

Poetry Series

PAUL OGUDA
- poems -

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PAUL OGUDA(7/02/1989)

Living in this life taking the best moments as they come and living through the worst as they go...we aint here forever so hope my work will live on in my place...

An Ode To Gaia

Gaia is weeping
Her heart shredding to pieces
Her voice coarse, no more screaming
Her golden and diamond tears, streaming
Down her face, on every phase
Like the mighty NILE
Flows from 'The Mountains of the moon'
Fathered by the great Alexandrine, Ptolemy
Which unlike then, drips no more
we have sidelined her like a lagoon...
Does to a sole island, Madagascar
Guess our kids will miss HER more
ALL her beauty, our ACTIONS have, faded away
What will we tell them?
We can't lay the blame on them
Hate that we will always wish
To have her back
Like that beautiful sunset at dusk
Like that mystic aurora on the poles
No one, but us will save our souls
Let's save the trees and rivers
For that's the Future's call
We should abstain from Gaia's destruction
To sustain her for our future's affection

PAUL OGUDA

August The 7th

In our cacoon
Of solitude
And a promising future
Came a BEAST
Some say from the east
Its origin
And mission
Was cloudy like mist
No one could visualize
But its effect
Will forever be in our minds
August the 7th
Was our waterloo
But we can't overlook
What it taught us
Cause in the defeat
We came up victorious
We rose from our sleep
And turned vigilant
For
Like a thief
In the night
We know
The BEAST may return
August the 7th
10: 30 am
Back in 1998
Time stood still
Our wheels of history
Came to a halt
To rewrite a new story
A sad one indeed
The American embassy
Was bombed
The TIMOTHY MCVEIGH`S style
A bomb ladden truck
By Osama Bin Laden`s
Al Qaeda network
Towers came down crumbling

Like a pile of dirt
Glasses were flying
From buildings afar
Leaving many with scars
Many were buried
Single and married
As some lost husbands
Others wives
And many
Lost parents
In all the days
Of our lives
We will remember you
Victims of August the 7th
Your innocent blood
Was shed
On the evil altar
Of EXTREMISM
Your death
Forms the pillar of our security
And in making the world
A safer place
R.I.P

PAUL OGUDA

Black Market

Welcome to the black market

Where goods are stored in old baskets

Goods ranging from guns to leather jackets

Organized gangs and drug rackets

Own and control it like a puppet

No fixed price on any goods

No discrimination on neighborhoods

As we are all the same

In the name of money

As it means business, just business

Cheap and expensive drugs

For the poor

Rich and also thugs

Some capable of turning one into rugs

For hallucination

Memory loss and feeling high

I recommend marihuana

It will take you to the sky

You don't believe?

Don't try...

Or do you want to be high
In a minute
Heroin or coke
Have you ever seen it?
Avoid the above goods
For they can turn you
Into a music mix
Imagine standing the risk
Of forever needing a fix
Do you have the green bucks?
Or the sterling
And you need the local currencies
Come exchange with no extra charges
But pray not to get on your knees
As there is no honor among thieves
I can't talk about everything
In summary, do you need anything?
Electronics, spare parts but not nothing
Come get it, at half the price
Most are brand new
No lies

One good thing with this market entity

Is

Goods and services lack guarantee or warranty

What you buy

Can tomorrow be what I sell?

And you'll do nothing but go to hell

This is the unwritten rule of this cartel

So yet again

I say

"Welcome to the black market"

PAUL OGUDA

Christine

Christine

This is to you my love

To tell you all in my heart

Known only to God above

I can't stand to get hurt

Oh my gentle dove

I need you close, in my heart

Or I will starve

My sweet Christine

To me you are still hot

Like a girl who is sixteen

I can't write like Winston Churchill

That sweet letter to Clementine

But I can write you a love poem,

This poem

And stand all the waiting

For a piece of your love

Even if it will take forever

I will give up never

Tears sparkling your brown eyes

Makes me utter no lies

You brighten my life

Like a night full of fireflies

I want you pretty close

Just for once...

Here have this rose

Its fragrance is like our time

Short, sweet yet memorable

But love is priceless

Like the Mona Lisa

Strong yet delicate

Like the tower of Pisa

I recall your gentle touch

Your sweet little words

Your protection like a safety hatch

If life was poker

Then you are the winning card

All along I have been a joker

Ending up this sad

But I have got to be real

Like a rocker

And tell you what I feel

Christine

You are the best thing

To ever happen to me

PAUL OGUDA

Fifty Years

One, two...

It's almost fifty

Like the seasons I come back
To haunt you, while you are sitting
In front of the cathode tube
Leaving you on your seat shifting
Is...

My malnourished frame
My born free life, never tamed
My still eyes
Staring straight into the lens
My strange cuisine
Of boiling roots and wild fruits
My sad story
Of poverty and lost property
Hot winds blowing
The earth bled off water
Poisonous snakes prowl
The day gets no shorter

Three, four, five

It is almost fifty

Inside your newspapers
There is my usual story
Of high child mortality
Lawlessness and banditry
Of fallen fathers and brothers
Of stolen past and present
Forty six, forty seven
Its now forty eight...
Forty eight years
Of economic marginalization
Disturbing history
And a forgotten people
You owe us justice
For brothers and fathers
Fallen at the airstrip
Their blood
Washed down the runaway

For sisters and mothers
Widowed by your guns

Forty nine, fifty...
Fifty years it is...almost
Since we got independence
All along we are stuck in the past
Successive governments
Have seen us outcasts
Our land
Dry, unforgiving
And pure wilderness
The "Northern Frontier"
How long should we die of hunger?
Get killed by bandits
Lose our children
Due to lack of primary healthcare
This is not fair
No schools
Poor infrastructure...
I can go on and on
Back to the 50 years
That you stole from us.

PAUL OGUDA

Gone Baby Gone

Like Van Gogh`s starry night
Am starrng into the night
Stars in constellations and galaxies, so far away
Twinkle with disappearing luminance
The air all around is full of incense
Making me to reminisce
The good, gone old days
Of big promises of immortal love
Of olive oil cascading down your torso
But now it is not so
I am like a devil falling
Fallen into an abyss of heathens
Clouded and darkened by sin and herecy
Overflowing with hate and untold suffering
But deep in my heart
I am harbouring
The sunlight days of our lives
The fun we had down at the coast
It is the good memories
That keeps me going
Every day I relive, the best moments
The worst, I hate the torment
So I have engulfed it
With fantasy and lies
That you are still here
But baby you are gone.....
I wish I could forget
But like maple leaves in spring
Your memories come flowing
I hear your whisper
I feel on my body your caress
I recount you laughter
Looking up into the night
I see that twinkling star
And know that you are still here

PAUL OGUDA

Heroes

Heroes are not soldiers
Coming back home victorious
Not the generals
Strateging and running the war council
Heroes are soldiers
Coming back home in caskets
Heroes are men killed in battle
From Paris to Achilles
Che Guevara
Dedan Kimathi
Christopher Okigbo
Heroes are assassinated patriots
Pio Gama Pinto
Tom Mboya
Patrice Lumumba
Thomas Sankara
I cant name each one
But this is for all who died
For a cause, even just one
With your lives you paid
That is the ultimate price
Heroes are the young boys
Who left home and went to the forests
To fight along the Mau Mau
Their corpses all over the Aberdare
Rotting to enrich the soil
That they dearly loved and treasured
With not only hope but their lives
In your shallow graves
Your bones rotted away
All I say is how brave
You all went away
Your spirits at the dead of the night
Come alive to feel the air
The air of freedom
That they only harboured in their hearts
And laboured for with their lives
Heroes never comeback home
Like Malcolm X they die

Speaking their hearts out
Reformists, you will ask why
They are always wiped out
The Revolutionary cry
Has but died out
Because our heroes are dead
Dead and gone...

PAUL OGUDA

In Case Of My Demise

When I die
I know no one will cry
But you will miss me
That I am sure of..
I don't know why
But like 2 pac
I have to do this
Write my thoughts
"In the event of my demise"
Death is certain
Every second, every minute
Let`s appreciate before
The drawing of our curtains
Let`s not limit
What we want...what we hope for
In case of my demise
I gave you the reasons not to cry
For my fallen self
By all the things I lived for
Weed, hope and dreams of a revolution
Liberty, I really don't know
What I all along lived for?
But it`s my conviction
That I lived for something
In case of my demise
I know no one will cry
But one thing I know
Someone will cry
Her tears
Like the Nile
Will flow down her cheeks
Her eyes will be red
For me... just me
Please let my mama cry
Don't stop her, you are wondering why?
I am all she had
Her little boy...
The joy of her life
Her heart will never heal

Time can` t heal
Her world without me
In case of my demise
God all I ask is...
Let it be the right time
When my mother is old
Her face wrinkled and pale
Her back bent like the Kamba bow
Due to old age
In case of my demise
Let me die
When my mama can cry no more

PAUL OGUDA

Kry Baby Kry

Old men shed no tears
Like the winds of the desert
Their eyes are dry
Lowering in respect my hat
Baby you will have to cry
Fleeting away in time
Of broken dreams and promises
Our lives seems like a crime
Blame it on me
From the dollar to the dime
Cry baby cry
Our betrayed revolution
Land grabbing by our founding fathers
Freedom fighters not getting restitution
Oppressing our people and enriching others
The ruling elite raping the constitution
Takes me farther
To the underbelly of imperialism
Our initially bright sunrise
Has gone all glum
All I see is the coming sunset
Our day gone to the drain
Baby I know you are upset
Because to survive you will have to strain
Cry baby cry

PAUL OGUDA

Land Of My Skull

Broken dreams
Countless screams
Battered wives
Lost lives
Our leader`s impunity and corruption
Our betrayed revolution
Our forgotten freedom fighters
Our persecuted great writers
Your struggles
Your hope and expectations
Your troubles
Your sacrifice and persecution
Calls me back
To the murky waters
Full of dejected voters
My broken spirit
My vision of revolution
My mission of emancipation
My heart
Calls me back
To the land of my skull

PAUL OGUDA

Legal Tender

There is this girl
Her body is slender
A wife material type of girl
Her lips so tender
Haven't touched them yet
Because she is like a vendor
Not a vendor, a cat..
And wants nothing that will get her wet
out of fate
Because like a vendor
she wants the Legal Tender...
To give one a taste
I would give her all the stars
Up in the sky
And all the pearls
Down and deep in the seas
If I could...
But that's just poetic
In reality, I have nothing to give
But my love

And I wouldn't want her starved
So I work hard
That the future can be better
But she likes the good things
She wants the Legal Tender
To give one a taste
Someday... I know
My life will be better
Wonder if she will still be slender
A wife material
And her lips so tender
I would still take her
In reality, I would have nothing to give
But my lust
As I remember about that girl
When I was still young
My heart full of love
Because like her

She wants the legal tender
To give one the taste

PAUL OGUDA

My Rebel

She wears no makeup
Only lip gloss to make her lips glow
She is proud of her hair
Only water relaxes her coarse afro
She scans fashion magazines
Only to mock prices of Gucci and prada
My rebel
Her wardrobe lacks stilettos
All she collects is converse Allstar
Taylor gang like wiz khalifa
Her idol is Che guevara
All she reads is history and African literature
Her favourite sport is soccer

All she supports is Gor Mahia
My rebel
Knows about African socialism
Like she would have known her colours
Knows Paris for its museum and art
Like she would have known it
For its fragrance and fashion stores
My rebel
Partakes in shots of vodka
Without blinking an eye
Smokes that illegal plant
Every weekend we are bored
And want to get high
My rebel
I`ll ask for no libel
No matter how you soil my name
I`d never want your tame
Like a bird
I want you free
For your love
I`d do anything even....
My rebel
I promise to love you until time ends.

Our Faded Flag

If flags could talk
How about flags of our fathers
Aged with time
Faded, to glory and misery
Is it a crime
If I tell the story
Of this faded flag
Over the years we have bled
Our patriots and country men
Tom Mboya`s, JM Kariuki`s and Pio Gama`s
We have massacred our people
Remember the Wagalla massacre
Blood on the runaway
Kenyans murdered by the Kenya army
Lets light this dark alley
Of the history of our army
And keep the red fading....
Our environment browning
Our people not getting any crowning
Poor than our fathers
The ruling elite
Politicking with our environment
Dry rivers, scorching sunlight
The green is fading...
Killing each other
Tribal animosity
Not accommodating one another
Hence shredding our white to pieces
Lets quit the blame game
And pick up the pieces
To whiten our white stripes
Because our white is faded...
Black were our ancestors
In our skin we have melanin
Even just a trace
The sun gives you the tan
If you are a European, Indian or Arab
You will always feel black
Colour doesn't matter

Our black can fade....
This is just but the tale
Of our FADED FLAG

PAUL OGUDA

Poetic Licence

Poetry is an act
It changes with time
This poem for example they will react
But I will lose nothing not even a dime
My poetic dream will be fastracked
Leaving their mouth sour with lime
Alliteration altering alternately
Will lead me off the discourse
That is why I walk diligently
Never to sail off the course
Of my poetic script
Giving you alternating rhymes
To produce the musicality
Like bells that chimes
I want to say it manifestly
Poetry is not meters and stanzas
Especially for the contemporary poet
I want to be recited as far as Mwanza
Unlike Shakespeare`s this is not a sonnet
It is word play, no...It is rhyming last words
In this war I not know my opponent
Like in a casino don't overlook my cards
Give me now
Give me my licence
All you literary critics
This is not me playing antics
It is my road to greatness
I want to be like Okigbo
Not just yet, but with time
I will give you my "LABYRINTHS"
Like that fallen Biafran
I lay my script bare
From it I have removed the kaftan
Do as you think fair
Award the poet, like car enthusiasts did the mustang
Give me that poetic licence...

PAUL OGUDA

Queenter

If I had another chance
To live
I`d change everything
But not you
I`d change anything
But not us
Queen
I can't talk but stammer
When I try to talk of you
That is why I will write
My pen bleeding my love
To this paper
Let me call it your heart
Before I start
I promise not to add pepper
To our love
But I will sweeten it
With not sugar
But paradise
My time with you
I will maximise
But life has no second chance
We live only once
So queen
In this life
I know it was karma
That brought us together
I will not stutter
When talking about us
For you are smarter
If anything worse
Never a rose without thorns
That is life
But we will make it
If we hold each other
For love is a bridge
That brings you to me
And takes me to you
Under this bridge

Flaws the world
With its evil eyes
And people
Who are full of lies
Queen
Believe me
When I tell you
That I love you
And nothing
But death
Shall do us apart
Let me restart
Queenter
If I had another chance to live
I won't take it.....
Maybe you won't be there

PAUL OGUDA

Red Bmx Bicycle

There was a small boy
In the countryside
Who had a small red BMX bicycle
Kept in the store besides the herbicides
Every evening like a cycle
He would ride down the dusty road
The sun a yellow ball
on the west side
Glittering under the sun`s rays
Was that small
RED BMX BICYCLE
There was a smaller boy
In the countryside
Who had nothing...
Totally nothing
He was a friend to the small boy
Every evening like a cycle
He would wait by the dusty road
To have a chance
On the small red BMX bicycle
His face would be all smiles
Even after falling off that
RED BMX BICYCLE
One day at dusk
The smaller boy
Stood next to the small boy
And asked
"When you grow up, would you give me this bike? "
The small boy without thinking
Said YES..
There was a smaller boy
In the countryside
One night
He had a bad stomach ache
His mum wiping the tiny streams of tears
That fell from his small face
That was pale...
Due to dust from the dusty road
As he played with his the small boy

And rode on that
RED BMX BICYCLE
There was a small boy
In the countryside...
Now HE is all grown
And in the university
Far away in the city
That RED BMX BICYCLE
Now long gone
Given to some relative, I guess
If I could go back
To those days...
Those days with beautiful sunsets
Back in the countryside
Waiting for my chance
On my red BMX bicycle
Watching that smaller boy fall off
I would give him...
I would hand him that bicycle
And never expect it back
And watch him ride
Towards the beautiful sunset
On my red BMX bicycle
But if I can go back
All will be in vain
Because on that night...in the dark
He struggled with pain
His small heart couldn` t keep on
Outside there was rain
The gods possibly wanted to cleanse
All the evil that night
That took him away
Now I reminisce
As I keep moving on
About that smaller boy
And our small
RED BMX BICYCLE...

PAUL OGUDA

Social Networking

Facebook, myspace, twitter, foursquare.....
Social networking
Nkt....it is truly networking
This is my story
I want to tell it ASAP
I know you will not feel sorry...
I had just opened my accounts
Facebook, twitter, myspace
Unlike my bank accounts
This were truly revolutionary
Said all the major dailies
Because it connected gangsters to missionaries
Blah, blah, blah.....
We did not have a fight
But
What did I do last night?
Give me a second
Oh...right
It took just a second
To lose my princess
All I did was worthless
Share, was to share
What was in my mind?
But this is not fair
"That girl has this accentuated behind
I want to have just a poke"
That is what I updated
On my Facebook and twitter status
I thought of having it deleted
But 10 people had already like the status
5 tweppers had it retweeted
And my profile
WTF...
Relationships...single
Interested in...women
Looking for...dating, friendship
Then with ten comments
On that status update
I picked my phone to comment

The last one seemed familiar
But all it said was "NO COMMENT"
It did seem peculiar
But I went ahead to add a comment
"I won't just poke it
But will feel it all night long"
My friends urged me on
Some begging to be tagged on the photo
Of what I would be feeling
This did hurt someone`s feelings..
Before I slept, like always
Had to check that fair smile
Of the world`s most beautiful girl
For whose love I would go that extra mile
I went straight to her profile
Her updat was a few minutes old
Like mine
It was bubbling with comments
"We are done"

□

PAUL OGUDA

Stranger To My Heart

Like an empty face
From an alien place
I couldn` t put a name
This was a shame
But deep in my heart
I knew who you were
A stranger to my heart
Your hazel eyes
Told me otherwise
With the glow as you smiled
That I had to make you mine
And forever cherish you, Like mine
The name, I answer to
Come a new day
It is still the same
Stranger to my heart
Deep inside, a furnace of burning desires
Tells me what it requires
..just a piece of your heart
Stars are diamonds in the sky
Money can buy many things
But like the stars in a far away galaxy
I wish...wish for you to be mine
Money can` t buy me love
No matter how much I may have
Hopeless and wishing
I dashed for the corner
Bumping into you
Stranger to my heart
This was a new day
Sorry..I repeated the umpteenth time
You shaking your head
As we picked our sprawled documents
Standing up to sort them out
Light in the back of your eyes stood out
As you accepted my proposal
For making up to you over some coffee
That mistake, that accident
Of bumping into you

Is all it took?
That single incident
To make you... no stranger to my heart

PAUL OGUDA

The Storm

There was total darkness

Then the storm began

I was on my way home

Clutching my raincoat tightly

I walked on

The breeze and rainfall went on

Making me to sway

From side to side

Pushing me away from the road

Croaking loudly were frogs

And toads

I stepped into potholes

Splashing water allover my clothes

My white trousers

I felt them being soiled

By muddy waters

Then I thought I saw something

I didn't pretend it was nothing

For I stood on my tracks

As thunder and lightning struck

I was breathing heavily
All over my body sweating profusely
For someone was coming...
Coming
Like a ghost he kept walking
Like a stone he wasn't talking
I moved for him to pass
As I felt no pulse
Then he stood close to me
I moved back a little
And said hi!
Then from the sky
Came another bolt of lightning
And from the man came a shining
Length of blade
I thought of smiling
Then of running
But I found myself moaning
Warm blood dripping
To my white trousers
I groaned for I couldn't scream

Blood kept on streaming
Warming my ice cold hands
My head spun around
Then I saw a bright light
I started feeling dizziness
Then I saw darkness
As I fell to my death
Water and blood splashed
As soon as I hit the ground
With the knife getting deeper
In to the wound.

PAUL OGUDA