

Poetry Series

**Michael Wamalwa**  
**- poems -**

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## Michael Wamalwa(10/02/1990)

Born in february to school in Norec primary and later joined St anthony boys high school-kitale, then joined University of Nairobi to do journalism upto ully gratuating 2013.

# A Cruel Beast

Corruption,  
A vice so loved.  
The voiceless,  
Suffer in its hands.  
The powerful,  
Feast its fruits,  
Corruption,  
A vice so evil.

Land,  
From it emanate.  
Mansions,  
Like mushroom they sprout.  
Cars,  
Like bees they swarm.  
Corruption,  
A vice so evil.

Poverty,  
A son to it has become,  
Who,  
A by-product is,  
Corruption,  
A vice so evil.

Mercy,  
To it is rubbish,  
Prosperity,  
In its mind constantly dwells.  
Corruption,  
A vice so evil.

Michael Wamalwa

# A Precious Acquisition

Honesty,  
A virtue so precious.  
With it,  
Lives are saved.  
Without it,  
Are lives destroyed.  
Honesty,  
A precious possession.

The humble,  
Like a guest embrace.  
The greedy,  
Like an enemy they shun,  
And with mud,  
On its face they smear.  
But the fools,  
Like a stranger they fear.  
Honesty,  
A precious possession.

Its lovers,  
To hens are metaphored,  
But their ridiculers,  
Are the hens themselves,  
For God,  
Honesty initiates and loves.  
So anyone,  
Who honesty champions,  
Will for eternity,  
God's friend remain.  
Honesty,  
A priceless commodity.

Michael Wamalwa

# A Sight Worth Seeing

When I look at you  
An angel I see  
With apparel bright as corals in the sea  
So your face to me do show  
So that forever it I can see

Michael Wamalwa

# Believe Me

In your arms I lay,  
Innocent and calm,  
A dove I was,  
My presence  
To your soul was dew drops  
like flash,  
Down I fell,  
With a bang and a boom,  
But believe me,  
My making it was not.

The me of old,  
In my marrow lives on,  
Error they say,  
To man it belongs,  
So who am I,  
This fact to evade,  
But believe me,  
My making it was not.

To you I run,  
As fast as a deer,  
My knees on the ground,  
Forgiveness to lobby,  
For to you I will,  
As son remain,  
Forever and ever,  
So please believe me,  
My making it was not.

Michael Wamalwa

# Do You Have It?

Knowledge,  
They say is power.  
Its light,  
Is bright and glittering gold.  
Lives,  
It changes and moulds.  
Wisdom,  
The bearer it fills.  
Civility,  
It beckons its host.  
Naivety,  
It disgusts and loathes.  
Wealth,  
Its best friend constitutes.  
Poverty,  
It shuns and despises.  
Power,  
Its epitome has become.  
Authority,  
Its comrade for life.  
Education,  
The wise embrace it.  
But hard work,  
In it, it dwells

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# Gods Sent Gift

Life,  
A gift from God,  
Respect,  
And honour it deserves.  
Like glass,  
Cherished it should be.  
Life,  
Oh what privilege.

Life,  
A mist it is,  
For today,  
In the air it hoves,  
Tomorrow,  
It's all but faded,  
Posing,  
As though it never was.  
Life,  
Oh what a privilege.

God,  
Who life gives,  
Restore it can,  
So worry not,  
If away it fades,  
Life,  
Oh how longing it can be.

Michael Wamalwa

# Last Laugh

They entered the field  
their bodies with enthusiasm filled  
the first half they seemed lions  
in the second they became zebras  
so their opponents on them they preyed  
and in the end they won as they prayed

Michael Wamalwa

# My Queen

My heart skipped,  
When my eyes,  
Your golden eyes met,  
In triumph,  
My inward parts leapt.  
My queen you are.

Your voice,  
My ears embrace,  
Like corals,  
To my ear it sounds.  
My worries me escape,  
When your mouth you open,  
To speak of words,  
Consoling my being.  
My queen you are.

My queen,  
Depart not from me,  
For my heart,  
Melt it will,  
If from me,  
Away you stay,  
It's only the sky,  
That from the earth,  
Away can shun,  
Forever,  
My queen you remain.

Michael Wamalwa

# My Sweet Scent

my love for you  
to me is sweet fragrance  
like a ball in my nose it does dance  
to you I will always belong  
so long as me you long

Michael Wamalwa

# Oh What A Gift

Marriage  
A union initiated  
By father  
Of heavens above  
Designed  
To perpetuate human race  
Marriage  
Oh what a gift

Prosper  
For sure it will  
If only  
Its parties, it respect  
With each one  
A role to play  
In endeavoring  
To make it grow  
Marriage  
Oh what a gift

"To cherish  
To honor and love  
In sickness  
And health as well  
Till death do us part."  
So they say.  
Like a chameleon  
Abandon it they do  
Like a mother  
Who her child forsakes  
Marriage  
Oh what a gift

Its initiator  
Hurts at heart  
When he sees  
Millions abused  
For to him  
A life engagement it is

Marriage  
A gift so rare

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# Sowig Where You Did Not Reap

In the dark,  
The core of the night.  
When all the creatures,  
In dreamland they dwelt,  
You crept,  
Toes in the air,  
To steal my being,  
In my mind  
A house you built,  
In my heart,  
Your lawn you mowed.  
Little did I know,  
A stealer you were.  
When dawn came,  
My body,  
Your asset you made.  
In the end,  
Your slave I became,  
A thief,  
For sure you are.

Michael Wamalwa

# The Stealer Of Souls

Death,  
A stealer you are,  
Happiness,  
You rob and deny,  
Sorrow,  
You design and create.  
Grief,  
Your instrument of service,  
Children,  
Orphans you've made them,  
Wives,  
Widows you've castigated,  
Collision.  
Believers you cause,  
Disaster,  
To mourners you create.  
Leaving them,  
Quarrelling and struggling,  
For landmarks,  
By you victims established.  
Death  
Cruel you are  
Mercy  
An insult to you  
Sadism  
Your comrade you've made  
Death  
The days of an ant  
Your days have become  
To Sheol  
Descend you will  
To melt  
From lips of your target

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