

Poetry Series

Moses Ocharo
- poems -

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Moses Ocharo(5th February 1988)

I'm the 2nd born to a Family of 5; three sisters and a brother. A teacher by profession, a poet and a lover of life.

A Song For My Mother

What are diamonds, what is gold,
What are pearls, chests full of silver;
If I can't give you love to hold,
Rest in thy wings not to shiver? .

I can't desire to grow my wings,
If they fly me away from thee.
Whould I bear the scorns, the stings
That shalt follow me if i flee? .

Wilt these mine young, weakling hands,
My untaught brain, my crooked feet;
Support me in uncharted lands,
Rescue me from the strife I'd meet? .

Can I live in a world of fear,
And wallow through all its pains;
Lest you wipe away my tears,
Free me from its traps, all its chains? .

For I can't and this we doth know,
As 'twilt come a time someday
For this same love, this kindness show
But for now 'Happy Mothers' Day! '

Moses Ocharo

All Is Not Lost

Many ups and downs have watch'd our eyes my love
Our hearts have felt the heats of all desire
And hurts too seen unjustly so cool our fires
To deepest gorges from the stars above.
How hastily transformed, woken from some dream?
Lovely then blind'd, how now aware of flaws;
Mistak'd our charms, unvail'd our padded claws,
And eachother away! So heartlessly scream?
Should we then wax our ears and foil our hearts,
And wish nothing had happen'd none at all?
And let our souls be blown as leav's in fall,
A bubble split midway, that soon departs?
But all hast not, my love, easily so lost
We still can warm ourselves off this frost.

Moses Ocharo

At The Beach

Today your cool auras have come tumbling forth
And swashed hard at my small sandy-white heart
By telepathy i feel your warm waking froth
And thy teasing droplets in play taking part
How thy salty scent doth prick my sense
As Pseidon's children wrestle with the wind
As he rows with trident thy blue essence
And the waterskiers glide artly on thy hind
How kids do comb my beards with plastic spades!
And braid castles and forts of human size
As men and women spread their shades
And mats of peticolour to harmonize
Also let us be merry as the day outglows
Till when the night's past not know how it goes.

Moses Ocharo

Away Now You Depart From Me

Away now you depart from me
and mount the chariot heaven bound
you fleet in sleep, without a sound
gone forever, left me only your memory
and i know my tears hath in vain
as you hath both deaf and mute
left me hanging in half salute
to lull my heart that tears drain
but at last you can now rest
in peace, and forget all your sorrows
without a worry of todays and tomorrows
only rejoice with your family in jest
still i say your stay was too brief
and still i do suspend my disbelief.

Moses Ocharo

Believe

Don't know what you are bout
But i have no doubt
That what i sought
Is in you wrought.

All is full-filled
All hurt's woumds healed
From those who'd heeled
My trust, my heart stilled.

Desire's fires had cooled
Betrayal's waters on it pooled
Why had i this been fooled
After all love's toils muled.

But i don't want to foil my mind
With matters now in the hind
Coz my heart might miss to find
Someone like you most kind.

Moses Ocharo

Brutal

You kick my head with polished metal boots
You spike me, hard like a runaway horse
How thy trained voices do run hoarse
As thy clubs fall, those of hardwood roots
And as i bleed this my innocence
As i let go of that which is my right
Cause all my energies are drained to fight
To suit those that you to pledge obedience
But my dreams art like the airs, free
History will be wrote with my very blood
And justice's dams will burst and flood
It will dawn, the day you'll away flee
But as i go, a hero unsung, unseen
My soul prays be transformed your blind sin.

Moses Ocharo

Bye Grandma

As you slip into semi-eternal slumber
Sleep to wake no more
To meet those that went afore
Go clasp their dreams from your chamber.

What have you not seen?
What pains thy breast not born'?
These toils, you hands hath callused, worn
You've in misery and happiness been.

Though one tongue you coulmd talk
All wisdom you did clasp
Poured it forth while you'd sorghum rasp
And thought my feet to walk.

Still remember when id you visit
You'd up jump with joy, eyes ablaze
Aslit as you'd intently at me gaze
And asl endless questions before id sit.

How can i forget your sweet voice
You'd sing from morn to dusk
As you went through each task
But now you wont hear any noise.

As we now drown in our tears
And watch the twilight of your sun
Knowing that your race you've run
And crossed the line of your years.

Moses Ocharo

Empire State Of Mind

Now as empires are raised in the mind
And our thoughts hath their foundations
The cornerstones tarred by our recollections
The blueprint shapped by one of our kind
Who run our towns these marauding coven
Whose black sunburned brains have altered
So darkly 'lumned in darkness blasphemy uttered
And worship the foul fowl from above cloven
How sweet they sound with tongues forked
That glorify sin; money, sex and drugs
Now drest in sublinnal wealth who wore rugs
Such terror they cause with hearts smocked
But we won't falter our way is known
The war ain't o'er till the horn is blown.

Moses Ocharo

Fly Away

These nests were ours
Whence we shared our love
These waterfalls, these showers
Blesséd from up above
These tree-tops, these flowers
Of red, of yellow, of mauve
Our times had no hours
Our days and nights didn't move
The sky our tryst, the air our covers
And the whole wide world danced our groove.

But now as you fly away
Lonely, for I can't with a wounded wing
Go see the new lands far away
Where lights dance, and winds sing
I'll lull my heart all day
And mute my soul to everything
But cry not my love, this I pray
For I won't forget a thing
For I wilt find a way
To rejoin this our being.

Moses Ocharo

For I Was Lost But Lovely Im Redeem'D

For I was lost but lovely Im redeem'd
Thy saving blood hast sparkling me so washt
How sins had mine unholy self so teemed
But Lord with Mercy You all have off it brusht
So dark Thy house did ever worldlike man
And sheepishly I the devil's feasts to host
Thy guiding light, Thy word to away shun
But You didst ever leave than I be lost
Let me, my soul in wanton praise my Lord
In all the woods my song and echo ring
As He deserves more than i can forward
So duly to Him do submit I my being
For I shall know not fatigue evermore
For haply wilt I live as plann'd before.

Moses Ocharo

Had I But Heart To Love At Lower Rate

Had I but heart to love at lower rate,
Had I but will to all these follies sire;
I'd wish then that we never thus been mate,
And if 'twere wrong let curses be my 'tire.
For all I've done and e'er wilt do is love
My love. This pains I've caus'd thy heart to bear,
How I doth wish to them away absolve;
To wipe away thy tears, assuage thy fear!
How cynical I now sound- you mightest think;
With Hope that thou, now mayest gladly forgive,
My soul, My heart restore, recast thy sink,
To love's stormtorn ocean- you'll thus perceive.
Since all the cards, our fate you now doth hold,
Then let thy heart unfurl or them enfold.

Moses Ocharo

'Happy Valentine'

How happy're we, whose hearts in such a time,
Awake so joyfully love's vast fruits to reap,
Play us love-songs with zest, of sublime rime
Play on, and make our hearts to ever keep
Yesterday's and tomorrow's thoughts at bay.

Valentine gladly love o'er war did choose,
And who hath we, now to each other slay? ;
Love to abuse with wanton? Trust misuse?
Ere we forget and crush this hearts of ours,
Never again to know how happy's love;
Too broken-heart'd, and lost the sense of hours.
In loneliness stuck, and lost thy life's sweet groove.
No, we deserve much more than this. We do!
E'er meant to love, to live as one yet two.

Moses Ocharo

'Hope N' Pray'

When you're down and feel like giving up;
when you're tempest-tost in the seas of misfortune,
when it seems that the world's on top of you,
and all your days have turned to night;
all your dreams into nightmares,
just hope and pray!

Don't slay your wrists to bleed;
or course and so covet another's life,
think of this as a race, a hurdle.
Think of the price at the end of it all;
numb your body, close your mind, and blind your heart.
Let your soul take you through this,
just hope and pray!

For like the sun that ever shines
that fights not the moon at dawn
but slowly turns from a spot to a whole sun
and bit by bit casts away the moon's dark
so will you overcome this if you believe.
Just hope and pray!

Moses Ocharo

How I Was Loved, Yet My Heart Unknown To Love

How I was loved, yet my heart unknown to love
Too cold, a mirror hued so darkly to ray it back
In praise so mute. My soul did from Thee ever tuck
And turn'd my eyes away, for pride had steep'd above
The devil fed my greed, my lusty desires fulfill'd
Women of every kind and fame and wealth had
/For leisure tour'd the worlds beneath, beyond the sky
In science, arts, music and business I was skill'd
But none of these hast ever filled my hollow soul
My heart aches for love, for peace for joy fore'er
My mind is made to seek His Grace and leave It ne'er
For I doth know He wilt me put under controll
So I now leave e'erything behind, my thirst to quench
And joy so like a child, my soul to o'erly drench.

Moses Ocharo

How Long Then, Can I Hurt, Inside My Heart?

How long then, can I hurt, inside my heart? ;
For love hath flown by, left me thus to mope.
That now I must with sackcloth sew my shirt;
With ash's paint my face of downward slope.
How now these eyes of mine refuse to flow;
Though wide, my mouth outbursts in woeful moan;
And now my blood doth coldly renounce its flow;
My perched throat also doth stiffenly groan.
But when I'll hold so right my faithful spirit,
To direct like a master at the drill,
And thus replay my song, to every bit
Resound. Till my soul be calm'd. So, be still.
And let me like a madman drown my sorrows,
Forget of what's of today's or of morrow's

Moses Ocharo

How Many Cups Should I Fill Full...

How many cups should i fill full
with tears? This that shed my soul
'Cause death hath played you foul
into the grave to you coldly pull
you, only weak and in bed caged
t'is no fight. 'Tis but a skew
now you hath the companion of dew
the soil has your all now engaged
and how helpless thou hast left me
my heart shattered, into this pieces
if only horses were but wishes...
No! My mind canst with this agree
say you that i becalm, and 'twill pass?
How? When grief me thus does encompass?

Moses Ocharo

I Had A Dream

I had a dream
That I could sing
And make people scream
Like Michael the king
At I could move
'Sif I have no bone
Thus make them groove
At my touching tone.

I had a dream
That I could write
And make minds gleam
With Shake's might
That I cud grace
Every manmade stage
And men's hearts lace
With every page.

I had a dream
That I could paint
Nature's every beam
Like Leonardo the saint
And entirely capture
Every human vision
In a marble sculpture
For men to muse on.

I had a dream
That I had power
To cross many a stream
And knew not to cower
Like young Alexander
That id rule the sphere
Make great men shudder
At my mighty spear.

Moses Ocharo

I'D Be Content

If i cud hv nothn' bt da sound o' ua laughter
da glo o' ua iz, da echo o' ua smile
if ony a strand o' ua hair, i'd b content.

If i cud hv da promise to mt u da mornin' after
da fantasy o' a kiss, ua touch dat does beguile
da scent o' ua body, i'd b content.

If i cud hv jst one o' ua starly glance
da blew-threw o' a half-hearted kiss
if ony a forced wink, i'd b content.

If i cud hv ony one dance
da lukewarm o' ua closeness, miss
if ony da grass u stamd on, i'd b content.

Moses Ocharo

If All My Life Was Meant To Be A Day

If all my life was meant to be a day
My spring would be my veriest time of birth
Then I'd me wean ere tasting breast-milk. Mirth
Of bohyhood though not wasted, known to play
In summer id open my eyes and love
And travel all the world with just a crawl
Autumn wilt find me school'd in knowledge all
Humans, the flowers, seas and stars above
When winter nighs then I'd have me so set
What else do I have to gain? What more joys
To be obtain'd? Hence I won't need decoys
Anxiety so steep'd and me almost upset
So gladly would I welcome thy cold nature
For I canst wait for the next adventure.

Moses Ocharo

Im In Love

So let it be on rooftops
That I have climbed above
Let my heart and soul be props
Of mine as I hail my love.

Let the mountains up o'erhigh
To the valleys down below
Hold e'er still their voice, and sigh
As now I doth with love glow.

Let the swift winds never tire
And the waves play sick, not now
Let when the sun does retire
The moons take o'er my love show.

Let the birds not lose their face
At the waterfalls thunder
And you pines you know thy place
Now isn't the time to shudder.

Let all thy echoes re-ring
Rejoice with me my love
And so like angels thus sing
Till the earth and sky do move.

Moses Ocharo

In Memory Of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

If only i could count the many a way
That your works have my sense stirred
Mend is my art 'cause you trury tarred
It with skills that genius did ever sway
And as i slowly turn this divine verses
To ease my heart's soul at their beauty
So to praise you hath my only due duty
Through time, as eternity 'em encompasses
Now as my budding style tries not to ape
Yours, and other musses' best thought lines
Engraft 'em with mine to give better shape
In hope that 'twilt raise my low confines
But one day i'd have to mine own scape
From my baldy brain, that me defines.

Moses Ocharo

Know This...

When my muse does me hit
like dreaming Newton
and im possessed as though Cupid's dart me bit
i scather my thoughts in black and white on and on

And nothing can this emptiness fill
none can this hurt tame
no, medicine cant this heal
till i let my mind ignite to flame.

Believe me i doth know how to dance with fire
i know how it warmly does soot'e
im puppeteered by forces higher
and ive perfected the art of blowing my own flute.

So you cant me nothin' tell
i din't say im better, but i am
so let me not my self-love spell
lest you out of sense jam.

Moses Ocharo

My Love

May you have diamonds and pearls
Ribbons, lace, furs with Gucci knurls
Silks, frills, velvets with gold purls
And lastly have my love.

May you have sugar and spice
Chocolates, cakes of any price
Honey, magnolia, everything nice
And lastly have my love.

May you have cars, a queenly house
Male and maid servants to you rouse
And bathe, and royalty you course
And lastly have my love.

May you have a joyous life
Kids, and one to call you wife
To care for you through the strife
So hastly do shed my love.

Moses Ocharo

'My Love'

My love's regal like a flower,
see those her lips, so petal-like
and rose red, lip-glosséd with dew,
whereupon I'll seal my love true;
with kisses adorn, with sighs adore.
She has my mind wet with her scent,
she pricked my heart at first sight
my soul lovely bleeds at her feet.

O, watch how she sways in the wind,
serpent-like. Me, a snake charmer
hypnotised by his pet, all sense flows.
Maids deck the way to her chamber;
with lucid voices sing her praise,
I'm weak with want. I'm past primed
I twine her waist, and off her feet
sweep, then bury me in her bossom.

Moses Ocharo

Nostalgia

Today i reminisce on our passions flown
And clasp them with my marble cold heart
To warm the vertices fircely frost blown
And make me virtualy with this life apart
Cause when you left you took my all
When you cut the strings of my puppet life
How im storm tosses like a dead soul
Amidst Acheron's murky waves with meandering strife
What mountains should i now mount
To this nightmare that vicely clasps escape
To this heart haemorrhage that hightened tape
Should i to the universe my sins account?
But if this would my sickness remedy
Then to sacrifice my self im ready.

Moses Ocharo

Poli-Poe-Tics

How they chant with tipsy hoarse voices
rent this solemn air with bassoons
set it off, to blaze in our lagoons
i virtualy wax mine ears tempt the noises
i step out of bed armed with words
and scream my lung out the opponents name
i feel their defeat in them burst to flame
as we flag the human size placards
coz im entwined in this riotous euphoria
and who thought this was all for naught
cheers to this for the battle well fought
my feet dance me with wanton melodia
then i crawl to the cold hard bed id fled
whence i realise that i was hit and did bleed.

Moses Ocharo

Pursuit Of Happiness

Where art thou fair-child of my yester years?
Do rush forth and this mine sorrows depart
To eclipse my hurts and lick up my fears
To warm this my numb and frostbeaten heart
For i have grown weak and im lonely sick
This world has lost its luster of delight
Human hearts have been coated with hate thick
How their eyes doth shine with darkness' blind light
So Im at your altar seeking refuge
Hath cupid run out of his spiked quills?
Cause im bor'd sour with this interlude huge
And no more can i withstand this uphill
But love i know you have pity to me show
And the power to this chokey puffs blow.

Moses Ocharo

Ratio

Four walls and a door
That can locked be
So escape we don't see
Up above won't soar.

Four times of despair
We've lived you and me
So what do we
With one breath of air?

Four tons of fair
We harbour in our hearts
So it friendship out shut
But lets one ray of hope dear.

Four feet of chains
Is what me binds
Everything else's in the hinds
Only my love remains.

Moses Ocharo

Reasons

Its not that I don't love you
When sometimes I don't call you
Its due to your lovely voice
It weakens me, can't even speak.

Its not that I don't love you
When sometimes you don't see me
Its due to your deep blue eyes
They make me a nervous wreck.

Its not that I dint love you
When sometimes I don't kiss you
Its due to your hot, sensual lips
If fear that id melt.

Its not I don't love you
When sometimes I don't caress you
Its due to your curvaceous body
I fear id lose my mind.

Its not that I don't love you
When sometimes if don't make love to you
Its due to your sweet, slippery shrine
If fear id dissolve in it.

Its not that I dint love you
When sometimes i dont write to you
Its due to my momental dumbness
Can't find a better way to say i love you.

Moses Ocharo

Resolve.

What is the worth of man? That he has pass'd
This world, unknown, unsung and 'so unwept.
Than to receive what his father enpurs'd
For him. What of the joy begot. Be swept
Away so like some chaff when death be nigh
With winds so blowing? . Can my minted wealth,
And all my treasures heaped here so high,
Be props of mine, my soul in sicken'd health?
For there is none, that can my spirit cleanse
Upward me ladder, reach for Heaven's door.
For all I do and gain doth Him displease
Whatever tall is crumbles to the floor.
So let with prayers thus myself esteem,
That thereby I may be easy to redeem.

Moses Ocharo

She

She is art,
She is style;
How beats my heart,
At her smile.

She is class,
she is a flower;
Bind me with brass,
Forever me empower.

She is a butterfly,
She is all beauty,
She is the sky,
O, what a cutey!

She is love,
She is the truth of life;
What else can i have?
O, what a wife!

Moses Ocharo

'She Came To My Bed Last Night'

She came to my bed last night;
so gracefully, with halos bright.
I saw an aura of loneliness about her
for the sky was dull, not even a single star
to while the night with her. Pity!
She sat here, beside my pillow, so pretty.

Said she didn't want to wake me
but only watch me sleep, that only.
She told me about the heavens and the skies,
the winds and the seas, the bats and the fireflies;
and i told her about life and my dreams,
my poetry and all that at daytime beams.

Then when dawn was nigh,
she left. Though so sad to say bye,
shyly she touched my cold brow
seeing I too was dipt in solitude's snow.
Then she kissed me with her lips of silver
and vowed we'll meet tonight by the river.

Moses Ocharo

She's Taken

I see her charming smile
Her beautiful doe-like eyes
The dimples in her cheeks
Things I can only see.

You should see her walk
The pride in her stride
The trim of her waist
The poise of her chin.

Have you heard her laugh?
Oh what music divine!
My heart 'set to its rhythm
'Twill ever beat that way.

And I see her every day,
Oft seated opposite me;

Moses Ocharo

Silence

Through swimming' eyes
Amid forlorn sighs
My brain remembers
Clearly, see the dancing embers
So happy, so gay, at play
Upon the thatched houses, this way
That way, I stare in silence.

With sobs I recall
The day, our fall
Not neighbours, not brothers
All join in the dip
Upon rivers of blood slip
I stare in silence.

And then I shudder
Wish to sink deep under
I try not to think
But, the stain, the ink
Stamp 'sin my heart
With me one, apart
I stare in silence.

On valley and hill
I walk, stiffly, still
Lightly I step, unless
I them compress
They are gone
And in alone
I walk in silence.

Moses Ocharo

Strangers

Sometime I stop n muse
What if our fates could fuse
And actually each other meet?
Would thy heart then skip a beat?
Would you coyly, shyly turn
Thy eyes to hide the desires that'll burn
In them, those blue sapphires
That blaze? O, what mighty fires!
How I'd let them out-glow
There heat this my hurt thaw
And flow in streams of love.

I wish by some foster magic
That we'd dance to our hearts' music
Beneath the stars over-high
Live them envious, the moon a-sigh
Would we be lost in the moment
Draining all our hearts content?
Would we lie side by side n dream
Strong at our eyes agleam?
Entwined to our souls with a kiss
For there won't be no mo bliss
Than to swim in the rivers of our love.

But we ever pass each other by
As though unseen, without even a Hi
For we are but strangers
Afraid o unknown dangers-
So what if we were hurt?
We ought to be with life apart
We should just let go and live
Run, fly away from what we believe-
So we go our separate ways
As we have dine always
Afraid to sail in the seas of love.

Moses Ocharo

Surrender

Hw cn iz aglo, so sky clear
me fail to notc my dear
hw cn ua lips, so ful, so pure
nt kno a kiss lyk ds 4 sure
hw cn ua sweaty hnds, nt mine hold
wn i tenderly em fold
hw cn ua warm body, coldly confess
nt to fl ma swt, sft caress
hw cn a chaste heart
lyk uas a poor soul heart?

U say dey'l deem
u tu loose. Hw dim
n da way ua so tyt?
each n vry part so ryt
frm hair, iz, chks n lips
to legs, thighs, breasts n hips
n swt lady, y do u care
bout wat pple say? Plz declare
ua hrt lyk mine does leap
n feel desire's fire creep.

Den wn dat tym dus come
wn luv's heat try us consume
dn't me deny ua lovely gaze
lt me luz myslf in ua body's maze
lt us each other dscover
us wd passions aura cover
do shea wd me ol da bliss
lt us senselessly kiss
n burst to flames if we must
as one burn our hearts' lust.

Moses Ocharo

Sweet Escape

Trapped in idiological abysms
Flooded by metaphors and synonyms
Literally speaking you've sunked
But you know, you blood's inked.

Halfheartedly you stare at the paper
You don't want to dissapoint her
So you say. But deep down inside
You yearn to escape to the outside.

For once these desires aflame,
Nothing you do can them enframe
So like sand trapped in a fist
You feel them ooze out with jest.

Moses Ocharo

That I, Unmanly, Should Shed My Tears Tonight

That I, unmanly, should shed my tears tonight
To flow and thence my hearts' impurity float
Cause I deserve to die, decay outright
For I've been weighed measur'd; wanting got
So who am I to plead to mercy be shown?
That I've repent and swore to never cheat
But knowing I've that sheep's o'ercoat reworn
For she wont me forgive, take the crap to eat
'That girl now I've transformed, I'm now new
Now I have seen that I'm unjust, and heartless
So gladly wilt take whatever is my due
If e'en you leave my soul into nothingness'
But I wilt accept all without any fear
To be my rightful justice shown my dear.

Moses Ocharo

This Poem

This poem will tell you of life's birth
And of its death without mirth
It will tell you about men
And the ways of women.

This poem will tell you of friends
Of them of 'means-to-ends'
It will tell you of enemies
Of their sly soothing lies.

This poem will tell you of love
That makes us soar above
'Twill tell you of hurts
When everything away departs.

This poem will show you all beauty
But also uglinesses' viewty
It wilt make you at dreams-come-true glare
And blind thee with many a nightmare.

This poem will the good praise
And the worst's very corpses raise
Twill fill and fulfill thy desires
And burn it to ash with its fires.

This poem wilt laugh you to tears
And so foil thee with melancholy that rears
And shall narrow you to heaven
And hell's gates so widen.

This poem wilt preach water
And drink that darkened tar
Take thee, as we promise, beyond this world
And trick thee as though a child.

This poem will tell you everything
This poem will tell you nothing.

To My Muse

Since I have kissed her lips of rose's red
And thence my dry soul thus with love wet
Since i have engaged her and her heart wed
So let not jealousy dear give you a sweat
For in her eratic eyes i've seen infinity
In her curves Im forever lost in adventure
And her soft palms have weighed my density
And her maids have shown me their true nature
How im enthralled in this divine tasks
As now my heart i doth wholly employ
to capture all her beauties in mental sacks
Though sometimes wantonly she doth play coy
But i know at last she wilt freely relent
How resist my musings with Oberon's scent.

Moses Ocharo

To Women

This task seems mightier than i thought
To give praise to you who do complete
Our lifes that since Adam were desolete
And hence all wars for you we've fought
My heart has with all gladness swelled
And my soul has its utmost gift made
so with colours, though baser, i do shade
This canvas with love's dyes that've welled
You do like mother-nature beauty bear
Forth, you furnish this Earth's multitudes
You draw us from our grandiose solitudes
You hath the reason we show no fear
So may you all happiness know today
And forever let nothing your love sway.

Moses Ocharo

Twice Has Lightning This Same Place Struck

Twice has lightning this same place struck
and ripped apart that which is my heart
so mighty is the wedge of this hurt
im motionless and in abandonment stuck
should i now teach my soul to weep
or school my eyes to this rivers run
as now i trade for gloom with all my fun
and all my energies by sentinel to keep
may you then safely homeward journ
without this world's mishaps many and sly
go make friends with Venus and the stars high
go know all their joys from morn to morn
so i would be happy to know know you too ar'
'Cause this distances won't separate though afar.

Moses Ocharo

Utopia

So let this heart of mine, unknown to dance,
Now burst its Virgin Valves at thy love
O teach, my bloods to ex'cute, rightly prance
To nature's Waltz; like stars alight to groove.
Tell love, O learn! This lips of mine to Kiss
My eyes to See, my heart thy echoes ring
Of 'touch me hither', 'lean my head like this';
Of 'love me hence', how this thine love-songs sing.
So that I be in this thy knowledge steep'd;
So that I please thy ever yearning heart.
And tell my soul that its desires are reap'd
Unless real'ties tear our love apart.
So let me sleep and dream on nev'r be woke,
And pray our bubble never e'er be broke.

Moses Ocharo

When?

And when shall this voluptuous madness end?
When shall our dreams with theirs merge?
When shall their desires cease to blend?
When shall they our taxes into use converge?
For our hearts are aching with wants, needs
Our children, mothers, fathers curse
Our base labours don't balance our feeds
And our mouths hungers seem to purse
Who said they must make our very decisions?
Who authorized they image our constitution?
Do we seem 'unschooled' with no reasons?
Won't our weakling merges offer contribution?
You've been weighed, measured and found wanting
Hence we away shoo you with our chanting.

Moses Ocharo

Where's The Love

When I look into your eyes
I see no love, only gold
Silver you long to have, to hold
So you feed me with lies.

When I touch your body
I feel no warmth, coin cold
Is your skin, like note fold
With wrinkles, my buddy.

When I kiss your lips
I taste cent scent
Not what its meant
With magnolia, honeyed nips.

When we make love
Our musical moans don't sink
I hear only Clink! And Chink!
Like cash falling from above.

Moses Ocharo

Won'T Waste No More Time Over You

Now I doth rise, but drowsily off some drunkards ditch,
After a coldsome shower I'd be good to go.
My heart's hango'er's have been withdrawn now from my reach;
And I wont e'er my girds again thus lower. No!
For I have cast my heart and all thy memories;
Now i hath like a grave so cold and so heartless
This fun'ral songs shalt cease hence to be mine symphonies.
How then, had I my love, my heart, my soul, not drain'd;
I broke my back to see that all you want'd you got,
Is this how, love, my bestest deeds are being refund'd,
That from thy graces 'sif a dog away be shot?
But dear, my life from now wilt never be so mirthless
For i've now happily found out better things to do
So I won't waste no more, so precious, time o'er you.

Moses Ocharo

Word Play

Now let me give you a placebo
Of thought, to view in plasma
In pixels some pixie's logo
Feel the blood paralyze like magma.

Coz my paradox is in parallax
A circle set in a parabola
I've just began please do relax
See the waves dance your gondola.

Watch your fears in a penumbra
Feel your heart beat in pentameter
Your dreams painted like a zebra
Scream if im past parameter.

This ain't some parapsychology
A madness in particolours
Don't mind my phraseology
I overheard it in the beauty parlours.

Aha! At last the panacea
To offset this piccadillo
Of pedagogical onomatopoeia
Thus return mental saltarello.

Moses Ocharo

You Found Me...

Alone, so trapped underneath this rub'le,
My heart didst hear the footsteps of Thy Soul;
I felt Thee ease my pain; my thirst's withdraw'l
And still I curse myself for wanting trou'le.
How foolish, into sins still waters am'le,
My virgin heart, my body, my soul and all? ;
To bet and let chances hands like dice me roll;
This mine emotions thus, so lustly gam'le.
So pain hast now replac'd what was my wealth-
This Mis'ry. Can I pay then this my debt
I owe Thee, You who gave to me my health?
For I have nothing even tears to wet
Thy Feet. But You have Heart to Wash my filth
And still, more LOVE to show, for nev'r wilt set.

Moses Ocharo