stands.  
We might seek science an' say she has roots,  
but I shall ask why they all stand, like zombies in their shoes.  
Does the earth breathe, speak in ways  
that man cannot hear,  
That man cannot see, the gestures rendered  
by her, an all other trees.  
Should nature hold any secrets,  
so that man may be safe from himself,  
that we may not be destructive?  
Are we not doing otherwise.  
Where are we hurrying, why are we hurrying  
will we find earth gone tomorrow if we burn everything...  
will we fly tomorrow if we buy everything...  
Is there so much sorrow in silent things,  
that we blunt it out with loud screams.  
I came to a place unknown to me  
an' I thought I must be lost  
but was I really? I could see things  
I've never seen, not even a dream  
To me, I knew I was found, for....  
this is where I needed to be.  
By design of innate things  
The world protests much like the wind,  
shall I stand like the tree,  
true to form an' to my being...  
keep those secrets deep within  
that man shall come to no doom  
while I hold a lot of good.  
Black stallion, a champion mount  
rides through a foliage crowd,  
the night is young an' morn' will come

A land awaits us, where kings we shall  
our queens surround,  
where the tragedy will seize  
an' we shall begin to see  
the beautiful things.

Merlin Mwaura

# My Tragedy....

My tragedy could be that no one sees,  
that I have an ugly feeling with me,  
that no one sees the beautiful things anymore.  
Why should a tree stand,  
forever till its demise...  
on one place, one spot.  
That the wind however his protest,  
the tree stands where she stands.  
We might seek science an' say she has roots,  
but I shall ask why they all stand, like zombies in their shoes.  
Does the earth breathe, speak in ways  
that man cannot hear,  
That man cannot see, the gestures rendered  
by her, an all other trees.  
Should nature hold any secrets,  
so that man may be safe from himself,  
that we may not be destructive?  
Are we not doing otherwise.  
Where are we hurrying, why are we hurrying  
will we find earth gone tomorrow if we burn everything...  
will we fly tomorrow if we buy everything...  
Is there so much sorrow in silent things,  
that we blunt it out with loud screams.  
I came to a place unknown to me  
an' I thought I must be lost  
but was I really? I could see things  
I've never seen, not even a dream  
To me, I knew I was found, for....  
this is where I needed to be.  
By design of innate things  
The world protests much like the wind,  
shall I stand like the tree,  
true to form an' to my being...  
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Merlin Mwaura

## No City Girl! ...

A little conservative, withdrawn...  
not to say, she's got a mind of her own.  
Pretty potential of emotional discharge,  
ever cautious of her courtiers, their hinty jests.  
Her mother warned about our kind.  
Today, polyester adhered to her skin lustfully  
sits here with me, an' we chuckle.  
I can taste her laughter, wonder how she might kiss after.  
Keeping her glances brief, always peeking at those corners of her eyes,  
feels like a phantom affection taking over,  
an' nothing creepy about it all.

'Customer! ' she says, an interruption i welcome every so often.  
You see, she runs a shop.  
An whenever she rises, jingles her ample back,  
steals a sneak view of my obvious delight,  
before attending...  
tiny princesses calling candy, rugged gent his cigar.  
off goes a little sucking an' some heavy puffing.

resuming hence at my side, we touch...  
she meant to, hiding it with a pat on my lap  
an' both proceeding to laugh.  
Open skies here, witness us Venus - that bright star!  
saying our goodbyes, a matter of fond hugs,  
peck on my cheek....surprised!  
an' i guess i was some very good company.

Early next, the day fills with chill.  
yesterdays firm thighs an' ample back, are adorned one pretty dress.  
looks like a summer morning, an' she has more skin on...  
a freckle at the descent of her cleavage, I compliment spot on.  
Recalling our nights, T.V trivia, an' rocky dreams...  
less customers find me today, lucky i guess.

In a moment...

reaching over at her purse, a long stride well behind her,  
the hem of her dress forages above her darling knees,  
inching further up creamy soft thighs.  
forgiven...  
my eyes linger an' my imaginations pull to their cocclusive end.

Caught red 'eyed' she smiles into mine eyes,  
gloss in palm, proceeding to gladden her fleshy cushions in strawberry.  
an' plunging I do, lips an' tongue tangled in dance.  
my hands an' a mind of their own, mimic the hem along her skin.  
Not too long nor too short, we break...  
this here's the country side, i could get lynched!

Later, a noon after...  
am welcomed to some warm tea, an' some fresh bananas.  
does me a lot of good, i feel like gold...  
an' her's an obvious midas touch.  
she offs with a comment, 'I'll go get ready' an' into whispering doors.  
were she a city girl, that w'd be hot pants an' no bra!  
here... noticed her panty's dump an' she somes to terms, am the cause of it.

I lay at the couch, while she prowls through the furniture  
sits right across me, on the edge of a table that she's now rocking.  
the darling knees, naked feet, pretty mouth an' discerning eyes  
I am betrayed by a gradual bulge in mine DOGG JEANS.  
moments later, a sexy steam lingers between our mouths,  
Pants on the floor, nipples peeping at each other.  
She the sun, an' I her moon, a silly feeling creeps over her...  
as I slip down the drenched briefs, an' a soft flesh exposed.  
proceeding to her room - large leaves behind its windows,  
lay on her back, she shys a smile as i part her limbs...  
could be the sight of my anatomy, its firm salute  
A soldier however goes to war, an' his missy sings all the while after.  
were this the city, there'd be loud crunk an' no love.  
here... the silence serves delightful treats,  
this steady hum of her voice, the spasm on her neck's skin  
My adent groans, the burr of my voice.

I hear my name twice - once at my aim - she braced herself,

an' another, now in this pitchy peak, grinding one greasy prick...  
man an' woman are met in a poetic rapture.

Calm, collecting thought,  
I cuddle against this Venus descent,  
a favorable while later, we are at it again.  
It is the obedient response of pubes an' crotch...  
her constant pawing, eager as mine,  
the touch of her belly an' mine.  
Until our relenting appetites satisfy.

A kiss on my chin I feel like a king.  
She giggles a little an' pulls a sheet,  
to cover us.  
Curiously placing my hand in hers, she finds her burning canal...  
tracing all along, the trickle of this delightful leak...  
between these thighs of troy, I 'sense' some more mischief.  
were I a city flick, I'd lick it off my fingers...  
here, tongue an' clit marry in argonising bliss.

She is no city girl, but she sure..... like one.

Merlin Mwaura

# No Prison Of Mind

Prison is not entirely confinement  
it can be physically restrictive...  
but you only bring the society of a convicted mind  
to engage themselves with more intimacy.  
Our situations in life are no more as restrictive  
because humanity glares at us with unrelenting reserves.  
So like prisoners, we are in constant conversations  
with amplitudes of ourselves and our minds.  
We refine and shed like snakes the old skin.  
I reinvent myself on a constant struggle within  
We have become like scholars,  
sentenced to reflect on life.  
Because the time served is a lifetime.  
We are eager to impress our judge,  
Doesn't matter who we make the judge...  
For our past become crystal clear as time winds,  
Like convicts growing more aware of the crimes committed,  
than a justice system governing our land.  
And when it comes to psychological evaluations  
Our moral fibres would serve as interesting fodder  
to morality issues in our country.  
Our history presents some things as repetitive.  
An' the modern man still grapples with them.  
We are the patterns of our thought,  
When we have our most undivided attention to genius  
Realizing the challenge,  
We result to propose dimensions  
That compose and define a mind of genius.  
We do our greatest harm,  
for a mind is free an' full of love for things  
and because no meager mind has a matching charm!  
Yet, There are those who are free even behind bars,  
For truly,  
There is no prison of mind.  
Only what is in our mind, and that we are.

Merlin Mwaura

# Paper...

I see it now,  
the extinction of paper use,  
no books...  
no bibles like the prophecy told,  
into electronics will all go.  
Like running out of paper,  
Explaining why I write so much on facebook.  
Or why I lost that last note,  
About good and evil  
Love at valentines,  
And decided to post that other stuff,  
Talk about death on valentines.  
Until of course,  
ran out of paper use,  
Opened the heart to a different tune,  
A dirge,  
An organ in a gothic church,  
And sang me an insanity!

Before the paper run out,  
I will turn to the opinion pages,  
Read the new inspiring Mutahi Ngunyi,  
wonder about those expensive suits,  
our lidless politicians.  
I suppose there is something out there  
Mutahi is alluding to...  
interesting stories of Kenyan Military Generals  
or intelligent LECTURERS,  
maybe an IMAM or Father of Christian Faith.  
I am spelling a REVOLUTION...  
and am spoiling for one too.

Before the paper run out,  
Erich Omondi will produce one of those,  
Arguably hilarious peaces,  
Maybe tarnish a campus name,  
I heard he was on our corridors.  
Maybe before he run out of paper,

And Have to spend days  
Without a lovely audience,  
Because lets face it,  
He does well with Churchill,  
Match made in heaven,  
For us with a sense of humor!  
He will have to read,  
poetry,  
and seek his poetic justice.

Before I run out of paper,  
Write something I made clear,  
Am keeping list of cupid sympathizers,  
I have recruited people,  
who think otherwise...  
a little less BLOODIER than I,  
thought I was being ironic,  
until of course,  
they tear with their own,  
a faint heart that never worn a fair lady.

Before I run out of paper,  
I will think about the government of Kenya,  
G.K. name sake initials,  
Who missed class for missionary reasons,  
Who happened to be,  
last week's cartoon,  
I will think about certain individuals,  
Salute them for my respects,  
Before I run out of paper,  
And draw them for who they are...

Before I run out of paper,  
this sheet won't go extinct,  
I will congratulate our generous efforts,  
To read notes made,  
By a melodic composer,  
Who sings what is in his heart,  
Or lack of it,  
Who sees the world,  
A bit funny...

Thinks everyone should have  
a sense of humor  
Knows enough to know nothing,  
Quotes what is said in class,  
Because he's learning.

Before we run out of paper,  
Make love notes,  
Hate notes,  
And thank you notes to all,  
Saying "Thank you, am doing fine"  
Mean the doing part more  
Than thanks for nothing part.  
Think about that SLUMDOG MOVIE,  
the ghetto life indeed,  
which one needs to see,  
to surely believe!

Before I run out of paper,  
Have to flush this down,  
Write here, " I was here! "  
Save this last part,  
For a special verse.  
For a while later,  
Place it in an envelope,  
Send it,  
To receive,  
What needs no paper!  
What takes no space...  
Like having something that is true.  
Like knowing something is true,  
before running out of paper,  
to save this written truth.

Merlin Mwaura

## Passers By....

So I proceeded to retire from my spontaneous life,  
and now am at this place which threatens to take me away,  
from myself and the heights of character.

I guess it feels like am walking around with a dull lamp,  
Peering with squinting eyes at the far horizon,  
wondering what powers shall come save me,  
from my plight for I am suffering utter boredom.  
Yet I can only save myself,  
because I am my own source of pleasure  
and Man's pleasure is in having his own way.

So I find myself in a smoky cafe,  
which am told is some fault of mine...

I can however manage to articulate these things surrounding,  
and they are very much to my entertainment.

Thank God for my brother,  
who results to incredulous things,  
for his own amusement and mine.

There is also some chance of solace in literature...

These past few weeks have afforded me  
the little mercies of a reader's digest.  
An assurance against mental starvation.

But I have started to enjoy,  
the timeless design that is creation,  
it is in every passer-by's eyes.

Like tailors handling expensive garments,  
produce inventions and the foreigners go crazy calling them..'Designers'  
Yet, Just like them I strive to cut a coat above the rest.

How you might regard the attempt,  
I live to you to consider the personal touch.

The environment here is quite resourceful,  
even though I did allude to its boredom a little earlier,  
there is plenty of salt in the sea,  
as is in this cafe's shakers.

A fat man is waiting anxiously on a table,  
as the lean trendy waiter brings in his greasy meal,  
and the doctor right behind him,  
sipping on a strong cup of tea.

I, like every one else placed in this mosaic of life,  
happen to have a pen and paper,  
to document how greedy and sloppy this luxuriant man is!

So this must be a popular joint,  
for passers-by and GK AFFILIATES.  
their coffee is quite improved too.  
Soon,  
I'll put everything back into my folder,  
and walk out into the boredom again,  
join the busy mass passing by.  
Because am just another passer by,  
With urgent matters to attend to.

Merlin Mwaura

# Phone Call...!

[Monday]

'Hallo! '

'Hallo, how you doing? '

'Not o.k' [giggles]

'Oh....'

'Yeah, I kinda miss you.'

' Really..? [smiling]

' I do, an' i hate myself for it. I can't help it, feels too damn good.'

'Well, .... I feel too damn good myself.'

[Tuesday]

'Hey! '

'Heeey...! '

'What you doing? '

'Nothing...you? '

'Nothing! '

'why don't you hang up'

'No you hang up'

'You hang up! '

'No you'

'You'

'I you too'

[Wednesday]

'Baby...'

'Yeah...? '

'I need to see you...'

'I want that you too'

'Well, why don't you answer the door..' [Rings]

'No way' [Ding Dong! ]

[Thursday]

' You were amaizing'

'You didn't do so bad yourself! '

'Can I seeyou, again'

'Sure, I got chocolate this time'  
'You 'r so nasty! '  
'Am glad to be'

[Friday]

'[pant] Baiby....'  
'Yeah...? '  
'I am sorry'  
'What! Why? '  
'I'll always love you! '  
'I love you too baiby, what's wrong? '  
'Promise me you'll be strong'  
'You 'r scaring me, baiby you o.k? '  
'Promise....'  
'I promise.'  
'Good bye darling.'

[Saturday]

'Hallo! '  
'Hallo..? '  
'Is this...? '  
'Yeah! ? '  
'We are sorry to inform you, your.....'  
'Nooooo.....! ! ! ! ' [screaming]

[Sunday]

'Mom... His gone'  
' I know dear, come home when you want to...'  
'[sobs]...mmm...[crying]...'  
'You promised him...'  
'I am trying, really, I am..'  
'Then be what he'd expect you to be..'  
'[sigh] I will...'  
' An' Mom, it was a phone call'  
'What was, dear? '  
'How we made us.'

Merlin Mwaura

## Pillow - Less Bed...

Is it a pillow an' no bed...  
or is it a bed with no pillow.

Life gives the cushions,  
but leaves out the bed,  
probably best, cause then you sleep anywhere...  
an' lose not your head.

Indeed there are they that have their beds,  
an' speak of no comfort for their necks.  
they strain for the elusive,  
that which they do not have.  
but in the end,  
find they the comfort of their beds.

Not all of us are equal,  
or blessed in one likeness,  
but surely we all have something to speak of,  
someone too to think of,  
those that strain our necks,  
an' they that lay us adhered.

A frunk man, an' his beau tell tales of their nights,  
the latter of her pillow - less bed  
an' the former of his pillow-less bed.

Merlin Mwaura

## Pillow-Less Bed...

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someone too to think of,  
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an' they that lay us adhered.

A frunk man, an' his beau tell tales of their nights,  
the latter of her pillow - less bed  
an' the former of his pillow-less bed.

Merlin Mwaura

## Question...? Answer....!

I have long wanted to voice the dissatisfaction  
I have within myself  
for not having  
the courage to voice what truly lies within.  
Even when those things may mean great harm and pain to me.  
Maybe it is the pain am afraid of,  
or maybe it is just the fear that's holding me back  
I don't know!  
I am lost for now,  
I don't know what shall become of me  
in the next millennium.  
Will I be a fossil of this generation of degenerates  
who fuse their minds to music,  
and foreign influences  
just because the world imposes this trends on us.  
I am not sure what sort of influence I have on my world,  
except perhaps that I am carrying on,  
a sane note.

Is this the kind of frustration that other youth  
in far worse situations than am in,  
feel.  
How despair eats at them,  
for lack of assurance that what 'we do now'  
will matter when chaos comes trotting into our lives.  
Will I be able to hold my own,  
as my default father keeps on insisting.  
I did not choose what role that I was going to play,  
maybe all this is planned destiny after all.  
How else shall we start to explain  
why things insist on this gradient  
and curve of events.  
As if unraveling any faster or any slower  
is a violation to a rule,  
which keeps me here,  
bound to this time and space which eats at me,  
of every effort I attempt  
to transcend the whims of mortality.  
A want to survive.

A crippling need to be loved or wanted...  
who is this man who speaks  
in such venomous voice in me.  
Why does he not come out,  
and show himself in mine eyes.  
Am I not fit to see the bearings of my path,  
the end off all my action.  
Should I find it in vain end,  
which is my retreat from the physical world,  
cast along the desolate spirits who walk the earth,  
still searching answers to the true meaning of life,  
to what purpose I have lived so long only to dissipate,  
disappear as if I were not,  
a significant part of this worldly adventure set on me,  
from my birth.

Indeed,  
why should I ask this questions if,  
my creator would dropp these answers to these questions in a manner,  
like manna...  
or like drops of rain,  
a relief to the desert sands of knowledge I claim,  
and still hold much pride for.  
In noon time,  
I will acknowledge that am aging,  
always a day older than before,  
making with what I have,  
however short or brief.  
If pretty ladies sit next to me,  
and I stray a thought of passion,  
catch myself before I can utter any nonsense.  
Keep my cool and realize there is no need to act like a fool.

Or is it the case of need to know basis.  
Am I on a need to know basis?  
There is a great deal of mystery to me,  
that am yet to be discovered.  
Even so, why do I despair so?  
Isn't it in my occupation that I should seek an understanding  
into who I am,  
what I will become.  
Invest in that the duty and strain of my brow

into realizing this.

Maybe I should keep my tongue in cheek,  
cherish what little query I still have of death and the the coming...

For it is clear what has a beginning has an end.

Regardless,

I will carry on with this charm,  
play my harp and guitar like a pro.

Guess there is some sanity and bliss in optimism,  
make hay while the sun shines sort of way.

Merlin Mwaura

# Red Letter Today

Open a red letter an' read...  
a life in words I attempt to freeze.  
there are fine winds blowing,  
heavenly sunset an' towering castles of cloud.  
bird's chirping, hers breathing...  
can hear them all with mine closed eyes.  
welding in the back ground, lying here on the ground.  
Many lives lived, sown into the earth...  
lovers knot above some blue sky,  
African soil where child plays.

a red letter tonight,  
enclosed in an envelop delight...  
count fingers I might,  
grass greener inside.  
the face of a beauty an' nature beside.

red letter in my pocket  
scene of a match,  
T-shirt and blue jeans,  
slippers and shoe strings.  
soft touch on her skin...  
anklet above her feet.  
red letter tonight, let it reveal  
a soul so deep, an empire within.

Red letter tonight traveled in a flight,  
course of wonderful dreams,  
on black wings an' heavy heart.  
blood rush in veins,  
a heart beat heard,  
murmurs through this ears...  
an' hair through this fingers.  
red letter collect thy scent,  
keep it through all eternity.

Red letter a rhyme  
a rock concert in my head,  
chasing cars an' wasting time...

keep this moment, hold this moment  
grow flowers on my forehead.

red letter tonight,  
what is it about a lady?  
make me so complete,  
make my lips a beach...  
onshore kisses an' tidy gulps...  
red letter tonight, wet by the rain  
pink panties tether at a lover's vigor.

red letter tonight,  
a storm, the rain...  
any weather is good weather.  
when a red letter tonight  
reaches her bed side.

red letter is signed,  
calligraphy by sender,  
a name rendered like ancient treasure  
of a maiden benouned  
waiting by a window...  
to hold hands while the wind blows,  
red letter winding chapter  
red letter from one tonight.

Merlin Mwaura

# Red Letter Tonight...

Open a red letter an' read...  
a life in words I attempt to freeze.  
there are fine winds blowing,  
heavenly sunset an' towering castles of cloud.  
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Merlin Mwaura

## Reversed Roles.

Take a pen and ponder,  
wonder around things not mentioned,  
waiting for you to propose,  
spend time trying to front,  
I love you more than anything...

take a moment and wonder,  
wait for you to make love,  
wait for your skin to lay on mine,  
look into your eyes for me...  
trying to see what you see.  
think of that kiss yesterday,  
betray my heart everyday,  
telling myself it wasn't supposed to happen.  
Thinking it was the best thing done yet.

making memoirs on diary,  
reading your diary,  
asking what I meant to you,  
wanting all I do.  
Hold your hand an' bite your nail,  
watch me turn you on,  
lay here gently on your chest,  
play with my hair, make a jest.

There is a mystery, that which you seek...  
Am I part of it or far from it,  
do I make you curious  
Don't I tempt you?  
Is there something in the way you feel,  
that lasts forever, like what I feel.

I hide words and touch from you,  
a rule in my book says I should.  
Screw the rules I have you!  
I'll call you love through eternity  
I am yours come and take me.

Forget me love before I burn,

before I burn all your bridges past  
till I am all you have,  
till I am all you yearn,  
forget me love before I shoot!  
keep you my captive wound,  
nurse your thoughts and dreams,  
drug you with my every whim.

I wonder if roles reversed,  
you'd love me  
like I do you.

Merlin Mwaura

## Sand Dance...

Drums beat in forces,  
symphony rise in voices,  
praising in sweet choruses,  
their beautiful performances,

Yee keen? Alas!

Thighs writhe with cause,  
bottoms lure in cloth  
arms place in pause...  
not a moment is lost.

Yee breath? Perhaps!

Lustful hunger,  
Hot an' amber,  
seek yee hunter,  
to touch this dancer.

Called it sand dance,  
this mystic process,  
an intimate progress,  
think it no less...  
this perfect caress.

Particles filter,  
Liquid linger,  
soft skin hither,  
like brewing liquor  
loves digging deeper.

Bewitching movement,  
I join this moment,  
her skin with vigor.  
With me she slither.

Poetic posture...  
prevalent lusture,  
of this sand dancer?

Romance her answer...

Simply put,  
Am blown away  
By this sand dance.

Merlin Mwaura

## Sand Dance.....

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symphony rise in voices,  
praising in sweet choruses,  
their beautiful performances,

Yee keen? Alas!

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her skin with vigor.  
With me she slither.

Poetic posture...  
prevalent lusture,  
of this sand dancer?

Romance her answer...

Simply put,  
Am blown away  
By this sand dance.

Merlin Mwaura

## Sinister.....

I'm the little bit of darkness hiding in the corners,  
watching you. It is the only way to know what you really do.

To anyone but themselves  
we become a dead thing,  
Hollow and void...  
soundless seemliness.  
It's bringing about complete integration  
through a unifying of souls.  
Except oneself is but themselves an' all at the same time.

In those circumstances...

One must become a thing without life,  
That person...

To unrelate with realness,  
to burst and implode,  
from within....out like the unexpected.

Linger...  
Loom...  
Least from suspicion...  
Lacking earthly commonness.

Merlin Mwaura

# Skin Hair

Skin Hair...

Where else does the earth rise?

settle down with a fall,

cover with strand...

after other strand,

of hair curl,

loom adversely,

along the length,

along the breadth....

of a man, woman

where it is delicate, where it is private...

pronounced an' concealed.

on the face above the eyes,

like a brush of feathers,

above the lip,

a moustache...

eloquently trim,

tweezed eye browses,

hair flock grace the neck,

onto the back.

Along the shin,

Along the skin,

Smooth touch rendered,

Chill rising the hair follicles,

Desire burn,

In the shower wet with soap,

Silk fiber strand,

Run through fingers of a lover,

Relishing the sensations erect,

Tiny hair, almost as fur...

Souring along the back,

Trough upon the skin,

Collect scent of a love scene.

The skin here dark,

Chocolate born,

Wind caress these, both hair an' skin

Creature so supreme,

Conquer all but this, delicate

Feather brush of skin against skin,

Hair rise here thin,

Space of a love gaze seen,

Hair on skin....

Merlin Mwaura

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Merlin Mwaura

# Smoking Gun....

Where there is night, and rules abound  
to sinister and perilous adventures...  
Where uncommon occurrences prevail,  
Where evil looms...  
adhering to the bones that are of a terrifying nature  
Taboos grace the occasion,  
to birth the screaming of souls..  
and the end of life.

A night ago, where many alike sat before a screen  
watching some evening news.  
A moment later a literature of bullets  
Three profound verses wailed into the air.  
Our eyes gorged out, what binoculars they made of us.

We wait...  
Unsure, of what we heard? ? ?  
what is going on...? We seem to ask with miming precision.  
some of us, the brave ones I presume,  
proceed to have a peak over the fuss...  
But Lo! ...  
Bang! Bang! Bang!  
Stopped short in our tracks,  
everyone scatters,  
torrents rising up the flight of stairs.  
It is the feet of men, terrified to their wits  
Seeking whatever safety assumed by this frenzied lot.

Another pair go off... bullets I mean!  
And they seemed a little muffled,  
As if finding their desired target.  
While our cowering soon starts to fade...  
Inquiring from no one in particular...laughing at our own silly fright.  
Some of us not so proud of where they crawl out off.

But nonetheless,  
We find the night waiting to reveal,  
Like a Mafia Chief, disgust by our haste  
What cowards! It seems to say...

The wind blows a cold cry; a mother in Africa is lost a son.  
A young man, with impressive footwear...  
Lay on the tarmac, several feet from our rusty gate...  
He breaths his last without a comment commenced.  
When he is no more, our tongues proceed to tell tales,  
Look there... " A smoking gun! "...  
[Rest in peace - Anonymous Stranger]

Merlin Mwaura

# Street Corner...

Street corner...

I met my professor staggering round some corner,  
I was not doing so good myself,  
to say the least we had an urge to let go,  
what bliss a moment shared,  
while piss flowed along this alley...

I guessed we were not so different,  
apart from the accolades we receive.  
I must say we are perceived all as dogs,  
At the least our charming ladies do...  
No foul passed,  
Until however another of our lot breaks her heart.

Our roads have never seen so many cars before,  
Engines roaring to some odd destinations,  
To watch the humiliation of our African woman.  
What of strip clubs around my favorite street corner,  
What of the nagging,  
But desperate hookers by the street light,  
Red lights.

Consumed to watch TV.  
Fashion ourselves with the trends,  
Forget how to make friends,  
And result to face a book.  
Typing away little nothings,  
Wonderful short-lived longings...  
Why should they be genuine?

Street corner a mugging proceeds,  
Throat suppressed by our innovate youths,  
With degrees of higher learning,  
many of little understanding...  
A mother should not worry where her husband is,  
If he but run an errand for his lovely wife at night,  
Getting some last minute gifts,  
While her son waits at a street corner.

A generation is dying,  
Running out of bad things to do,  
And soon when we have licensed guns,  
Maybe we might shoot each other for practice,  
Get rid of a jealous ex,  
Or that guy who has your job.

Street corners getting less safe,  
Getting less cleaner,  
A child can play hide an' seek no more.  
Street corners with umbilical cords,  
And a life appendage...  
Street corners filling with scum,  
Where many a little girl lost their innocence  
To ugly scoffing men,  
For they hardly hold any decent relationship.  
Where many a skirt torn,  
While a man seek his pleasure.

Street corners where police guard,  
While a crime is commit.  
And run to harass a jovial youth,  
From their pocket change an' earn their spoon,  
Which they jab into a protesting dude.

Street corner grown by the day,  
Had many colors to display,  
Red for blood,  
Disgusting others for puke,  
Green glamour from the sewer,  
A thick black waste from the garage,  
And who can forget that little child asking for supper.

Funny,  
We do forget!  
Go about this street corner in a hurry,  
Lest we smell,  
Lest we see,  
What we are doing to our world,  
And this is just a corner,  
In a little busy an' lonely street.

This is just a street corner,  
What do we do all around the world?

Have a look at that street corner,  
Ask yourself if that child was you,  
Not the one the umbilical cord still attached,  
The other one,  
The one looking at you,  
At that street corner.

Merlin Mwaura

# Student Matyr....

Student Martyr....

We are the start of a good tomorrow,  
A local campus will unsettle these streets,  
Stop traffic for a course,  
Because there are others in prison schools,  
Waiting to be bailed out,  
Out of an eight for fall system,  
Doing K.C.S.E and coming to this domain,  
The AAAAAAAA's and EEEEEEEEEEE's of a failing system.

We are student Martyrs,  
Make those who come, a better place.  
While we set new standards academically,  
Set new standards on our fee slips,  
Shouldn't pay any higher for the same bull...  
Four- five years in the same school,  
Is this a money laundering business?  
To build castles  
We have not even stricken ....  
While a Unite Of Nations threw stones at police,  
We the stressed-more ask for police escorts in the evening.

A student Martyr will say the unthinkable,  
Do the impossible...  
To stand for what is right for all students,  
For all teaching faculties to comprehend,  
The institutions might not need one individual...  
But what can they do when there are no students?  
Have they not heard of the Domino effect?  
Make one fall, and then start a chain of failure...  
Build one, and build all the rest.

Life of a student Martyr,  
See one and you outcast...  
Hear one and you silence...  
Read one and you banish.  
A student Martyr in persecution.  
Don't they get it? it is we who make the institution.  
It is the University of our minds,

Because in our diversities...  
We choose to seek a common goal,  
A universal understanding of one other!

A student Martyr in our comments,  
In the murmur of conversations between us,  
It is the voice of the oppressed,  
The grunt of the one violated,  
It is the cry of injustice outside...  
It is the one throwing stone...  
The one reading this poetry,  
A student martyr living it!

Merlin Mwaura

# Teary Eyes...

It was morning with a gloomy sky,  
Huge greys hovering so high...  
Without intention or knowing how,  
I found a lady's eyes, and thought, " wow! "

I might be mistaken, even in my assumption,  
Did God want me to see her?  
What beauty now that perplexes me...!  
I realize what a foolish thing it is of me to think,  
These are matters of coincidence,  
I need not make a fuss over it.

While the wind blows around us,  
And that which blows within mine head,  
These thoughts have robbed me,  
Of a scene I did not see...  
An' yet the evidence is a cause for pity,  
For what wipes the tears of a beauty like her?

Even in my notions and possible ventures,  
I still see what supple lips she muses with...  
To steal a kiss, seems my most chanting desire.  
But my duty firm catches me,  
And offer my fold handkerchief...

While her tears soak in my private clothe,  
An' proceed hence to comfort her,  
My own tears begin to blur,  
my sight of here Venus company.  
While this gentle one tells a tale,  
Of things unlike her beauty, of a cruel nature I am broken.  
While I am a Man...an' cries not!  
I hold mine within these lashes...  
I hope that she sees not, for am her strength...  
For of the entire world, only I....  
Stopped and stared,  
Of her beauty an' not her chore.

While her purse fill with crippled notes,

Her makeup ill on her face,  
when her tears erode thee superficial...  
even I commit some courage to restrain from comment.  
Cloths cling tight on her skin,  
The hoarse shrill of her voice,  
She is a comforter of men,  
but she is found a comforter then.

I judge not, for what I know not of,  
Her heart riddled with malice,  
Tethered an' shred by sodomite men,  
With her teary eyes...  
She is keen, an thanks me in a heartening shrug...  
There are Men unlike men...  
An' we part without a word thence.

Merlin Mwaura

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Merlin Mwaura

# Telling Jokes...

## Telling Jokes

Let me start with our leaders,  
I suppose they should borrow a leaf or two...  
Cover what is otherwise their,  
Sickly gifts at charming us.  
I am on my eighty something notes...  
Hardly what we call achievement  
Not of course if I won't pull off,  
An award of some sort.

I remember my days,  
Those days called nineties...  
The songs that we call 'in the nineties',  
Like we all weren't there ...  
When there were no ringtones.  
Like mobile phones didn't come the other day.  
I remember when a letter meant it all...  
A tissue paper to give your piece,  
Peace of mind while others winced...  
Remember when a first edition  
was the only edition of particular books,  
Days with a merchant of Venice,  
Brag I read Shakespeare...  
Even with a head on corrosion,  
KJ still meant something on Sundays!

Attempting to tell jokes,  
Watch this crowd go blank,  
With my hopes still waiting...  
To hear that laugh.  
Unless you are a Professor ASPIRING,  
Too tall to bend down doors.  
Or impose presence like a communist,  
Communication skills meant everything to our loins  
Until we were lead to ruin,  
When a gold ring came glistening.

Lost and found serves some purpose,

When mugged at upper hill from a campus,  
A fellow came knocking at our doors,  
Said he lost everything,  
even a laptop...  
He was telling jokes, so we laughed  
Until he put a happy face,  
Then we knew something was wrong.  
He is not gay,  
Nor would we want him to...  
Though his assailants didn't think so  
For he had to blow  
just to get through...  
So no wonder he won't speak,  
Afraid of what might come out...  
Like telling a joke to this crowd,  
With blank faces reading an eightieth note...  
With my hope still waiting,  
To hear that laugh.  
Writing notes is like telling jokes,  
Telling them to people who do not laugh,  
Who take forever to catch up,  
To what am getting at.  
Lest they ask, "what did it all mean? "  
And then am forced to tell a joke,  
Waiting still in hope,  
To hear that laugh when am done  
Because when you tell the truth,  
You can't help sound absurd!

I'll say I read the paper,  
Hate that Gado is the only feature,  
Which tells a joke won't make me laugh...  
Until I surf on a facebook page,  
Cracking ribs and wasting space...  
With updates and crazy mates...  
Telling jokes on my eightieth note,  
Waiting still hopefully,  
To hear that laugh when am done!

Merlin Mwaura

# Temptation....

There are times I have not the slightest clue why i act the way i do.  
It is not an amazing fit really, just my usual self carrying along the trend, I  
addictively attend to....life!

While all along i realise something that is sometimes disturbing  
unsettling, an' yet I seem quite content,  
to say the least.

I shall here proceed to narrate..  
a series of events,  
occured to me in a most queer and puzzling manner.

Food...

I eat at will,  
heartily when the meal is heavily invested in spices.  
I gather enough opportunities in a day,  
to delight in this fine activity.  
If i but by chance lack funds  
to furnish my belly,  
with the trades of the earth....  
I guess then I consider food a temptation  
that wont go away..  
that wont let me be.  
' I am hungry '...tummy groans!

Sleep...

I sleep by will,  
heartily after i've been heavily invested in toil.  
I try to gather enough opportunities  
whenever time allows,  
To delight in dreams in deep slamber.  
wakened not by the noise of the wake earth.  
or they that scurry a long in bouts of their bingy drinks.  
yet, while i lack the aboard...  
where mine finds the velvet sink..between sheets,  
'I crave this wasting away...  
refuge of my fond fantasies.  
to retort in virtuality, a welcome temptation.

Love...

never before,  
a feeling like this had,  
of a man, that he pleases in his trivialties,  
with that company, of hers  
coveted an' admired.  
To find the opportunity, to find it bold,  
takes it all life time,  
when found, a life time spent... in its joy.  
To have it not,  
like feeling dry,  
want to cry,  
heart which knows not lie...  
will attend to temptations.

Merlin Mwaura

# That Beautiful Somewhere.....

I thought growing up would be fun,  
until of course i met all the harsh,  
realisations that we all need to face.  
It's sad sometimes,  
though we could be made of  
tough hides.  
that we still need someone  
somewhere,  
to find what we 're wont.

But i remember once,  
when i used to laugh,  
chasing the echoes in those green fields.  
That the world seemed small,  
and i liked it that way.  
I could bring my love,  
and we might have had been all alone.

There is this special place,  
and why?  
because that's where i could cry.  
I am man..'Men don't cry! ! ! ! ! '  
But here, i was a child of the universe.  
I could cry all i want,  
and somehow the air would cheer me up.  
There was a stream, i remember.  
and my reflection could make humor,  
and comit funny gestures upon my face.  
I loved the water,  
for it always seemed pure.

The scents there were livening,  
damp with dew in the mornings...  
warm and embraceful in the retreating afternoon.  
I played at my hearts content...  
with the bugs,  
the twigs that fell, ever so gracefully.  
with the ladybirds...  
and with my thoughts.

It was and is somewhere,  
i went to not hide from myself...  
to face my inhibitions.  
let them loose...  
and watch myself use words,  
like fingers plucking on strings.

It was a place of sacrifice,  
to offer my heart to the universe,  
for mother nature, hers were  
the softest of hands.  
And they were gentle..  
I could always fall in love,  
with everything she wore...  
as i looked up in the sky..  
her sunsets...the feather clouds  
and when she whispered,  
i quivered...  
soft upon my skin.

Whenever it's time to leave,  
I kiss my dearest goodbye...  
and hope i'll shall come here again.  
and let myself go...  
It is that beautiful somewhere...  
for there are no words for it  
to hold it's meaning.

Merlin Mwaura

# The Ink...

It has been an ink of notion  
that my prodigal thoughts  
now returned to their home.  
the ink in the office printer  
on the managers pen,  
signing of another contract of life,  
the ink scribbled on the book of life.  
and now I have learned to chase after words  
as if a tap of providence has been opened  
to quench my thirst for knowledge.

In the ink,  
names of heroes and legend shall emerge  
a sadness, a sorrow shall be put to note,  
a symphony composed under black ink and pen  
Tales of our motherland Africa shall not escape our grip  
The ink shall engrave this,  
like scribes put to calligraphy,  
speak the unspoken art, but the written.  
The ink shall do what no gun can do  
it shall move people into life.

The ink is pregnant with art,  
ink drawings and ink tattoos,  
it is what goes on her eyebrows, it is artificial beauty.  
By the mark of mu strength, certain words emanate.  
We are the ink of my generation,  
things get written through us, it is history...  
a nature's course,  
I speak no divination, only blunt truth.  
The ink shall eschew the mystic air  
tired unperturbed by villainous arrests,  
I shall live by the ink,  
and die by the ink.

Merlin Mwaura

# The Perfect Storm

The elements are churning in the wind,  
Convincing every little whim to stay in,  
To stay hidden till everything wins,  
The struggle with a ferocious wind.  
The minds are yearning,  
Begging impression from the glares of genius,  
Petting depression from the eyes of venus,  
To set in beauty from her journey,  
Prepare her for a party,  
To attend to bull and belching,  
Before everyone starts clinging by the ear,  
To hear,  
The story that is the peril of man,  
How they struggle to paint her,  
How they croak their voices to sing,  
How even some, write to charm her...

They are the perfect storm,  
Who change taste and feeling so easily,  
They are tormented by their want of me,  
Am only beauty,  
But the poet still insists on words,  
Gangsters still insist on guns,  
Want to buy me things,  
Expensive little nothings,  
Yet they forget their hearts,  
Cold crevices within them,  
Leaking that what makes me,  
Am beauty in them...  
Am beauty within.  
A perfect storm stirring,  
Winding like the clock,  
Rising early like a cock,  
To make the first impression.

The perfect storm in their eyes,  
What stories they have had to tell,  
Just to get me in their spell,  
Play show and tell.

Am only beauty,  
But this man,  
This girl,  
Show me fury...  
Don't they see what's begun  
Is a perfect storm within.

Merlin Mwaura

## The Two Bed Room...

I have here a virgin in my room,  
So pleasant she is bloom,  
on my bed sit so cool.  
Her eyes dart here an' there...  
looking for a trap I swear,  
to find none of course in here,  
other than the ooze in my stare.  
Look how she shies... aware,  
While I hold her hand to compare  
If am as pure as her hair.

She will leave soon,  
I know she wants that too,  
but she ask what I've planned,  
'be honest' this darling starts,  
'Tell me what you want' she taunts,  
With simple flow in a quiet proach,  
I part lips with a petal touch  
Tongue corride in longing yearn,  
It is begun....

Soft skin here, soft there...  
where do I begin,  
when do I stop.  
This is no caress, no touching...  
I am painting a picture in my mind,  
I will never lose till I wind.  
Like a clock to my time,  
now, let us chime.

The air fill with human scent,  
So beautiful, better than canned perfumes,  
I lie on a bed of roses, and they kiss me back.  
They utter little mourns, denying not my soul  
heal this wounds in me, an' breath like a king.  
This maid lower lip half between teeth,  
Peering deep in me,  
pulling deeper within,  
watching me squirm and glow,

An' says 'I love you Bow'

I am a hunter, search my deer not in vain...  
creep past the moulds form on beauty lain,  
skew my form over so calm,  
listen to the ground thunder with hooves,  
Aiming in earnest, perfection in loom...  
Release with grandeur, performance perfect!  
Until I have now, a life possessed.

T'was the black beads, pairing towards me...  
Bold in their glance,  
soft in their touch,  
Blood spilt, arrow embedd  
Quiet supress, against zionous bed...  
A love confess in a concert contest,  
Two on a bed, in a room...  
The two bed room.

Merlin Mwaura

# Thought We Had None, We Have One

Picture a construction site at Kibera,  
Musyoki will go to Mama Fatuma's Cafe,  
ready made Githeri and some Wali,  
maybe try Mama Omosh's keja,  
I can't make this line sound more Tahidi high than this...  
she always has fresh omena from the Lake.  
anyway,  
Robert is going to start a production of this,  
just like wash and set,  
don't know what name his picked yet.

'Ni ya Leo' songs on public service numbers  
number #14,  
number#44,  
number#33,  
number#32,  
number#23,  
number#9,  
not very far...  
a Kenyan thug kind of song.  
Jua Kali talent,  
even with this kind of sun around  
Meja still pulls a heart trick,  
more actor than music truly.

Then I started to look keenly,  
listen keenly.  
Looked at the calligraphy,  
the graffiti on sound track Matatus  
Couldn't believe it,  
Madaraka and Nairobi West life  
Dandora infamous mess  
Ukoo fulani mau mau...  
I thought we have none, we have one...  
Freedom fighters of this generation.  
Nameless and our misguided love thoughts,  
salary starved youth,  
a song's inspiration.

I thought we had none, we have one...  
an MTV award winner,  
a mathematician, am not sure about genius!  
Then I heard Wahu sing,  
Sweet love,  
made me wish I had one,  
joyful bundles with the ONE.  
I will make me some, one day.  
i THOUGHT we had none, we have one..  
On to bridges and fly overs,  
Someone was here,  
ink has once again blotted,  
on concrete as it did examination papers at K.C.S.E  
just like Stressmore loos,  
Gents...really!  
I don't know about the ladies.  
dabbing all our Kenyan youth into immortality.  
'I was here', I wrote some of that too  
On my high school bed,  
laid rest to many fantasies there.

I thought we had none, we have one.  
A culture of the youth.  
We ogle at every passing-  
ready,  
for a back view,  
a rear view mirror honking with a Wezere song,  
pure disgust on our fairer sex.  
Their ears have no peace,  
Truly we love the man with the base,  
the more the merrier,  
How the hell else do you bring over chicks  
on a limb from Liddos,  
Its the club effect.  
Even Usher don't have a clue we this good.  
We only say 'POA' to madtraxx.  
even gospel is catching on like bush fire  
With inspirations like Tony Kiama,  
with face book fans...

I thought we have none, we have one,  
a poet in Nairobi,

a painter somewhere far...  
a charmer,  
a comedian,  
now every Thursday i run off like a mad man...  
because Churchill is getting good!  
I have not bothered to look much  
but there is culture amongst us youth  
Maybe I'll say something else,  
maybe not,  
but I know this...  
I'll keep playing 'Kucheza na Maneno'  
Say I am original Kenyan,  
Cause I thought we have none,  
while I am one.

Merlin Mwaura

# Till Death

Till Death.

There are things I want in life...  
But if this things deprive me,  
What is most important of all...  
Then I will gladly rid myself of that need,  
I will try being,  
Without this.

Till death,  
Should life change in the process,  
Make more meaning than it already is  
Give more sense,  
Tame these wild inclinations in me,  
Should I learn how to crawl out of the dark,  
Share in the light,  
Open my eyes and see,  
The beautiful things here.

Should I then,  
make haste towards my God,  
Thank my existence,  
Make a legacy,  
Timid as it may be,  
I shall hope I made a difference.  
With a tune or without,  
With my lady and dance...  
I will tell tales to my young,  
How once I was a lad...  
With Great Spirit and dream...

I shall make mine the strings,  
Play a long yearn to the heavens,  
Play music unheard,  
I will tear down my clothes,  
Walk into the pool of many waters,  
Feel it caress my nudeness...  
Surrender to this violation,  
For I shall have welcomed it.

I will let her eyes unsettle me,  
I will look head on...  
Maybe let off a smile,  
And when my heart betrays me,  
I will pretend it was nothing!  
Till death,  
I will not be easy and predictable.  
Rouse curiosity for I can be,  
Amazing and sensational.

Till death,  
I will take none for granted,  
A charm is always nice,  
So is indulgence in dialogue...  
I will hold those little hands,  
And let their innocence slay me,  
Hear their chattering,  
Laugh at the little marvels,  
Treasures from maternity wards.

Till death,  
I will speak the truth quietly,  
I will creep through the covetous,  
Through they who bite and stab in the back,  
I will crawl among the desolate,  
Learn their secrets,  
See them for who they are.  
I will stoop to the very lows,  
Emerge when they speak,  
For I will stare into their eyes,  
They need not lie while am here.

Till death,  
I will know good music when I hear it...  
I will know good character when am with them,  
I will know talent when it marvels me,  
I will smile at humour,  
I will lust after beauty,  
Love the heart.  
If nature demands it, I shall be emotional!  
If destiny chooses it, I shall steward it.

If am but a vessel...  
I will overflow with content...

If there is light, I shall follow,  
In the dark I shall wait...  
Fight if I must, with the strange and unfamiliar...  
I will enjoy the test of pain,  
Bleed if I must,  
Conquer the blade...  
Shift the wind...  
Am not Samurai,  
But my soul is its own master.  
Taught me great things on the way,  
Till death when I walk in her element,  
That spirit which I call soul,  
Let a drum beat,  
Join me with the rhythm of my land,  
The great hooves of the wildebeests,  
The trump of the elephant,  
The soft paw of Simba and Cheetah,  
Make me one with these beasts,  
Let that mourn curve in the hills...  
Around her breasts,  
My lover's hair!  
With the water that she bathes...  
The air that she breathes,  
Sing a song of the triumphant,  
When this poet is no more,  
Till death,  
And when am gone.

Merlin Mwaura

## To L....

Gestures on this here green grass,  
With me, a fair lady,  
A tragedy in the making, an' we its characters.  
Bright yellow, warms this naked skin,  
Brave petals kissing in the rain.  
It's like a sprouting flower, an' the girl smelling it.  
It's the perfect hour an' here enjoying it.  
IT is a chemistry leak...

Beyond this bold, innocent saucy maid  
Find a soul in there lay,  
From where I stand, this gorgeous brown eyes,  
Parting them, I fight a strange struggle.  
A shiver from the cold, it may be.  
The touch of her soul, I dared feel.

How can a man, snuggle the world in his arms,  
An' contain himself, even with the pleasure 'n' power.

Her flock of hair, that often am fond to caress.  
This soft sweet glare, I relish in,  
This beauty here, I wish share...  
in the prosperity of genius.  
into the enormity I can be.  
Applause in my ventured thoughts  
I am met, a charmer.

Merlin Mwaura

# To Be Kenyan Is To Be These!

To be Kenyan is to be these...

I went to a local primary school,  
Used the same bag for seven years,  
It was pure leather from K.M.C. products.  
I drunk K.C.C. milk thanks to a political strategist,  
Who I have come to both ridicule and praise.  
I didn't think much of my future,  
My dad did much of that for me...  
Time he stopped doing that,  
Like I'll stop cowering from wondering,  
If the system continues to fail so bad...  
Then more of us will die,  
From secret assassinations,  
When another group emerge harness disorient youth.

I am glad I got what I have,  
Straps of sandals on clean feet,  
Articulate in my matters and affairs,  
I take little to a fool's whim.  
Why should 2012 be any different?  
Same mongers seat on the throne.  
Shame politics still tribal,  
Jesters and my future employers.  
Because I might as well be their recruit.  
Or else I live doing examinations in lecture rooms.  
Till I have every degree that makes a C.V.  
So that am accepted clean into the running of things.  
But true is that,  
How many get in clean,  
Dirty business dealing with kids,  
Even charity and seem a little hood wink,  
Why do we have so many things need protecting from?  
More ladies driving on our roads,  
Congratulations to them, who know how the world goes round...  
Same as it did back in the day.  
It is the smart ones that have it going good.  
That is food for thought in our books,  
Before another magazine define how unromantic we are,  
The Adams apple will rumble right,

Cause an evening fall down,  
Because it needs a boss.

Laughing at the same ranting,  
How advanced we are going to be,  
Talk about the Kenya we want,  
What we don't want is more talk.  
All good things come to an end.  
At least make as many people get taste of it.  
Before we have a repeat of December '07.  
Let's enjoy the peace we are having,  
And not take it for granted that we live like this.

Youth will make love with condoms,  
Disregard that A.I.Ds. exists,  
Until there are no more virgins to conquer,  
Till our morals waste away at Carnivore,  
Over and over again on a local tune,  
The new heat wave taking over us in our millions.  
Because I get the feeling no one believes in love anymore,  
Like we have take away at everything,  
No more home cooked meals,  
Take away at clubs joints.  
Taken away by the western plague.  
Playing marbles with everything,  
Tapping fingers on our desks,  
Hatching new conquest and ways to make ourselves,  
Today's talk and press release.

Wait till am done with this formality,  
Get my degree...  
Pay back my dues to my mother,  
When I get this talent working for all  
For the good and entertainment of all.  
When I get it right in the manner of things,  
How to proceed with an extra cautious foot,  
Because I am about to roar,  
On a pillar and call out a crowd,  
My small crowd, the ears I get to...  
The minds I touch and move,  
As my blood moves and penetrates.  
There is nothing as lively,

Until we start sipping into the system,  
Until the great tools of year gone,  
By Greeks and Romans,  
By the Chinese in the yellow river valley,  
By Kwame Nkurumah,  
By my History teacher,  
My geography teacher who I imagined wrote notes,  
Of deep and intrinsic thought.  
How is that we start legacy?  
Is it not like these...?  
To be Kenyan is to be these.

Merlin Mwaura

# Tomorrow...

Tomorrow...

Find me a note,  
that I may make love with it,  
send to my hearts greatest content.

Tomorrow....

Fulfill my dreams, show me when day breaks...  
wake me so I can see,  
the sun that cakes my queen.

Tomorrow...

Seek me a white horse, that I may ride off to horizons...  
and tell tales of where I have been,  
what songs I heard, if truly love heals.  
Take me to a place, where waters still  
run deep so I can swim,  
an' soak my skin with the days tranquility.

Tomorrow...

I come, from my dreams a drowsy man,  
for I chased a beauty, fell from heaven when I tripped,  
heavy fall I had indeed,  
but to the world I'm return, so I can be...  
once again a Human being.

Tomorrow...

Make me friends with the queen,  
with her princess, an their weary knights,  
for I'll be king when time is right...  
Take me through this lazy night.

Tomorrow...

I shall sing,  
an' write where birds will perch,  
an' they shall chirp an' wings they flap,  
what beautiful things, That I can be...  
part of this tomorrow I seek.

Tomorrow, Oh come tomorrow....

Merlin Mwaura

# Under The Sun

I woke up boldly,  
there is a cause to the things I do...  
maybe it is this filth I call coffee  
the butterless bread in the morning,  
the fact that I didn't have clean socks for wearing,  
I remember talking like I was writing a letter,  
Putting my royal seal like a prince,  
Nicollo Machiavelli wrote something about it.  
How the affairs of war should proceed.  
Called it an art of war.  
But I am tired of quoting,  
say something of my own...  
I am one and I found the one...  
If I take the one out of me,  
Then I 'll be nothing, Zero!  
Could be self destructing,  
but I can only be one once,  
and not again any more.

Under the sun,  
yellow glow of the son,  
everything under... yellows,  
like gold,  
make of us precious jewels.  
Until we start wearing clothes,  
and the skin glows no more,  
only by glances,  
like the heart we supposed to show.  
I take a stone and throw...  
wait for the howl and growl,  
so that I can be torn to pieces,  
because I found a darkness,  
you need put light in it,  
Open a button shirt,  
Place the hand on my flesh,  
take what is theirs,  
what belongs to them.  
The black arrow lodged in me

The air has changed,  
and darkness comes soon  
to darken my blue jeans,  
and my afro will get shaggy,  
for someone will play with it,  
in the dark where I've come to fancy  
this dark arrow who's archer I knew.  
I am no more different or no more great,  
But I purpose on,  
because I know the outcome,  
It is painted by me in clear colors.  
I was even passionate of it,  
spent a pint of me in it.  
because only then am I believed,  
when love truly bleeds.

Here under the sun,  
I shall weight with the mummies,  
I shall be the farmer's scare crow,  
The lazy crocodile basking,  
Till my black smith is done,  
employ Monte Cristo's Cunning...  
Dance with my blade,  
with a spark of wit,  
my challenger,  
my companion.  
Till one is champion...  
spare or finish the other is the Victors whim.  
Until here under the sun,  
I can once again be,  
Immortal.  
Have forever!

Merlin Mwaura

## Urban Peer...

Three towering street lights  
yellow melons against this dulling blue.  
A tarmac snake crawling under hems,  
of sprouting an' flourishing glues,  
this trees of green voluptuous bloom.

T'is the evening... calming,  
behind here grilled windows...  
wondering if the angels are out here shopping  
for souls of people.  
A millennium of years mine they exclaim! ! !  
My pricing I guess was a tempting aim.

By the glance, I can see all of technology scurry,  
the chocking monsters, a thrust they are resume...  
for the world is having a famine, t'is doom...  
as black wells begin to fizzle,  
during to most variable drizzles.

Sloth has been in my company since,  
morning found me in this weathered yearning  
as friends an' foe assembled to duty  
I lay here doing nothing profusely.  
Yester-night in a ' Platonic dialogue... '  
we were realized to fascinating truth,  
that of the world an' human nature  
I guess that's why my bed grew roots,  
an' I have been slave to them through 'n through.

Pastry an' frying dough...  
this scent emanating through my apartment door,  
Tummy attend to a supper come,  
I am a hungry fellow, an' angry at the world.  
While am observed of passers by,  
with purses an' porches an' saying goodbye,  
they retreat it seems to holistic livings  
I would think it's heavens calling, Believe me...

The night is crawling within this windows

as shadows collect within my pillow  
whispering an' dancing to my writer's rhyme  
t'is intriguing what my mind can find.  
The streets are storming, retreating life...  
what did you people do...Today?  
Did you feel like you were born for this....way?  
did it feel all so worth to live... again?

While these matters, may feel a little retired,  
destinations are come, where dear ones shall run  
to fill of dreams an' treasures sort...  
to make here living some comfort.  
The earth is changing of hue so soon,  
as yellow glow over this windy loom grows  
hurried feet an' whirling wheels  
' I 'm coming dear, ' content is sheer.

Merlin Mwaura

## Walk On Mars...

Start the engine,  
start it properly...  
take this property,  
take it all with me.  
Leave this hell men, go to haven...  
with moon rock an' some rock song  
stay there with you,  
play there your tunes.

Walk on mars, on guitar strings  
not like I play, or learned how to...  
just like a fake, and this dance too  
Play Marvin Gay, let the record play  
time to share what legends say.

Do you see it,  
the sun turned blue!  
yes it did, am telling the truth...  
I know am short sighted,  
but you got to see it too,  
am ridiculously in love with you.

Walk on mars with elephant weight,  
trump the ground like a freight,  
Pee Pee on reverse gear...  
signal critics, what they gone hear?  
'We've walked on mars,20 plus year.'

Like the 'great' called Game,  
I am a martian,  
approach my phantom with caution,  
I won't tear you,  
but she'll probably run you down...  
walking on mars, where you not supposed to be around  
cause this her tuff,  
my diamond ruff,  
That's how I be so heartless.

Walk on mars,

This chamber heart,  
suitcase in some closet,  
worn no clothes just yet,  
sleek and slither lips met,  
out of space love had.

walk on mars, is a walk on us...  
a place so far, reach by heart  
a place so far, reached by her  
notes written most for her  
by....  
out of this world kinda guy!  
having him...  
a walk on mars.

Merlin Mwaura

# Water Drops...

There....

in the middle of beauty,  
A polite presence...  
tends to its performance.

For times are changing,  
and the calm?  
the quiet?  
the dull?  
All purged to wander once again.

From their constricting cocoons,  
to pride the stance of their talents.  
The marvel that they bring,  
to our,  
for our,  
Amusement an' terrible awe.

In the vicinity  
of this presence i mentioned,  
lie deep dark,  
depressing truths.  
Reality,  
Destiny,  
Serenity.

For a dropp from  
far up the shady sky  
breaks the monotony...  
of this very facts.

The inevitableness to hold an audience,  
to pause thought, of they that glance.  
'Tis the art lieth in,  
it is that final act of a sacred action...  
an adhered dropp from the heavens,  
finds us here on the earth.



# What Does It Do\_What Do You Do?

What does it do?

An Iron box, coiled cable connecting to the wall,

330 milliliter bottle, half full some beverage

Pure petroleum jelly in some branded tin

Hairy wood, a black brush or broom

Carved wood, a blanket an' sheets

wound tape seal glue, see through.

Smear gel between fingers on head

Clutch a comb, vertical deliver go ahead...

Mirror in Frame, we hold our gaze....

what does it do?

what do they do?

Paper an' pen stationery borne

Books an' bind letters scroll

Table cloth draped, drooping on sides

Key on hold, open inside.

What does it do?

what do they do?

Questions and answers

Kisses and cancer

Slippers an' pampers

Bullets and rubber.

Cigarettes and burgers

burglar and alarms

secrets an' power,

rivers an' showers.

Nuclear and new year...!

What does it do?

what do they do?

What does it do?

Ask yourself what do all this things do

are they made that we may find something

to do,

are we so helpless to do without what this things do?

If so, then surely what do we do?  
If all this things do everything,  
what do you do?

Merlin Mwaura

# Where The Air Is Thick!

Where the air is thick!  
I have gone to a place,  
like what a journey would be...  
and had sweet thick mango juice,  
A Kayamba playing in the back ground,  
like that group of men call themselves Kayamba Africa  
there was a man though,  
a Rasta Man chewing at Muguka  
green gobbler and something he's mumbling  
between stuffing his mouth.  
and puffing a cigarette,  
the air here is unmistakably thick  
so he says with a thick baritone voice,  
'young man! ',  
'write us some of that scribble you call poetry...'  
'am in a mood for anything'  
and a thick air came about me,  
to put some sense into him!

I have had the taste of the loins  
put to folklore my curiosity and yearning...  
My friends and I prepare judgment over things,  
before our indulgence,  
I listen to Bach, Mozart and still get high on Jua Cali talent,  
there are emerging Benga, Jazz and Soul birds where I revel,  
it is not just the drink and dance floor that takes me there  
it is the thick air around,  
the music and people dancing to it,  
I might just as well have Alvaro while am at it.

I was looking for club Sound...  
Listen to my own kind for a start,  
That never seems to pan out as I imagine it...  
In fact so have many things, I keep holding back.  
Of course the fellow going green in his mouth,  
Had something to say to this,  
Took a lot of stomaching for my young intestines,  
" Young Man[Kijana! ] did you use rubber? "  
" Then you know nothing of tasting loins"

Taken aback, "AIDs" would have been a more probable  
Way to go about it.  
I simply manage... "The world is a terrifying place"  
And the thick starts again about me...  
Now taking a form of rage.

The thick air around,  
In the library between books on a shelf,  
Called it philosophy, poetry, art....  
I think I saw Hamlet in some play Shakespeare wrote,  
And now the soap opera about me,  
A love affair am having has failed in comparison of these.  
So I'll keep wanting more,  
Scribe my own kind of scheme to brain wash people  
That this too is a kind of love.  
The thick air about me,  
The life here within.

Merlin Mwaura

# Whisper....

I have come to great thought,  
about this humble achievement,  
upon our tendered lips.  
I was bound to notice the weight of words,  
the almost silent press of breath...  
hinting a most private almost sacred indulgence.

It is with our lips we proceed in caution,  
not to keep from others,  
but to attend to those that our hearts find with favor.  
The whisper is perfection,  
a tender caress upon the ears of those,  
fortunate to assume the listeners position.

It is gentle with words,  
making them t's own nature  
and an effect that soothes even vile souls.  
It creeps not in desperation for attention,  
but demands it with such prowess.  
No speech matches it's profundity.

It is used by lovers to grace upon,  
their loved ones,  
emotions and devotions of far heard professes.  
It can,  
it will,  
and it does prevail...  
It is what i use to coarce,  
those livid thoughts,  
those hidden intentions,  
and cause them to erupt.

It is a corrupt involvement,  
but i do delight in it.  
You will,  
when you indulge in it.  
for this you will find too,  
is some gladdened,  
whisper.....

ssshhh....

Merlin Mwaura

# White Chariot

I have traversed my homeland,  
an' witnessed,  
a countless memories,  
that now lie within me.  
Treasures that i have valued  
and continue to allude to  
to chance me a happy moment.

I have often used  
the ventured chariot,  
that which is most an'  
gone to more places than my dreams do.  
Cast to more winds,  
favored weather an' sunsets we only dream  
boarded by more beings,  
than will i ever meet.

I am aware that my white chariot  
has on various occasions  
carried my beauty,  
my beloved,  
my all.  
In all, but one moment i put my trust,  
in her care,  
in her safety.  
Upon the white chariot.  
But one destiny alone i leave to mine own,  
one destination that no white chariot  
can go.  
One way,  
one path,  
one journey,  
To my heart.

This white chariot saves my poor soles,  
that 've been devoted to my  
ever frequent strolls,  
to places  
from places,

that i once mention  
and others not.

It is this white chariot that now  
i bethink of,  
where its heavenly haste,  
is harnessed.  
Of what nature I shall come of it.  
For i would like to bring my bride  
with such bold course  
towards my heart.

I am often lonely,  
when my love  
sits, waits, or lingers  
away from me.  
An' when the white chariot comes,  
Oh...  
what great joy,  
calm an' content an emotion,  
strong and vengeful feeling  
of wanting her beside me,  
in my arms,  
in our embrace.

I am lost for words,  
sarcastic I imply it so...  
for this white chariot,  
does for me,  
what love does for many.  
Bringing the one thing,  
the right being,  
a special one,  
the beloved one.

She.....

Merlin Mwaura

## Wind Mill.....

Across this heaven bound hills...  
Lie naked souls under the sun's skill.  
Truly betrothed, this coupled pair  
Relish adjacent to a clumsy bug,  
She goes by the name ladybird...red an' blacks her natural garment.

Indeed this joyful two, are one in all...  
For you see, of the adolescent tend,  
Adhered to a carpety green, 'tis their song they sing...  
A romance they bring,  
And urgently proceed...  
To a beautiful performance, theirs' no dream.

Along down that same hill,  
The wind called by the lovers' scenes,  
Scurries uphill and finds their skins...  
A chocolate mesh with here vivid silk.

The wind so generous, to arouse more skin,  
Proceeds to carry their budding whiffs...  
Their mating scent, on to dear old windmill  
Delighted he must be...

Windmill, he is come of wood...  
Trees so vast, his wings do breath,  
Ever faster, quicker in his gestures...  
To savor the tunes of thy feminine mourn.  
For even he, tangle with the wind,  
Like the young master with his bride...  
Their thighs command a perfected art.

His timber creeks, as if drawing her near,  
The wind peeks, her whistle so clear.  
While he hums a hushed endearing charm...  
As the coupled pair look to the skies,  
Claiming their perfected, thunderous chorus...  
For they love like the windmill....  
As the hill's concern,  
To reach there heaven an' be at one.

Merlin Mwaura

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To reach there heaven an' be at one.

Merlin Mwaura

# Wrist Watch

Wristwatch...

Wind my wrist,

Tell the time.

How wrong am I?

To want to sleep just a little more,

Get a little bored,

With all my fantasy,

Before reality.

Timid with my spoon full,

Of liquid food goo,

T'is lunch at this place "Boon"...

A restaurant I just made up.

Time tells,

T'is time to meet my mate,

Make us a folly with fate,

Make a mess while at it.

Known no order, broke all laws,

Terrible disaster,

Found a master.

Of time long after,

Memory charms laughter.

At night with a hurried jest,

Of proud influences had on a table,

Time tells I need my rest,

But man dwells in the night like hell.

Why aim at the devil,

With a gun at his back,

What if you miss?

Where will time hide you?

Wrist watch ...

Long have you been with me,

Devoted forever to steer me right,

By day and by night,

When I wash,

When I eat,

When I sleep,

Like a doll on my baby's side.

Wrist watch,

Time tell,

I need to live. I need to leave...

Make my exit soon,

Sooner,

Or maybe later,

Till I love again,

Like I have you,

Who tells me,

When time turns,

And finds me tending,

To creep past it,

By it,

Until I find myself once again,

A little older than I was before...

A little wiser for another encounter,

With you side by side,

Wrist watch.



## Wrist Watch....

Wristwatch...

Wind my wrist,

Tell the time.

How wrong am I?

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Get a little bored,

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Make us a folly with fate,

Make a mess while at it.

Known no order, broke all laws,

Terrible disaster,

Found a master.

Of time long after,

Memory charms laughter.

At night with a hurried jest,

Of proud influences had on a table,

Time tells I need my rest,

But man dwells in the night like hell.

Why aim at the devil,

With a gun at his back,

What if you miss?

Where will time hide you?

Wrist watch ...

Long have you been with me,

Devoted forever to steer me right,

By day and by night,

When I wash,

When I eat,

When I sleep,

Like a doll on my baby's side.

Wrist watch,

Time tell,

I need to live. I need to leave...

Make my exit soon,

Sooner,

Or maybe later,

Till I love again,

Like I have you,

Who tells me,

When time turns,

And finds me tending,

To creep past it,

By it,

Until I find myself once again,

A little older than I was before...

A little wiser for another encounter,

With you side by side,

Wrist watch.

