

Poetry Series

Samuel Kegwaro
- poems -



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Samuel Kegwaro()

I am a Literary Enthusiast!



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Peaceful Country

Demonstrations are over
but your loathsome combatants roam the streets,
in military fatigue
to intimidate us with their ferocity.
Your irate and insolent men kill and maim us,
riddling our emaciated bodies with bullets,
as they defile and rape vulnerable women and children
then jeer them.
And you feign innocence as you ascend to power.
Journalists kidnapped and incriminated,
then slaughtered in cold blood
for being politically incorrect
and executing their duties diligently
and professionally.
They are silenced for saying the truth
and hindering you from gaining power.
Families evicted for their political allegiance
to your competitors.
Common masses crushed then alienated
and the elites cajoled
with prodigy children suppressed
Yet they do not know what politics is
in this "peace loving country."

Samuel Kegwaro

Newborn

A soothing breeze blows from south and yonder,
Whispering to the acacia trees,
Seeping to the ears of the congregation,
Under the canopy of newly-elected tents.
Next to the beautifully furnished church.
The sun pelting it with its rays.

A woman in new multicoloured attire ululates,
Startling a young girl clinging to her mothers
beautiful dress.
The crowd joins in singing,
accompanied with clapping.
Two boys run helter skelter among the trees,
Pelting each other with red soil,
as they try to outshine each other.

A woman here, a man there and down there
children dot the new church compound.
Doing this or that and murmuring
to each other.
Perhaps happy
Or may be...

The wind whistles as maiden songs
and dance,
rant the air
Arresting the attention of neighbours
who throng to the church compound
in anticipation,
singing monosyllabic songs;
oh! oh!
A beautiful child has been born!

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3: 30a.M

The lights in my study are on,
at 3: 30 a.m

A car speeds off,
along the road below.
Its headlights penetrating the darkness.
Perhaps its occupants wondering,
why my lights were on.
Not knowing I am reading,
Emily Dickinson's poetry in solitude.

I too wondering,
what errand the driver is running,
and for whom!

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The Cat And Cobra Duel

Behind my house,
under that big tree.
A black cat challenges a cobra to a duel,
in the dead of the night.

The cat smote the cobra,
the cobra countered the challenge.
This is a deadly fight,
at the ungodly hour of the night.

That black cat is maimed,
the cobra's poison taking its toll.
As the cobra vanishes into the darkness.
But whose cat is this?
Whose cobra is this?
Perhaps
they belong to the night runner,
who knocked my door yesternight.

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Beautiful Scenery

I walk across the hills,
stumble down the valleys and crawl up the mountains.
The sun shines upon vegetation,
as the rain subsides.
And beautiful virgin flowers blossom.

A sunflower orientates itself towards the sun.
White and pink roses blossom,
Igniting love memories,
in this beautiful scenery.

The valleys and mountains shine,
with a mixture of hue.
Thanks to the rain, the sun above and the myriad of flowers,
that colour the world.

Bees and insects make merry,
hopping from flower to flower in search of nectar,
from a diversity of flower flavours.

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The Strange Dove

My son caught a beautiful and vivacious dove,
as beautiful as an angel,
resting on a parapet.

The dove was white as snow and loved my all in the household.

One morning at 6: 00 a.m;
on the 6th of January 2016,
the dove wafted away with my son,
ominously causing a tumult,
leaving his brother morose.

The clouds swallowed my son.
He is now with angels and seraphs,
his image cannot be obliterated.
His contagiou smile and laughter,
greatly missed.
A strange dove stole my son!

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The Death Of My House

My house is beautifully furnished,
with paraphernalia for a comfortable life.
Her living room is splendid,
her kitchen good for my health.
Her bedroom intrigues me.
Oh! my beautiful house.

The floor of my house is diaphanous;
complete with expert artistry.
Her walls burnished cream and brown,
Her roof beautifully festooned,
leaving me exuberant.
Oh! my beautiful house.

My beautiful house is now askew,
her former image irredeemable.
Her kitchen leaves me desolate,
her inexorable roof in disarray.
Oh! my beautiful house is sick!

Yesternight,
My beautiful house breathed her last,
without intimation.
Her incredulous death,
leaving me an orphan.
Oh! my beautiful house has caved in.

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The Women Of This Town

Sitting outside dilapidated houses,
Clad in transparent braless blouses,
To accentuate fake breasts,
as they beguile destitute and affluent men,
into their slaying dens,
to abate their nocturnal desires with no apathy.
The women of this town!

Walking ambly along the streets,
in micro miniskirts with no underclothes,
brandishing tired thighs, smelling of cheap perfumes,
In search of easy prey.
The women of this town!

Swaying billowy hips, in gyration like a crone,
As they endeavour to attract,
benign amateurish boys,
to quench their thirst.
The women of this town!

These slay queens trap docile prey,
in imposture as they fetter, gore then slay them.
The women of this town!

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Old Age

Though aged and wrinkled,
I am fearfully and wonderfully made.
Thanks to the woman,
Who made out of me a man,
And He who created the world.

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One Day I Will Die

One day I will die,
but dont shed a tear for me,
For that is a good riddance to you.
One day I will die,
but dont come near me.
For in life you never came close to me.
One day I will die,
but dont dig my grave.
For you said you will never bury me.
But what if you die before me?
Should I shed a tear or not?
Should I come near you?
Should I dig your grave?
Shoul I or should I not?
I think I should,
but dont be too sure,

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My Mother's Face

Sad but smiling,
Wrinkled yet happy.
Tearful but expressionless,
Distant yet so caring.
My mother's face never grows old,
Nor does it tire!

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My Neighbourhood

Cocks crowing,
As darkness gives way for the sun,
Smoke pillows from huts,
Women carrying water pots,
Children running to school,
Men rushing to farms with hoes,
Shops opening for business,
It is morning in my neighbourhood.
Sweet aroma from houses,
Children going for lunch,
Cows rushing to quench their thirst,
Dusty men with hoes and rolled sleeves,
Women with firewood on their backs,
It is lunch time in my neighbourhood.
Birds singing sweet ballads,
Their sonority echoing through the forest,
School children pelting each other with sand,
With packbacks dangling from their backs,
On their way home from school,
Cow boys with long sticks,
Lashing at cows to form a single file as they head home,
And darkness engulfs the universe,
It is evening in my neighbourhood.

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