

Poetry Series

Victor Ogoti
- poems -

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Victor Ogoti()

Cammila

she was beautiful and illustrious
a cherubim pick as comrades implied
but when her lover implied adieu
Camilla couldn't live with that
and staring through her flatware
of white rice and steaming tea
a heart so torn in a myriad of shreds
a zealous search through the rice
and not a spoon through her lips
she saw it best to dine with saints

Her kindred mused she let it go
that golden pellet that glistened her face
so furious she tried scrubbing their envy choked face
and that was a battle she failed to triumph
a block so low, so wide and high
no breaking through no squeezing beneath
no winding round no jumping over
and beyond the azure horizon
she saw it best to muse with angels

she bought a bottle of arsenic juice
told her lover it's a kin's contention
and in two successive gulps engulfed
her red juice in austere satisfaction
and as the pangs gnawed down her tummy
she saw the deserts the hills the greens
and smiles so conspicuous biding good bye
felt the touch of zephyr and scent of myrrh
and cried for such abandoning beauty
she loved it, she was part of it
she screamed not wanting to let it go.

Victor Ogoti

Can'T Think, How To Call This

Uh-hmm its so sweet so nice
It smothers soul, it clouds my eyes
I want not lose and neither to mess
an inch of fiber that makes its strings

good it is, defies the wise
from you to I and I likewise
a dot of mark, to not erase
in bold engraved at heart it stays

Oh beloved I want not less
this sweetness within I want all ways
but afraid am I, to mess in days
let's just be... lets be just allies

and I just cant think, how to call this

Victor Ogoti

I Do Not Want To Love You But I Love You

I know that you are my air
Ah my love, its so full of life,
It's so full of fragrance
But what if Azrael
In her seismic magic flair,
Caged you in her airtight zipper,
Away from my glare?

It feels good my love that
You are the heart of my veins
My blood flows with gusto
Each day towards you
And every sound of a pulse
Beats just for you

But what if,
In the wee hours of the sentinels' sleeps
The thievery god Hermes creeps
Into the confines of our abode
And hides you into Eldorado?

I love it when I'm riding on your wings
Over the skies of Zeus and Ulysses
Hovering in Versailles and the kingdom of fire
oh let me moan this in joy and pleasure
this beautiful view this explicit sweetness

But my love,
In the hollowness of my soul
Are ounces and ounces of fear
What if in weight you tire
And I slid off your grasp,
into the kingdom of fire?

In the emptiness of my soul
In the darkest tinge of my brain
I do not want to love you my love
And yet with unfathomable fondness
I know I love you with my all

Victor Ogoti

If The Sun Won'T Rise Again

If the sun won't rise again,
And my world is swallowed by darkness
Whence no ray would reach
And I can't discern the east from west
And tell the black from the white
I know I will miss the beauty of the sky
The bloody sunset view,
from the mountains Far East.
I will miss their beautiful faces.
Oh how I would love to see,
The image of my aging face,
the smiles of those little kids.
But whence revolutionaries come
Shouting liberation chants,
I will join the march down the street
And sing a freedom songs

If I became leprosy
That no humanity dare stand
which without latex hand
no doctor will dare touch
I know I will miss their embraces,
Every touch of a loving palm
But with every music of nature
I will cover my pupils and laugh
And with every touch of a breeze
When the liberation army stomps
I will whistle a freedom song

if my world went dumb again,
so loud in a numbing silence
that I cant hear my heart beat
and my little children cry
I walk out the door at dawn
and the birds are singing with signs
and the magical whistles of zephyr
so lost in a world unknown
How I will miss their rhetoric
The sound of their critic

And their eloquent inspirations
But if you sent a liberation army
I will write liberation placards
and hum a liberation song,
in the march down the street

you see God,
If I was to turn soil and soul today
And this is my last breath
I'll still sing your liberation song
Though I lose all you have given me
I still have many reasons
To say thank you

Victor Ogoti

In Adversity

In the heart of adversity
I survive
In the den of scarcity
I revive
Strip me your mortal security
I will stay alive

With a spirit of complexity in austerity
With a knuckle that is beyond the twist of destiny
From dark glens of fear and despair
I suffice

From whence hurricanes and tornadoes are erasing
I arrive
Yes I am not stronger than anything
For the strength I have I derive
From the creator of everything

Victor Ogoti

In My Dreams, I Have Lived The Future

Would you believe tonight?
When I tell you in sight,
That I have been here before?
In this self same place
At this tick of clock,
Saw you in smile as you are
In this nocturnal ambience?

Would you think I'm insane
For in truth to say
I had listened to these cries before
As this little humanity,
Breaks the York of your womb
To join a new reality

Would you snigger when I swear
I had seen you appear
So angelic as you are
Far before we met?

Do you see the rose in your palm
Oh you've handed it to her!
-Our beautiful Therese
And she's handed it to me!
Just as we did before
Believe it or not
I've lived this before
I've lived the future
In my dreams

Victor Ogoti

In Pursuit Of Stars

I have been to the moon
How awesome the contrast
Of the world behold,
and the world behind

I have seen the stars so near
So close to the grasp of my palm
I have touched the soul
of the outer space

I have listened to the music of the stars
All In the glory of my maker
And in all the fears of fate
He has been my certainty

I see your hungry smiles
I see your open palms
Albeit in tiny shades
My eyes are not blind

Did I trample on your feet so hard?
As I grappled for my way up
Did I break your feeble backs?
As I rode them to space

Please hold my space for me
I'll be back with virgin grains
Of fertile moon land soils
To fertilize our tired land

I'm coming back down
For here in the space
There is no more air
To last another breath

Victor Ogoti

Martin Luther King Jnr

though the rivers of tears flunked deltas in an ox-bow
In the depth of heart halting its flow
down this dark hills form fresh tributaries
as we live to relive your reveries
I know now living, is creation of memories
and yours forever in our arteries
and am I not right Mr. King
that you is forever living?

Victor Ogoti

Our Mecca

We've walked our different ways
And now we walk one
It matters not yours or mine
For now we walk one

In turns we pull down hurdles
That seem so high for one to jump
It matters not who goes first
You or me the over side we've touched

We lean on each other and yomp
When one is weak the other is stronger
It's no concern that we've all got tired
In yonder we rest and yomp again

We follow this way beyond the streets
Of honking traffic and blaring speakers
Beyond market stalls that smell samosa
Across the meadows scented with nectar
Through savannah and desert sandstorms
We hassle our way messed in a maze
Follow gleaming rays of golden sun
And now we stare at the azure horizons
Beyond which benevolent Mecca lies

Oh whence comes from this stranger
that takes your palm and takes your weight
And I see it now in your dilated pupils
In the lines of your seductive smiles
how conspicuous from furrows of skin
in the heaves of your gracious bosom
That now you love than ever before

ears hearken to these sinister musings
our way is wrong and you change course

and now you've left me, so lonely again.
how is it like beginning again?
Thought one and one made us one
Thinking to know yet knowing not

Victor Ogoti

Parak

Oh what an earth stretch
Of stationery paper
Lying spotless
In seismic grey
Dusty
Pretty, prepared by men
But a masterpiece of the omniscient
Awaiting the mighty
Fingers of God's palm
To seize his pens-
The clouds of heaven.
And spell a will
For a whole generation

And men stare
With bated breaths
As the ink sieves off the pens
And sifts
Into the solid paper
In colorless cascades
Time laps
And paper turns
A magical green
Smiles conjure
Men's demeanor
Here in the azure enclosure
Enveloped in rift valley
A stationary paper of Parak
In asphalt green
A will is spelt
Men may eat
Live and laugh
For another season

Victor Ogoti

Pious Desire

There is so much I want to say
And that's the problem now
How did one put in writing,
Dreams and desires of a lifetime?

Tell me why it seems so hard
To put it all on paper piece
Things that seem so simple at heart
Yet so hard to put on paper

There is so much of this desire
To see you one moment in time
Thou that holds the sun in your palm
Thou that propel the earth on orbit

oh how do you make the stars
That burn crimsons upon the sky
you mould mountains and curve valleys
and paint the sky crystal azure

Show me now how you walk on water
When all around are storms and tides
Teach my mind and the delving of my soul
How to survive where tsunamis live
How to love where hatred is ablaze

Victor Ogoti

Solitary Steps

From a tiny bedroom in Mesa
Whence loud speakers blare ears
Out In the green sunny yards
Whence mowers leave less-grass trails
Engines sneeze and yell
Birds laugh and cry.
I take a step after step
Along a sidewalk tarmac
That winds and meanders
Like a long black cobra
Into the lakeside park.
The engines faded
The speakers are silenced
And the laughs and cries
Form short musical impulses
Toned by this ta...ta...ta...
That accompanies me all the way
So loyal without desertion
This resounding of solitary steps
My steps, myself

Victor Ogoti

Strings Attached

Did you feel the electricity?
Electrons simmering your body
Like strings attaching electrodes
-In a love electrolyte

Did you feel the chemistry?
Like soap blending with linen
Cleanliness colored desires
-In that silent blend of our palms?

Did you sense the passion in the eyes?
Did you see posterity unfold?
Like a video record of past events
As you looked away when our eyes met?

Tell me you felt that creeping loneliness
Like an ice ball in the heart
As your fingers slid off my grasp
And you graciously heaved your nubile body away

Didn't you feel the forces of cohesion?
Like molecules of water drawing together
Too strong to form an embrace and kiss,
As you muttered bye in that silence of dusk?

Did you feel it too mrembo?
Like fitting in the rib cage, where God molded you from?
Like finding the long strayed rib, that God took away?
The culmination of the most natural alliance?

Tell me child of Kimani
Didn't you feel the same way *lakini?
What is the secret in the lines of your smiles?
Beneath your heart confines, what lies?

*Mrembo: a Swahili vocabulary meaning beautiful one

*Lakini: Swahili vocabulary meaning, really?

The Desert And The Flower

You are the beauty of my veil
You are the smile on my face
You are the dimple on my cheek
You are the ego of my pride

You are the honey of my home
My honor my pleasure my pride
And I shall give you sedulous protection
I shall perish before your extinction

Let the sun shine
Let it shine crimson bright
Let it shine red hot
Let it heat the heart of my hearth
And you shall never wither
Though my supplies are meager,
Until the last jot in my veins
You shall never wither

Let the wind roar
And let it rave and rove in furry
But you shall never break
I shall add strength unto your stem
I shall clinch unto your feet
And you shall never break

And if the clouds get meaner
And turn her face from us
I shall never obsess
Let my heart shrink, crack and die
Before you ever perish

But my sacred prayer lord
That in the worst of situations
Send a little rain:
And my flower shall grow

Victor Ogoti

The Heart Of God

No known units can measure
In least entirety your heart's enclosure
The whole universe with stars and game
Find a fine loving place to lay a claim□
And I with all my faults and dirt and stains
Lay leisurely at the deepest, free of chains

Victor Ogoti

When I Return

When I return dear motherland
You'll take me in, in open hands
And all the wounds of Diaspora hounds
with love and tenderness, washed and wound

We shall pick together our long lost life
Relive those moments of hope and expectations
When your veil of green covered with illusions
Our simple existence throbbing with no gaffe

We'll again for once shun little annoyances
That kept us forgetting the Mecca of our journey
Where the moon is love and the elixir is honey
No stinking dungeons no fresh blood fragrance

we'll call upon the God of our fathers
to redeem with blessing the heart of our hearths
it will be up to we to be or not to be
for when he says we will, we'll certainly be

then I'll lie down in the bossom of your being
at the blow of zephyr and scent of pollen
as all the wounds of diaspora hounds
shall vanish off at dear motherland

Victor Ogoti

Where Is Your Former Grace

what happened to your former grace
what ate the gait in your pace
that made men crave for a place
in confines of heart a little space
where is that smile on your face
arraying a crystal diamond lace
where is that spark in your eyes
that sparked desires our ways
where is your former grace?

Have you lost your former glory
So squeezed to history
How sad and oh how sorry
In dirty linen isn't it hoary
Thou that lived in story
And smiled through worry

Yes, time devoured our common dreams
So tarred to a myriad seams
Moths have munched your seismic beams
an now your strengths in bedroom gyms

But you my first love still
Strike a chord in my heart's still.

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