

Poetry Series

Rose Kanana
- poems -

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Rose Kanana()

Rose is a fourth born of six siblings. She holds a bachelors degree in Linguistics and literature and a Masters in sociology and community is a humanitarian worker who has experienced population displacement within and without her country. Her literary work will revolve on a displacement dilemma, current state affairs, love and appreciation.

A Date With Daddy.

Daughter like wine you have grown to be my fine girl
You have grown wings to enable you perch on the tallest branch
You are now a woman; daughter remember?
Under my wings you no longer hide
Daughter, you are chasing your dreams
The dreams that give you society titles
The dreams that fatten your handbag
but you have denied daddy the title he cherishes most
The title we discussed- the title of honor.
I want to be a grandfather my daughter

But daddy, you told me babies are bought
I have shopped in all the big and small malls
What i see are breathless beautiful dolls
I am still transfixed to your response...
Where do babies come from daddy?
Are they still bought in malls to date?

Daughter, i send you to school to learn biology
Biology applies to your life
Your teacher must have taught you the lessons we shy'd away from
Don't digress my daughter
Literature is driving you crazy
i speak of Biology your speak about poems
I want to be a grandfather my daughter

Daddy i promise you the best
My plans and Gods plan must concur
In Him all things are made beautiful in his time
His voice i will listen to first
Daddy don't be hard on me
I am just your baby girl

Daughter you must roll your eyes with affection
Roll them well at work, church and social gathering
You must know daddy no longer beats you for greeting boys
you must unlearn what i told you in yester years about men
You must believe what i tell you now
I want to be a grandfather my daughter.

Rose Kanana

A Luta Com Armas

If i would wipe away your tears
I would do this right away
A champion of fight against gun violence you are
Every time i read your updates
It pains me for there is not much i can do for you

Aminha querida
Eu admiro sua determinação
Em combater a violência com armas
Continue no curso

Rose Kanana

A Star Is A Star

A star in any other dialect remains a star
Stars give hope for a pleasant night
As they retract into their cocoon
They pave way for a pleasant daylight
They leave promises that they will be back
And we gaze at them as they vanish

I have a star that guides me
In matters of life and love
The star depicts humility
The star depicts soberness
The star is promising
The star is bright

With a little excitement
Do stars get wet when it rains?
May be in a shower in socks
When star-heart throbs faster
In ecstasy and the joy
of conquering the world of the sky

We love stars
For stars have a biblical symbol
Of a journey led by God
And my star is led by God
To a destination where it shall meet a heavenly moon
My star, my life, my love, my anchor and my morning blessing.

Rose Kanana

A Thousand Miles Journey

He gazed blankly
not sure of his own sight
the track was already in the vicinity
a thousand miles journey had began

'mummy! ' he stammered
will there be food for us?
will we stand the gunshots of yester years?
will our life tormentors hunt us any more?

with ululations they were received
like kings and queens they dined
only for a period of time
the a thousand journey miles came to a halt

Rose Kanana

Adeus 2016!

Dearest 2016

I would want to bid you good bye

But is it too early to say adeus?

You brought new challenges into my life

I had the grace to face them and conquer most

I made the year's resolutions

But I am only happy to report that three quarter were fulfilled

I broke a quarter-maybe I am not a go-getter

It could have been reasons beyond my control

For some, I sat back and let the wind flow with it

But I am glad the pollen could have fertilized another persons resolutions

Now that you are about to go

I want to thank you for the blessings of my new friends

I want to thank you for my family ties

I want to thank you for my professional ties

I want to thank you for my haters-they strengthened me

I want to hug 2017 in style and remind her that I am worth the salt

To my fellow poets-hats off you kept to the tenets of poetry

Your work is amazing in diverse dimensions

To the sisters and brothers I met- you are awesome ladies

We are yet to laugh hopefully in 2017

Chao, Adeus, goodbye, kwaheri 2016

Rose Kanana

Arise It Is Morning

Arise it is morning
The skies are bursting with beauty
Serenity is beckoning at you
It is a new day for you
Set your mind straight for you

Arise it is morning
The flowers are blossoming
The human faces are shining
birds are chirping
Meet your targets with gratitude

Arise it is morning
Meet your maker in prayer
The best way you like it most
You are lucky to have the breathe
It is a new day for you

Arise it is morning
Set your standards right
The world got its own standards
It's your measure against its measure
Today's standards define your tomorrows

Arise it is morning
Laughter defines your day
Kind words pave the corridor to souls
Brighten another persons world
And you shall be happy in return

Arise it is morning
Smile to the world
Hug more
Love more
It is the medicine for long life

Rose Kanana

Be Brutal With The Truth

Is your love-hate based on my brutal truth sister?
The world learns to wear masks
I have chosen to wear none
Is your love-hate based on my brutal truth brother?
I call it tough love- it is a rare gem to find
The world has chosen to be economical with the truth
I choose to be extravagant with the truth
Will an economist and a spendthrift dine together?

We say fake it till you make it
Just like our faces wrinkles
Your love-hate will age and you shall realize
Truth however bitter, is the best pill to swallow
Your love-hate has made a better society
Justice isn't compromised
Bad governance comes of age
The social fabric becomes the most admirable suit to wear

Be brutal with the truth
It will hurt, It will break relationships
But it leaves you without traces of guilt
It leaves you with no traces of shame
It leaves you with no traces of regrets
Give me some tough love my sister
Give me some tough love my brother
For the swallowing of my pride does not cause me ulcers

Rose Kanana

Between The Lines

The lines are visible
The lines are legible
The lines are well organized
They are like a road map
Don't just read the lines
Read between the lines
For between the lines the truth lay
For between the lines transition lay
For between the line there is a sigh of relief

Don't just read the lines
Read between the lines
For between the lines lay the beauty of the poem
For between the lines you grasp the theme
For between the lines lay poetic justice
For between the lines you identify with the poets emotions
Don't just read the lines

Between the lines you see the horizon
Between the lines you appreciate the power of words
Between the lines the truth lay beautifully naked
Between the lines emotions are not masked
Between the lines lay the character of the persona
Don't just read the lines darling

Beauty is hidden
Beauty is covert
Beauty is patience
Beauty is for all
Choose beauty with care
Don't just read the lines brother for between the lines you find a gem

Rose Kanana

Breakable Chains

When do chains of perfectionism get broken?
When do chains of fear get broken?
When do chains of approval get broken?
Are promises good enough to make one make a lifetime decision?
Follow your heart darling
Were the resounding echoes by the lakeside dinner
Chains of fear were broken in the Holy book- read it deeper
Follow your heart
Your story is my story and a story of many.
Joy comes in the morning- they say
But you ought to dig deeper into yourself
Break those chains darling -its all about you
Break those chains darling -its all about God and you
Break those chains darling- its beyond the loved ones wishes
We broke the chains- cant you see we are fine?
Fear is replaced by grace
That is all you need
A sip of coffee by the Babogaya lake
An evening breeze brought them together
To break the chains of the mind

Rose Kanana

Daddys Life Journey End

If i could have taken away your pain for a moment dad
I would have been the happiest daughter for that moment
If i would have made your cloudy eyes clear dad
I would have been happier than happiest
We say solders don't die they slip to the next room
I don't know how to mourn you
My mind is clouded just like your systems
Were clouded in the past two weeks
If i would make a wish
My wish would be obvious
The wish to see you alive and with your charming smile
You are now gone
Gone to the world that you have been preparing for
A painless world
A world with only one judge-God
How would you like your epitaph to read dad?
I am not sure you can answer me
You wrote a story of your life on earth
We are blessed as family
To have been part of your story and history
We still love you in death dad
That is a guarantee for we are your blood
The veins in us are partly yours
Rest in peace dad
Rest in peace husband
Rest in peace grand-pa
Rest in peace father-in -law
Rest in peace brother
Rest in peace uncle
Rest in peace nephew
Rest in peace a friend and neighbor to many
May your soul and that of Lawrence and Dolly
Reunite in the world that we shall all inevitably join
God loved you most

Rose Kanana

Deliberate Choices

In life we have many choices to make
We are who we vote for
We are who we hang out with
We are who we date and marry
We are our children's first missionaries
We are our family's pivot
We are the society mirror

Rose Kanana

Dreams Of A Star

Why do dreams about you preoccupy me?
The admiration grows stronger by day
The desire to see you is overwhelming
Where is this star?

In my dreams he is tall
In my dreams he is handsome
In my dreams he is intelligent
Where is this star?

I wake up every morning to the dream
I sleep every night and dream of you
Dreams, oh dreams! don't take me to the grave early
Where is this star?

Rose Kanana

Dusk

Dusk is here
I am taking stock of my day
I am smiling at most of my deeds
I made a covenant with God for the day
I kept the covenant to the letter
I shall retire a happy person

Dusk is here
I shared inspiring words with my family
I shared inspiring words with my friends
God managed my foes with love
I had reminded Him that my foes battles are His
So He took care of that

Dusk is here
I am appreciating the fine weather we had
I have learnt not to take the environment for-granted
I have learnt that things can change at the blink of an eyelid
I have learnt to stop and smell the roses
I have learnt that it only takes you to be the best version of you

Dusk is here
The women guild has wrapped up prayers
Parents are checking their children's school bags
Nothing is left to chances
We have to trust that there will be a tomorrow
We retire with the promise that the Angels are watching over us

Rose Kanana

Eyes Of Love

Their eyes were glued to each other
The two love birds enjoyed each others company
The food was not as tasty as the companionship
The eyes of love were passionate

He had turned a year wiser
They celebrated the wisdom together
A chitchat was the best for the day
The eyes of love were passionate

Why was the parting very difficult?
Why does time go on a race while together?
Did they need the entire day to just stare at each other?
The eyes of love were passionate

They parted ways with hope
The hope that God would protect them
The hope that there would be a tomorrow for them
the eyes of love were passionate

Rose Kanana

Friend In Deed

You call me when in need
You chat with me when in need
I receive your call to act on deed
When will you call in deed?
Your needs supersede my ability
Call me to check on me
I may need that more than your needs

Soon i will press Ctrl, Alt delete
And off you will be from my phone book
From my mind you will be out of oblivion
And from my life you will vanish
For friends are friends in need and deed
Deeds speak louder
Deeds complement true friendship

Rose Kanana

His Bride Her Groom

Today they look back and smile
It is over ten years but it looks just like yesterday
Smiles have become older and better
They look into each others eyes with admiration
God has been gracious

Three gifts from God were showered
Amazing souls they are
They bring joy every day
What else should they thank God for?
God has been gracious

Their secret has been God
Their secret has been transparency
Their secret has been love
Their secret has been forgiveness
God has been gracious

Rose Kanana

His Delilah

He walked along her garden to pick the roses
The thorns pricked his hands but he did not give up
He walked by her river bank to draw some water
The banks had burst-ed but he feared not to be washed away His love for her
was like the bush fire
He had spent time thinking of this lovely lady he hardly knew A lady whose
beauty could turn a blind man into sight
His appetite for her was immeasurably disturbing
Oh man! was she meant for you?

Her long model legs were wonderfully created
Her lips were smooth no man would have resisted her kiss
Daughter of my mother was she the Biblical Delilah?
Her hips swayed in a balanced manner
He held tightly into her ant-like waistline
He recollected himself and kissed her
Oh Delilah are you meant for him?

That night he slept not, for his dream to touch, kiss and partake had come to
pass
Oh Delilah! Will you marry him?
The honey pot he thought was best for him
He would pay the bride price to have her as his wife
The petals of the roses remain attractive than the thorns Optimism filled him
Oh Delilah will you be his wife?

He promised to love her
He yearned for her curves
He longed for her touch
But Delilah woke up from another mans house
Wisdom had left him
Admiration had turned sour
Oh Delilah! why did you betray him?

Rose Kanana

His Time Our Time

Do they marvel at Him?
He says
That He is supreme
Unchanging
The King of valleys
The king of mountains
The giver of life
The one who takes it
He still seats on the throne
In bad times and in good times
He still reigns in the day and at night
What a great friend can the Lord be?
Never early never late in his blessings
He gives real-time responses
The God of all
His time His real time is unquestionable
That is the Lord of David and Goliath
Yes the one you serve
The one I serve
The one we serve
Ever omnipresent

Rose Kanana

Love For Art

For whatever reason
Whitney Houston
Remains my heroine
Her music was and remains sober
We all make mistakes
Led by bad boys
I am not a perfect person
I am not a sojourner
I just love art
I just love theater
I just love soothing music
I just love to be me
For that I remain me-judge me for that

Rose Kanana

Malice

I laugh at her/him/it
It could be a robot
That thinks everything/one writes messages
Review it/your tact
For I am out of your league

Rose Kanana

Mama The Guardian Angel

Mama, for nine months we connected
My world in you was amazing
I depended on you fully
We shared a plate and a cup
You never complained i ate your share
Are you the guardian angel i was promised?

You ushered me into the world
As i left your inside world
I was scared of my new world
I cried a screeching cry
But you laughed at me
Are you the guardian angel i was promised?

In your hands lay the feeble me
You understood my language of cry
You even interpreted to daddy and my siblings every cry
You knew when discomfort encroached
You knew when it was a cheeky cry
Are you the guardian angel i was promised?

When i crawled you cleared the paths for me
I broke your valuables in my walk effort
You smiled at my mess as a sign of a greater value
You washed my soiled clothes with love
Nothing seemed so valuable than the gift of me
Are you the guardian angel i was promised?

My first spoken word was MA
I still call you to-date MA
I honor you for my first day to school
I had never and will never experience such a long day
You waited for me at the school
Are you the guardian angel i was promised?

You cheered me as a child
You cheered me as a teenager
You cheered me as a young adult
You cheered me while i wore black gowns

You still await the white gown hahaha
Are you the guardian angel i was promised?

Rose Kanana

Mother You Are The Best

A graceful woman
A woman of character
A woman of decorum
A woman with a purpose
Mother you are the best

Mother what makes you tick?
You look strong at the weakest moment
Your love is unconditional
Your prayers keep us going
Mother you are the best

Were you born this calm?
Did the world baptize you to this composure?
Where do you draw your strength from?
You amaze us mother
Mother you are the best

At the weakest moment you stand by us
At the weakest moment you pray for us
At the weakest moment you fast for us
At the weakest moment you cry with us
Mother you are the best

Mother we have seen you laugh
We have seen you shed tears of joy
We have seen you dance to our success
We have seen you walk with pride for us
Mother you are the best

We long to hear your stories
Your phone calls are the best
You are the real deal mother
Under your wings we hide
Mother you are the best

You taught us to have no room for idlers
You taught us that hard work pays
You taught us to love unconditionally

You taught us that all human beings are equal in Gods eyes
Mother you are the best.

Rose Kanana

My Beautiful Nieces

Cover your cleavage my nieces
For the fruits are not ripe for harvest
The world has changed-they get aroused at sight
The pedophiles eyes water with lust.
the gold rush is for the young

Cover your cleavage my nieces
Community parenting is no more
We lost the moral fabric
And when fruits are harvested early
They leave a tinge of regret.

Cover your cleavage my nieces
The climate change is real
Our age, 'pneumonia' was found in the dictionary
Your age- it is a household term
The doctors of today are commercial.

Rose Kanana

My Children, His Children, Our Children.

They found themselves in the best love dose
They quickly and eagerly embraced each other in warmth
They drank each others blessed waters
But kept off the discourse of my children; your children
And their previous knots
Now, our children have come in the mix
Her baby daddy is claiming his conjugal share
For he planted a seed in her
She has to give in because he was her first love
First love ghosts always Hoover around marriages
They have to deal with this dilemma that was swept under the carpet

Can we make a schedule to serve us and our children?
My children, your children, our children
Have become a monster in our marriage darling
The joy we had as we courted is dead
You promised that your baby daddy would never come between us
Now he is omnipresent in your life than before
We have to battle with our separation
For you kept not to the promise
Of not digging the grave of your past relationships
Where did we go wrong in making our choices?
My children, your children, our children have robbed us joy

Rose Kanana

My Lovely Nephews

My lovely nephews, the world is changing
The women are ruling the world
They are no longer worried about your pockets
Their worry is a proper mental engagement with you
You have to measure up my lovely nephews

My lovely nephews, the world is changing
Women are demanding partnership at home and in business
They negotiate for contracts with exemplary finesse
They are driving the economy today
My nephews they are demanding for men who can measure up

My lovely nephews, the world of women is changing
They are in touch with their sexuality
They know when, where and how they want it done
My nephews, don't be cowed by this aggression
Men can rule their world better when women know their needs and wants

My lovely nephews, the world of women is changing
women no longer shy away from exposing their mammalia
The streets are colored with their fore twins exposed
They phrase it as 'my body my choice, my dress my choice'
Don't stare at their fore twins with your mouth wide open
You will be sued for 'indecent stare'

My lovely nephews, don't touch them they are only meant for your eyes
Through the corner eye view -not a stare
Turn to God my lovely nephews for strength and guidance
Wear the spectacles that see no fore twin towers
Wear tinted spectacles that see no height of the skirt

My lovely nephews, the world is changing
Not all girls hold virginity with high regard
You still have a chance to decline the advances
You still have the chance to bring back the lost glory of respectable men

My lovely nephews, the world is changing
Boys and men want to pick unripe fruits
Unripe fruits are not best for your health

When fruits are eaten unripe a girls dreams are deferred
Respect the girls just as you respect my nieces and grandma
Take a deep breath when emotions overpower you-for that is lust.

Rose Kanana

My Stint As A Teacher

Teaching is considered the most noble career
My eighteen months were the most fulfilling
Changing the life of the youth through empowerment
I loved every bit of the walk

I loved the Poetry and literature classes
It brought out creativity to the students
I enjoyed short stories and drama
I felt enriched every single day

Come the final national exam
Worse than the candidates
Worse than the parents
The teacher holds their bowels too

The two-half hours are tormenting
Who says teachers don't sweat as the candidates write the paper?
It sounds easy being a teacher of languages
But it sounds freaking when they write that paper

I stand in the gap with all candidates, parents and the teaching fraternity

Rose Kanana

My Trophy Wife

I aimed high
Higher than my peers
I had to demonstrate that i was not in their league
I married a trophy wife
Well schooled
Widely traveled
She spoke the queens language through her nose
She had well manicured nails
I walked with swag showing off my trophy
My peers had total respect for me

She had got to the end of academic pillar
Her paycheck was admirable
Oh brother, she was nothing but a trophy
A trophy to nurse my ego
A trophy for my peers showbiz
I was hollow and lonely yet with a trophy
Deep within i admired my peers wives
They were not trophies
But they inflated their husbands ego
Like balloons filled with helium, they flew high in comfort

They make their husbands feel special
They have time for family
They make them sumptuous meals
Without minding their not hawk-like manicured nails
They receive me and my trophy not with a grin when we visit
But my trophy has an itinerary for guests
Hearty welcome is not for my folks
But for hers, for she was educated
To sieve the good from bad visitors
We are locked in our own world-lonely

Titles lie my brothers
I still think that a less trophy would have made me better man
A man of the people not a man for my trophy only-I am caged
I feel lonely yet i have a trophy
It has downed to me that the company of my chef is real worth
My trophy would rather eat in a five star hotel

Than fix us a meal in the house-the kitchen is not her preserve
I want to change for a lesser trophy
One that cares not about her nails, title or layers of mascara
One who is like my peers beautiful, warm and easy to engage wives

Oh my trophy wife when will you realize my ego is battered?
Oh my trophy wife when will you realize we need to save for our shadow days?
Oh my trophy wife when will you realize i need my conjugal rights?
Oh my trophy wife when will you realize that i need a baby with you?
Oh my trophy wife when will you realize there is the boy in me that needs the girl
in you?
The price i have to pay
For my public stunts
The price i have to pay for my ego
The price i have to pay for my trophy
Is this more than what i bargained for?

Rose Kanana

My Walls

I want to make my home great again
I will build a perimeter wall
And beef it up with an electric fence
And the razor wire
I will screen any person getting into my compound
Including myself
For i could be a threat
To the Flora and Fauna in my compound
I will ensure no relative of mine
Takes away my domestic managers job
By purporting to be my guest
My home is becoming great again
Only with an achievement of burning bridges
With a few neighbors
And destroying relations with humanity
Do NOT forget my purpose
'making my home great again'

Rose Kanana

My Wish

If I would be asked to make a wish
I would be the happiest human being
For my wish would be a gentle wish
A wish to meet my high school mathematics teacher
Just to let her know the mathematics of life have no logarithms

I would want to take her through a walk
A walk of mathematics of life
And remind her that I have no geometrical set
To do literary all my life mathematics
This would probably disappoint her

I would like to take her through
The mathematics of life
To realize that the grey hair that is about to pop up
Is because of the wisdom I have gained
Through proper balance of my life mathematics

My mathematics academic results would speak a contradictory message
In what I really do -comparatively -in real life
She would be proud and probably
Suggest a remark of my academic paper
Just to ensure that the discourse of the two is synchronized

Rose Kanana

Our New Label

News flashed in all media
Our fate was sealed
'They are not our own
They are an economic burden
They are a security threat
They have their own home'.

For decades the scorching sun had not spared us
Seated in a tarpaulin shelter
We had to endure-
Hope we had of retracing our journey back to motherland
Sooner than later

We cling on hope
We marveled at our big dreams
Hatched great vision inside the tarpaulin shelter
Those who understood our course stood by us
We have found hope, we have found love we are in our motherland.

Rose Kanana

Pedagogy Journey

Four year of blissful courtship
I was young, naïve and tender
You told me to join you in what you called common courses- I obliged
You told me that my tongue was heavy and I needed a makeover in phonetics-I obliged
You told me to stop being conservative- I obliged to the 'vulgar I '
Darling my love for you was very suffocating in volumes
The four years of blissful courtship deepened our relationship
Leaving you was very difficult despite telling me my tongue was too fossilized
But I kept saying that it depended on where one first drank their water
You told me that I even had the liberty to write in my tongue
But gave me an ultimatum to transcribe the same

We married after four years of courtship
I loved the exposure you gave me
We toured together and experienced different world views
I conceived and gave birth to many children
You told me good mothers take care of many children- I obliged
I kept getting pregnant every year with multiple children
They were all lovely and I felt no pain of yearly pregnancies
Some became scientists, social scientists, economists, politicians
Others decided to follow suit by getting pregnant like me

After eighteen months of the marriage bliss
I contemplated divorcing you
But you refused to sign my divorce papers
You held me hostage for I wanted to move on
I literary moved on
But I kept coming back to you for consultation and consolation
My new husband never satisfied me
I was used to getting pregnant and raising children
He told me that having children with him was not important
We needed to build a staircase for the children I already had with you

I miss you my first husband
Our children are in all corners of the world
They keep calling me TEACHER
I keep calling them my best children-I miss our children
My second marriage is rewarding

But not as rewarding as the first one-I still love and yearn for it
I plan to come back to you when I turn fifty years-will you accept me back?
I promise you that I will still be hot with energy
Energy that will shock you
I still cheat with you anyway

Only that my cheating with you is yet to bear a child
I am working on the plan for our last born
Once she is born, I will call her a BOOK
All my secrets will be written there
I hope your eyes won't be old enough to read my secrets
First love will always be the best
And my first love is education
Why am I not able to divorce from the education career?
They say once a teacher always a teacher
I keep thinking about you twelve years after our separation

Rose Kanana

Poetic Steps

I am taking the baby steps
i have the zeal
i have a dream
i have the energy
i have the courage
i am mastering the content
i shall be there

Rose Kanana

Poets Are Family Too

All human beings are uniquely created
Separate entities they are
Twins too have different finger prints
Why does your indifference cause us pain?

They may agree and disagree on ideologies
Give us substance to read and appreciate
That is what great minds are about
Why does your indifference cause us pain?

Poets build each other
Only the weak crash each other
For apparent triviality
Why does your indifference cause us pain?

Rose Kanana

Profiling -A Genesis To Therapy

It started like any other joke begins
We talked about tribal diversity
Voted under diversity influence
Sooner than expected it resulted into machete fiasco
The say 'we are there'
We saw them there
We heard them there

They worked round the clock
Had no time of their own
They profiled, profiled and profiled
They profiled legal breaches
They profiled malicious grazing on land
They profiled increase in infections
They were a family

A team to never forget
For our own house was burning but chose to be there to be consumed in the heat
They could not bear children sight as they slept in plastic sheet
They called them temporary shelter but
Was their precious life temporary?
Round the clock the hands came together
Logistics were in place

Accidents they experienced as they saved life's
Happy they were mobilizing construction of semi-permanent shelter
They saw life turn from hopelessness to hope
We saw the market flood with food once more
We called them resilient souls
We called them the DRC Molo team
We salute All -for you are always there....

Rose Kanana

See You In Cloud Nine

Election Campaigns- the imaginary orgasms they are
They give you false hope
You get imaginary satisfaction
Only that electorates have mastered
The art of cheating you
To gain a packet of flour
Which in an ordinary circumstance
You would not buy them
Learn to master that not all orgasms are genuine
They do it to please your ego
And vote for those they like best
Clean up your manifesto

Rose Kanana

Spare Us Your Lies

With pomp and style we are entering a new era
We have pimped our vehicles
We have painted the vehicles- attractive
We have sewn the campaign regalia
We are gearing for a rigorous era
Shhh remember children are watching you
Shhh remember our ears aren't deaf

Spare us the vulgar words our dear politicians
Spare us your public mud slinging
Spare us your lies
For what we need is the delivery of services
That is why we cast our vote for you
You will spend every dime to lure us into your camp
Like sheep we will be immersed into your vain talk

Why are we this gullible in this era of civilization?
As you pick that microphone dear politician
Know that we so much look up to your word
Know that the society holds you accountable
Tell us what you will deliver for Wanjiku
Spare us your lies
Don't drain our taxes into campaigns
For we still have cancer to grapple with

The history we read stated that by 2015 all households will have tapped water
It is now 2016 we still carry water cans on our fragile backs
Tell us of good governance
Let those who have been working give us a profile of their action
We need no insults to those that labor
We need no perennial pomp

We are happy that you will feed idlers
We are happy that the youth will have perennial jobs during campaigns
But remember good governance is what we cry for
Remember that vanity is discouraged in Holy books
Dear madam-sir politician listen to your inner voice
Before you voice your words in public.

Take Me Back To Old Days

I long for the old days

Where we belonged to the society and the society belonged to all

I long for the old days where we smiled from the heart not from our teeth

I long for the days where communal activities brought us together as a society-
no one felt alienated in a crowd

Take me back to the days of hearty laughs for heart conditions were less

Take me back to society parenting for family feud was less

Take me back to healthy eating for doctors had less stress

Take me back to the mainstream religions for i didn't have to worry about how
big a seed i plant for a prayer

Take me back to the days where the human being was the center of life not the
machine they drive or their wallets

Take me back to the old days where children swam in rivers and saw no physical
or mental nudity

How i long for the beautiful old days!

Rose Kanana

Ten Years Back

A day like today
Ten years back
I look back with a lot of nostalgia
And mixed feelings
I landed to a new home
Cidade de Maputo
I had hugged my loved ones goodbye
Some that I never got to say real goodbyes
Never met again in my homeland
I made new friends in another homeland
I met real humanitarian workers
Who gave their all as workers

But today I am not happy
To learn that political upheavals
Have erupted in my once upon a time home
I loved the Country i called home
I can only wish them the best
For Humanitarian workers ears
Are always on ground
Hoping for the best
But planning for the worst
God bless Mozambique

Eu gusto! !

Rose Kanana

Terrific Trio

Weekends- i call them rejuvenation sessions
They can never be better than
When team energizers-my siblings- are around
When they meet titles are kept aside
They are the little girls and boy
Who grew under the same roof

There is the prayer worrier who sends us prayer at 3am
She wants to know whether we recite the rosary
She is full of life, charisma and love
She is the jokes reservoir I so love her chats
Her antennas are well connected on latest global trends
Doc, u are amazing

There goes small brother a real family man he is
His comments leave you in stitches
I don't know where he gets his fabricated vocabularies
Of describing single ladies and men
This, i have learn to enjoy his sense of humor
Never mind he is the best gym client; i don't see the fruits

There goes small sister
My daddys marriage messenger to me
She will give you many ideas on literary everything
She is robust with energy and beauty
Being the family baby she knows what fine stuff is fun it was with her rib -to- be
I am energized for the week because of the terrific trio who made the weekend
awesome

Rose Kanana

The Aging Technology

The women guild members sat to celebrate life achievement
It was awesome for the beautiful women
They counted themselves lucky to be alive courtesy of God
They discussed their life milestones
They discussed about their children
They discussed about their loving husbands
They discussed technology
What was pleasant was how technology had 'aged'-to them
The youthful bliss had withered

With laughter they read out their mobile phones contact list Mama- Ochieng, Bra-
Mtindwa, plumber- Mtinda, mechanic-Karugu Technology has really 'aged' from
sweetie- Nduku, darling husband, Carol -msupa
But their faces had the youthful glow
They were smarter than their smart phones
They never send 'please call, me thank you'
The most important buttons were the red and green ones
Apps were like aliens on earth

For technology had aged
Aged enough to do mobile banking
Old enough to discipline a grand child remotely
Old enough to monitor shenanigans
Old enough to remotely manage a husband
Old enough for only youthful photos storage
Old enough to baby sit a child
Old enough for shopping

Rose Kanana

The Angelic Stranger

He wakes me up with a message of prayer
He wakes me up with a message of hope
He wakes me up with a message of love
He wakes me up with a message of devotion to work
He wakes me up with a message of future
He has awakened the poetic giant in me -i know him not

Rose Kanana

The Best Of Best

The week comes to an end
It gives reasons to look back and smile at you
It gives reasons to look back and smile to the world
It gives you reasons to look back and probably regret
Just give thanks for your breathe
For that in itself is worth gratitude

His priorities may not have been yours
Her priorities may not have been his
But living harmoniously is what was key
A cloud of doubt always casts itself
You have to weather the season
Not all seasons are similar

Not all friends are perfect
Not all lovers are perfect
Not all spouses are perfect
Look not for perfection
Learn to make lemonades but don't be its constant consumer
Tangerines may taste sweeter-you may need new adventure

When the feelings are dry
It is time to move on
For sticking to no feelings is like having no covenant
Cultivate positive thoughts
For positive thoughts are best
If sanity has to prevail in you

When dreams wither-your life withers
Ensure that you work on rekindling dreams
When hope is gone life becomes useless
Ensure that you work on rekindling it
When the inner spirit dies
You die physically, emotionally and mentally

The best of best comes at no cost
Be the best of best to the world
For the world is made best by you and me
Let us be the best of best to each other
For our best to come from within us

We must reciprocate the best of best in us

Rose Kanana

The Cord

We share a cord my lovely ones
A cord so tight that love flows
We share a cord that none can tear
For we are bound to be siblings

Years apart we were born
But we celebrate each other
We have cried together in loss
Of our elder lovely angels

We keep celebrating each other
For we know no single day
Will we lack each others back
For we were bound by a cord

Anniversaries are there to cherish
Success is there to celebrate
You shed tears of unwavering love and joy
For this cord we share is tight

To your spouses we extended the love
For spouses to come we shall extend more love
We share a cord my siblings
That only God can preserve.

Rose Kanana

The Curse Conspiracy

Are curses a conspiracy theory to make the living- living dead?
What was good in curses?
Would your bones rest in peace when you curse?
No way! Bones that curse don't rest in peace
None would rest in peace
Six feet under when the living are not happy
For choices that are not of their own making
For choices that none courted
Why do people thrive in others agony through cursing?
The world knows the truth
One cannot fool God
They can fool fellow human beings with curse threats
But not God
God is not a God that promises suffering to His children
And so curses should not ooze from
A Godly man or woman's mouth

Rose Kanana

The Deep Society Facade

Suppose all the mask was unmasked
Would the 'celibate' priest
Stand on the pulpit and preach celibacy?
Would the Convent have virgin nuns?
Would the dogmas of religion still hold us 'hostage? '
Would we stop killing
In the name of who and what we believe in?
Just a random thought on religion I pen here

Suppose all the mask was unmasked
Would the medic who took the oath to serve
Feel guilty for watching
That innocent citizen passing on?
Would they have the guts?
To face the patients
After every cyclic strikes?
Just a random thought for those who spend time in books

Suppose all the mask was unmasked
Would the learned friend
Walk with a smile of no shame
For having represented a criminal
And circumventing justice?
Is the innocent serving a sentence?
For wrongs that the learned friend did deliberately?
Just a random thought for our learned friends

Suppose all the mask was unmasked
Would we all
Have contributed to the rot of corruption
That small token you gave the cop
To avert the ticket of speed driving
Did you cause more threat?
To the fight against corruption
Just a random thought for all of us

Suppose all the mask was unmasked
Would all of us be accused?
Of racism, nepotism, tribalism, clannism
That little effort you made
To ensure your 'own' gets through a long list
Are we all guilty as charged?
Let us all take a walk through our conscience
Just a random thought for all of us

Rose Kanana

The Destiny Of Love

They are weak in each others arms
Yet strong characters they are individually
What makes them tick amazes themselves
They share not a career
But they share a destiny

A destiny prescribed by true love
A destiny of a shared world view
A destiny defined by God
Human they are bound by a cord that only God can cut
But they share a destiny

Looking into their eyes
They portray hope for each other
They are like a road sinage
To unknown destination
But they share a destiny

They may not know the hills, valleys ahead of them
Focusing on optimism makes it perfect
For human they are bound to make mistakes
While emotions overwhelm they acknowledge
For they share a destiny

They know the solutions to every overwhelming act
For indeed emotions can be over powering
Oh lovely ones walk in the light and in the Lord
They are human and they have a testimony
To the beautiful destiny of love

Rose Kanana

The Embrace

She looked at me and started crying
The effort to reach out for me was dire
For she had identified not with me but with the head gear i wore
We reached out to each other
We could not communicate
For we knew not each other first, second or third language
A smile was warm enough to communicate

Maybe my headgear made her feel at home with me
Her tight embrace of not letting go spin my mind
As i held her on my bosom
Her shivers left a lot to desire
Of what this little girl had gone through her life
She held me tighter for every little move i made
I held her tightly-an assurance of my total love, care and submission

Her feeble hands round my neck was comfort
The embrace never lasted an hour
Deep into thoughts i wished i could take her home with me
To be my daughter, to embrace her and assure her
That the world is not as cruel as her shivers communicated
I wondered where her parents were
I wondered what was going on in this little angels mind

My time to board and leave was approaching
Psychology told me to look for a head geared woman like me
None was in the vicinity
Will i hand over this little angel to anyone?
She had totally ignored her minder and chose me as stranger
I prayed that she sleeps to allow me do the handover
But any step i made was a step of a tighter embrace by the angel

I finally found a rescue
Who not only wore a head gear but also spoke her language
My journey was not good, had i done my best?
But what would i have done while on transit?
More than a year is gone
The thoughts of the little angel
Struck my mind at the wee hour of the morning

I decided to do my- in the train -hobby of writing
A flash back that has brought tears
A flash back that reminds me of my job
A flash back that makes me ponder about her family reunification
Was it successful?
A flash back that informs me that
A family torn by war walks through heavy tides

I miss you little angel and pray that you finally found your family

Rose Kanana

The Epidermis Attraction

Attractive she looks
Well made up than a Christmas tree
The beholders eyes have been conned
Of her true age and her birth complexion
Is make up a pros or con?
She radiates during the day
Exhibits a lot of confidence
The physical look is so good for the day
Will the groom feel conned when the facial mask is removed?
What else is fake in you darling?

Today you looked like that pleasant musician
I so love her songs...her beauty is natural yours is fake
Yesterday you looked like my best movie star...her beauty is natural
Saturday you looked like that pleasant cast member in my best soap opera...but
remember her beauty is skin deep
What will you look like tomorrow?
What complexion will be our children?
I suppose that of the joints of your fingers-for masks cannot perfect
imperfections

What is your age during the day darling?
Does it conflict at night when you pull down the heavy mask? Hail be to mascara,
hail be to concealers
For he really does not know his brides skin and age
Have we raped the notion that black is beauty?
Why are we destroying the free melanin and ironically invest in sunscreen having
raped our skin?
Darling, you call it make up i call it damage

Behind the make up we see a deflated ego
Behind the make up we see a person in need of society approval
Behind the mask we see external beauty
And begin to doubt the internal beauty
Fake it darling to the very end
Fake your heavy accent too to match the mascara you wear
Fake it to the alter but for sure you wont fake it to the grave
But your facelifts will be done at your own cost

Your breasts now stand like the noon sunshine
Will the silicon lift cost me a dime to maintain them?
I promise to work hard to take care of our children
But will you breastfeed them for fear of drooping breasts?
I will walk you down the isle for your outer beauty has truly blinded me
And pray that you will maintain your fake beauty for life
I take the vows tomorrow
For I am suffering the Epidermis Attraction disease

Rose Kanana

The Flight And Plight

We once upon a time called you a nation
We proudly sang the anthem
We proudly raised the flag
but the black cloud of brutality rained on us

The bullets flowered
With machetes we were clobbered
Where did we go wrong Allah!
Where did we go wrong God

Our guards turned into hyenas
Our flesh they devoured
Our innocence they took away
We conceived bastards-a permanent scar we have

Why are you hungry for power?
Is brutality the only measure to power
Power oh! Power they dine like kings
We dine like paupers

Passports they had tightly secured for their loved ones
We queued the entire day under the scorching sun
We courted our own destiny
Destiny through the vote- to the camp

Long distances we walked
Food we had none
water we had none
life was lost in plight

Our guest received us across the border
The gesture of love to strangers we were shown
Not for too long, a burden we were
Even the host got a burn out

We long for family reunion
We long for constitution respect
We long for peace and tranquility

We once upon a time called you a nation

Rose Kanana

The Flowers Were Plucked

At the age of 30 his dreams were falling in place
A daddy's title he was enthroned
He lived not to be called uncle in life
that fateful night
He faced the wrath of thugs
The flower was plucked

She had just turned 40
A beautiful mother of 3 she was
Ten years of guaranteed bliss she shared with him
Life had just began
Oh! cruel cancer you strike at the peak
The flower was plucked

His calmness was haunting
His smile brightened the world
He lived his life he loved music and art
The best marks man He was
He was destined to protect his country borders
The flower was plucked

Her Smile was bewitching
A warm heart she had
She loved fine things and changed the worst to fine
A great educator she was
They spoke about her even in death as a model
The flower was plucked

Why do you take the best?
She warned us not to interrogate God
Why at their peak?
She warned us not to interrogate God
For heaven she was sure about
The flower was plucked

Death plucks the best
Strikes at the peak
Cares less about emotions-it is ordered that way
Fare thee well brother

Fare the well sister
The flowers were plucked

Rose Kanana

The Honey And Ak47 Celebration

The gathering by the road side began
The congregants had not expected
That they would be served or serve the honey brew
For it had been a long day full of chores for them
No sooner had they gotten cosy into final discussions
Than the police AK47 bullets showered

It was a sweet sad ending to disperse the roadside gathering
Each taking their route to various destinations
Feeling guilty as to why they chose to have the road side honey celebration
Without proper security details or helmets to protect the strangers
They hoped that there were no casualties caused through the impromptu
gathering

For only a sage would have decoded the message of this gathering
They hoped to plan for a rejoinder
But the fear of the eventful-fateful evening was still there
Guilt, anxiety of the unknown filled them
But happy the congregants remained
For they had tested the waters of the Police machine

Rose Kanana

The Invisible Chains

We are not physically chained
But freedom we have not
Oh dearest freedom why are you elusive?
For how long do we remain in the shadows of invisible chains?
Why are the invisible chains painful than the metallic chains?
Close to three decades we saw no fences yet we were chained
Our hands and legs had no metal chains but we remained chained
Why is freedom so elusive?

Respect humanity by breaking physical chains
Respect humanity by breaking emotional chains
Respect humanity by non violation of rights chains
Respect humanity by breaking the hate chains
Oh freedom! why are you so elusive?

We have nothing left to lose
You ripped us off our pride through rape
You ripped us off the remaining dignity by making us queue for hours for assistance
You ripped us off the remaining dignity by profiling us as criminals
You ripped us off the remaining dignity by allowing us to share a bedroom with our grown up children
Oh freedom! why are you so elusive?

How we yearn for freedom
How we yearn for emancipation
How we yearn for freedom to tour the continent
How we yearn for freedom to partake into the state plans
How we yearn for freedom to be human beings
Freedom, oh freedom why are you so elusive?

Rose Kanana

The Little Ones

Auntie, the night runners are coming
We snack at midnight
Ensure enough baking flour is there
And samosas
Goes my lovely niece soft but assertive voice
For you i will darling

The movies stars are here
The talented musician is here
Its gonna be a real camp rock moment with the trio
You can trade a gem for this trio
They know time for books and time for play
Don't mix, and for this auntie loves them

Its been a rocking and rolling moment
Life has no time for bile
I love you to the moon and back
My trio little ones
You make my world real
My nephews and nieces

Rose Kanana

The Morning Charmer

He is mysterious, He is unpredictable
He is unknown to them but keeps them as friends
How does he manage to yoke them and remain non-committal?
He calls all sweetie and they flock to him
He tells them all that he wants to marry them
And give them babies-they believe him
None of them understands his mystery
Oh heavens! when will the search end?

Biblical allusions he quotes
Commitment he promises all
Marriage he promises all
Children he promises all
Total love he promises all
What a charmer he sure is
He takes away innocence in a snap of a finger
Oh heavens! when will the search end?

He spares no age
He spares no creed
He spares no marital status
He spares no parental status
A charmer he sure is
He reads not their communication and bothers not with them
But he swears of his undying love for all
Oh charmer! when will your chase for a wife end?

Rose Kanana

The Snooze Abuse

It feels nice
When you make a cup of milk honey and choco
Before you retire
It feels even better
When you set the alarm
And it indicates eight hours thirty minutes
It is morning
Eight hours later
And you still want to keep snoozing the alarm
After every five minutes
Your body just refuses
But your in-tray may pile up
If you just write that sms
'feeling unwell today boss'
Is laziness synonymous to unwell in the morning?
We all identify with this feeling
Once in a lifetime and we keep wondering
Why we are employed YET
We can write books, short stories and poems....
Oh! I better stop snoozing! ! !

Rose Kanana

The Soliloquy Of The Missus

Why does she look so disgruntled?
Why does her body seem shriveled?
Has life been unkind to her?
Have the angels deserted her?
She was once a joyful, happy go lucky girl

But the world seem to have taught her lessons
Lessons that no professor would have taught
Lessons that made her strong
Lessons that built her character
Lessons that you and I could not handle

She looked lost in thoughts
Thoughts not of yesterday
Thoughts of today
Thoughts of her future
Destiny was about to be printed bright but she didn't notice

Rose Kanana

The Stolen Honey.

Two decades of bliss they had
The honey jar was sweet not to be spared
She was young and naive but the honey was irresistible
Before God and man they stood
To declare their love and affection to the world
'Here comes the bride here comes the bride'
We sang our heart's out
She looked like a goddess
Her smile was like charm to all
She was walked down the isle by the daddy
The dream of every little girl
With tears rolling down her cheeks
A fine wife she is

The vows 'for better for worse'
We sang more and more and more
'The vows go unbroken and you still know I do'
The two lovebirds were joined in holy matrimony
We danced to our youthful bones
Like hogs we ate
We spared no left overs
This was our day too
Aloud we spoke blessings
In whispers we gossiped about the two decades stolen honey
We showered them with gifts
And they lived happily thereafter
A fine wife she is

Rose Kanana

The Strangers Date

The day finally came
she sat at a strategic point
He too sat strategically
their eyes met and locked
and they knew they were each others date

two hours seemed like two seconds
the vibe seemed casual on culture diversity
he escorted her to the shuttle
and had the final announcement of arrival home
with gratitude for the time two strangers had met

will they see each other again?
are the chats good enough for sustained loyalty?
only time will tell
for only strangers with a common dream can be friends
She waits, He waits, They wait.

Rose Kanana

The Strike Season

Let us flower the streets
With placards
With tree twigs
Insensitive we shall be to business people
Insensitive we shall be to patients
Insensitive we shall be to students
As we sing the 'must go' and 'solidarity' anthem

For our rights to earn are supreme
We shall recover through locum
We shall recover through private tuition
We shall recover finally by reciting bought exam papers
We don't really mind quality -you can choose home schooling
We don't really mind death- it is inevitable
We mind our right to pay- we blame devolution

Do we really deserve the pay? yes we do
Do we really deserve locum pay? yes we do
Do we really deserve private tuition fee? yes we do
It's a money minting society
Give us our pay-is all we need
Empty promises will lead to death
Empty promises will lead to a generation of rote learners

Rose Kanana

The Symbol Of Love

She looked lovely
We looked lovely
The mood was great
As she walked down the isle
Hand in hand the parents held her

Gladly she was handed over
To her new parents
To her love for life
The one she will share her dreams with
The one who will be her love for life

The Orchestra melted our hearts
As two hearts were joined
In holy matrimony
We pray for you our dear one
Marriage is a chapter in itself

A chapter that has no formulae
A chapter where expectations
Should be toned down
As the basket comes empty
Both of you have to fill it

Like a career
Relationships are worked on diligently
Now, marriage has cemented it my lovely ones
Do your best and God shall bless it
You took a vow before God and man

The vow that we shall all pray
That it lasts till death
He has given you the best promise-to love
She has given you the best promise-to respect
Together work on your promises

Rose Kanana

The Synchronized Heart Beats

He spread the red roses petals in his bed
He lit the candles
He placed two wine glasses by the bedside
He Switched on the radio-the music was soothing
The fragrance -inviting
The mood for the evening was set

He had rehearsed the entire week
On one Knee he was to go a second time
This time he was sure God had send him an angel for a wife Their heart beat
seemed synchronized from heaven
They both knew that the Lord had spoken
As children of God they had to obey

The Mood became tantalizing
He rehearsed more and more the lyrics
He was sure her weight could not break his back
He would carry her to where the petals lay waiting
The hour of the princess arrival came
He could smell her fragrance from a distance

The rehearsed moves seemed elusive at this hour of need
His well rehearsed lyrics, sweet words deserted his tongue
He cooed and whimpered like a baby
He went down on the wrong knee
He held the diamond ring in the wrong hand
He developed some goosebumps

The husky voice of the nurse shouted....Next patient please
That is how his day dream ended-Back to work

Rose Kanana

The Uncomfortable Conversation

Have we spend enough quality, private time together?

Do we really know this person we are going to spend the rest of your life with?

Do we love each other more than we know each other?

Are we caught up in the wrong motivation for marriage?

Will we figure out after the marriage band who we really are?

We don't want to know who we really are after that band right?

Will there be a marriage after the vows?

Will you discover after the vows that you married a different person?

Will you love the wrinkles in his/her face?

Will you love him/her when diabetes takes away the libido?

Will you love him/her when an accident deforms their face?

We don't want to know who we really are after that band right?

Will your family be his/her burden?

What influence will our relatives have on us after our band?

Will we be married after babies come in the picture?

Do we sign the prenuptial now that divorce is glorified more than marriage?

This must be an uncomfortable conversation darling but

We don't want to know who we really are after that band right?

Rose Kanana

The Vows Of The Eyes

Today i take the vow to love you
To behold you
And to cherish you
When i look straight into your eyes
I see the truthfulness in you
Without a blink
Your eyes emit assurance

Eyes speak much about love
And that is what your eyes have spoken to my heart
Our past may not be as white as linen
But our tomorrow dictates we live today
For yesterday is gone
Let us stick to the message of our eyes

We promise to be human
For human beings don't mask emotions
You will see my sad emotions through
The same eyes that you now see love emotions
Together we shall handle all emotions
Let your eyes be the window to my life with you
For guilty eyes look away

Unfaithful eyes will never meet faithful eyes
Allow me to read your eyes
Not your voice
For me to understand the depth of love
through the inner eyes is us
For today i take the vow
To love, behold and cherish you

Rose Kanana

They Can Make It

The pride of a scholar
Is not much in what they attain in paper
The pride of a scholar is in
How they bring change around them and in them
Tears of joy engulf them
When the determination in a young mind
Seem so convincing that
They will bring change in the war torn country
They can make it against all odd

A phone call from miles away makes us proud
And we all run to document not only the immediate
But also the long term impact
Don't we love to see a young mind become better than us?
What else would we give to guests who have been family for over 2.5 decades?
The best gift to any child is an education
It takes them to higher horizons
It changes their mindset
No wealth is better than the wealth of the mind

Rose Kanana

To My Closet Lover

You will smile all through your youthful life
Because I have chosen to make you happy
Happy as queen Latifa
Do you have the charm and Charisma of a faithful wife?
Please remain in the closet -that is where you belong

I will build you an empire to make you happy
For your happiness is drawn from worldly material
I will even buy you a grave- if you like
For I am here to make you happy
But please remain in the closet -that is where you belong

Your happiness is mine
For when you are happy; I am happy
I can extract the product of your happiness
As you extract my not dented wallet
But please remain in the closet -that is where you belong

I want to remind you that
My covenant with you
Shall last with you as long as I have my breathe
Do not claim inheritance when I am gone
For you belong to the closet

Do not claim paternity test when I am long gone
I want to be respected in death
I want my bones to rest traditionally in peace
For I have hidden you in a closet
Where only mistresses like you belong

Rose Kanana

Under The Papaya Tree

Under the papaya tree they sat
They relived and replayed their childhood days They were hardly ten
years old when they sat there This time not to enjoy the cashew nuts but
to launch a vision A vision of walking their families unity To make a
better world for their children
A vision for the nation
To make a better world for you and me

They talked about the soiled hands of the society They talked about
competition in looting public funds They talked about 'diluted' system of
education They talked about the prolific politics and ethnic profiling

But

What was their contribution to change?
What was their next action to good governance? What was their role in
redeeming the moral decadence? I 'grabbed' a theme for my literary work
as this was my world
Darkness fell on them
They still sat under the papaya tree
Had eaten and drank the traditional 'muratina'

Had they changed the society?
Was the discussion a worth course?
Biblically did they deserve to eat on this day? Their women had fetched
water and firewood The girls had done the cooking
The boys brought the animals back from graze lands
The chicken were back to the poultry house
They ate to fill and belched
They went to demand the last share of conjugal rights from their tired women
What a society unit shame

Rose Kanana

Unknown Humanitarian Destination

I boarded the flight
Uncertain of my destination
Uncertain of my safety
The zeal for what lay ahead proved important than me
Saving a life was not an option for me

Was i selfish to my family?
Was i selfish to myself?
Was i selfish to my love?
I had a greater mission ahead.
Saving a life was not an option for me

They spoke not my language, I spoke not their language
We spoke the language of humanity-this, we understood best
They profiled me, i profiled them
We profiled each other, the cement of trust was cast
Saving a life was not an option for me

I asked for a peek into their plight
They opened their wounded hearts
They opened their close to empty houses
They exposed their vulnerability-without an iota of shame
Saving a life was not an option for me

Empathetic i was
Confidentiality i promised
We both ached -I found a home far from home
I called it a program, i called it a project
Saving a life was not an option for me

Rose Kanana

Where Is Home?

She sat under the acacia tree
her mind lost in thoughts
a decision had to be made
a tough decision it was

Where is home?
the sweet home that i have not known before
the home i so wish to return to
a home that i hope to like

Rose Kanana

Where Is The Public Participation

My nieces, while we enjoyed our festive season
They debated, debated and debated-the debate was to your peril my darlings
They are all adults- may be with daughters -May be without - but the debate was
loop-holed
Your consent period to enjoy sexuality may have a full-house of men and women
of integrity as debaters
Probably not even as full as matters national security debates
They want you young and juicier-16 is what they literary said is sweet
Now, they practically want 16 to be sweetest

Should they debate, debate and debate more
We will have no legal obligation to protect you my nieces
While they debate, I want to remind you my dear nieces
That Sexual Rights are enshrined in the declaration of sexual rights
When you are of age like auntie,
You will notice that that declarations state, recognize, affirm, reaffirm
And underscores matters -sexual but we leave you to...

Make your own decisions about being sexual (or not)
The right to tell anyone that you are not comfortable being hugged or kissed in
certain ways
The right to ask a partner if she or he has been examined for sexually
transmitted infections (STIs)
The right to tell a partner what you would like sexually
The right to stop sexual activity at any time-including during or just before
intercourse
The right to sexual privacy, to sexual equity, to sexual health care to sexual
information based upon scientific inquiry to emotional sexual expression

Auntie is old school but she has the right to inform her nieces- for rights and
obligations are intertwined.

Rose Kanana

Within Boundaries

My beloved Country
When will peace prevail?
When will induced rape and death be of the past?
We harbor scars of our dead loved ones that we never buried
Guard us beloved-for thy neighbors' honey isn't sweeter than ours
We are better within our boundaries
The world is better with us there

Rose Kanana

You Chose To

You chose to hold my hand and walk with me
Not because i was a perfect human being
Not because i had the perfect body shape
Not because i wore make up
Not because i cruised in a ship
But because you understood humanity

You chose to check on me everyday
Not because you had no one else to check on
Not because your communication budget was large
Not because i was the best to communicate to and with
Not because it was an obligation
But because you understood communication builds bridges

You chose to tell me that you cherished our friendship
Not because you had no friends before we met
Not because my company was the most important
Not because your friends were busy with other friends
Not because friendship is a necessity to the world
But because of the value you placed on our friendship

You chose to tell me that you loved me
Not because you had never loved before
Not because you had no one else to love you back
Not because love is a command from God
Not because i was the most lovable person in the world
But because you believed in loving me as a human being.

Rose Kanana

Your Life-Our Business

Our son from another mother
Books you have read
Read them again and again
But you must oblige to our quest
The quest for a wife
The quest for children
We know no other sounds that soothe our ears
Than the sound of a cooing and wimping baby
Will you give us a wife?
Will you give us a baby?
Will our pressure compel you
To bring us what is within our disposal or yours?

Our son from another mother
We value your knowledge
But our culture is superior
We will ask u uncomfortable questions son
For we care
Is it fear for women you have?
Are you stingy not to take care of a wife?
Do your 'tools of trade' rise to the occasion
Does the flag fly half mast?
Our business is your business son
More of our business than yours..you know!
Men are said to be men enough when they sire son
And so are daughters

Our son from another mother
Take the courage to love
To reorganize yourself
To purpose marriage
This is the language we understand best
Will you or will you not wear
The amour of courage to love, to cherish and to behold
To kiss and to break the fences?
That is the language the world understands son
The language of procreation
Your world is not their world son
Let your choice be the best son

For marriage is a lifetime sweet prison-choose your prison-mate wisely

Rose Kanana